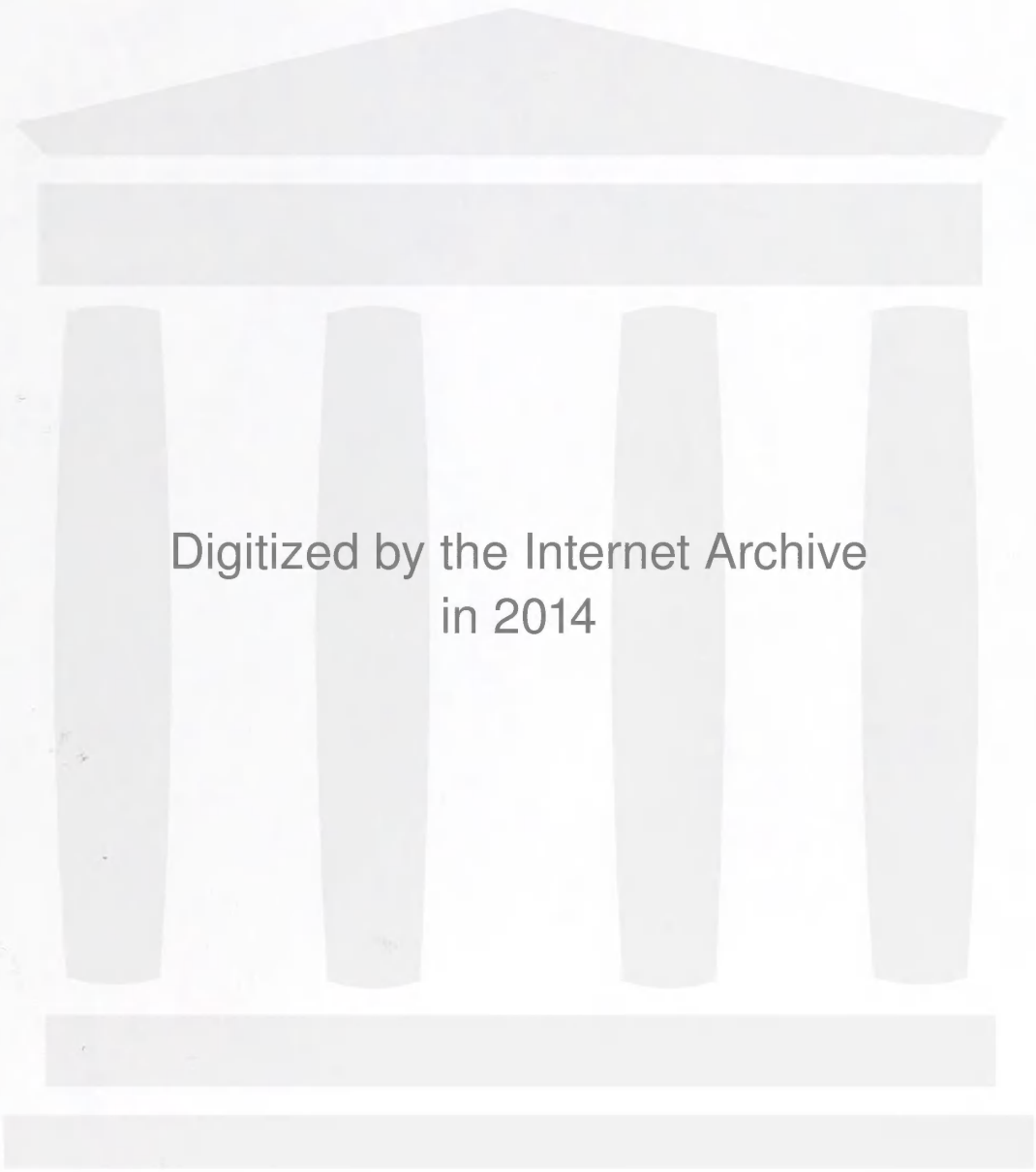
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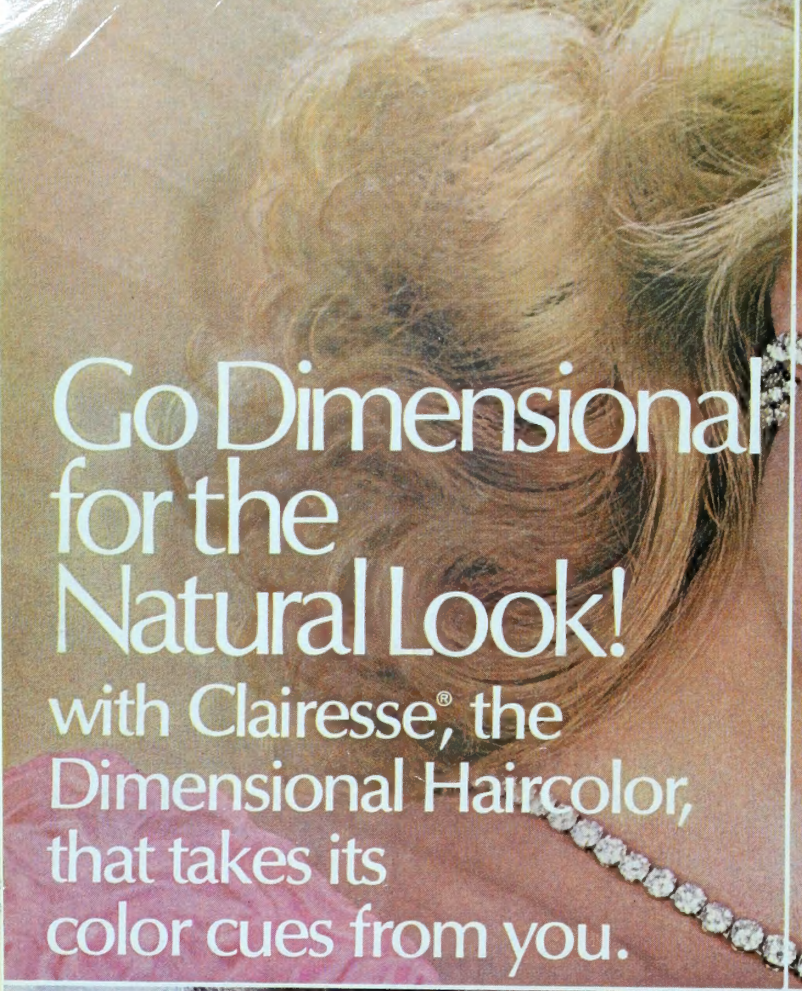
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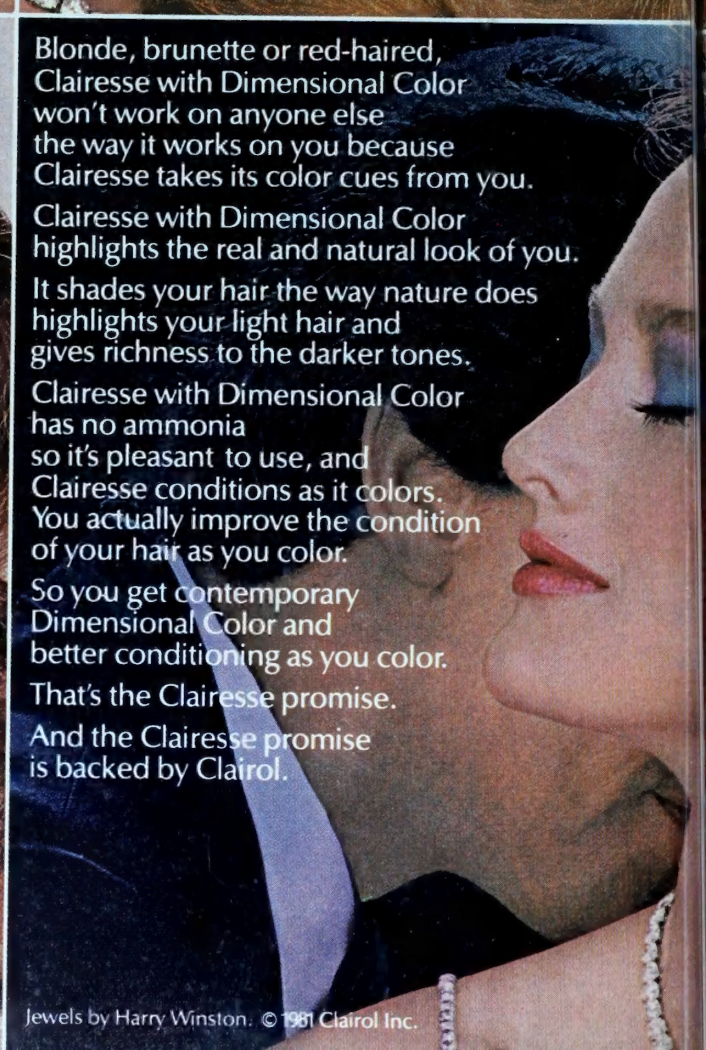
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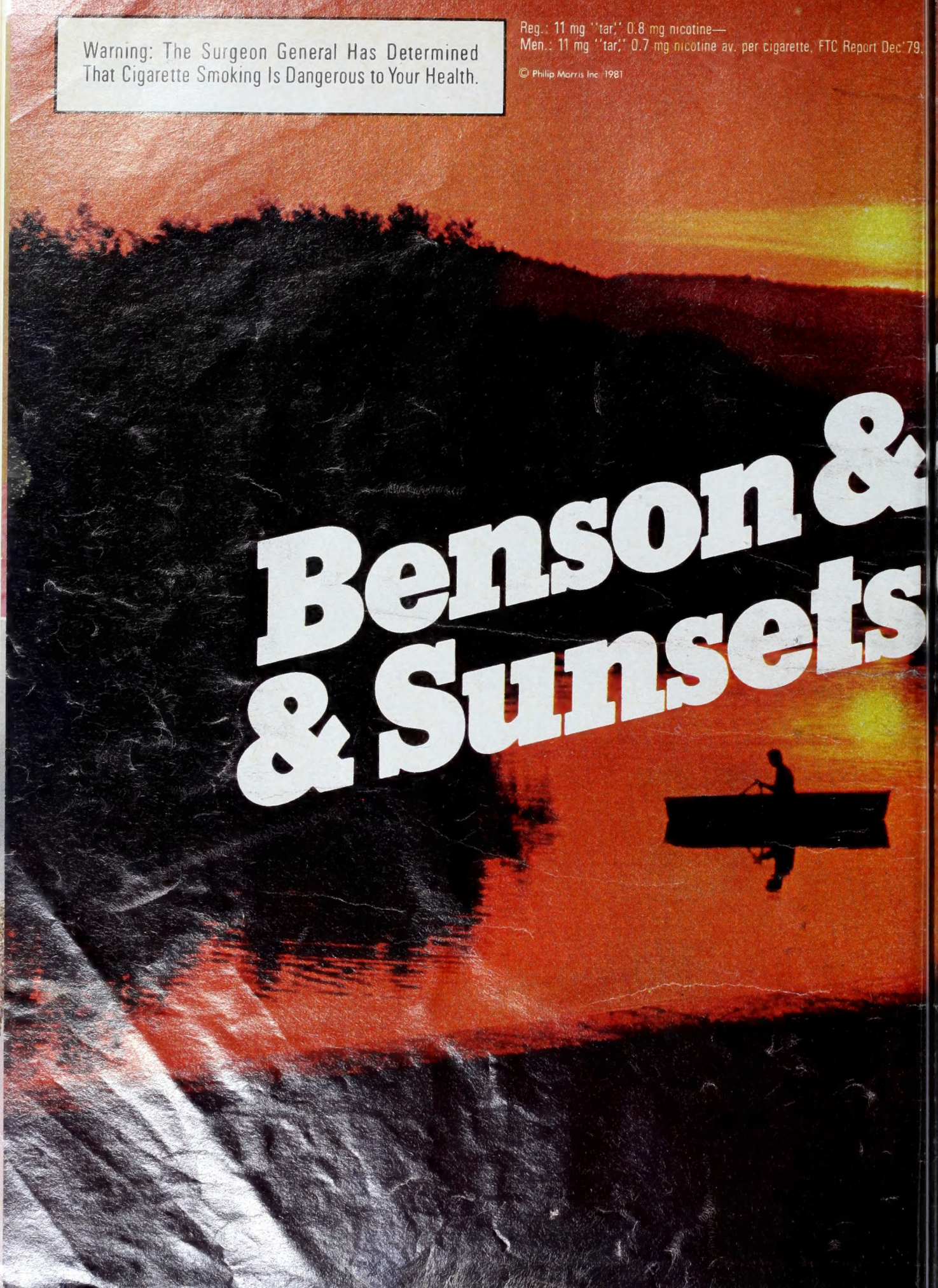
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VOL. XCVIII
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1981

Journal articles

6 Can This Marriage Be Saved?
"My Husband Demands Too Much in Bed"
By Dorothy Cameron Disney

12 Brooke Shields
Sex Symbol or Sweet Sixteen?
By Phyllis Battelle
The surprising side of "The Face of the 80s"

22 It's Not Easy to Be a Woman Today
"How I Survive the Moving Day Blues"
By Judy Hammersmark

26 Guilt:
Modern Woman's Old-Fashioned Burden
By Wendy Davis
Advice for coping with that overused emotion

44 Rosalynn & Jimmy Carter Today
By Trude Feldman

53 New Help for Summer Allergies
By Robert Brody

60 The "Stop Here" Way of Losing Weight
A Whole New Theory of Dieting
By Abby Avin Belson
Taming a runaway appetite

69 The Last Star
Elizabeth Taylor
By Kitty Kelley
First of three exciting installments—a searing look at the early years

Journal fiction

34 Our Perfect 10
By Karen Stacey
One family's uproarious anniversary celebration

74 Getting It Straight
By Rhoda Tagliacozzo
How the women in one neighborhood changed and grew

Journal experts

42 You and Your Money
By Sylvia Porter

108 Pet Journal
Fitting a Pet into Your Life
By Roger Caras

110 Mothering
Building Your Child's Self-Esteem
By Geraldine Carro

112 Psychiatrist's Notebook
By Theodore Isaac Rubin, M.D.

125 Gene Shalit at the Movies
What to See, What to Flee

Journal at home

80 Color Your Summer
Perk up your home with these bright accents—all under $20



84 Take a Towel and Decorate!
By Joan Tully
Summer coverups around the house—using towels

Journal food

66 Barbecue
Everything you need to know to do it right

88 Hot Dog!
New recipes for an old favorite



90 Weekend-of-Company Menus
By Sue B. Huffman
Be prepared for weekend guests—follow our do-ahead menus

103 Recipe Index
104 Food Journal
105 All-American Grills
An LHJ equipment roundup

Journal good looks

40 Beauty Journal

72 Summer Charm
Six Ways to Look Beautiful
By Maureen Lynch

76 Walking Cool
The latest news in shoes

82 Special Summer Hairstyles for Enchanted Evenings
Casual by day, glamorous by night—new looks for hair with how-to's.

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Can This Marriage Be Saved?

Patsy had very set ideas about lovemaking, but Eric longed for variety. What happens when one partner's needs change and the other's don't?

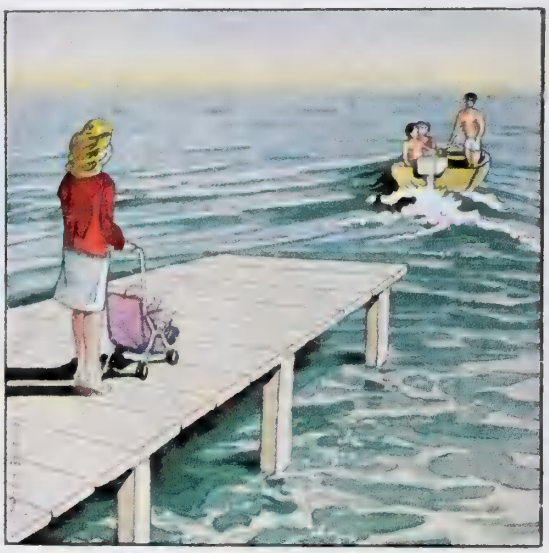
By Dorothy Cameron Disney

"My Husband Demands too Much in Bed"

This case is based on information from the files of the Human Sexuality Clinic of the Washington County Community Health Center, serving Washington County, Rhode Island. The true story reported here is drawn from counselors' interviews and from the couple involved. Names and other details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselors in this month's case were Ellen Levitt Grebstein, M.S.W., and sex therapy supervisor Richard P. Cerniglia, Ed.D., ACSW.

PATSY'S TURN

"Eric used to be thoughtful and considerate, a good father and a good husband," said 30-year-old Patsy, a small, blue-eyed blonde married for ten years and the mother of a one-year-old son. "Now his demands, sexual and otherwise, are completely irresponsible and self-centered. Ever since we moved, he has been a changed man.



"Both of us grew up in the greater Boston area, in conservative, family-oriented neighborhoods. The trouble started when he was transferred to Rhode Island a year ago. He stopped going to church with me on Sundays and started fooling around with his boat. He spends hours at the dock drinking beer and trading off-color jokes, while I'm left alone with our child, starved for adult companionship.

"When he does show up at home, he complains I have sexual hang-ups because I'm too tired and discouraged to drop everything, hold up supper and hop into bed with him. To be perfectly honest, I have practically no interest in the type of lovemaking that now appeals to Eric.

"Nearly every week he borrows magazines from one of his good-for-nothing boat friends—Alvin, and shows me pictures that I consider plain indecent—no matter what Eric thinks, the public wants and the Supreme Court has decided. Rather than start a fight, I meekly look at the photographs with him, but that isn't enough for my husband. Invariably he suggests we try something new and imitate the photographs. Well, that throws me into confusion.

"Sometimes I tell myself he is entitled to a husband's privileges, and I go along with his wishes. I don't feel disgusted or degraded. Actually, I'm glad to oblige him.

"Afterwards, though, I feel as though I've done Eric a favor. Unfortunately, he isn't a scrap appreciative. His ingratitude, his smug male dumbness, burns me to a crisp. I get so upset and angry I nearly explode. I wish I could talk about my feelings with him, but Eric can't tolerate the truth.

"Just the other night, he wanted sex, and I wasn't in the mood. I stalled him as gently as possible, but he persisted. Suddenly, he asked me in a queer, tight voice if I loved him. By then I felt so pressured, I told the truth. I said, 'Yes, I love you—in normal, average ways.'

"He was furious. His face turned red, and then he tried to get even with me. He grabbed a stack of our unpaid bills, waved them under my nose and yelled that I ought to earn a few dollars before we went bankrupt.

"I wanted to shout back that the welfare of our son, Bobby, mattered more to me than our finances. If I worked I'd have to leave our little son in the hands of an uncaring sitter, since we had to move so far from our families. I also wanted to scream at Eric that he was the one responsible for most of our debts—but I refrained. I'm peaceable by nature. My father always said I was the sweetest of his five daughters. So I forced myself to smile at Eric, pat him on the shoulder and kiss him forgivingly on the cheek.

"He jerked away as though I were poison and deliberately scattered all the bills on the floor. He then stomped out the door and drove to his boat, or at least that's where I think he went. As I heard his car roar off down the road, I felt totally abandoned, and I cried—a rare thing for me.

"In my opinion, Eric's boat, plus the influence of dock hangers-on like Alvin, account for the growing gulf between Eric and me. After he was transferred, Eric bought the boat, saying that he got it at a bargain price. I know, however, that he bought it from Alvin, who I'm sure is not only morally loose but financially tricky as well.

"Now, I feel I can't trust my husband. I thought he would have known better than to associate with characters like Alvin. I used to think I knew Eric through and through, the way he still knows me. My standards haven't changed. I'm still the person he fell in love with eleven years ago.

"Eric's mother introduced us at our parish church when he returned from the army and was going to engineering school. I had finished my

(continued)

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Can This Marriage Be Saved?

continued

studies in education, and was working as a kindergarten teacher. Six months after we met, Eric proposed. Our fathers, however, thought we should wait until Eric got his degree and found the right job, so we held off.

"During that courtship year, we laid careful plans for the future. We decided that I should continue teaching until we bought a home and could afford to start a family of our own.

"In the beginning, our plans went according to schedule. Eric graduated in the top half of his class and immediately landed a sales job. It wasn't exactly his field, but it paid well. That June we had a beautiful church wedding attended by all our kin. My father offered to pay for a honeymoon in Bermuda as a wedding gift, but we took the money instead and opened a savings account.

"On my wedding night, I wasn't disappointed when we made love. There were no fireworks, but I hadn't expected any. Eric was gentle, tender and gradual—which is the exact opposite of the way he now wants to behave. Throughout those early years, I was completely satisfied with our relationship, and Eric seemed to be content.

"For six years, we practiced the strictest economy. I fixed him brown-bag lunches, cut his hair, did my own shampoos and manicures. The economizing was fun for a couple like us with such definite goals. We were able to buy a terrific three-bedroom house in a top-drawer Boston suburb within easy driving distance of our families. Then we saved some more to buy just the right furnishings. About two years after getting the house, I quit teaching to have our first child, as we had planned.

"On the day Bobby was born, I was the happiest woman on earth, and I felt certain Eric and I were settled for life. At the christening party, Eric delivered his bombshell. The big boss of the company, he announced in the middle of toasts, had requested him to establish a new sales district in Rhode Island. For a moment, I was afraid I would collapse, but I made myself look pleased and proud. I was determined to be a loving, supportive wife.

"Our move went like lightning. With the assistance of my father, who is in real estate, we sold our dream house one day and bought a new place the next. In our haste we bought a house that's much too small. Bobby's crib is crammed into a tiny alcove amd most of our nice furniture is stored in the unfinished attic.

"Our location is a disaster, too. We have a spectacular ocean view but no neighbors for miles. When Eric drives off at seven A.M., the baby and I are stranded. Eric thought I wouldn't need a car as a stay-home wife so we sold mine when we moved. Now I go mad from loneliness, missing my sisters and longing for adult conversation, so I call my family fairly often. Eric complains bitterly about our phone bills, while I keep quiet about his docking fees.

"Twice a week I bake bread for us, make cookies for him, prepare huge pots of soup from wilted vegetables. Our food bills are lower than ever, but he doesn't notice.

"I'm sick and tired of doing everything for Eric and getting nothing back. I can't stand the ugly thoughts constantly whirling through my brain as I mix the dough for bread, wash diapers and iron his shirts. I'm so unhappy, I feel as though I'm going crazy. I hate Eric, and I hate myself for feeling that way.

"I'm thinking about taking the baby back to Boston and living with my family until Eric decides to reform."

ERIC'S TURN

"I'll do anything within reason to straighten out our problems, but I'm not about to let Patsy run back to Boston with our son," said 34-year-old Eric, a tall man with black hair and worried blue eyes. "Just last year I put in for a job transfer—something she doesn't know—to get us away from what I feel strongly was an overdose of family.

"Patsy was far too dependent on her parents, her sisters and even my mom. I felt that we needed to form an independent family unit. Maybe I should have talked the matter over with her, but Patsy is a hard person to reason with. She is suspicious of change and is clannish to the core.

"In my opinion, Patsy's family has caused a lot of our trouble over this past year. She and her sisters yak for hours on the phone, running up exorbitant toll calls. Her father was the one who persuaded us to buy our present home, an unfinished cottage in an isolated area. He said it was a good investment. After living there, however, we both dislike the place, but we can't find a buyer because the house needs so many repairs.

"Unfortunately, I don't have time to fix it up because I'm busy establishing a new clientele, which is a tough proposition. The boss in Boston warned me I'd have to work my tail off in this thinly populated area, and was he ever right. The firm I represent makes machine tool parts that yachtsmen would be interested in, so I bought a boat to help make business contacts. So far, I've booked two deals to fellow boat owners I met through my friend Alvin.

"Although Alvin has been a good pal to me, Patsy refuses to have anything to do with him. She thinks he's a sexual pervert because he throws some wild parties and has some far-out ideas like open marriage. I tell Patsy to stop confusing morality with sex. What people do in bed is their own business.

"Patsy got her ideas of sex from her mother, who got hers from the Bible. Patsy doesn't seem to realize that people grow in marriage and their sexual desires change. I've reached a point where I want some variety. I try to give Patsy pleasure in a new way, but I never know if I succeed. She is too squeamish to give me a straight answer about sex. She just says 'mm...mm.'

"I deserve to enjoy a good sex life and to have a little fun. I grew up dirt poor with a pack of hungry brothers and sisters, and I've always worked like a slave to make a few dollars. My poor father failed at everything, so my fanatically ambitious mother fastened her attention on me, the youngest son.

"My life was petticoat-ruled in every respect. If I wasn't studying, the first priority, I was mopping floors in a laundry or washing windows, bringing home my wages to Mom. She would buy me more books to study so I could get a college degree and become an engineer, her choice of a career for me. I didn't date until I was nineteen, and I didn't have any male friends.

"During my junior year at college, I rebelled at last against the pressure, and walked out of classes during final examination week and joined the army. However, I didn't find any adventure in the service and, to my mortification, very little sex. I was too socially inept and too scared to enjoy myself.

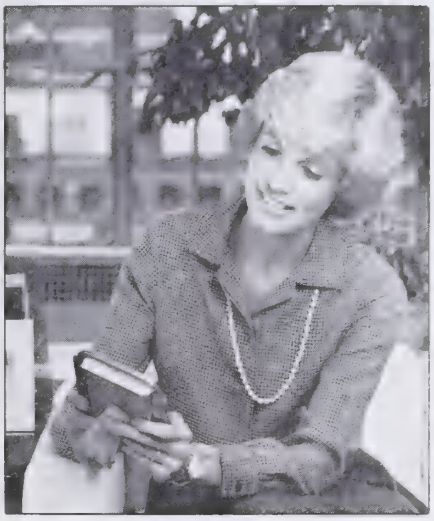
"Every week I was at the military training camp, Mom would send me mimeographed reports of church activities. In one letter was a picture of Patsy, new president of the young people's club. Even in the smudgy reproduction, Patsy was beautiful. I carried that picture of her folded in my wallet until we met several years later.

"I knew right off Patsy was the wife I wanted. Even though sales isn't my field, I grabbed the first job I was offered so I could marry her. Our early life together seemed romantic, but after a few years, I felt I was on the same treadmill, a repeat of life with Mom.

"I was constantly under pressure, forever scheming toward the future. Economizing was a thrill to Patsy, a drag to me. With two incomes we were grossing about thirty thousand dollars annually, but our chief recreation was visiting members of the family.

"On the day Bobby was born, I made up my mind I would rescue him, myself and my wife from the waiting trap. Some things haven't panned out the way I anticipated. I had hoped to have some good times on my boat with my wife and son, but the insurance and gas costs run too high for me to operate it for pleasure. Also, I didn't realize I'd have to work so hard and be away so much. *(continued)*

How Would He Feel If You Looked Younger?



Remember how you felt when he began jogging seriously, slimmed down and could fit into those suits he hadn't worn in years? Or the day he put on jeans and an old plaid shirt to go fishing and looked so relaxed and carefree and, yes, young? Strangely exciting, wasn't it? Almost like going back in time and falling in love all over again. It wouldn't be surprising if your looking younger rekindled the same sort of feelings in his mind.

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Many women also lavish on the beauty fluid at bedtime to let their skin sleep for hours in its own comfortable moist climate. And remember, with Oil of Olay there's no greasy look or feel . . . just a flattering radiance. There'll be other times when you'll want to smooth on the beauty fluid. Whenever your skin feels dry or uncomfortably taut . . . after sunbathing, when you've been exposed to harsh weather or too much air conditioning or steam heat, after a bath or shower . . . lavish on Oil of Olay to soften, smooth and soothe.



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Can This Marriage Be Saved?

continued

I don't blame Patsy for being lonely, b I'm tired of her martyred air.

"I'm willing to make reasonable co cessions, as I always have been, but Pat has to change, too."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Lack of communication, a famili marital bogey, was the major proble here," the counselor said. "Before Pats and Eric could ease their difficulties the needed to learn to talk honestly wit each other.

"For many years, Patsy had indulged i evasions and sweetly insincere smiles t cover her true feelings. She hoped, with out realizing it, to please her husband a she had pleased her parents as a littl girl. In a large, competitive family o daughters, she confessed in counseling she had chosen to be the goody-goody This is an unsatisfying role for a wife, a Patsy discovered.

"Patsy was as prudish a young woma as I have ever encountered. Eventually she steeled herself and spoke to Eri frankly about sex. His male ego wa jolted, just as Patsy had anticipated, bu he soon recovered. He now accepts th fact that she does not like some of th practices he enjoys and possibly neve will. He also understands she is glad t cooperate, as a gift of love, but expects appreciation in return. He now expresses his gratitude, and their sexual relationship is gradually mending.

"With mutual honesty, every aspect of the marriage improved. Eric told Patsy the truth about his job transfer, and she was far more sympathetic than he had imagined she would be. She even admitted to him that she recognized that she had been too involved with family matters. Their long-distance telephone bills are now radically reduced.

"It quickly became apparent that Eric was unrealistic about his boat. A boyhood fantasy, it was obviously not a business asset as the expenses outweighed the return. His acquaintance with the free-wheeling Alvin and other boating pals was a domestic liability, he admitted, and he put the boat up for sale.

"He was unable to sell the boat, but he now rents it out and nets a fair amount. On occasional Saturdays, he takes his wife and son out fishing. Those outings are costly, but the three of them have a good time.

"In a recent phone call, Patsy told me that Eric now had time to fix up the house and that the three of them attended church every Sunday without fail. Eric's work has even benefited, she said. Not long ago, he made a nice sale to a member of the congregation." **End**



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BROOKE SHIELDS

continued

as Jodie's did. "It's terrible to think there's nothing you can do about it. I can beg for gun control—every kid I know wants that. Nobody should be legally permitted a gun unless they're police. But that's useless, too, isn't it?" The words rush out, as though she'd like to get rid of the subject. "So I try not to think about these things too much." It's psychological self-preservation. "I hate violent things," she says, her gray eyes somber above a slight, shy smile.

Confronting Brooke Shields in person is unsettling. To see the face of an exquisite woman, and from her lips hear the sweet, high-pitched patter of a mid-teen is disarming but disorienting. Talking about her upcoming first prom, her face lights up with schoolgirl excitement. "I'm going with this really, really good friend and afterward a lot of kids plan to stay out super late. But I'll probably say, 'night-night' and run home." The verbal-visual contrast is jarring.

Not surprisingly, the "Brooke Shields Face," which has launched a thousand hyperbolic praises and generated a growing fortune (one million dollars for her upcoming film, *Endless Love*), is sometimes her despair. "As a little kid," Brooke says, "I'd answer audition calls and the directors were looking for freckles and missing teeth, so I was turned away a lot. They'd say, 'Too pretty.' I resented that." Even now, she says, "Some days I see myself and think 'Oh gosh, I don't like the way I look at all.'" Her mother notes another drawback. "A lot of boys at school are threatened by her beauty and afraid to ask her out. I overheard one say, 'Ah, she's too tall anyway.'" Teri laughs. "It took him off the hook."

Brooke is five feet, ten and one half inches and growing. "My doctor says I'll be six feet. I'm proud of my height." She's a bit gangly, like a thoroughbred colt—an attractive reminder that she's a genuine teen, not a packaged product. And there is an inherent dignity and poise rarely seen in post-adolescents. Along with her height, these qualitites may be a legacy. Because she is the daughter of six foot, seven inch socialite-businessman Frank Shields, Brooke Shields is one of only a handful of names listed in the Social Register—the official listing of so called blue-blood Americans. Next summer (1982) she is expected to make her formal "debut" into society at her father's Long Island, New York estate.

Brooke doesn't talk about that. But she says of her dad, whom she visits on available weekends, "We've become closer over the years, as I get older. Dad is not extremely wonderful with little kids. I mean, if you ever went to my father and asked him about the birds and the bees," she grins, "he'd probably tell you the stork comes."

It was left to earthy, realistic Teri Shields, who not only mothers her but manages her career, to tell Brooke the facts of life. And it is Teri who now reminds her daughter to be ready to "move over" if the Brooke phenomenon ends. "There's so darn much on her now," Teri says, "and it's like anything else: If you have too many diamonds, you get bored with them. So I tell Brooke, 'Maybe twenty years from now you'll be scanning every newspaper in the world looking for your name.'"

Brooke obediently tries to remember that. "I keep telling myself this might not last, so that my career won't seem important. I don't want it to be. I mean, if I can't do this, I could be a good veterinarian. I love animals." But it's hard. "I'd really like to be an actress for ever and ever," she says wistfully. "And if I can't, I still want to be something special—my own self. I just don't want to be forgotten."

Surrounded by controversy

Controversy surrounds Brooke because of the sensual roles she plays in films, and especially because of her seductive TV commercials for Calvin Klein jeans. [She is also under a three-year contract for Wella Balsam Instant Conditioner.] But Brooke defends her work, saying she's never done "nude" scenes. "I always wore a body stocking." She thinks the jeans ads are "funny. These are just roles I play."

In real life, Brooke is pure establishment. She stands strong for virginity, the work ethic, prayer, discipline, etc. She's essentially preppy and currently has a crush on a high school basketball-jock. Brooke strongly opposes drugs, promiscuity, cigarettes and premarital sex (though she keeps that option open if, "when I get older, in my twenties, I am really, really in love with just the right person").

"If Moral Majority knew Brooke," guesses a high school pal, "she'd definitely get their seal of approval."

But in recent months there have been stirrings of independence—emotional growing pains that most girls go through earlier than age 15. "Once in awhile now," Teri says, "she'll give me a rebellious look—wanting to come home an hour later than my ten o'clock curfew on school-night dates. She'll say, 'You just want to give me a hard time!' I tell her, 'Listen, you were supposed to pull *that* on me at age thirteen. You're a latent rebel!' But she's not amused."

"I never used to think that my Mom was too strict," Brooke says. "But sometimes now I do. I can't drive a car till I'm eighteen, or go out with a guy in a car until he's eighteen. Most of my friends are doing this at sixteen and seventeen!"

Like all teenagers, Brooke knows she's changing, but is too young to analyze why. "Sometimes I almost scare myself. . . . I can change inside so easily. There are some weeks when I'll be so happy, always singing. Then I'll be miserably unhappy." After a pause—"Oh, I would love always to be happy, but I find I can't be. Things get so messed up. I think," she says, smiling, "I'm just pretty strange."

Seems to be everywhere

Brooke Shields sometimes seems to be everywhere. She co-hosts with Mike Douglas, sings with Tom Jones, quips with Bob Hope. She entices—but can she act? Franco Zeffirelli, the Italian filmmaker who put her in the lead of *Endless Love*, a story of a teen-age couple's passionate Romeo-Juliet obsession, says, "She is the most beautiful object of creation I have ever seen—magic, almost like a drug." Martin Hewitt, her 19-year-old co-star, thinks, "This performance will change the public's view of Brooke. Her acting is great." Critics and fans will judge, when the movie opens this month.

But this is 2:30 on a Monday afternoon in April, in Englewood, New Jersey. Brooke winds up her favorite class, biology, flings on her navy blue nylon windbreaker with a "Cheerleader" logo on the back and hurries out of her private high school, calling so-long to friends. She hops into a black jeep driven by Teri, and they take off for Manhattan to pose for the *Ladies' Home Journal* cover.

At the photographer's studio Brooke deftly shampoos her hair, wraps it in a towel, grabs an Algebra II text and three-ring notebook from her schoolbag and climbs on a stool in front of a makeup table to work. "She's such a perfectionist," says Teri,"—to a fault. So meticulous, about her work, school, everything. She'll come home and rant and rave, cry, scream, holler—'I'm only going to get a B+!' End of the world. She wants an A+, and she won't relax till she gets it."

Still huddled over algebra, Brooke admits, "I'm a very, very impatient person who wants to be perfect all the time. When something goes wrong, my face gets really hot, and I feel furious. It can happen in school, if some girl is mean to me, I feel I could just punch her, so I'd better leave fast before I get myself in trouble. I'm strong," Brooke says. "Not super-macho, but very strong. When I was in third grade, there was a boy in my class who kept punching and pinching me. I told my mother, told the teacher, but he wouldn't stop. So one day I just made a fist and smashed him in the chops." She giggles. The next day the small boy brought her a diamond ring [returned to teacher by Teri] and began stroking her hair instead of fighting. "I began wishing he'd go back to punching!"

When she glances up from her math, she's even more startlingly lovely than in her photographs. "But I'm not a violent person," she reassures. "I think it's because I'm a Gemini, you know, *(continued)*


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the sign of the twins. I have two different personalities, definitely." Teri concurs: "She's hot and cold, like a Gemini's supposed to be. I wanted more than one child, and I got them—wrapped up in one."

On May 31, Brooke became 16. Sweet 16, and kissed quite often. "I kiss my boyfriends good night. Everybody does. It doesn't mean it's romantic." But she's never been sexually aroused—"at least I don't think so. I believe I'll know it when I feel it."

She clings to the belief that premarital sex is wrong, "because it's in my religion. I would feel very guilty, and if you do something that makes you feel guilty, that means it's wrong for you."

Brooke holds to that belief, even though she knows that her mother was four months pregnant when she married her father. Mom's an exception. Teri came from an economically poor, devoutly Catholic family in Newark, New Jersey. She had worked since the age of seven, cleaning houses and running errands for neighbors. Unable to afford college, she held a series of jobs in modeling and cosmetics, and was managing a restaurant when she met Frank Shields, the handsome socialite son of the 1930s top tennis professional, Francis X. Shields. When Teri became pregnant, she was 31, Frank, 22. "I didn't want to get married," she says. "Frank was much too young, just out of college. But we did, and it was a disaster. We were divorced a few months after Brooke was born. But thank God we didn't listen to Frank's father's advice," she says wryly. "He wanted me to get an abortion."

There was never a battle for custody. Shields married again, now has children by his second wife, and makes it a point never to see Brooke's movies. It doesn't bother her. "Maybe he snuck out one night and saw one, but he wouldn't let me know," Brooke smiles. "He never wants to praise me in any way because he's afraid I'll get big-headed. He's always saying, 'I don't want you to get stuck-up.'"

Allegiance is to Mom

Clearly, her allegiance is with her mother, though the bond was severely strained three years ago when Teri developed a drinking problem, and was jailed for driving while intoxicated during the filming of *Pretty Baby* in New Orleans. It was Brooke, only 12, who was forced to take charge. "I hated what Mom was like when she was drinking, and I just had to finally face it and do something about it. So I told her that if she didn't stop, I would go live with my father."

Teri remembers the shock of the ultimatum. "But I loved Brooke too much to risk losing her." Teri checked herself into a hospital for six weeks of treatment for alcoholism. "It was a horrendous, brainwashing experience. The worst part was when they bring in the people closest to you, and have them confront you—in front of the other patients and their relatives—with the rotten things you've done. Total humiliation. They want you crawling on your stomach, begging forgiveness." The three people called to confront Teri were Brooke, Brooke's godmother and a close friend of Teri's. "And I saw such venom and hatred come to the surface," says Teri, "not so much from Brooke, because there wasn't much that built up in her young life. But she had to stand up, in the center of this huge room, in front of all those people. God, it was terrible for her. And she read from a paper, saying that she didn't like not being able to communicate with me because we had been so close, and I was such a help to her when I was sober. And she was upset because, she said, I scared her horse when I was drunk." Teri sighs, "I couldn't remember that so I must have. When you're as drunk as I was, you're not there."

Distaste for drugs

Her mother's alcohol experience reinforced Brooke's distaste for drugs. "I think they're stupid, because they mess up your body and mind. I hate the idea of being unaware of what you're doing." Ironically, Teri has always checked the parents when peers invite Brooke to parties, to make certain hard liquor is not to be served.

Brooke's hairdresser arrives. And her makeup woman. She greets them like dear friends, which indeed they are. In 14 years of modeling, and seven of making movies, being prepped for the camera is as routine as school.

Brooke and Teri live in a New York City apartment. Each morning mother drives daughter to her private school across the Hudson River that was chosen for high academic standards and its location near the 14-room New Jersey home they've bought and will move into when Teri finishes its decoration. Brooke can hardly wait. She wants a "real home" for herself, her four orphan cats and her two horses, currently stabled in California and Pennsylvania. "I'm very maternal. I love taking care of babies and animals." For the last five years, she's begged Teri to adopt a baby, so she could help care for it. "It gives such a good feeling," Brooke says, "to know someone helpless is totally reliant on you. People trust me with their kids. I always," she adds gently, "wanted to be the one everybody trusted."

At school, friends seem to accept their super-star peer's peripatetic lifestyle. High school pals are quoted as saying, "Before she went to Manila—" and, "I think this week she's in Fiji." But the comments are neither snide nor envious. The school is cosmopolitan, and many students are more sophisticated than Brooke. Says one senior, "Her only fault is she's much too nice to people who are really jerks!" Brooke is sensitive to that. "Sometimes I try too hard," she admits.

Trying hard. Working hard. Could her perfectionism come from a lifetime of measuring up to her mother's dreams? Brooke dispels that thinking. "I really like to work," she says. "Some of my friends don't. Some are lazy and some don't worry as much as I do. I wondered what would happen if I was lazy. So I tried it for a week, and I didn't get the marks I could. I proved to myself that I'm happier when I do my best." At Brooke's request, there were four years of piano lessons, horseback riding, French studies—she speaks fluid French—and is now learning Italian.

She is protective of her mother. "I think I should be. I'm too young for people to pick on, so for no very strong reason they sometimes give my Mom a hard time." Talent agents are always approaching her, behind Teri's back, saying "You're a big girl now, a big star. Don't you think it's time you make your own decisions?" Brooke says she delights in responding, "Oh, yes, and I'm just so happy with my Mom. Thank you."

Whatever happens to her career, Brooke plans to go to college in 1983, and Teri has begun collecting catalogs, and wondering whether Brooke should attend a co-ed or an all-women's college. "Knowing Mom," Brooke says, "she'll probably build a college in our backyard." Teri, looking ahead, says, "We kid about that, but I'll miss her desperately. I love her enough to know that I have to let her go." And when Brooke marries and has children, Teri adds, "I think she'll be a stricter mother than I am. I was never allowed to play with dolls when I was a kid, so I've loved bringing up this little dolly. I neglected myself to be a twenty-four-hour-a-day mother. I don't think Brooke will neglect herself. She's very loving, but she's tougher than I am."

The cameras and lights are set up. The hairdresser has finished fluffing and blow-drying her hair. "Ready, Brookie?" someone calls. She stands, smiles, tucks her algebra assignment in a bag and answers one last question: "If you had a daughter, would you want her to have the same kind of childhood you've had?"

"Yeah, well—" she begins hesitantly, "yes, I think I would. Course I would have to start her out really, really young, so that she wouldn't know." An editor places a straw hat on Brooke's head. "And then, you know," she says gently, "if she really didn't like it, really looked like she didn't want to do it—then I wouldn't make her do it anymore."

Having projected the future, Brooke Shields steps under the lights to project that fabulous face for the camera.

"Beautiful, Brooke," the photographer calls. "Loved that expression. Whatever you were thinking, do it again. . ." **End**

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"How I Survive the Moving Day Blues"

By Judy Hammersmark

As I was growing up, stability was something I simply took for granted. My parents still live in the same house they bought 45 years ago when they were first married. Just as spring followed winter, I always knew where I could find Mom and Dad. Only the blossoms on the rosebushes that lined our yard changed each year.

Life as a wife and mother has been quite different. My husband, Marvin, is chief of operations in the government's Bureau of Land Management. A promotion for him invariably means that he's sent to a new office in another region or state. In fact, if he were willing to uproot the family more often, he could climb the ladder faster. But he knows how my heart sinks and my eyes well up with tears each time he announces, "Honey, I've been transferred."

We've made three moves in the past 15 years and each one has been harder than the last for me. I know that some people find pulling up stakes and relocating easy, even exciting. Marvin, for instance, loves the challenge of meeting different people and tackling the problems of a new staff and office. He's such an affable fellow that he makes acquaintances readily. I, on the other hand, tend to become attached to people and places. I need a great deal of time to cultivate friends and feel settled anywhere. As a child, when my family returned home from a vacation, I used to kiss the walls of my bedroom.

The importance of feeling at home

I don't think I'm alone in finding security in the familiarity of my surroundings. There's something so comforting about knowing there are friends down the street who can be counted on in an emergency. And I like chatting with my elderly neighbor over tea every afternoon, cashing a check at the corner store with no I.D. or having the mailman greet me in the morning by name. Feeling that I'm an accepted member of my community boosts my self-esteem.

Moving disrupts all these warm, fuzzy feelings. Long, satisfying attachments are severed yet again. Our Christmas card list grows longer. Suddenly my family and I are among strangers. Shopping in a different supermarket is like visiting a foreign land. For months, finding the best buys for the children's shoes and the butcher with the choicest cuts of meat are major undertakings.

Our last move was quite a change of scenery. Marvin's new job took us hundreds of miles away from Oregon—where we had been settled for ten years—to Wyoming. When my husband excitedly told me about his wonderful promotion, I tried to share his enthusiasm. After all, looking on the bright side of things, moving can mean a fresh start, breaking ground in a different community—or so I assured the children and myself.

My older son, John, who was 15 at the time, couldn't wait to check out the football team at the new high school, but my 13-year-old daughter Jackie shed a river of tears at the thought of leaving her friends and worried that she might not be able to find another

(continued)

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It's Not Easy

continued

paper route in the new town. As for Kirsten, the seven year old, she was devastated. She's like me in that respect. We tried to comfort each other, but I knew the memories of the house, where we'd known laughter, joy and love, would haunt us for a long time to come.

After that initial reaction, I moved into an angry phase. When I told my elderly neighbor the reasons for our plans, she demanded indignantly, "What kind of man would take you to *that* God-forsaken country?" To my amazement, for a split second I found myself agreeing. Yes, *what kind of man*. . . . I even prayed for a miracle. Maybe the transfer would fall through. Maybe my husband would be offered a promotion in his current regional office.

Then, a few weeks later, I found myself in a third stage of adjustment, which involved besieging God with pleas and deals. "If you let me stay, I'll devote the rest of my life to the Boy Scouts. I'll spend all my free time baking cakes for PTA fund-raisers," I'd promise prayerfully, and then lapse into a sulking depression. The people, the town, the scenery seemed touched by God. Would I ever find such a wonderful home again? Surely not.

Unavoidable reminder

Still, the "For Sale" sign on our lawn was an unavoidable reminder that we'd have to try. What seemed like an endless stream of prospective buyers paraded in and out of my front door, opening closets and peering into my pantry. The real estate woman had told me to stay out of sight as much as possible, so I watched the proceedings from behind the drapes. More than once when she seemed close to making a sale, I had the impulse to lurch forward and point out the chipped paint on the back porch or the peeling wallpaper in the upstairs bathroom. I imagined taking the wife aside and confiding, "Of course, you *have* heard that the house is haunted, haven't you?"

Yet, keeping the house, with its large picture window in the kitchen and the robins singing in the apple blossoms in the backyard, was not to be. A young couple made arrangements to negotiate a new mortgage and earnest money was accepted as a down payment. Marvin and I flew to Wyoming and bought a new home in one breathtaking weekend.

Then there was a round of farewell parties—a big shebang at my husband's office, a bittersweet get-together with my close women friends and a slew of mournful partings between my children and their friends and classmates. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

Moving day was upon us. A team of helpful neighbors plowed in and out end tables, lamps, the piano. seemed to be no end to the fo helmets and Christmas ornaments w stored in closets. Finally, when th tea cup had been tucked away, I alone in the very room into which carried my youngest after her Thinking about cherished moments past decade spent in that house wa seeing a rerun of a favorite movie family had known abundance there. could I not feel an affinity for those

Inevitably, the moving van pulled My husband drove our old car, lader boxes, bicycles and bedding. I t behind in our pickup and camper, p with years of accumulated belonging we pulled onto the highway that ing, I unexpectedly slipped into the stage of moving. The thrill and exp tion of miles and miles of new and plored terrain that lay before us overwhelmed me.

What an adventure! I honked at vin and smiled at Kirsten sitting n me. As she nestled beside me, I re another terrific thing about mo Landing in a new place has a posi rejuvenating effect on our family. V ways pull together into an even knit unit, and Marvin and I experie deeper, more enriching intimacy time.

Today we've been in our new nearly two years. Each of us, in ou particular way, has long settled in established new roots. I have discove wonderful church in the area, plus a of good, caring neighbors and friend the months go by, I can't help bu more and more attached to our home—the spacious bedrooms, the tiful moldings and the big vege garden in the backyard.

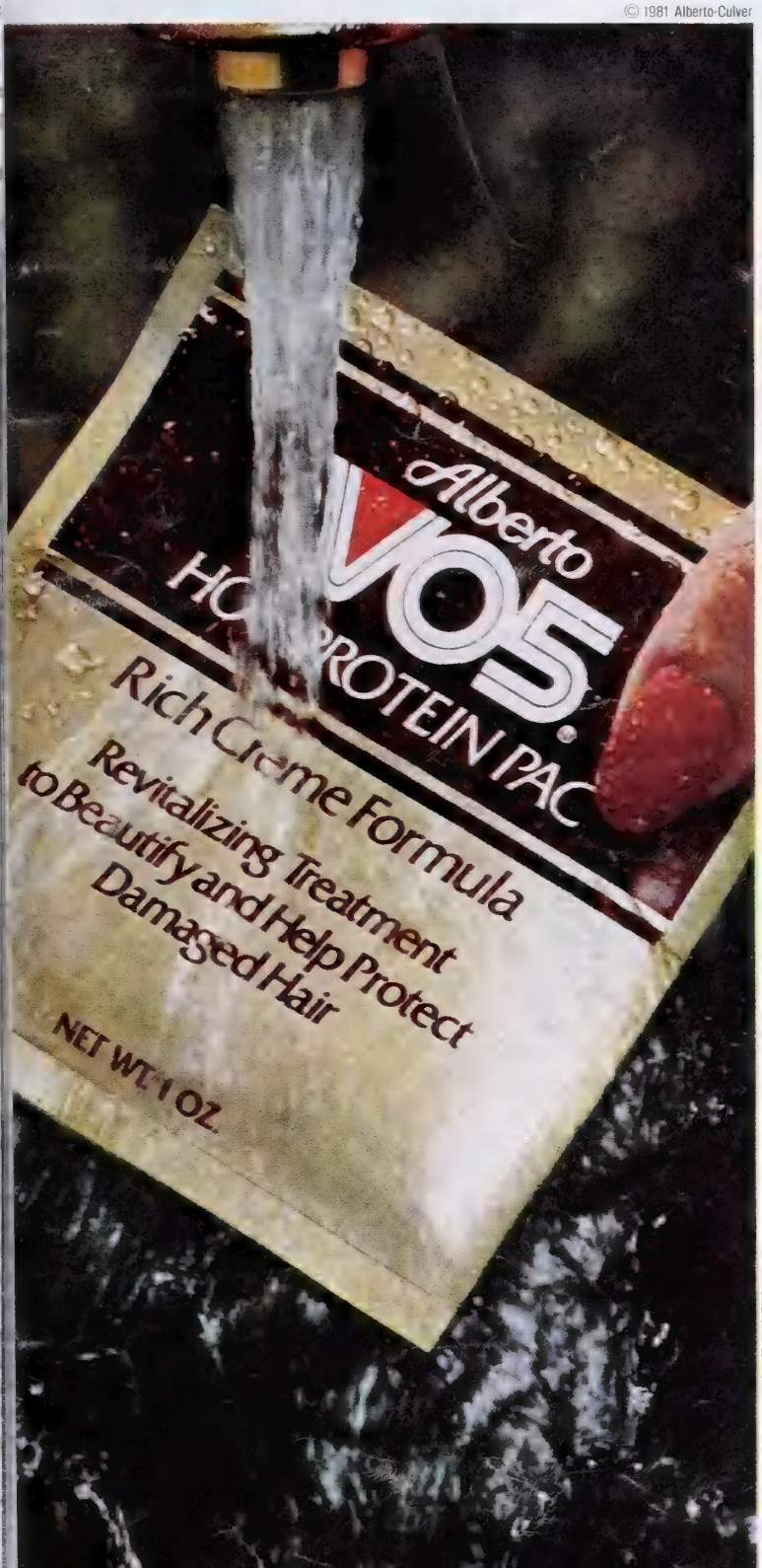
But one day, as sure as rain, my band will come home with that parti gleam in his eye. "Honey, guess w he'll say. "We're moving!"

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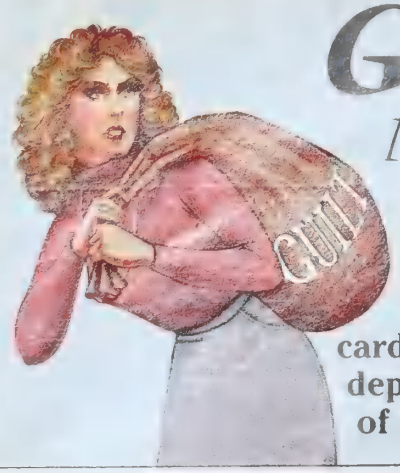


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Guilt:
Modern Woman's Old-Fashioned Burden

Feeling guilty about your daughter's poor report card, your husband's weight gain, your mother's depression? Read on for advice on how to rid yourself of an overused emotion . . . By Wendy Davis

Do you blame yourself because:

- Your husband got passed over for a promotion?
- Your son has learning disabilities?
- Your mother is lonely?
- You tried for natural childbirth, but "failed"?
- You stopped nursing when you went back to work?
- Your boss got passed over for a promotion?
- You don't get enough exercise?
- The dog doesn't get enough exercise?
- The earth didn't move the last time you made love?
- The Boston fern died?
- *You* got passed over for a promotion?

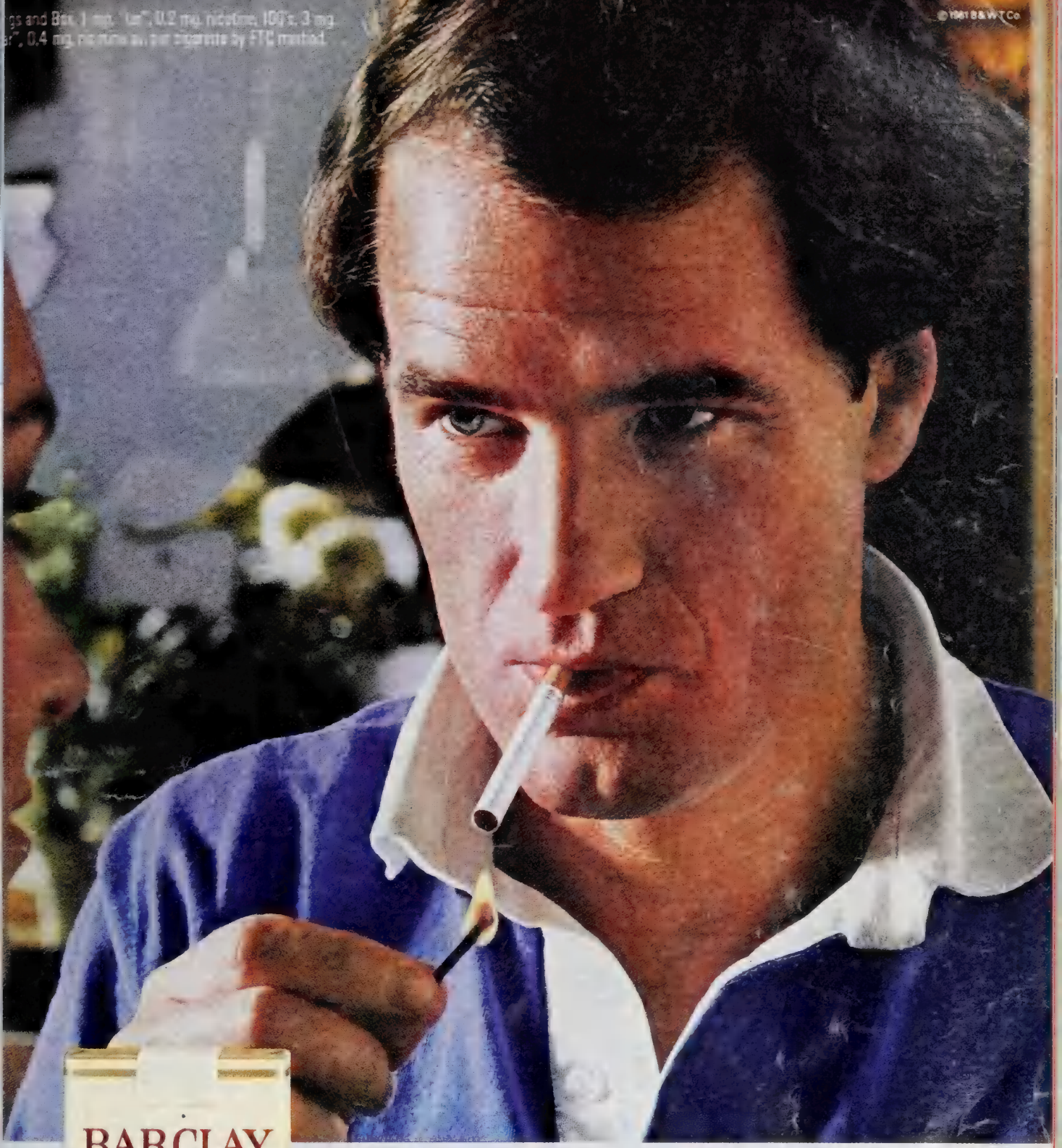
If you answered "Yes" to three or more of the above, you're not alone. American women are in the throes of a guilt epidemic. According to Dr. Matti Gershenfeld, director of the Couples Learning Center in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, "Over the last couple of years, all I've been hearing from female clients is: 'I feel so guilty all the time—about my kids, my job, my husband, my mother.' The women are attractive and articulate, but inside, they're being eaten away by self-recrimination." This age-old emotion is striking with renewed force now because we have increased expectations—and with them additional responsibilities—so that, simply put, we have more to feel guilty *about*. Yet, as even *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* acknowledges, the guilt feelings often spring from "imagined offenses or from a sense of inadequacy." In other words, for most women, "having it all" means *doing* it all—and flawlessly. No wonder we can't meet our own impossible standards and end up faulting ourselves for everything that goes awry, both in our own lives and in those of our family, friends and co-workers as well.

These three women are typical sufferers of the new guilt overload:

JULIA: At 38, she decided to pursue a long-time fantasy of becoming a working journalist. Her two children were in high school, and galloping inflation was making her husband's salary less and less adequate, so Julia parlayed her volunteer experience as editor of a museum newsletter into a job as art critic for the local paper. Now, though her work is fascinating and the extra money has eased financial strain on the family, she is tormented with guilt-induced anxiety. "My son, Jim, has never been a crack student, but now he's getting all C's and D's. I don't know what he's doing after school while I'm at work, but you can bet it's not his homework. When I was around I . . . well . . . I *encouraged* him. Look, he's fifteen, but he still *needs* me. And Susan, my sixteen-year-old, is doing too much of the housework. Sure, kids should pitch in, but she deserves some time for fun. As for Harry, my husband, I know he's worried about his new boss, but I haven't had time to listen to more than 'Please pass the salt' for weeks. I just feel I'm failing everyone."

MARIAN: Her parents paid her tuition to law school, and after earning her degree she landed a job with a prestigious firm, worked her way up and was eventually made a partner—the first woman ever to do so. Then, a year later, she got married and decided she wanted to have a baby right away, before she turned 35. "For the first few months of my pregnancy, I kept saying I was interviewing housekeepers and didn't plan to quit," she admits sheepishly. "Actually, I was overwhelmed with a desire to mother this child myself, and eventually—when I was about eight months along—I gave notice. Melanie's fourteen months old now, and I cherish every minute with her, but I still feel terrible about copping out, not being Superwoman. My parents believed in me, my partners believed in me, even my husband was upset about my quitting. Sure, I'm doing what's right for Melanie and me, but I know I've let everybody *else* down."

DONNA: "As my mother keeps reminding me, I'm the first one in our family ever to get a divorce," says this slightly overweight redhead, with a nervous flutter of a laugh. "I didn't *ask* for the divorce—John had found the proverbial 'other woman'—but I still wonder if something I did or didn't do drove him away. Should I have tried harder to lose weight? Should I have read the newspaper more carefully so I could make sparkling, brilliant conversation about world affairs? Did he hate my omelets?" She laughs again, the same self-deprecating giggle. "That sounds so neurotic, but you can't help but go over and over things in your head. And now I worry *(continued)*



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Guilt

continued

about the kids shuttling back and forth in this crazy joint custody arrangement, and of course my mother can't hold her head up around the neighbors, which is also my fault . . ." Her voice trails off, and she shrugs, lights a cigarette and gazes vacantly out the window.

Are *men* conscience-stricken, too?

Not that the Julias, Marians and Donnas of the world have a monopoly on guilt. Men suffer, too—but not as readily as women do, according to therapists. In the family realm, for instance, most husbands accept society's message that their main responsibility is to provide financial support. So, while a father will feel sad and troubled when his son flunks fourth grade math, he's unlikely to ask himself, "Should I quit my job to stay home with Johnny?" or even, "Should I give up my Saturday tennis game to help the kid with his homework?"

Differences in the way men and women feel about ethics—what's "right" and "wrong"—also make females more susceptible to free-floating guilt. Because mothers have traditionally been in charge of teaching values to their youngsters—and setting day-to-day examples—morality has always been a personal concern for them. Research by Carol Gilligan, associate professor of education at Harvard University, showed that, whereas men are most likely to see morality as an abstract concept of justice, women define the ethical person as someone who helps other people, takes pains to see they won't be hurt and is willing to sacrifice herself to accomplish these aims. Naturally, whenever a woman who feels this way makes a choice in her *own* interest, she feels conflicted and guilty.

Another reason women are more afflicted by guilt than men are is that historically they've lacked any clear-cut measurements of success. "A man feels competent if he completes a report or makes a certain number of sales," says Dr. Gershenfeld, whose center recently received a two-year grant to study "transitional stages" in adults. "But how does a woman tell whether she's a successful mother, wife or friend? By looking at how the other person *feels*. As a result, women are especially vulnerable to others' expectations and easily wounded by disapproval, whether real or imagined, deserved or undeserved.

Uncomfortable though it may be, the ancient emotion of guilt isn't all bad, however. Codes of behavior are necessary if any society is to function smoothly. The Reverend Andrew Greeley, professor of sociology at the University of Arizona, explains: "During the late sixties and early seventies—the period known as the 'me decade'—there was a pervasive feeling that self-fulfillment was the ultimate goal, and that in doing what we wanted, we ought not to be constrained by any externally imposed or internally chosen obligations. But people discovered that breaking commitments turned out to be unfulfilling.

"The kind of healthy guilt that we experience after we've hurt other people may very well improve the stability of our society. While I certainly don't hope for a return to the rigid moral standards of the past, the re-emergence of guilt seems to be an attempt to recapture standards in a more flexible, humane way."

"Free-floating neurotic guilt"

Still, far too many people are afflicted by what Father Greeley calls "free-floating neurotic guilt—when one feels that what one has done is evil, regardless of any rational standard." Partly as a result of growing up with the belief that love may be withdrawn unless certain expectations are met without fail, many a perfectly nice individual, whose major transgression is not doing everything flawlessly, is crippled by self-blame. Overwhelmed by a sense of her own "badness," she's unable to make the most of the opportunities that a changing society provides.

In addition, guilt damages relationships. Someone who accepts too much responsibility for the welfare of others is likely to become angry at the people who are "making" her feel uncomfortable—even as those same individuals resent being treated as the "cause" of guilt. (In fact, no one can make us feel guilty. Others may fan the fire by manipulating our already shaky emotions, but we light the match ourselves.)

What can you do, then, if you feel guilt is running—and ruining—your life? Th following guidelines, culled from inte views with human-relations experts an with women who have overcome the pa ralyzing effects of self-recrimination, ma offer some help.

First, back off and take a look at you life. Pick up paper and pencil and list a the times you've felt guilty over the pas couple of months. Use key words to indi cate the people involved, the circum stances, what you did or didn't do, wha the other person said or did, how yo resolved (or didn't resolve) your feelings As you add to the list, you should begi to notice certain patterns. Does on name keep cropping up—your mother boss, closest friend, husband, child? An type of event that's usually followed by feelings of remorse? Focus on one perso or situation at a time.

Analyze your feelings about each case—but without using the word "guilty." "That word is destructive on two counts," says Dr. Gershenfeld. "For one, it's judgmental—it implies that you're a bad person and keeps you from seeing the circumstances objectively. For another, 'guilt' has a permanence to it, as if the predicament were engraved in granite and there's nothing you can do to change it. Using a different word can help you clarify the issues involved in a given situation. You can deal more easily with less loaded feelings."

Some of the words that Dr. Gershenfeld urges her clients to use instead of "guilty" are:

Confused. "I can't figure out how to behave toward my mother. She wants me to call her every day, but when I do, my resentment leads to a fight. If I phone her only a couple of times a week, I'll enjoy the talk, but later she'll insist I'm selfish."

Unsure about priorities. (*continued*)



"We call him 'Spot.'"



"Crust so flaky, it'll do you proud."

"That's why... I wouldn't use any shortening but Crisco. Crisco makes my piecrust so flaky, it makes biting into my cherry pie like biting into cherry heaven. MmmMmmm! 'N it's sure nice to know Crisco's all vegetable, with no cholesterol!

Crisco'll do you proud every time."





Guilt

continued

"I'd like to take an exercise class one night a week, but I work every day and go out once or twice a week with my husband. Am I entitled to spend yet another evening away from my kids? Will my improved physical well-being, and the feeling that I'm doing something just for me, make up for my desire to spend time with the children? Or should I sacrifice extra activities for the next couple of years?"

Sad. "Ten years ago, I had an abortion. I never did tell my husband, and in a way, I'm still mourning that first lost baby."

Worried. "Now that I'm working, I think it's only fair for my husband to do his share of housework, but he balks and I'm afraid I'm pushing too hard. I might end up without his help—and him—altogether."

Concerned. "My best friend's always come through when I needed her, but now that I'm married, I don't have as much time for her as I used to, and I know she's lonely. How can I show her I still care, and help her to deal with this change in our relationship?"

Examine your assumptions. If substituting feeling-words doesn't alleviate your discomfort, consider the values under which you're operating. Does guilt really reflect disappointment in yourself—or i your failure to meet someone else's stan dards? In your own mind, what does i mean to be a "good" mother, wife, daugh ter, worker, friend? Are your expectation reasonable, or so high that no morta could possibly meet them?

Communicate feelings. Bringing issue out into the open can go a long wa toward resolving them. When nine-year old Kevin asked his mother, a photogra pher, "Why do you take every assignmen you get offered? You work too much, Barbara's immediate reaction was to de fend herself for going at the pace she did Suddenly she broke off, knelt down, pu her arms around her son and asked hin "What's bothering you?" He finall blurted out, "All the other guys are goin with their parents to the baseball game but you're always so busy I know yo can't take me!" True, Barbara couldn make that particular game, but she urge Kevin to be forthright in the future abou asking for what he wants. "I won't alway be able to do what you ask," she added "but if I know what's bothering you, w can look for a way to work it out." A corroboration, she bought tickets for th two of them to the next at-home game.

Sometimes open communication ca help a manipulative person to see whe expectations are unrealistic. After Nin had spent a week with her ailing father who lived halfway across the country, h asked her plaintively, "Do you have to g home already?"

"How long would you like me to stay? Nina queried him.

"Forever," he replied.

"Do you mean you want me to leav my husband and children to come liv with you?" Nina asked.

"No, of course not," her father sai with a reassuring smile, as he realize what he was demanding. "I know yo come to see me as often as you can. Nina was relieved to hear her father ac knowledge his wish as fantasy, and wa then better able to accept her own needs

Look at possible consequences. Famil therapist Blanche Kaplan, in privat practice in Teaneck, New Jersey, and member of the postgraduate faculty of th Center for Family Learning in New Rochelle, New York, suggests askin yourself, "What if . . . ?" This technique helped Paula, who'd been immobilized with guilt over her failure to complet her doctoral dissertation. She was already aware that part of her problem was per fectionism—the need to write such a outstanding opus that her adviser would feel the time he'd invested in her ove the years had been amply rewarded.

"What if I never got my PhD?" Paul asked herself. "Wouldn't I then feel I'd *really* let my adviser down? My parents? My friends who've encouraged me ove the years? Myself? Could I live with tha knowledge? What if I wrote a thesis tha wasn't especially great? *(continued*



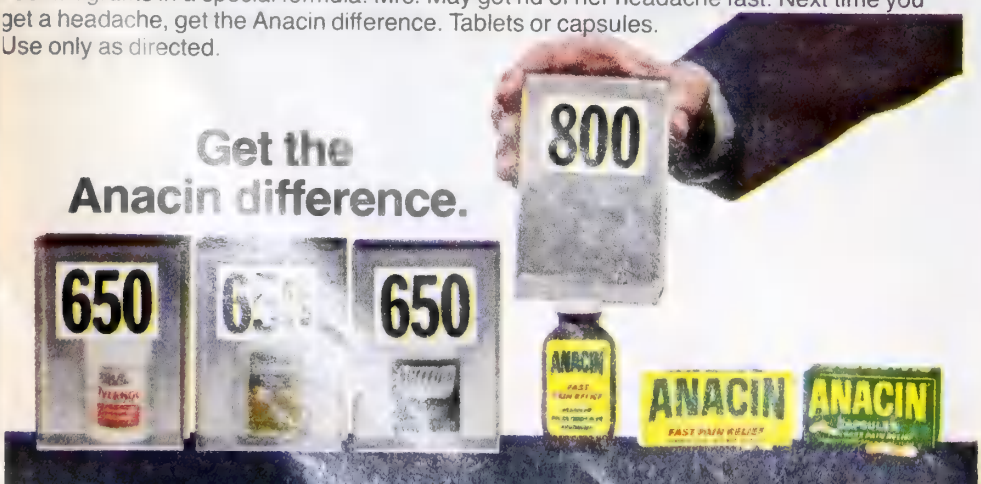
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Guilt

continued

Could I cope with my professor's disappointment?"

After weighing various alternatives, Paula decided she'd rather risk her adviser's disapproval of an imperfect paper than to let years of study go to waste by not completing her degree. Freed of the pressure to be the best, she was able to finish an acceptable piece of work.

Do something about the problem. If you feel guilty because you're not using available means to improve a situation, perhaps the most practical course is to take action. As Father Greeley pointed out earlier, remorse over mistakes can motivate us to strive toward high standards, to live the kind of life we truly believe is best and to bring out the best in others.

Mara, a working mother who felt conscience-stricken over conditions at the day-care center her child attended, enlisted other adults to help her change that environment. Leslie and Roger, whose son was involved with drugs, stopped berating themselves for past "mistakes" and rearranged their schedules so as to be more available to the boy, joined a family therapy group and began to supervise their son more closely.

Accept your limitations. None of us is perfect. We have only so much time, energy and capacity to give emotionally, and sometimes even our best efforts can't bring about happy results. Remember that without the willingness to forgive ourselves, we become martyrs—possibly even encouraging others to feel guilty.

When guilt won't go away

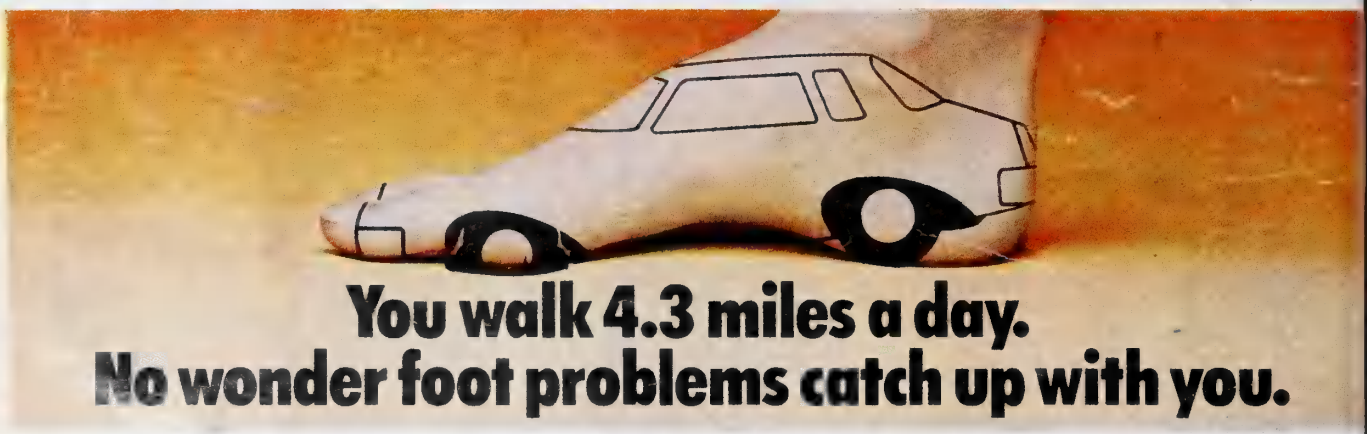
Although the reactions we've been discussing have more to do with too-high expectations than with actual wrongdoing, there's another type of irrational guilt that torments people who truly believe they've erred in some concrete way: the "If only I'd . . ." syndrome. Karen, for instance, tortured herself with remorse after the night when, against her better judgment, she let her teen-age son drive the family car to a friend's party. On the way home, the boy was in a near-tragic accident that left him hospitalized for several weeks. Though he recovered, any chance remark about the incident triggers Karen's "If only I'd . . ." contrition all over again.

When a memory is that powerful, you might benefit from talking about it, either with a trusted friend or professional therapist. As you discuss the occurrence and any accompanying feelings, you may conclude that you made the best decision possible with information available at the time. Such a realization can go far toward helping you to accept yourself, flaws and all.

On the other hand, you may continue to believe that an action you took in the past was indeed a mistake. In that case, analyze the event with an eye to making better choices in the future. Looking at your dilemma as a painful but valuable learning experience helps you to live with its results. Instead of trying to repress your guilt, then, better to acknowledge and grow from it.

Consider the advice of family therapist Blanche Kaplan, who points out: "As feeling human beings, we'll have both positive and negative emotions until the day we die. It's not necessary to get rid of all uncomfortable feelings in order to get on with our lives. Though we might not be able to make an unpleasant feeling go away, we can learn from it—and can continue to change our own behavior."

Deciding when and in what way to change that behavior, however, remains a delicate problem. Some 2,000 years ago revered philosopher Rabbi Hillel beautifully expressed the need for a balanced outlook when he asked, "If I am not for myself, who is for me? And if I am for myself alone, what then am I?" As we search for a midpoint between insensitivity to others' needs and overpreoccupation with unrealistic standards for ourselves, we'll begin to put guilt in its proper place in our lives. **Er**



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Women all over the country are finding that community involvement pays. You *can* make a difference, and what better time than July 4th to honor those who try—through political action and volunteer work—to create a more caring society. Whether you become a town leader, volunteer to visit a housebound older person, or help a child to read, you are one of millions who are actively making America a better place to live. We salute you.

WOMEN MAYORS: MAKING A DIFFERENCE



Barbara Rogers | Colleen Tuck | Florence Merow | Helen Boosalis | Charlotte Baldwin

It may be tough to fight City Hall, but with political savvy and hard work you could end up running it—just ask the 1,000 women mayors who did. By Claire M. Tallarico

Have you ever read your local newspaper, only to toss it aside a few minutes later, disgusted over the way local government is handling the town's problems? Or tried to voice concerns over a local issue only to have your words fall on deaf ears? Or perhaps you've met a community representative only to walk away thinking, "I could do a better job than he does."

You probably could. As thousands of women have found in recent years, you don't have to belong to the political "in" crowd to exert power. The age has passed when political alliances were made by cigar-puffing politicians in smoke-filled rooms, or when deals were signed with a handshake or a slap on the back. In fact, the number of women elected to political office almost tripled between 1975 and 1979 (from 5,765 to 14,225), and nowhere is this trend more evident than in this country's towns and small cities.

There are currently about 1,000 women mayors in the United States, many of whom never dreamt they would hold such positions. Happily, they have discovered that change is possible and that their communities can be improved. "I just hate to hear people say something can't be done," says **Florence Merow**, mayor of Morgantown, West Virginia. "I don't believe that at all."

A former teacher and a mother of two, Florence Merow—like many other budding politicians—first entered City Hall as a citizen with a complaint. Actually, it was a mother's fear that drove her to seek action. In a neighboring community, a young child had been electrocuted when trying to retrieve a kite from a utility pole. Frightened that the same tragedy would strike Morgantown, Merow began to complain about the dangers of the town's overhead wires. But for the first time in her life, this energetic, high-spirited woman found that her words seemed to fall on deaf ears, and she realized that the town's unresponsive leaders "could use some help."

A few months later, a vacancy on the city council came up and she decided to run for it. Merow not only won that seat, but she was re-elected for four terms before beginning her first term as mayor.

Barbara Rogers, the first woman mayor of Cupertino, California, is another politician whose career grew out of dissatisfaction with community government. "I was one of those people who always thought that politics was corrupt and that people, as individuals or in a group, could not make a difference," says this 48-year-old woman.

What changed her mind? She and her husband campaigned for two city council candidates they trusted, and—to their surprise—their candidates won. When Rogers saw that people really could make a difference, she thought of running herself, but she was terrified of speaking in public.

While she still gets butterflies in her stomach when she has to speak before a large group, she says, *(continued)*



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WOMEN MAYORS
continued

"It's not as bad as it used to be. I tell myself these are just 'plain folks' whether they're judges, justices or whoever."

For **Helen Boosalis**, mayor of Lincoln, Nebraska, political involvement began with the League of Woman Voters, where she was president of the local chapter 22 years ago. She had always preached active participation in government, but had never thought of becoming an elected official herself. Then, one day at a League debate, she was challenged to run for a council seat. She won, served 16 years, and in 1975 ran for mayor. Now in her second term, this energetic woman has an impressive list of "firsts" to her credit. This month, she will be the first woman to head the United States Conference of Mayors. She is the first elected woman mayor in a city with a 100,000-plus population, and the first woman mayor of Lincoln, which is the state capital and a city that boasts the lowest unemployment figures in the country.

What do these and other women mayors have in common? How did they rise in the local political structure? As it turns out, most are not instant winners, but are in their middle years, with a history of community involvement behind them. They have learned about local government the hard way—through long hours and lots of work. And they continue to encourage citizen participation in government, convincing other women that they too can become involved. What advice do they give other budding politicians? Here are a few suggestions:

- Lincoln's Mayor Boosalis: "Start observing government at all levels, read about it, take an interest in it, don't be afraid to become involved. Once you have decided that you are knowledgeable enough and have something to offer, bite the bullet and run for office."
- Cupertino's Mayor Rogers: "Don't be afraid to ask for help in understanding things that you don't know. Ask questions. Learn about the jurisdiction that you are interested in serving. Go to meetings. Be informed."
- Mayor **Charlotte Baldwin** of Madisonville, Kentucky: "Work in a grass-roots campaign so you can understand the process involved. Learn as much as you can from this experience and then put your knowledge to use."

From each of these dynamic women the message is: You can't run for the sake of running. It takes courage and dedication to make a difference, but the benefits are unquestionable. "Even at the worst times I am learning things about myself," says 40-year-old **Colleen Tuck**, one of three selectmen in Marion, Massachusetts, a position equivalent to mayor. "What you get is so much greater than what you give. The rewards are just tremendous."



VOLUNTEERS: THE NEW ACTIVISTS

By volunteering, you can make the most of yourself and your country. The needs—of children and older people and your community—are overwhelming. So are the benefits to you and the people you help. By Katherine Barrett

It's been a long time since Bernice Eger witnessed her first court hearing, but the memory is still painfully vivid. Maybe it was the way the 14-year-old rape victim trembled on the stand—so full of fear that she could not bring forth words to testify. Or the way the girl's mother tried in vain to find counseling for her daughter. Or how the judge turned to the teen-age defendants before letting them go and said: "I'm sure the boys are sorry for what they did."

Like many volunteers, Mrs. Eger was galvanized into action by her experience. To her horror she saw that the victims of violent crime—in this case a 14-year-old girl—were often neglected, and decided that she would offer the help that was needed. Seven years ago, she started the Marion (Indiana) County Victim Assistance Program, which enlists volunteers to aid crime victims and works to change or amend imperfect laws.

"Nobody could pay me to do this," jokes Mrs. Eger, 57, who is on call 20 hours a day, seven days a week. "But I know we're doing something very, very worthwhile. *Someone* needs to care about the victim."

One of a new breed of volunteers, Mrs. Eger is far removed from the stereotyped Lady Bountiful of the past. These days time is short, and many of the country's 70 million volunteers work full-time at paying jobs.

"We've very much gotten away from busy work," says Betty Hepner, director of the Volunteer Action Center in Pittsburgh. "Leisure hours are very precious to people, and if they use them for volunteering, they want to do something for their community that's really important."

What they do has become incredibly varied. Many still work for schools, hospitals, churches and large social service or funding agencies like the American Red Cross or the United Way, but increasingly volunteers are finding that they have other options open to them.

Like Mrs. Eger, volunteers often serve as advocates and work in their own communities, giving their skills as well as their time. These new volunteers include:

- Rebecca Ann Beasley of Indianapolis, a woman who is in a wheelchair herself and has started a service called Dial-A-Ride, providing an information and referral service on transportation for the elderly and disabled in her community.
- A group of pilots called AirLifeLine that is developing chapters in 18 states and provides free transportation in medical emergencies.
- Adrian Miranda of Los Angeles, a man who turned his garage into a temporary community center for teenagers.
- Monroe and Joe Ann Ballard, a Tennessee couple who collect and repair old cars, clothes and other equipment and accessories for families who can't afford to buy such things for themselves.
- Susan Kilborn, a New Yorker who developed a court-supported advocacy program for foster children after encountering a tangle of red tape while trying to adopt an older child.

Unfortunately, these and millions of other willing volunteers can't even begin to adequately serve the neighbors, agencies, children and institutions that need them. "We place 4,000 new volunteers into agencies in San Diego annually," says Jerry K. Lynes, director of the Volunteer Bureau Division of the United Way there. "But even if 20,000 walked in here, I doubt if they would saturate the market."

Where is help most needed? This varies from community to community, but generally the list is long enough to satisfy people with all kinds of interests. In mental health, volunteers are needed to man crisis lines, work in halfway houses or hospitals, and teach living or "coping" skills. Hospitals generally are big volunteer users, and the American Red Cross enlists millions for its community, disaster, safety and blood donor programs.

For the elderly, help with transportation, household assistance, home visits or calls and recreation programs is *(continued)*

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needed, and nursing homes often go begging for volunteers.

The handicapped need day-care programs, respite care, camps, talking books, braille transcription and transportation. Children need tutors, recreation programs, group leaders, Big Brothers and Big Sisters, counselors and friends.

Other worthy volunteer efforts include:

- Teaching English as a second language or reading to an illiterate adult.
- Helping people to winterize their homes, cut down on waste, save energy.
- Raising funds and doing clerical work for orchestras, opera, ballet and theater groups, many of which may suffer from government budget cuts.
- Learning and teaching cardiopulmonary resuscitation.
- Working for historic or environmental preservation by saving old houses, leading tours, helping in museums, clearing paths or cleaning litter.
- Participating in neighborhood protection programs like those in Philadelphia, where 150,000 citizens join in police-sponsored neighborhood patrols.

The list is just about endless, but then so, it appears, is the reserve of volunteers willing to help if they're just told what's needed. In a recent Gallup poll, a staggering 80 percent of the population in urban areas said they'd volunteer if someone asked them. Most people just need to be sure they'll do some real good.

Finding a place

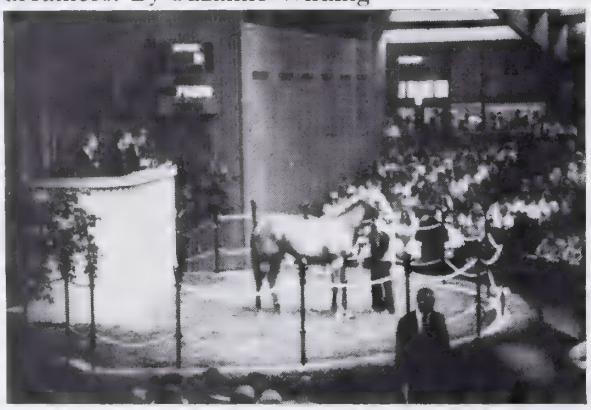
If you're one of these willing, but untapped volunteers, how do you go about finding a place for yourself? Most large cities have volunteer bureaus that match people with jobs that they will enjoy, and many of these are funded by or affiliated with local United Way chapters. Skill-banks too are a promising feature in the volunteer field and some are even computerized. In this way, people with special talents can share them.

The current emphasis on volunteers doing skilled and often indispensable work has other benefits too. Increasingly, there is an awareness that volunteers themselves can benefit from the experiences by developing job skills, getting leadership training and earning course credit. With a little close-up exposure to problems, some people even find themselves carving out careers as they set out to make society better.

"Almost all of our volunteers want to get something out of it for themselves," says Julie Washburn, executive director of the Volunteer Service Bureau in Orlando, Florida, and president of the national Association of Volunteer Bureaus. "But they also want to give. They are willing to make sacrifices. They want to get involved. And they want to believe in America again." **End**

THE KEENELAND SALES: ANOTHER WORLD

If you dream of owning a racehorse, Keeneland is the place to be this month, when the annual yearling sales attract buyers and dreamers. By Suzanne Wilding



Photograph by Suzanne Wilding

It's mid-July, and the one-year-old colts and fillies snort and dance on the Kentucky bluegrass. The buyers gather, loaded with pounds sterling, yen, deutschemarks, dollars and Saudi Arabian rials. The atmosphere is festive—a country fair for the very rich, where white-coated waiters offer strong potables, beach umbrellas protect against the broiling Kentucky sun and as much as $1 million can change hands over a whinnying baby horse.

The place is Keeneland, where annually, the choicest Kentucky yearlings are led before the jeweled and turbaned crowd of the international jet set. Here, with racing colors prominently displayed and hanging baskets of fuchsia decorating the shed rows, the young horses are patted and prodded by a retinue of veterinarians, assorted equine experts and prospective buyers. Later, the hushed and monied audience will reach a peak of excitement as the auction gets under way and million dollar decisions—and dreams—are made on the basis of pedigree and appearance.

You might think the scene comes from *The Great Gatsby*, but it's far from fiction. In 1980, when unemployment was up, business was down and inflation was eating into everyone's pockets, $60 million exchanged hands in just two days. A bystander can only think of F. Scott Fitzgerald telling Ernest Hemingway, "The rich are different from the rest of us." Hemingway answered, "Yes, they have more money."

To those not in racing, it might seem wishful thinking to buy a yearling for $50,000, $100,000 or even $1 million or more, hoping that two years later it will win the Kentucky Derby or the British or French counterparts. But in Lexington, that is what it is all about. Nine Kentucky Derby winners—including Spectacular Bid in 1979—were once yearlings on the auction block at Keeneland, and competition for the 1981 youngsters is great. Only 325 to 350 yearlings will be selected from 1,000 entries, and the July sales traditionally command among the highest prices in the world.

But there is more than money to the big business of horse breeding and buying. It is a wildly entertaining time of looking at horses in the morning, attending sales in the afternoon and evening and partying in between. The Keeneland auction, this year July 20-21, is only one of several important sales that bring racehorse aficionados to Lexington this time of year. The social gatherings that result are truly unforgettable. (Turn the page for tourist information on Lexington.)

Last July, ultra-successful breeder and showman Tom Gentry amused his guests during the cocktail hour by giving helicopter rides over his farm, where mares and foals scrambled away from the whirlybird. "Good for them to get a little exercise," said host Tom, greeting former Kentucky Governor A.B. "Happy" Chandler. Current Governor John Y. Brown and his wife, Phyllis George, were also on hand, as was Bob Hope, who entertained guests for more than an hour.

Then there's Mrs. Arthur Hancock Jr.'s annual dinner dance at Claiborne Farm, home of such greats *(continued)*

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LEXINGTON: HORSE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

Whether you are a "pat-him-on-the-nose" novice or the most accomplished horseman, Lexington, Kentucky, is a city of equine delights. As the Kentucky "hardboots" say, "Whether you want to look at them, ride them, bet on them or bid on them, you can do it better in Lexington."

The town is pleasant, the tourist accommodations varied, the horse farms unique and the possible activities numerous. Here are some suggestions for spending a summer weekend in horse country:

• The Kentucky Horse Park. This 1,000-acre family theme park is dedicated to the horse, and includes a museum with fascinating exhibits and dioramas; a set-your-own-pace walking tour, which includes a harness maker, blacksmith shop and the stalls of ten representative breeds of horses; a daily show; ponies for children and safe hacks for adults to ride; high goal polo on Sundays and many special shows and equestrian events of all kinds throughout the year.

There also are camp sites available and many families bring their children and their ponies to spend a week.

• The Junior League Horse Show. This is the world's largest outdoor saddle horse show, a very colorful competition with 81 different events over a six-day period (from July 13 to 18). The show is held at the Red Mile in Lexington and more information is available from: Junior League Horse Show, P.O. Box 1092, Lexington, Ky. 40589, or you can call (606) 252-1893.

• Racing. From May to the end of June and again in September, you can catch harness racing at the Red Mile. Beautiful Keeneland has flat racing in April (including the Blue Grass Stakes, an important pre-Derby race) and again in October, and yearling sales in July and September.

• Farms. Some of the great Thoroughbred and Standardbred farms are open to the public. For information, write the Visitors' Bureau, Lexington Chamber of Commerce, 421 North Broadway, Lexington, Ky. 40508, or call (606) 254-4447.

The chamber also will provide information about accommodations, as will the Lexington Convention Bureau at (606) 233-7299. **End**

KEENELAND
continued

as Secretariat and Riva Ridge. There, in front of the white-pillared mansion, you might almost expect to see Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara supping with the beautifully dressed throng on charcoaled filet, ice cream with raspberries and much, much champagne.

Surrounded by such wall-to-wall wealth, even an impecunious bystander can dream—especially while watching the Keeneland Select Sales, which are held in four sessions, the first starting promptly at 1:30 P.M. on Monday. The fieldstone and wood-sided pavilion at the track is modern, commodious and efficient, with the names of prospective buyers on every seat. The benches outside the glass-windowed arena are filled with locals and tourists who find this the greatest show in town.

During the evening sessions, auctioneers and bid spotters even don tuxedos, and the excitement mounts as a combination of English and tobacco-sales slang is used to arouse buyers. Marvelous phrases like "willyagiv, wudyabid, areyaablet'buy'em" tumble out of the P.A. system and well-dressed men and women nod heads, raise hands and flick pencils to signal their bids.

Last year, the showstopper came on the last day of the sale, when the gavel fell for $1,700,000 on a little horse for Stavros Niarchos, the Greek shipping magnate. It was one of four horses that sold for more than $1 million.

The sums of money boggle the mind and there is a possibly apocryphal story that two Englishmen, after the final session, wandered into the bar. They had had a hard night the evening before and ordered two colas. When the bartender was asked, "How much?" he answered, "Seventy-five each." The customer peeled off two $100 bills, picked up his glasses and said, "Keep the change."

Call it Camelot or Never-Never Land, it is certainly far from the real world. **End**

LOVE RHYME

By Pegasus Buchanan

Love was a red kite
Challenging the breeze.
Blown to a high flight
Small above the trees

(Trees, being earthbound,
Cradle nesting things;
Kites, being sky-sound
Scoff at resting wings.)

Love was a red kite
Stringless, finally.
Found by the moonlight
Broken in a tree.



ANIMALS SHOWN APPROXIMATELY ACTUAL SIZE



The Woodland Animals

MINIATURE PEWTER SCULPTURES

Twelve beautifully detailed sculptures by the gifted artist Jane Lunger, meticulously crafted in fine pewter, and affordably priced at just $12.50 each.

vailable by subscription only,
:clusively from The Franklin Mint.
ease order by July 31, 1981.

nagine—for just a moment—that you're anding in a quiet forest glade. It's early orning, and sunlight filters softly through e trees. You brush aside a screen of leaves . and there, nestled in the undergrowth, is baby fawn.

This is part of the magic that inspired Jane nger to create a wonderful new collection. ne *Woodland Animals Miniature Pewter ulptures*. Twelve endearing pewter fig-es—each no more than two inches gh—yet each engagingly true to life.

Each miniature a small masterpiece of design and detail

ulptor Jane Lunger has been acclaimed for r remarkable ability to capture all the spirit d grace of wild animals. For this collec-n, she has portrayed twelve forest crea-res with amazing warmth and realism . . . that every one of the animals is brought to e in a charmingly original work of art.

Here is the fox, curled up amid clusters of ild violets. He's at rest, but his ears are rked to catch the faintest sound. The bea-r munches contentedly on a finely-veined pen leaf. The fluffy-tailed squirrel seems to chattering impudently at you from his rch in a tree.

And *each* original pewter sculpture is richly detailed—so that you can see the most subtle nuances of form and expression . . . and practically *feel* the texture of each animal's fur.

Jane Lunger selected the medium of fine pewter because this metal is unsurpassed in its ability to capture such fine detail. Master pewterers of The Franklin Mint—renowned the world over for their skill—will devote their attention to each work. Every sculpture will be *individually finished* to highlight the lustrous beauty of the pewter itself.

Exceptional quality . . . at a very affordable price

Despite the care and time that must be taken with every sculpture, these original works will be available at the extremely reasonable price of $12.50 each. This price is guaranteed for all subscription applications received by July 31, 1981. *The Woodland Animals* are available exclusively from The Franklin Mint, and only as a complete collection.

Because they so perfectly combine art and nature, these beautifully crafted miniatures will be endlessly fascinating for you, your family, and friends. As a collection, they will be a delight to display in your home.

There is no need to send any money at this time. Please keep in mind, however, that the subscription application should be signed and mailed to The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091 by July 31st.

At The Franklin Mint, we take pride in our standards of design and craftsmanship. But we believe our efforts should be judged by the people we serve. Any figure may be returned for any reason within thirty days for your choice of replacement or refund.

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The Woodland Animals

MINIATURE PEWTER SCULPTURES

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Please enter my subscription for *The Woodland Animals Miniature Pewter Sculptures*, consisting of 12 finely sculptured pewter miniatures by artist Jane Lunger.

I need send no money now. The sculptures will be sent to me at the rate of one every month, and I will be billed $12.50* for each figure beginning prior to the shipment of the first figure in the series. I may return any figure in the collection within thirty days of receipt for my choice of replacement or full refund.

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Limit: One subscription per person.



OUR PERFECT 10

A warm, uproarious story about an anniversary that could only happen to a happy family.
By Karen Stacey

On Monday night Kate Baldwin put down her book, looked across the king-size span of plaid quilt at her husband, who was propped against two pillows watching *The Tonight Show*, and said, "Robert, I've decided what we ought to do for our anniversary Friday."

Robert turned easily from the television screen. There was a guest host tonight, and he hated it when Johnny wasn't on. Besides, he was used to his wife's shotgun conversations—they were an indivisible part of her personality. "All right," he said. "What?"

"Nothing," she said and then, when he looked bewildered, went on, "I mean, no going out to dinner, no exchanging gifts, no champagne . . . no hoopla."

"No 'hoopla'?" he echoed.

"That's right," she said. "I've been thinking about our anniversary celebrations, how disappointing they always turn out to be—well, like the time we went out with the McKendricks because it was their anniversary, too, and all they did was argue."

"I remember," he said.

"Or the time we threw that huge lawn party, and the backyard got trampled."

"The grass has never been the same," he sighed. *(continued)*

Illustration by Sam Thiewes



n July 4th, 1893, Anna Michaels forgot herself
id boldly asked her fiancé for a light.



He gave her one.

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS *Lights*



In the crush-proof purse pack.



g "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

OUR PERFECT 10

continued

"And what about the year we went back to the hotel where we spent our honeymoon—"

"Now wait a minute. What was disappointing about that?"

"Well, you know," she said. "It just wasn't the same."

"Thank God," Robert said.

Kate ignored that. "Anyway," she said, "it finally dawned on me that the reason our anniversary is always such a letdown is because we expect too much. We make too big a fuss."

"So?" he said.

"So," she said, "this year I don't think we should do anything special. Just pretend it's any other ordinary day."

"Are you sure about that? It's our tenth, you know. That's a biggie."

Kate switched off her lamp and poked her pillow into shape. "I'm sure," she said. "No fuss. Not even a card."

"Not even a card?" she said on Friday when Robert came home from work empty-handed. "On our tenth anniversary?"

Robert stared at her. He had forgotten how mercurial she was. "I thought you said you didn't want any fuss. We were going to pretend this was just any other ordinary day. Remember?"

Kate sighed and sat down at the kitchen table. She had forgotten how literal-minded he was. "I know," she said, "but that was Monday."

"And this is Friday," he said, taking the chair beside her. "So what happened to change your mind?"

"Nothing," she said. "That's just it. *Nothing happened*. That's why I think we need a little excitement."

"What did you have in mind?" he asked, leering.

"Oh, Robert," she said. "I was talking about going out to dinner."

His leer drooped slightly. "Dinner, huh?" he said. "Well, all right. But isn't it a little late to get a sitter?"

"It's never too late," she said cheerfully, hopping up and going over to the telephone.

"By the way, where are the boys?" he asked. "It's so quiet."

"They're downstairs in the playroom," she said, dialing.

"Jeffie, too?"

"He's got to learn how to fend for himself sooner or later," she said. "Hello, Debbie? This is Mrs. Baldwin. . . ."

Fifteen minutes later she had called every teenager she knew, and still didn't have a sitter.

"Damn," she said. "I knew we should have gotten married in August instead of September. Tonight is West High's first football game."

Robert came over and put his arms around her. "We can still go out," he said soothingly. "We'll just take the boys with us."

They wanted to go to a new pizza place called Uncle Stanley's.

"All the guys at school say it's really decent," Brad said.

"Decent?" Robert asked. "Is that all?"

"That means it's fantastic," Kate told him. "You just have to understand third grade-ese."

"Yeah, it's really supposed to be ex, Dad," Alex added.

"'Ex?'" Robert repeated. "I suppose that's second grade-ese for excellent?"

"Well, can we go there, Dad?" Brad asked urgently. "They give you free toys—"

"And two old guys play the banjo," Alex said.

"What about eating?" Robert asked.

"Oh, sure," Brad said. "You can do that, too."

Robert looked at Kate. "Well?" he said.

"I don't care where we go," she said, scooping Jeffie up into her arms. "As long as we go."

Uncle Stanley's turned out to be a barnlike place topped by the giant, billboard countenance of a smiling, apple-cheeked old fellow wearing a handlebar mustache and red-banded straw hat—Uncle Stanley himself. The football field-sized parking lot was jammed, but at last Robert found a space between another station wagon and a van whose side was painted with a lurid sunset.

Inside they were engulfed by noise: banjo music, singing, shrill children's voices and, cutting through it all, a booming male loudspeaker voice announcing that pizza order 107 was ready. The five of them stood there, momentarily stunned, until a young girl in a long gingham dress and starchy white apron spotted them.

"Welcome to Uncle Stanley's!" she shouted over the din. "Would you come this way, please?"

They were escorted past rows of crowded picnic tables to an empty booth against the far wall. When Jeffie had been installed in a high chair, and Brad and Alex had decided which side of the booth to sit in, the girl asked, "Are you familiar with our ordering system?"

They all shook their heads, except for Jeffie who pounded the metal tray with both fists and demanded, "Eat!"

"Well, you simply fill out one of the forms on your table," the girl said, inching away from the noisy high chair, "and then take it up to the order window where you will be given a number. When your order is ready, it will be announced over the loudspeaker." Speech completed, she smiled. "Enjoy your dinner," she said.

They followed orders, x-ing little boxes on the form with the pencil also provided. "Whatever happened to waitresses?" Robert asked Kate mournfully. "I don't like ordering dinner from a computer."

"I think it's decent," Brad said. "Can I take it up to the order window?"

"Can I, too, Dad?" Alex chimed in.

"We'll all go," Robert said. "No, no you, Jeffie. You stay here and keep Mommy company."

While they were gone Kate fed Jeffie the soda crackers she had brought from home and looked around. Across the picnic tables of bobbing heads she could see a glassed-in kitchen full of stainless steel pizza ovens and frantic cooks. And to the right, beside a roaring gas fireplace, the banjo players Alex had mentioned: two middle-aged men in striped shirts and straw hats, surrounded by dozens of jumping, twisting, dancing children. At the moment the men were leading their rowdy audience in "Daisy." How did they stand it? Kate wondered. How did they endure all the racket? All those inquisitive little fingers plucking at their sleeves and banjo strings?

"I hope you wanted beer," Robert said, setting down two glass pitchers on their table, one of beer and one of cola. "They didn't have any wine."

"This is fine," she said. She had told him no champagne, hadn't she?

"Isn't this place decent, Mom?" Brad asked, pouring soda for himself and his brothers.

Kate helped herself to the beer. "It's very lively," she said.

"Wow, look at this! You can see all the Uncle Stanleys all over the world!" Alex was holding out his paper placemat to Kate, and she found herself squinting at a map of the United States, speckled with tiny handlebar mustaches.

"Not all over the world, you dope," Brad corrected him. "All over *America*."

"Don't call your brother a dope, Brad," Kate said automatically.

"Number one hundred twelve," boomed the loudspeaker voice, "your order is ready!"

Robert nudged Kate. "We're one hundred twenty-three," he said.

"Wonderful," she said, and took a long drink of her beer.

"Say, boys," Robert said abruptly, "did you know that today is your mother's and my anniversary? We got married exactly ten years ago."

Brad and Alex gazed at him, unimpressed. "Go bye-bye," Jeffie said sullenly.

"So," Robert continued, undaunted, "I would like to propose a toast."

"What's a toast?" Alex asked.

"Never mind," Kate said, and nicked Robert's glass mug with her own. "Happy anniversary."

Robert smiled at her. "Happy anniversary," he said.

Suddenly another gingham-dressed young girl was upon them. "Would you boys like to choose something *(continued)*

"Dove gave us softer, smoother skin in just 7 days."

ou Ann Harkleroad
ou Ann Harkleroad, age 38, Chamblee, Ga.

Virginia B. Miller
Virginia B. Miller, age 31, Excelsior, Minn.

Kim M. Maviglia
Kim M. Maviglia, age 34, Hillsdale, N.J.

Donna-Rae Lang
Donna-Rae Lang, age 38, Littleton, Colo.

Barbara Medica
Barbara Medica, age 29, Canoga Park, Calif.

Janet C. Uthemann
Janet C. Uthemann, age 35, Denver, Colo.

Betty Wyche
Betty Wyche, age 32, Plymouth, Minn.

Marsha Bayly
Marsha Bayly, age 27, Ringwood, N.J.

Judy M. Olson
Judy M. Olson, age 41, Minneapolis, Minn.

Georgina Kennedy
Georgina Kennedy, age 37, Waldwick, N.J.

Suzanne F Neslund
Suzanne F. Neslund, age 32, Long Lake, Minn.

These are the names of real women. Just a few of the hundreds of real women across America who took a real test: They stopped using soap and washed their faces with Dove® instead. To a woman, they reported that after seven days of Dove, their skin was noticeably softer and smoother. Sound miraculous? No, it's just that the Dove ¼ moisturizing cream formula really does work. Dove isn't soap. So it can't dry your skin or strip away its natural moisture like soap can.

Try it. Put your soap aside and use Dove for seven days. Your name could make the next list.

Junell Wingate
Junell Wingate, age 45, Wayzata, Minn.

Tracy Jenkins
Tracy Jenkins, age 33, Alpharetta, Ga.

Suzanne San Phillip
e San Phillip, age 36, Ridgewood, N.J.

Suzanne A. Hungerford
Suzanne A. Hungerford, age 34, Encino, Calif.

Jane M. Grove
Jane M. Grove, age 39, Wayzata, Minn.

Pamela Cohen
Pamela Cohen, age 33, Van Nuys, Calif.

Rhona Klawans
Rhona Klawans, age 31, Denver, Colo.

Mary Porter
Mary Porter, age 30, Marietta, Ga.

Nicki Windsperger
Nicki Windsperger, age 30, Robbinsdale, Minn.

Shirley Scott
Shirley Scott, age 37, Van Nuys, Calif.

Connie L. Glaholt
onnie Lee Glaholt, age 28, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dale Aiken
Dale Aiken, age 29, Atlanta, Ga.



from Uncle Stanley's Surprise Basket?" she asked brightly, offering them the contents of a large wicker basket.

Robert peered into it, then turned to Kate. "Uncle Stanley's Trash Basket, is more like it," he murmured.

But Brad and Alex were already eagerly pawing through the jumble of cellophane-bagged toys. While the girl's smile calcified into a grimace, they deliberated until finally Brad had selected a miniature book, Alex a plastic Army truck and they had both agreed on a rubber pig for Jeffie.

As the girl started gratefully away, Alex tugged at her white apron. "My mom and dad got married today," he told her, and Brad groaned.

"What he means," Robert said quickly, "is that it's our anniversary today."

"Oh," the girl said, somewhat uncertainly. "Well, happy anniversary."

"Thank you," Kate and Robert replied in unison.

"Number one hundred fifteen, your order is ready," came the voice of Uncle Stanley.

"I think I'll have another beer," Robert said.

"E-e-eat!" Jeffie screeched.

Kate searched frantically through her purse for more crackers. "Here, Jeffie," she said, handing them to him. He sucked on the rubber pig instead.

Brad was reading haltingly from his tiny paper book: "'What is the only bell that does not ring?'" He looked up. "Well, do you know? It's a riddle."

"The only bell that doesn't ring," Robert mused. "Afraid I don't know, Brad."

"Do you, Mom?"

"I don't know either, honey."

"It's a dumbbell!" Brad cackled wildly. "Boy, that was a good one," he said. "Want to hear another one?"

"All right," Kate said gamely.

"Daddy, the wheels came off this truck," Alex moaned, showing him the mutilated green plastic chassis.

Robert sighed. "Already? Well, where are they?"

"I think they rolled on the floor," Alex said, and disappeared under the table.

"'What has an eye but cannot see?'"

"I don't know, Brad," Kate said.

"Dad—hey, where did Dad go?"

"He's on the floor helping Alex look for his wheels," Kate said. "What has an eye but can't see?"

"Eat! Bye-bye!" Jeffie was flinging crackers in every direction.

"A needle!" Brad cried. "Do you get it, Mom? A needle?"

"I get it, Brad."

One of the banjo players was chanting into a microphone, imploring everyone to join him in singing "Daisy"; Uncle Stanley was calling number 119 to its pizza; Alex had pulled himself back up in his seat and was leaning on his elbows, looking like he might burst into tears; Robert was still bumping against Kate's knees, muttering to himself; and Jeffie was twisting from side to side in his high chair, yelling "Out! Out!" to anyone who would listen.

Kate wanted to crawl under the table with Robert—and stay there. Was this what ten years of marriage got you? she wondered. Noise and confusion, and no time even to talk to your husband?

But at last the truck's wheels were found, three more riddles answered, and then Brad and Alex went off to watch the banjo players, Jeffie waddling after them. And Kate and Robert were alone, more or less.

His hair was still mussed from his scramble on the floor, and she straightened it gently. "I'm sorry," she said.

"For what?"

"Dragging you here. On our anniversary, I mean."

He caught her hand and squeezed it. "You didn't drag me," he said. "And anyway I thought this was supposed to be just any other ordinary day."

"It kind of turned out that way, didn't it?" Kate dryly commented.

"Listen," Robert said suddenly, releasing her hand, "what time is it?"

Kate glanced at her watch. "Six-fifty. Why?"

"I was just wondering if it really was our anniversary yet," he said. "What time were we married?"

"Seven o'clock."

At six o'clock it was still raining. "How can it rain on my wedding day?" she had cried as her mother helped her dress. But it had cleared, miraculously, by seven.

"God, I was nervous," Robert said.

When Reverend Feltcher asked him if he would take Katherine Elizabeth to be his lawful wedded wife, he had said, "I will, I will." And afterwards everyone had teased him about being nervous and answering twice, just as the old song said.

"I was nervous about our wedding night," Kate said.

Driving into Chicago, she kept glancing at the steely-profiled stranger next to her, thinking incredulously, That's my husband over there. My husband!

"You know," Robert said, "ten years ago I never would have guessed we'd be sitting in a place called Uncle Stanley's with three rambunctious little boys. . . ."

"The boys!" Kate said, the present crashing in around her. "Where are the boys?"

"Watching the banjo players," Robert replied calmly.

Kate looked in that direction, but there were so many children milling around the two intrepid musicians that it was impossible to identify Brad and Alex and Jeffie among them. She had a sudden painful vision of the three of them being herded off into someone else's station wagon by a pair of distracted parents.

"I can't see them," she said. "Robert, maybe you'd better go find them."

But just then they both saw, perched on one of the banjo player's knees, a chunky, blond-haired toddler and, standing close by, two older boys—stringier looking but with the same blunt yellow bangs.

"Folks, can I have your attention, please?" the man holding Jeffie said into the microphone. "These boys tell me that their Mom and Dad are celebrating an anniversary today." (A spattering of applause from the people at the picnic tables.) "Where are the boys' parents? Would you please stand up so that everyone can see you?"

Kate and Robert rose awkwardly in their booth to more applause from the picnic tables.

"I feel so silly," Kate whispered.

"Maybe we should wave or something," Robert hissed back, but Kate already had sat down again. He gave a clumsy little bow and joined her.

"Daddy! Mama!" Jeffie shouted over and over until the banjo player wrestled the microphone away from him and set him quickly on the floor.

"Uh—let's all sing—uh—'When You Wore A Tulip,'" he said, repositioning his straw hat and banjo. "And we'll dedicate it to those fine folks over there. Come on, now. Everybody sing!"

"Did you like our song?" Alex asked when the three boys had come galloping back to the table.

"Alex did it," Brad said. But he, too, looked expectant.

"It was really . . . decent," Robert said.

"Absolutely ex," Kate agreed.

The loudspeaker voice broke in just then. Order 124 was ready.

"One hundred twenty-four!" Robert said. "What happened to one hundred twenty-three?"

"You were probably taking your bows when they called it," Kate said.

"Did somebody eat our pizzas?" Alex asked.

"No, nobody ate our pizzas," Robert said. "Come on, boys. Let's go see what did happen to them. Okay, Jeffie, you can come, too. We'll be right back," he told Kate.

Watching them thread through the teeming picnic tables—Jeffie straddling Robert's hip, Brad and Alex trailing behind—she felt an unexpected surge of pride and love. My family, she thought. The words had never seemed fuller or more important.

And then she knew what ten years of marriage got you, and why this was the way to celebrate them. **End**

IF YOU THINK GETTING ONLY ONE CAVITY A YEAR IS OK, BY 1990 YOU'LL HAVE 10 HOLES IN THAT THEORY.



INTRODUCING ADVANCED FORMULA CREST. BECAUSE ANY CAVITY YOU GET IS TOO MANY CAVITIES.



At first glance, one cavity a year seems pretty good. Until you do some basic arithmetic. 1 cavity a year x 10 years=10 holes in your kids teeth. Is that what you want for your children?

We think you'll agree that any cavity you get is too many cavities. That's why we proudly announce a totally new Advanced Formula Crest with a new and different cavity-fighting system called Fluoristat.

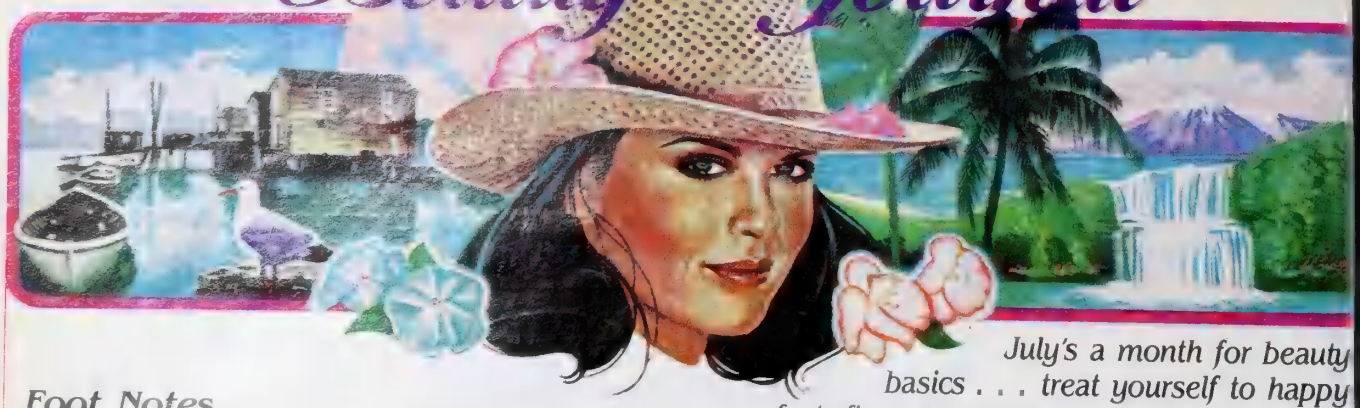
The largest clinical studies ever conducted on a toothpaste showed that for every 4 cavities old Crest prevented, new Crest prevented almost 7. Plus dramatic improvement means now you can get fewer cavities with Crest than ever before. Naturally, you still have to brush, watch sweets and see your dentist.

Knowing all this, can you still be content with your kids getting only 1 cavity a year? After all, in 10 years, it'll be nothing to smile about.

"Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association.

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Beauty Journal



July's a month for beauty basics . . . treat yourself to happy feet, firm up your tummy, cool down fast.

Foot Notes

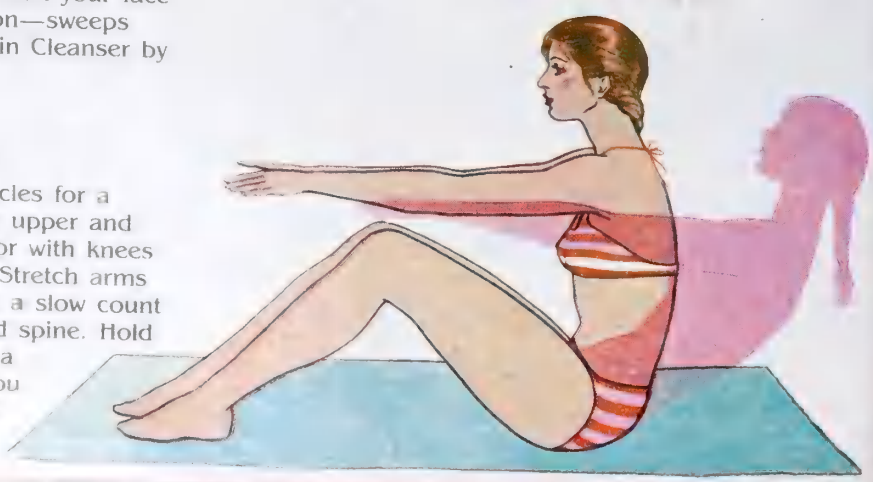
Whether clad in strappy sandals, preppy pumps or nothing at all, summer feet are working harder and showing off more! For heel-to-toe happiness, treat feet with these timely tips: • Consider buying summer shoes one-half size larger for extra toe room—especially if going without stockings. You can cushion with a heel pad to fit across the back. • Think ahead—wear sandals around the house the first few times. Any rubbing? Try a shoe spray to "ease" leather at the irritating spot. • If you've walked too many blocks or jogged an extra mile, pamper fatigued feet with a warm soak. Scent water with drops of bath oil. Finish with chilly rinse. • Beachcombing feet are luckiest—sand has a natural pumicing effect, gently working away calluses, rough skin. • Final step: a professional pedicure. Watch carefully so you can upkeep yourself. Don't forget a slick of brightest polish.

Heat Beaters

Cool news for a sizzling summer—refreshers to charge you up. • Rushing from a rough tennis game to sprint through the supermarket? Revive tired feet with a spritz of chilly spray. Energizing Foot and Leg Spray by Barielle, 8 oz. $8.50. • Tingly crisp—a gel mask works to get skin glowing. Cucumber Cooler Peel-Off Facial Mask by Avon, 3 oz., $3.50. • Wilting from the heat? Keep your cool by smoothing on a lotion that dries instantly, lightly scents. White Linen Cool Finish Body Refresher by Estée Lauder, 6 oz., $10.50. • Next best thing to the blue Caribbean . . . a skin-softening soak in a fragrant aquamarine bath. Sprinkle in: Cream and Cocoa Butter Tropical Bath Beads by Ponds, 15 oz., $2. • Quick-clean your face on 90-plus days. Icy cleanser whisks on—sweeps away summer stickiness. Antiseptic Skin Cleanser by Noxzema, 4 oz., $2.29.

Exercise of the Month

It's not too late to tighten tummy muscles for a sleek bikini-body. This one's terrific for upper and lower abdominal muscles. • Sit on floor with knees bent, feet flat on floor (as illustrated). Stretch arms straight, palms down and lean back to a slow count of four, tucking tummy muscles toward spine. Hold for four. Return to starting position to a slow count of four. Repeat 10 times. You should feel the pull in your abdominal muscles, *not* your lower back.

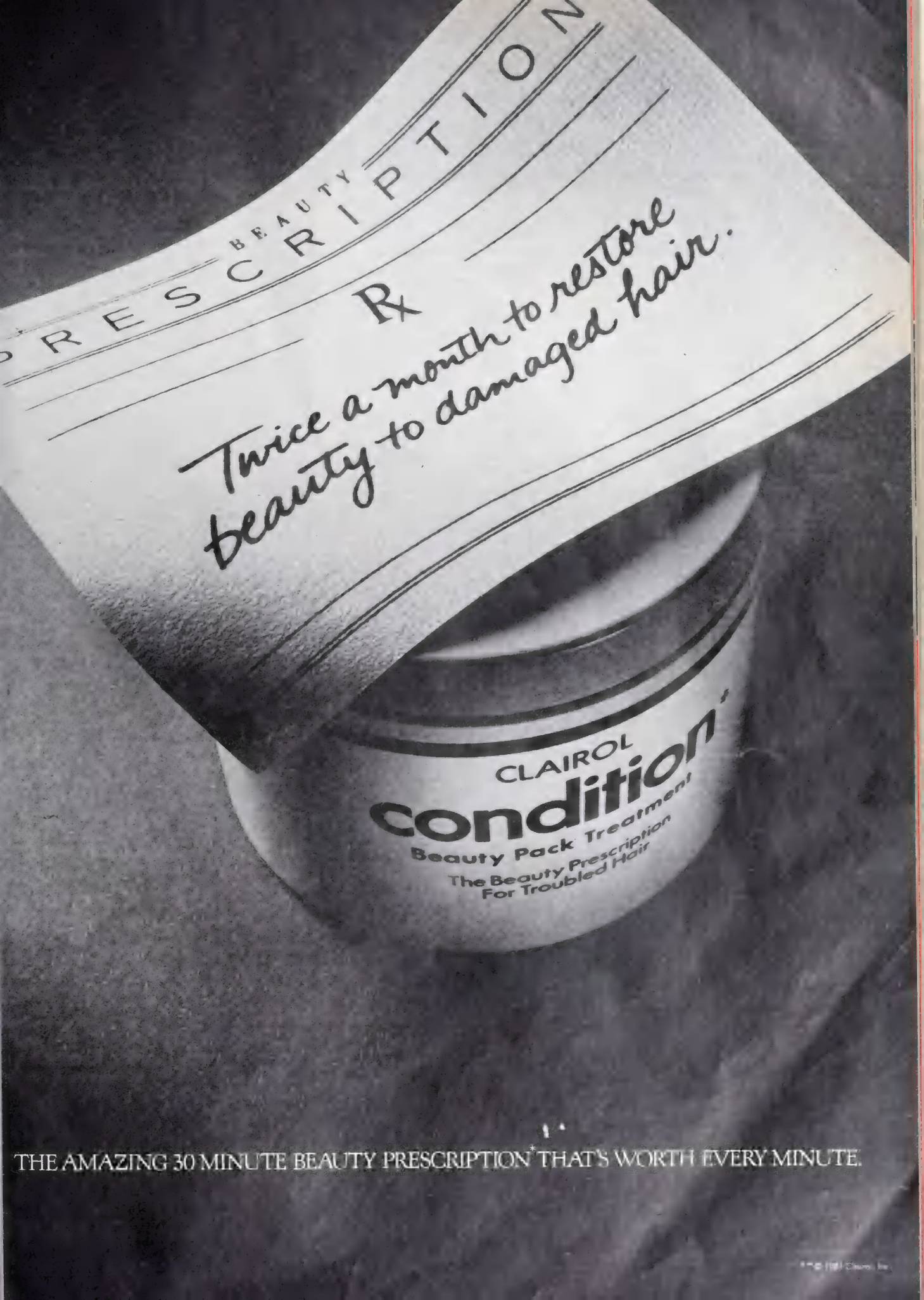


Picture Perfect

You don't need a "serious" camera to get terrific vacation photos. Just tote along a small "aim and shoot" one . . . and remember these hints before you click. • Photograph your subject among bright flowers, under a palm tree or sitting by a statue rather than on a blank beach or against a brick wall. • Hats off—they cast shadows. Ditto for sunglasses. • Beware the "high noon" sun. Too direct for good lighting. • Don't shoot bikini-wearers sitting down. Unless they're model thin, you'll hear moans when photos are passed around. • Keep camera out of direct sunlight and have film processed immediately.

Tint Tips

By the pool, at the shore—if you tint or highlight your hair, you know how color changes in sun, salt, swimming pools. Cardinal rule: keep hair *loosely* covered. Too-tight scarves can cause perspiration—another hair fader. • To avoid brassiness from sun, top things off with a lightweight straw hat or cotton one with crown vents. Don't be shy, hats are "back." From floppy to delicate, there's lots to choose. Plus, a hat will *help* protect skin, eyes. Sunscreen's still a must. • Swimming pools often give blond hair (tinted *or* natural) a greenish tinge. New research shows that chlorine is *not* the culprit—rather, the greening comes from trace elements of copper. Wear a cap; or short of that, lather up soon afterwards with a shampoo designed for tinted hair. Condition, too, and rinse, rinse, rinse. • Watch your roots for retouching—warm weather speeds growth.



THE AMAZING 30 MINUTE BEAUTY PRESCRIPTION* THAT'S WORTH EVERY MINUTE.

* ™ © 1981 Clairol Inc.

You and Your Money

How to figure the actual costs of financing anything; safe-deposit boxes—why you need your own insurance; U.S. citizens do *not* pay the highest taxes.

By Sylvia Porter

Would you please give a simple explanation of the difference between the finance charge and the annual percentage rate? It seems to me that on most bills I get, I'm given either the finance charge or the annual percentage rate and sometimes, I'm given both! What am I being charged?

Despite the fact that the Truth In Lending Law of 1969 makes it mandatory for lenders and merchants to provide complete information on borrowing rates, most borrowers are still confused. So:

The finance charge is the total of all charges you are asked to pay to get credit. Among the charges that must be included in the finance charge are: interest, loan fees, finder's fee, service charge, points, investigation fees, premiums for life insurance if this is required, amount paid as a discount. Costs that are not part of the finance charge are: taxes, license fees, certain legal fees, some real estate closing costs, other costs you would pay if you were using cash instead of credit.

The annual percentage rate (APR) is the key yardstick by which you can measure and compare the costs of all types of credit. It's the *basic* interest rate you pay when you borrow—essentially a simple annual rate, relating the finance charge to the amount of credit you get and the time you have the money. With this information, you can compare financial terms offered by competing lenders.



In filling out an application for a loan for this coming school term, I'm planning to skip questions about my repayment record. When I was a college freshman in another state, I defaulted on a loan. I wouldn't do that again and I'm afraid to remind the new bank of that stupidity.

You will be marked down in points by reporting that loan default, and you will probably end up with a lower score than if you could report a perfect repayment record. But skipping the answer altogether will give you a *zero* because applications are checked. And that could give you an even lower score, disqualifying you for any loan. Answer all questions, embarrassing or not.

Most of our friends seem to be switching from automatic power drive cars to standard transmission models. I've never driven anything but an automatic and would have to learn to operate a standard transmission. I hate to do it unless we'll really save money. Will we?

You'll save. Your car will cost less, and you'll also save an estimated two to four miles per gallon of gasoline. Avoiding costly power extras is the "in" thing to do, and this includes even air conditioner if you live in a moderate climate.

I can't get a straight answer from the bank where we rent our safe-deposit box to what I think is a simple question: To what extent is the box insured against loss or damage? All the bank officer says sounds like mumbo-jumbo to me.

Most institutions that rent safe-deposit boxes have liability coverage, which protects the institution against charges of negligence. Some maintain insurance covering loss, damage or destruction of the contents of the boxes—but many do not. The reason for this lack of property damage protection for the boxes: A bank has no way of knowing what the boxes contain and, therefore, cannot judge how much insurance is enough.

What, then, can the consumer do for protection? Homeowners insurance policies may cover the contents of safe-deposit boxes. If your policies do not, you can buy a so-called floater policy to protect the contents of your box against loss or damage. For such items as securities, stocks and bonds, the premiums are relatively low, starting at an annual rate of about $1 for $1,000 worth of securities. Jewelry, stamps, silver, coins can also be insured against loss.

It is not necessary to disclose the contents of a safe-deposit box to obtain insurance protection. But if it comes to a claim, it is important to be able to prove that the safe-deposit box contained the item. Such records as an inventory, receipts, appraisal lists and other papers detailing what's in a safe-deposit box should be kept in a safe place outside the box. Many banks do not permit a renter to keep cash in a safe-deposit box—and most insurance companies do not insure cash.

Just how do the taxes we pay in this country compare with taxes paid by citizens of other industrialized nations? This became a big fight at a dinner party recently, and I feel I must settle the question.

In a list of 20 industrialized nations of the world, the United States ranks a low 15th in its total tax load. In 1979, latest reporting date, U.S. citizens paid 31.3% of their total output of goods and services in taxes, up from the 26.6% paid in 1960, but still far below the load carried by citizens of most other of our major trade partners.

Sweden's citizens carry the heaviest load—52.9% paid in taxes out of their total production of goods and services, according to the Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development. Great Britain's citizens carry a heavier load than we do (33.8%), but even so she's down in tenth place. Of our major competitors, only Japan's citizens bear a lighter load—24.1%. **End**

Illustration by Laura Glazer



Parliament Lights famous recessed filter works a little magic flush filters don't.

You see, that clean quarter-inch of nothing keeps tar buildup from touching your lips.

So you taste the tobacco. Not the filter. Which is why Parliament Lights are so tastefully light.

And for just a quarter-inch, that's quite a feat.

Available in Soft Pack, Box and 100's.



Only Parliament Lights has the famous recessed filter.

Soft Pack: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Box: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Morris Inc. 1981

They may have lost the White House, but, on the eve of their 35th wedding anniversary, they still feel they are winners, in love and life.
By Trude Feldman



Rosalynn & Jimmy Carter Today

Last July 7th, Rosalynn and Jimmy Carter marked their 34th wedding anniversary, surrounded by advisers planning strategy for re-election to a second term. This year, they will celebrate their 35th anniversary as private citizens in Plains, Georgia. They may have a quiet celebration in their eight-room house on a shaded, secluded street. Perhaps the former president will surprise his wife by cooking dinner for family and close friends. But no matter where or how the milestone is celebrated, Jimmy Carter wants it known that his affection and regard for Rosalynn remains steadfast.

"She is the best thing that ever happened to me. There isn't anyone like her," he told me. "She loves deeply and is deeply loved."

Indeed, the momentous changes in the Carters' lives during the last few years, the triumphs and disappointments, the pain of unexpected defeat and the move from Washington to Plains, seem only to have deepened their love for each other. And they are not hesitant to express that devotion openly.

"They hold hands, hug each other and it makes no difference who is around," says Rosalynn's mother, Mrs. Allie Smith. "Jimmy shows the same concern for Rosalynn today that he did when they first married. It's so good, especially for a mother, to see how much they still care for each other."

If, last January, when Nancy and Ronald Reagan moved into the White House with their staffs, the Carters were dispirited by their loss of home and office, there is no hint of it today.

Talking with Rosalynn and Jimmy Carter in Plains, I found them both in excellent spirits and very much at ease. It is difficult to imagine that only a short time has *(continued on page 121)*

Photograph by Arthur Grace/Sygma

Spectacular savings on all ears sheets and comforters

Sears big bold WHITE SALE
June 24-July 18, 1981



Ⓐ Save 33% on twin size Harmony percale sheets

Soft, durable percale sheets of polyester and cotton. Machine washable PERMA-PREST® fabric—so they don't need ironing when tumble dried. Choose blue, yellow or beige. Reg. $5.99.

$3.99

Ⓑ Save 50% on Sears twin size Bon Bon floral muslin sheets

A wonderful value! Pretty, floral, muslin sheets. PERMA-PREST® fabric—so they don't need ironing when tumble dried. Reg. $5.49.

$2.49

Ⓒ Save $5 on Seasons twin size percale sheet set

Polyester and cotton PERMA-PREST® fabric, beige only. Twin size, pre-packaged set includes one flat sheet, one fitted sheet and one standard size pillowcase. Reg. $19.99. Also on sale, other size sets with two pillowcases.

$14.99



Ⓓ Save $5 on coordinating Harmony twin size comforters

Accent your sheets with matching comforters. These cozy comforters can be machine washed and tumble dried—there's no ironing needed. Reg. $29.99.

$24.99

Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii. Available in most larger Sears retail stores.

You can count on Sears

© Sears Roebuck and Co. 1981

All other sizes and colors of sheets and comforters on this page are on sale, too.

Sears big bold WHITE SALE
June 24-July 18, 1981

Great savings on colorful percale sheets and coordinating comforters

Ⓐ Save 33% on twin size Colormate piped percale sheets

A handsome addition to any bedroom—soft percale sheets with hems double piped in contrasting colors. PERMA-PREST® fabric, blended of polyester and cotton. Machine washable—and they need no ironing when you tumble them dry. Reg. $7.49.

$4.99

Ⓑ Save $7 on twin size Colormate percale comfor

This reversible comforter is perfect with your Colormate piped sheets. It's dark on one side, light on the other. Easy care, too. Machine wash—tumble dry. Reg. $34.99.

$27.99

© Save 29% on Sears twin size Plaid percale sheet

Bold window-pane patterned plaids in beige with chocolate or navy blue. Easy-care, polyester and cotton PERMA-PREST® fabric. Reg. $8.49.

$5.99

Ⓓ Save $7 on twin size Cuffs comforter

More beautiful reversibles. Rust to chocolate. Navy blue to camel Just right with our Plaid percale sheets. Polyester and cotton blend. Reg. $34.99.

$27.99





A Diane Von Furstenberg exclusive! Now specially priced at Sears



All other sizes and colors of these sheets and comforters are on sale, too.

Ⓔ Save 29% on classic Eternal Tree twin size print percales

Diane Von Furstenberg's elegant garden of flowers is displayed on a background of light beige. These beautiful sheets are easy-care polyester and cotton—PERMA-PREST® fabric, too. Reg. $8.49. **$5.99**

Ⓕ Save $9 on coordinating twin size Eternal Tree comforter

It's a plump, puff comforter and it's machine washable, too. The Eternal Tree pattern on one side reverses to soft, light beige. Reg. $44.99. **$35.99**

Ⓖ Save 30% on beautiful Classic Geometry twin size sheets

These geometric printed sheets will add a classic, tailored look to any bedroom. Blended of polyester and cotton, this PERMA-PREST® fabric needs no ironing when tumble dried. Reg. $9.99. **$6.99**

Ⓗ Save $9 on coordinating twin size Classic Geometry comforter

This fluffy comforter is accented by a classic design of checks and bold diagonal stripes. Reverses to dark beige. Machine wash—tumble dry. Reg. $44.99. **$35.99**

Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii. Available in most larger Sears retail stores.

You can count on Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1981



Sears big book WHITE SALE
June 24-July 18, 1981

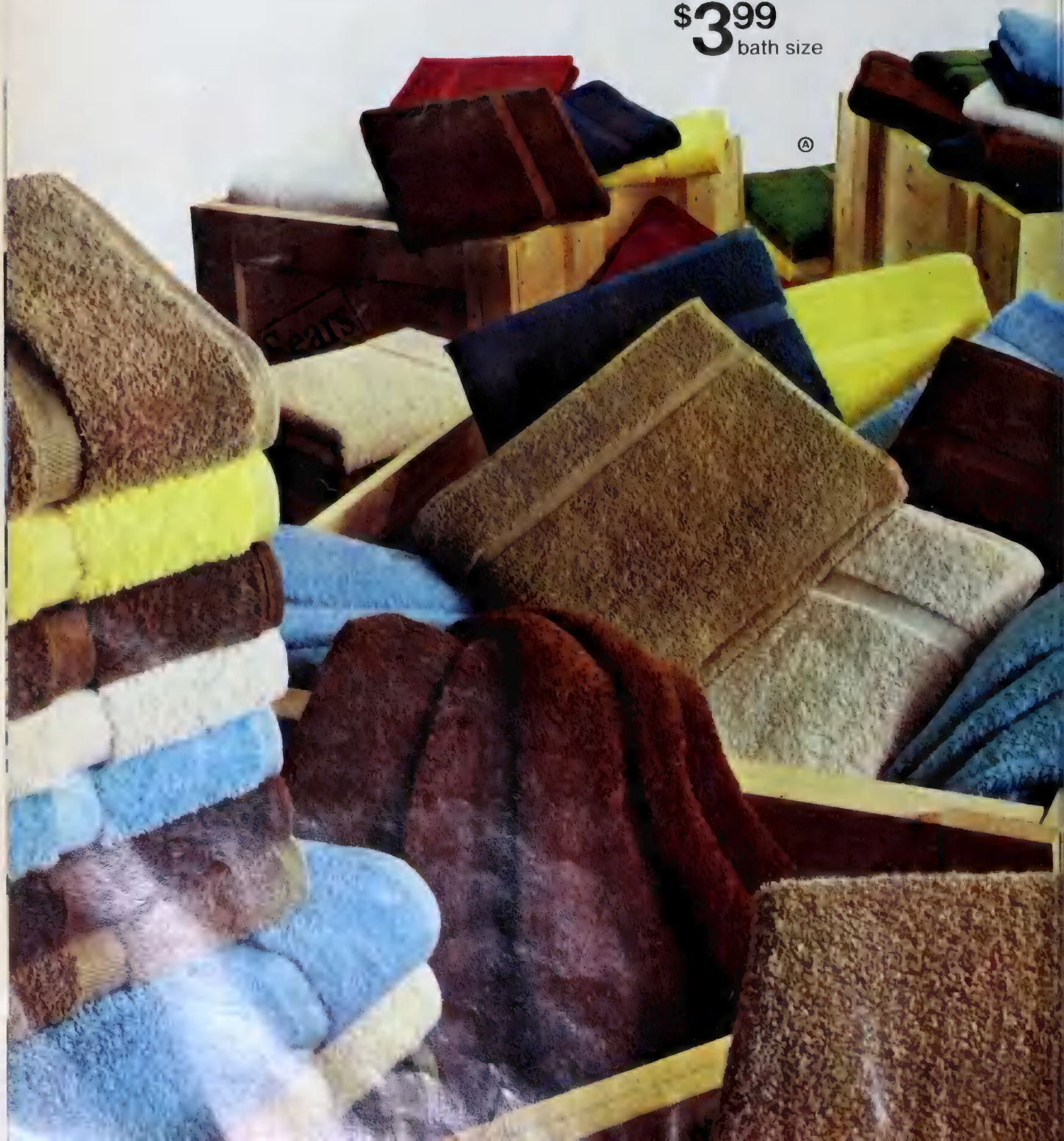
Outstanding values for your bath

Ⓐ Save 33% on bright, 100% cotton terry Sears Colorburst bath towe

100% cotton makes these towels naturally soft. Thirsty terry loo on both sides for added thickness. Added absorbency. The hefty by 50-inch bath size lets you wrap yourself in comfort. And you can mat them up with any of the coordinating ensemble pieces from c Colorburst Collection. All on sale now. Reg. $5.9

$3.99 bath size

Ⓐ

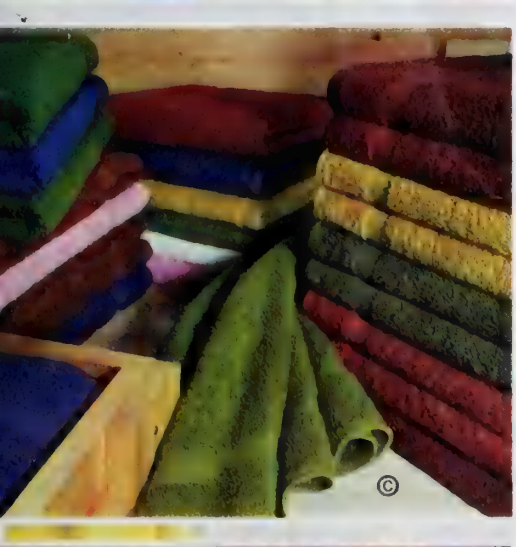




Ⓑ Save 25% on bath size Matchmate towels

These Matchmate solid color terry bath towels are 24 by 44 inches. A luxurious blend of 86% cotton and 14% polyester. Choose from a variety of mixable, matchable colors. Reg. $3.99.

$2.99 bath size



© Save on Daybreak terry bath towels

Blended of 90% cotton and 10% polyester for soft absorbency. 22 by 44-inch bath size. Choose from a variety of solid colors—at one low price. Reg. $2.29.

$1.99 bath size

Other sizes and colors of these towels are on sale, too.



Ⓓ Save $5 on Sears Matchmate hamper

This handy clothes hamper has the attractive look of wicker. Made of woven vinyl fiber reinforced by a durable frame. Padded, hinged lid is covered with leather-look vinyl. Ventilated bottom and back allows for air circulation to help prevent mildew. Reg. $19.99.

$14.99

Ⓔ Save $4 on Sears Colorburst scale, too

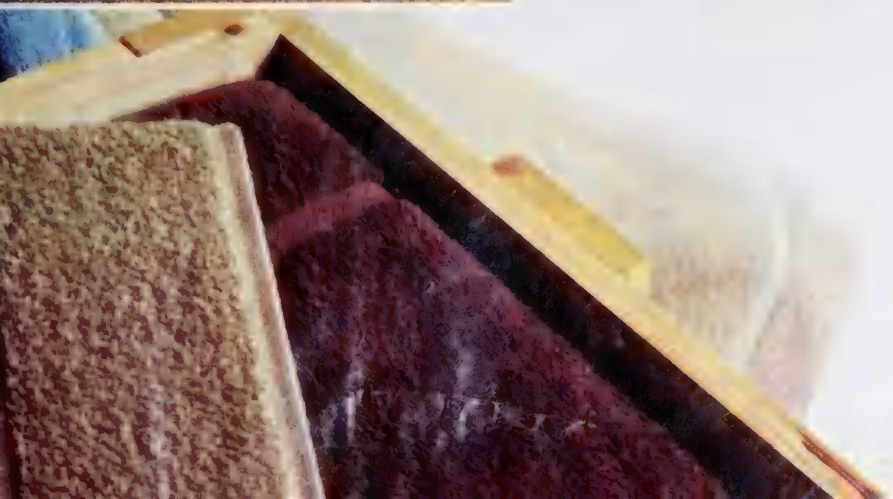
Easy-care bathroom scale covered in wicker-look vinyl. Wipes clean with a damp cloth. Plastic feet help to steady scale and protect your floors. Choose from a variety of vibrant colors. Mix n' match with other items from our Colorburst Collection. Reg. $16.99.

$12.99

Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii. Available in most larger Sears retail stores.

You can count on Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1981



Sears big book WHITE SALE
June 24-July 18, 1981

Terrific savings on Sears best-selling rug and shower curtain coordinates





Ⓐ Save 28% on Colorburst bathroom rug

Soft DuPont nylon plush pile—a full ¾-inch deep. Backed by Sears skid resistant latex. Reg. $6.99. Colorburst contour rugs, tank and lid covers also on sale. **$4.99** (24 by 36-inch size)

Save $5 on Colorburst bathroom carpeting, too. Reg. $32.99. Now $27.99 (5 by 6 foot size). Rugs and carpets are machine washable—other sizes also sale priced.

Ⓑ Save 20% on coordinating Colorburst 6 piece shower curtain sets

Semi-sheer polyester fabric in a rainbow of solid colors. Shower curtain and valance trimmed with billowy ruffles. Matching vinyl liner is treated with SANI•GARD to prolong freshness—wipes clean with a damp cloth. Reg. $19.99. **$15.99**

© Save on our Matchmate shower curtain, too

Use this dual-purpose vinyl shower curtain alone or as a liner for fabric curtains. Three sealed magnets hold curtain to tub. Reg. $6.99. **$5.99**

Items on this page available in other colors, at sale prices.

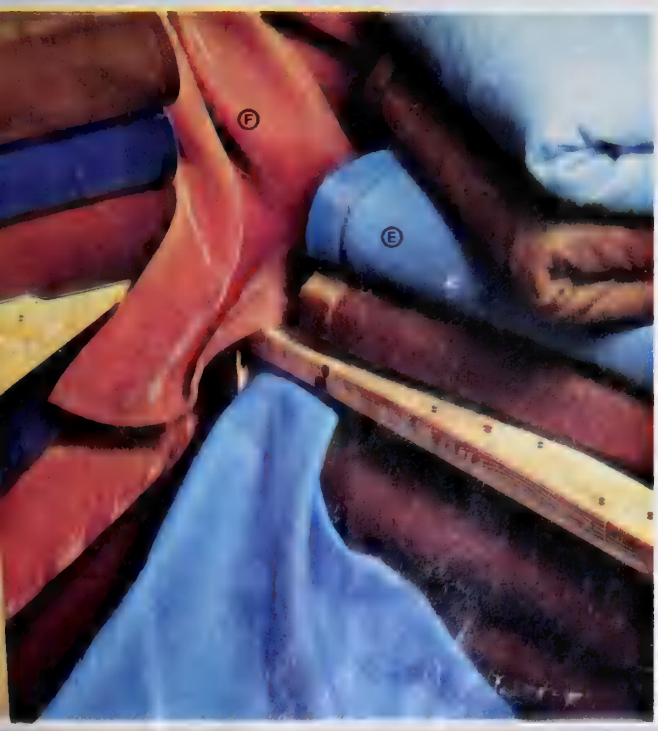


ensational savings or your bedroom

Save 18%* on the Billow pillow

rs best polyester-filled pillow. rel 7" polyester fill won't lump or shift. igned to be non-allergenic, odorless, lew resistant and mothproof. Polyester and cotton er. Machine wash, tumble dry. Choose soft or dium support. All sizes, now on sale.

$8.99 (Std. Size)



Ⓑ Save 18%* on Sears twin size fitted mattress pad

Perma-locked, Dura-Puff polyester fill won't shift. Top and skirt of 50% cotton and 50% polyester. Other sizes on sale, too.

$8.99

© Save 33%* on Dacron 808® filled pillow

Medium support, Dacron polyester, fiber-filled pillow. Designed to be non-allergenic and mothproof. Polyester and cotton cover.

$3.99 (Std. Size)

Ⓓ Save 20%* on feather pillow

Firm, natural-fill pillows with polyester and cotton cover. Three sizes, all sale priced.

$11.99 (Std. Size)

Ⓔ Save 22% on the twin size Prelude blanket

These 100% acrylic fiber blankets have a softly brushed surface that's gentle to the touch. Machine washable and designed to be mothproof. Reg. $8.99.

$6.99

Ⓕ Save $4 on Sears twin size Vel-lite blanket

This luxurious, cushiony blanket retains its velvety quality without pilling or matting, wash after wash. Reg. $19.99.

$15.99

All other sizes and colors of these blankets are on sale, too.

**Minimum savings nationally*

Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii. Available in most larger Sears retail stores.

You can count on Sears

©Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1981

'Round the house values in blaze of colors and patterns

Sears big book WHITE SALE

June 24-July 18, 1981



Ⓐ Save 20% on Inheritance ruffle round curtains

PERMA-PREST® fabric for easy care. Polyester and cotton blend. Ruffled tiebacks included. Other sizes also on sale. Reg. $5.99.

$4.79 pr.
24-inch length

Ⓑ Save 20% on Inheritance tablecloths

This smoothly woven blend of polyester and cotton is treated with a special soil-release finish—most oily and greasy stains wash right out. Reg. $10.99.

$8.79
52 by 70-in. rectangle

© Save 20% on Inheritance reversible placemats

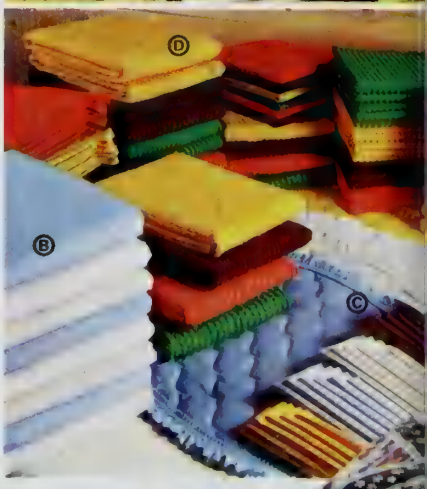
Beautiful accents for any table. Machine washable. Mix and match with other Inheritance table coordinates. Reg. $2.49 ea.

$1.99 ea.

Ⓓ Save 25% on Inheritance kitchen towels

Soft, chenille-like ribbed terry. In a selection of fresh, solid colors. Reg. $1.59 ea.

$1.19 ea.



Ⓔ Colorful comforters—a special purchase!*

Choose any pattern, any size—only $19.99 while quantities last. Machine washable polyester and cotton blend. Cheerful print on one side—brushed tricot on the other. Not all patterns available in all stores.

This is a special purchase. Though not reduced in price, it is an exceptional value.

$19.99 ANY SIZE

Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii. Available in most larger Sears retail stores.

You can count on

Sears

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New Help for Summer Allergies

Do sneezes, wheezes, stings and rashes spoil the sun-and-fun season for you? Take heart! Recent research is yielding promising approaches to preventing and controlling those maddening allergic reactions. By Robert Brody

At this very moment, plants, trees and flowers are shooting into the wind billions of powdery spores. They are so light and tiny they can float as much as 200 miles on a puff of breeze.

If you suffer from summer allergies–and close to 15 million Americans do–you probably dread the annual onslaught of these airborne pests. Or maybe your nemesis each year is poison ivy or bee stings. Whatever the cause, the persistent discomfort resulting from an allergy can adversely affect not only your family life, but your performance on the job as well.

That's because the symptoms are often impossible to ignore. Hay fever, by far the most common summer allergy, can turn your nose into a dripping faucet, your throat into sandpaper and your sinuses into a soggy sponge. If you're a hay fever victim, you probably spend those fateful three or four months at the height of the pollen season honking into tissues and suffering from headaches, fatigue, sleeplessness, as well as depression. Because you crave air-conditioned isolation, you may be forced to opt out of family picnics, barbecues and camping trips.

That bleak picture is changing, however. Now that more and more people are seeking treatment for relief from allergies, the medical community has dramatically stepped up research in this field.

"Technology is leading to the development of improved vaccines for allergic infections, new diagnostic methods, novel drugs and strategies to prevent and treat allergies," says Dr. Richard M. Krause, director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases. Though there is still no cure for allergic reactions, experts can provide useful guidelines to help allergy sufferers keep a step ahead of summer pests like pollen and bees. Most sufferers can learn to control symptoms and enjoy happier, more normal, carefree lives.

An allergy is an abnormal reaction by the body to (continued)

Illustration by Katrina Taylor

Summer Allergies

continued

otherwise harmless substances, known as allergens. No one knows for sure how an allergy is first triggered. Each individual's immune system produces certain proteins in the bloodstream called antibodies, which counteract harmful bacteria and infection that invade the body. But when a person has an allergy, an antibody called immunoglobulin E (IgE) attacks even innocuous bacterial agents. The result is that cells release a wisp of histamine, which sets off allergic reactions.

The most widespread allergens are pollen, mold spores, insect venom, poison ivy, food, drugs, cosmetics, house dust and animal dander (small scales that flake off dry skin). Most allergies are inherited from parents and can develop at any age. They usually last a lifetime, though some lucky individuals seem to outgrow them.

For many hapless victims, the main culprit during the summer months is pollen, a male plant fertilizing agent slighter than a human hair. Once these microscopic spores find a hospitable body to start a commotion in, hay fever—also known as seasonal allergic rhinitis—results. At one time doctors believed that hay itself was the cause. Now experts know that pollen and mold spores set off the inflammation of the membrane lining the nose, the root of the condition.

You need an advanced course in botany to keep track of what pollen-producing agents to avoid—and when. For example, the offending allergens from March to early June are fired off by trees: oaks, ashes, elms, maples, alders, birches, cottonwoods, etc. From May to July, grasses produce the most pollen, including sheep sorrel, timothy, Johnson and sweet vernal. Beware of weeds from August to the first of October: ragweeds, sages and Russian thistles, to name a few. In late summer, you'd do well to stay away from flowers such as zinnias, cosmos, goldenglow and goldenrod as well as molds that grow on wheat, corn, oats and soils.

Does that mean you can't budge from your house? "It is very difficult to avoid exposure to pollen," explains Dr. Norman J. Isaacs, allergist and clinical associate professor of medicine at Cornell University Medical College in New York. Obviously, you are less vulnerable to pollen if you live in the city rather than in the country or near a river, lake or ocean. Ragweed is heaviest through the midwest and lightest in the west. You can find some relief in Alaska, Arizona, Colorado, southern Florida or along the California coast and the Pacific northwest.

If you don't live in a pollen-free region and can't spend the summer months on the high seas, your next best bet is to find a qualified allergist. "Maybe your family doctor can recommend one," suggests Dr. Isaacs. "Otherwise, you could contact the local medical school or allergy society for the names of doctors certified in allergy and immunology."

The key to treating distressing allergic symptoms is isolating the source of the reaction. A good allergist should act as a detective trying to pinpoint the cause of your condition through painstaking diagnosis. By piecing together a complete medical, occupational and personal history, the culprits can be narrowed down.

After a thorough physical examination, the next step is testing for allergic reactions. You'll probably receive a skin test, during which several allergens are injected into or scratched onto your forearm. Any area that swells or turns red within 15 minutes indicates sensitivity to a specific substance. Other diagnostic tools include a RAST (radioallergoabsorbent test), in which samples of certain allergens will be added to your blood to determine the level of IgE antibody—the crux of all allergic reactions—in your blood. RAST testing sometimes requires dozens of visits and can be costly.

The most promising advance in diagnosis of allergies is the use of challenge studies. A gelatin capsule containing a specific allergen is swallowed by a patient and his subsequent reaction is carefully monitored. The most sensitive method yet devised, the challenge study can detect even the most elusive allergy.

"Now we can identify specific allergens we only suspected before," explains Dr. Donald D. Stevenson, at the Division of Allergy and Immunology at the Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation in La Jolla, California. "This is the most important breakthrough in the diagnosis of allergies in the past ten years."

Once the cause of your allergic reaction has been determined, your doctor can begin what is called "immunotherapy" to help build up your resistance. In most cases, this means administering injections of tiny doses of the allergen. As the patient's tolerance gradually grows, the doses are increased accordingly. Eventually your immune system should lose its hair-trigger sensitivity to the allergen in question, resulting in fewer and considerably less disruptive symptoms. To maintain immunity, however, periodic shots throughout the year are usually required. Also, some patients find this therapy ineffective or too costly. Nevertheless, two out of three hay fever victims do see a 60 percent drop in their symptoms after a year of weekly or biweekly vaccinations.

Many allergies can be treated with prescription or over-the-counter drugs and devices. For hay fever victims, a bronchodilator can be taken to relieve difficult breathing. For sinus congestion, corticosteroids, cromolyn sodium or limited use of nasal sprays containing pseudoephedrine may help stem hay fever symptoms, too.

You can also make your immediate environment more comfortable. An air conditioner (faithfully cleaned) is a hay fever sufferer's best friend. Also, whenever possible—and especially on warm, dry days—try to stay indoors between sunrise and nine A.M., when pollen in the air tends to be heaviest. Banish plants and animals from your house, along with objects that collect dust such as venetian blinds, heavy drapes and rugs. You should also vacuum floors and wipe furniture with a damp cloth at least twice a week. Finally, avoid strenuous exercise that leaves you short-winded—the harder you play, the more pollen you breathe in—and get someone else to mow the lawn and yank the weeds.

Other summer allergies

About one in 250 people—mainly males under 20 years of age—is allergic to stings from honey bees, yellow jackets, white-faced and yellow hornets and wasps. Indeed, toxic insect venom can cause hives, dizziness, blackouts, breathing difficulties, shock and, in 50 to 100 cases every year, death.

(continued on page 59)



"Whatever you do, don't ask him to pass you anything."

Save on all sizes of our Sears-O-Pedic Supreme mattress or boxspring

Sale
June 28—July 25, 1981

Just $99.88 for our Sears-O-Pedic Supreme twin size mattress or matching boxspring. "Good night," what prices. $50* savings and your choice of sleeping support: Resilient steel coiled innerspring mattress or 6½-inch thick Serofoam polyurethane. Both are luxuriously wrapped in cushiony polyester and rayon damask ticking, and for extra protection, feature Sears SCOTCHGARD® Brand Fabric Protector. All size mattresses and Sears exclusive Steel Backbone foundations now sale priced.

Sears Deluxe mattress or boxspring on sale, too. Good news, sleepy people. Twin size now just $69.88. A $20* savings on each piece. If you hurry. All sizes, innerspring or Serofoam polyurethane mattresses and matching foundation now sale priced.

Save $40* on Dierdra II brass headboards—now $149.88 twin size. Add a touch of class to any bedroom with a genuine brass headboard. Floral designed ceramic accents make them uniquely beautiful.

Minimum savings nationally. Available in most larger Sears retail stores. Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii.

SAVE $50* twin size
Sears-O-Pedic Supreme mattress or boxspring

SAVE $20* twin size
Sears Deluxe mattress or boxspring



Only $128

For this handsome Mates bed. A special purchase.*

Spruce up your teen's room—or your own—with this handsome, practical Mates bed. Two built-in drawers provide handy storage, and sturdy bolt-through construction gives greater durability. A fantastic buy—while quantities last.
**A special purchase, though not reduced in price, is an exceptional value.*

You can count on Sears



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Ultra Lights: 4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method
Menthol: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79

Merit Family Expands.

Five years ago, MERIT started a whole new era in low ar smoking by delivering taste way out of proportion to tar.

Now the MERIT era surges ahead with MERIT ULTRA LIGHTS. A milder MERIT that's going to set a new taste standard for ultra low tar smoking.

MERIT and MERIT ULTRA LIGHTS. They're hanging the future of smoking–today.

MERIT
Ultra Lights



"Somebody who was scared to death of refinishing, refinished this beautiful table."

Homer Formby, 3rd generation restorer and refinisher.

And she did it in a matter of hours! Without a mess, struggle, or night course.

Go ahead and say "impossible." That's what this lady said.

And honestly, before my simple yet revolutionary refinishing system, it was impossible. But thousands have learned that refinishing doesn't have to be a terrible chore—thanks to Formby Products.

Now, I've put together an Introduction to Refinishing Kit. It lets the new refinisher get started immediately on a rewarding project.

Don't strip. It's immoral.

For years, the only way the non-professional could refinish, was by stripping. But stripping is a disaster.

More than a mess, stripping actually destroys the finish you want to restore. By taking your piece down to the bare wood, you remove the patina—the beautiful glow that's created over time.

In no time you can destroy 50 years worth of beautiful aging.

The Formby Formula.

The center of my system is Formby's Furniture Refinisher. It does not strip, so it does not raise the grain and make for tedious sanding.

Instead, it dissolves the old finish. Without any elbow grease you'll watch the old, discolored varnish, lacquer and shellac melt away. Along with any cracking or checking in the finish.

You're actually reaching back in time to the original finish, by dissolving years of accumulated gunk. (Packed in the kit you'll find my steel wool refinishing pads to work with.)

To protect your piece after refinishing, I put Tung Oil varnish into my kit.

Ordinary varnish is brushed on top, so it sits on to Formby's Tung Oil varnish is hand-rubbed into the wood. brings out the patina and highlights the grain.

Refinishing without fear.

My refinishing products are used by professionals, antiqu dealers and museums.

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Summer Allergies

continued from page 54

If you're allergic to insect stings, take ong a special, prescription, emergency it when you venture out-of-doors, says Dr. Richard Evans III, chief of allergy-inical immunology services at Walter eed Army Medical Center in Wash-ngton, D.C. He advises that you stay way from flower beds, garbage cans and ther places insects are likely to nest. emember that insects are drawn by per-ume, cosmetics, scented soap, jewelry, iny buckles and colorful clothing. heck house screens for holes, keep gar-age cans closed and wear shoes instead sandals.

The good news here, Dr. Evans says, is at the Food and Drug Administration ecently approved use of extracts made om insect venom that may, at least in ome cases, effectively immunize those ho react seriously to stings.

Another common allergy is caused by oison ivy, poison oak and poison sumac. ertain plants, trees, fruits and vegeta-les exude a sticky sap containing rushiol, a substance that causes contact ermatitis in more than half the popula-on. This condition is characterized by velling of the skin, redness, intense ching and blistering.

If you or members of your family are sceptible to ivy allergies, wear long-eeved shirts and pants instead of shorts, ulottes or a skirt. If you do get a reac-on, clean your skin and clothes right way. Smooth on calamine lotion to ease e itching, then apply a cold wet com-ress against the swelling and dab liquid uminum acetate, available at your phar-acy, on any oozing lesions.

Promising research

Of course, breakthroughs in allergy eatment may soon make all this advice cademic. For one thing, some experts el that out-of-the-ordinary techniques uch as transcendental meditation, bio-edback and hypnosis (including self-hyp-osis) have shown promising therapeutic alue in some cases. Also, now in the orks are more potent, longer-lasting al-rgy shots that may reduce visits to the llergist by 25 percent and work more ffectively to relieve symptoms than the nes currently in use.

Recently, a Johns Hopkins immunolo-ist claimed the discovery of a substance hat actually stops the development of IgE ntibodies. And, some day, doctors hope o be able to surgically alter the immune ystem of newborn infants to prevent al-rgies from forming in the first place. Ev-ry year the possibility grows stronger that uture generations will never have to orry about allergies that put a damper on o many victims' lives today. **End**

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The "Stop Here" Way of Losing Weight

A Whole New Theory of Dieting



If normal portions of food leave you ravenous, you're probably not tuned in to your "satiety" signals. Read on for a whole new approach to taming a runaway appetite. By Abby Avin Belson

Imagine a safe, foolproof diet aid that would make you feel comfortably satisfied with exactly the amount of food you need to get down to—and maintain—your healthiest weight. No longer would you reach unthinkingly for a calorie-laden second helping at dinner, because an "I'm full" alarm would stop you short and you wouldn't feel the least bit depressed or sorry for yourself. In the same way, when the delectable hors d'oeuvre tray passed your way for the third time at a party, you'd have less trouble resisting the tempting bite-sized quiches or perfectly ripe brie. Again, the signal would flash a warning: "Not another bite! You'll feel unpleasantly overstuffed if you eat one more thing!" Sound like some futuristic electronic gimmick? On the contrary, this "satiety signal" (pronounced suh-TY-uh-tee, and meaning to feel satiated or gratified with food) is as old as humankind and is a natural part of your own body chemistry.

Yet, since you already have this miraculous built-in hunger-stopper, why do you dash in from work famished, head for the peanut jar and find that you've eaten a dismaying number of fistfuls before you can control yourself? Why, when you've polished off the meal your new diet book promised would leave you feeling full, are your insides still saying, "When do we eat?" Why, at a family picnic, do you vow to yourself that you'll only have a single piece of Aunt Mildred's one-of-a-kind fried chicken—then weaken and consume four drumsticks? The answer, say the diet researchers who've discovered the body's satiety signals, may simply be that you've effectively tuned out your normal appetite sensations, and learned to eat for reasons other than hunger—because you're bored, nervous or just feeling self-indulgent. On the other hand, the problem may be that in this fast-paced, high-stress world, you've pretty much foregone the civilized pleasures of leisurely, shared mealtimes, and succumbed instead to the fast food, eat-and-run syndrome. This habit confuses your satiety signals, because they literally don't have time to register an "I'm full" alarm before you've swallowed still more food.

Tuning in the signal

Is there hope? Can you get back in touch with your inner appetite alarm? Absolutely. Many people have already re-educated themselves so they feel delightfully replete after eating the modest servings they need to pare off *(continued)*

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The "Stop Here" Diet

continued

pounds and keep them off, says Dr. Henry Jordan, professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. "In fact," adds Dr. Jordan, author of *The Doctor's Calorie-Plus Diet*, "people who've discovered this natural resource say the huge amounts of food they used to want would now be too much."

Interestingly, no one knows exactly how these satiety signals work. But Dr. Jordan postulates that initial ones probably originate in the stomach and travel to the brain. One theory is that when the stomach is sufficiently expanded by food, it alerts the brain, perhaps via connecting nerves or by hormones that travel through the bloodstream.

New research suggests there are probably other appetite turn-offs in the small intestine, too. There, food stimulates release of a hormone called cholecystokinin or CCK. CCK is known to aid digestion, but scientists now suspect that it also tells people when to stop eating. In experiments in which thin young men received injections of the hormone, they ended a meal two to four minutes sooner than on days they didn't have injections. They also ate 15 percent less food. Experiments on heavy young men showed promising results, too. According to Dr. Gerard Smith, professor of psychiatry at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, if the appetite suppressing effects of CCK are definitely proved, supplemental injections might one day be given as a treatment for obesity.

In any case, if you're overeating because you've blocked out your satiety signals, it's time to start listening to what your body is telling you, says Dr. Jordan. He suggests this method: Let's say you're at that picnic, faced with Aunt Mildred's seductive fried chicken. After you've had one drumstick, take a break and mentally rate yourself on a "fullness scale" of one to five, with five representing the fullest. (If you have trouble with this exercise, try asking yourself whether you'd still want more to eat if the platters were heaped instead with boring bologna sandwiches.) If your rating is four or higher you ought to stop eating.

Foiling temptation

Sometimes, of course, just realizing when you're satisfied isn't enough to make you cease relishing a feast. You'll have better luck, though, if you learn some eating techniques that help activate your satiety signals after you've eaten very little. What are they? Dr. Jordan's first commandment: Eat more slowly. "People tell me that a modest lunch—whether a ham sandwich or filet of sole meunière—leaves them hungry when they bolt it, but is a perfectly adequate meal when they enjoy it at a relaxed pace," he says. "The difference may be partly related to the way the hormone CCK works. For you to feel satisfied, food must first reach the intestine. Then CCK must travel up to the brain. If you savor a meal, all this can happen while you're still eating—but if you eat rapidly, there's a gap between the moment your plate is empty and the time your brain gets the message that you're full. In fact, slowing down might be all you need to do to dampen the desire for dessert."

How slow is slow enough? As a rule of thumb, Dr. Jordan believes you'll feel satisfied if a meal lasts at least 20 minutes. Still, the body doesn't always run on a strict schedule. According to Dr. Smith, the speed with which satiety signals go into operation is influenced by when you last ate. If you skip breakfast, for example, you may be so depleted by noon that you'll need much longer than usual to feel full at lunch.

Because the signals can't be clocked precisely, another tactic Dr. Jordan recommends is to take a five-minute break after consuming a normal-sized meal, no matter how hungry you feel. "Sometimes the brain needs this extra time to process the information that you're full," he explains.

Dr. Jordan's third technique for feeling content with less is to eat the right kinds of food. His recommendations: fruits and vegetables that are bulky but low in calories. While doctors disagree on what makes the body decide it's had enough, according to Dr. Harry Kissileff of the *(continued)*





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The "Stop Here" Diet

continued

Obesity Center at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center in New York, there is evidence that calories are not what count most, that amount seems to be more important. Dr. Kissileff, who is also assistant professor of clinical psychology in the department of psychiatry at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, points to this set of experiments: At the University of Pennsylvania, when people on a liquid diet were not told that their caloric intake had been reduced by half, they remained as satisfied for at least five days with the number of ounces of the less fattening drink as they'd had of the heavier one.

Besides fruits and vegetables, other good choices are high-fiber foods like whole grains. These create bulk because they attract extra water from surrounding tissue into the stomach to aid in digestion. Curiously, overweight people seem to find fiber even more filling than thin people do, says Dr. Katherine Porikos, who is studying fiber at the Obesity Center.

Of course, you can't live on celery and whole-wheat bread alone. Your body requires nutrients such as protein . . . and your soul may not be satisfied without something sweet. But what you can do is team up low-calorie, filling foods with heartier ones like meat, cheese and pasta. The result: Small portions of your favorites will seem like more.

Scientists still have a lot to learn about satiety signals—but you don't have to wait till all the facts are in to make your personal appetite control device work for you. Here are some tested tips from the experts to help you eat less, and enjoy the pleasures of the palate more.

- **Eat your favorite foods first.** People who've gotten into the habit of saving the best for last often plow through what they don't want to get to what they do. Eating the best first could mean many fewer calories, says Dr. Jordan. For example, if the turkey stuffing is your passion, head for that, and you may leave some meat.
- **Don't fill up on sugar.** Sweet foods, perhaps even those made with artificial sweeteners, raise blood sugar rapidly. The rise may explain why sweets make you feel so good. But when you're snacking, don't rely on these empty calories or you could wind up eating soon again when your blood sugar plummets. "Most people find protein and fat satisfying for longer periods than carbohydrates," says Dr. Susan Wooley, co-founder of the Clinic For Eating Disorders in Cincinnati, Ohio. "We usually recommend that people who must eat sugar have it together with other nutrients."
- **Have at least one high-bulk, low-calorie food whenever you eat.** At lunch, a celery stalk, a dill pickle and an orange may make your cheese

(continued)

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- **Resist food for five minutes.** Tell yourself you can ha seconds if necessary when five minutes are up. Once you' put down your fork, keep busy, Dr. Jordan advises. If you' alone, mist the plants. If you're eating with people, fill the g with conversation.
- **Pop a peppermint drop into your mouth.** Suck the can slowly so you can't eat anything else for a while. You just mig find that the mint itself satisfies you because what you real wanted was a change of taste, says Dr. Jordan.
- **Have a non-food treat in store.** If all you've got waiting f you is a load of dirty dishes, another slice of pie is twice tempting, says Dr. Porikos—but when there's something you really looking forward to, you'll find leaving the table easi Schedule a few minutes after dinner as time just for you. Phon a friend, read a magazine or just put your feet up. Even whe the kids are clamoring for help with their homework, don begrudge yourself the break.
- **Do something for your looks.** Concentrating on yo appearance helps you remember why you don't want to ove eat. At home, to switch from thinking food to thinking thin, t jogging in place. According to Dr. Jordan, if you're used to th exercise, it won't hurt after a light meal. And you'll use u more calories than you do jogging other times because yo body burns food faster right after eating. Another choice: D your nails. Once you've put on the polish, you won't be able t handle food!
- **Make seconds difficult or impossible.** On your lunch hou schedule only enough time to eat what you should. To avoid op ing for another sandwich instead of a brisk walk, take the wal first. At dinner don't serve meals "family style." Instead, prepar only what will be eaten and divide it up at the start of the meal as restaurant would. That way, you can't go back for more.

There you have it—a simple but wonderfully effective way t shore up your willpower, banish your hunger pangs and b smashingly slender forever. Good luck! **En**

The "Stop Here" Diet

continued

sandwich feel like a bigger meal, says Dr. Kissileff. Come dinner time, start off with a salad, perhaps a bowl of crisp sprouts. Then pad out your main dish with a hefty portion of a steamed vegetable like zucchini.

- **Sip a no-calorie drink with food.** Alternate sips of coffee, tea, clear bouillon or water with bites of solid food. Food will last longer and the fluid will make you feel fuller.
- **Choose foods that take time to eat.** Hot foods take longer than cold ones, says Dr. Jordan. A good choice: soup. In a study of 500 dieters at the University of Pennsylvania, those who ate soup with a meal had 50 fewer calories per meal than non-soup eaters and lost more weight. Other good slow-down aids are foods that are hard to cut. Eat chicken on the bone instead of the boneless breast.
- **Use slow eaters as role models.** Look around in restaurants and at parties for people who eat slowly and gracefully, advises Dr. Laura Phillips, director of the Institute of Human Behavior at Berkeley, California. Make a mental note of how they cut their food, take tiny forkfuls and chew carefully—then imitate them.
- **Make mealtime a social occasion.** Pleasant conversation slows down eating. If you usually lunch at home, try inviting a neighbor in for a half-hour sandwich break. At the office, ask another brown-bagger to share your desk. (Be sure, though, to save your invitations for slow eaters, since you may try to keep pace with faster ones, Dr. Jordan warns.) Plan dinners as a time for relaxed talk. Save Susie's math grade and the latest gasoline prices for some other hour.
- **Pause after each bite.** You should allow one mouthful before you take another. To help, Dr. Porikos suggests putting down your fork or sandwich between bites.

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The Last Star
Elizabeth Taylor



The blockbuster biography of 1981! All the facts you never knew about this controversial actress, for whom life has been public headlines–and often, private heartbreak. First of three exciting installments.

By Kitty Kelley (author of "Jackie Oh!")

She was born in London on February 27, 1932. Her parents: Francis and Sara Taylor, two Americans who were running an art gallery in England. In 1939, they brought their seven-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Rosamund Taylor, to the United States and settled in Los Angeles. From the moment she came to Hollywood, her legendary life began to unfold—a tale of many loves, seven marriages (two to the same man), over 50 movies, illnesses, tragedies and triumphs. From the time she first tasted stardom in National Velvet, *to her current Washington marriage and theatrical debut in* The Little Foxes, *and ever-continuing celebrity, this actress has had an epic quality no one account has ever captured. Now, in a soon-to-be-published book, the life of Elizabeth Taylor is explored with a candor and vitality sure to make it one of the most talked-about biographies of our time. Here, in the first of three installments, the drama behind those early years.* (continued)

Copyright© 1981 by Kitty Kelley From the forthcoming book, *Elizabeth Taylor The Last Star*, by Kitty Kelley, to be published by Simon & Schuster

The most arresting feature of young Elizabeth Taylor's flawless face was her sapphire blue eyes, framed with long black lashes. So blue were those eyes that, in some lights, they would seem violet. Often there would be an audible intake of breath when someone saw the porcelain face haloed by its wreath of coal-black curls. The first gasp would usually be followed by an exclamation: "What a beautiful child!" "Why she's just exquisite!" "Absolutely gorgeous!"

Sara would smile proudly at her daughter. "Say 'Thank you,' my angel," she would purr, and little Elizabeth would smile, say "Thank you," and curtsy just as her mother had taught her. It was a charming performance, designed to impress.

Over her husband's objections, Sara spent hours preening Elizabeth for screen tests at Universal Studios and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She ran scales on the piano, drilled Elizabeth in her manners and had her curtsying around every corner of the house. Too passive to voice real objections to his wife, Francis Taylor worried about the effect of all this activity on his daughter, but Elizabeth quickly assured him that she wanted to be an actress "just like Mommy," who never tired of telling her daughter about her years on the stage when she performed in stock companies under the name of Sara Sothern.

Bit parts came first for Elizabeth, and a $200-a-week contract from Universal, which refused to renew her option after one year. The studio claimed that the little girl could never be a star. She didn't have dimples like Shirley Temple. She couldn't sing like Judy Garland. She couldn't dance like Jane Powell and the casting director felt her eyes were "too old." But MGM–the world's biggest entertainment enterprise–and its leader, Louis B. Mayer, thought otherwise. After winning a role in Lassie Come Home, National Velvet *catapulted Elizabeth to stardom. It was 1943, and the chasm between feature player and star had finally been bridged.*

With her daughter now established as one of MGM's outstanding assets, Sara Taylor wasted no time. Her suggestion that Elizabeth get a new contract produced a quick raise in her weekly salary–from $200 to $750. For 40 weeks guaranteed work, 13-year-old Elizabeth Taylor now earned $30,000 a year.

"We were so surprised to find in all the *(continued on page 123)*

Elizabeth Rosamund, a gorgeous child of three





At nine years old, the young Elizabeth was already grooming for her Hollywood debut.



A blooming teen-age star, Liz lunches with parents Francis and Sara Taylor.

Below, Liz gets acquainted with co-star Mickey Rooney in *National Velvet*.



th her mother's
eful coaching,
zabeth learns her
es from a script.





Elizabeth, a svelte 18-year-old bride with her hotel magnate groom, Nicky Hilton, 23.



Liz with Michael Wilding and their baby son.



A happy family—Mike Todd, baby Liza and 24-year-old mother, Elizabeth.

Best friend, Monty Clift with Liz and her son on the set of *Raintree County*.

ming mother and
nter at Liz's high
l graduation.



and-new Mrs.
l Hilton poses
wedding shot
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l the world.



Summer Charm...

Options for a lovely summer. The newest beauty points to carry you through the sizzle months... looking better, feeling more delightful than ever. By Maureen Lynch, Director of Beauty and Fashion.

Six Ways to Look Beautiful

1 **Sunscreen:** *As you stroll down a street or sit at an outdoor café, your face faces the sun. Protect this extra-sensitive skin (prone to premature aging) at all times. Switch from thinking about sunscreen as a beach-only product—and get into the daily habit (like brushing your teeth) of slathering some on, alone or under makeup. Look for a high SPF (Sun Protection Factor). Best for face: #15.*

2 **Face Color:** *Okay, you say. Your face is protected against burning and wrinkles but... who wants to be a paleface? Answer: You can capture that attractive glow of health (smartly, safely) with an allover face color. Choose one of the liquid color washes, tinted foundations, bronzing gels or powders (some with sunscreens). Good to try: Bonne Bell Good Nature Glo All-Over Color; Ralph Lauren Active Outdoor Face Color; tinted Lancôme Hydrix Sport Hydrating Creme.*

3 **Makeup:** *Days and nights are full of romance, mystery. Gentle softness. Newest, freshest shades: a glow of apricot or delicate pink for lips. Faint blushers of palest peach or sheerest rose. Playful eye colors, such as violet on the lids, pink on the brow bone, a sliver of yellow (surprise!) under and brushed into the brow. Shown here: Moisturizing Eyeshadow Powder in "Violet Haze," "Sunlit Pink," "Golden Pear"; Color Blush Powder in "Peach"; Special Formula Lipstick in "Apricot Nectar." All by Etherea.*

4 **Hair:** *With stepped-up summer activities, hair goes to extremes. Dry gets drier; oily, oilier. To help, add an instant conditioner to each wash for dry, brittle hair. And wash oilier hair more often with special shampoo. Since hair grows faster in summer, more trims will be needed. Consider a body wave, short cut, braiding. Romantic hats, such as the floppy organdy one here, are terrific hair savers, protecting from the scorching sun.*

5 **Keeping Cool:** *Trust your body. If you're feeling sluggish or lazy during summer's first heat wave, that's perfectly normal. It will take time (several days, at least) for your chemistry to adjust to higher heat, humidity. Go slowly. Drink plenty of water. And, of course, be smart about playing tennis/jogging/exercising. Do things early on or after-hours.*

6 **Fragrance:** *Since heat intensifies scent, find summer-light versions of your favorite fragrances. Enjoy a sprightly air of a breezy cologne or splash; a soothing body lotion or bath oil. Or simply scented soap or bath powder. Fresh and flirtatious.*

Photograph by Alain Walch. Hair and makeup by Emily Pattner
Hat by Frank Olive. Camisole dress by Laura Ashley







Getting It Straight

Sometimes there is one woman in a neighborhood who influences all the women who live there. A short story about relationships and love, by Rhoda Tagliacozzo.

According to local custom, when a family moved into our development, some of the women went over to greet them with coffee and cake. One fine day, Moira Deutsch was visited by three of us. She was my new next-door neighbor. My best friend Jill lived right across the street, and Bobbie, our own Hedda Hopper, arrived breathless and eager from the house on the corner. We carried with us Jill's homemade strudel and my best cups and saucers, and left Bobbie to stage-manage her friendly inquisition. By the time we walked down the front path, it seemed that a sizable chunk of Moira's history went with us. She was in her late 20s, the mother of two little girls and the first divorced woman to move into, rather than out of, the area.

All three of us turned at the curb—we had no sidewalks yet—and waved back at Moira. It was late April. Despite the raw ugliness of houses built exclusively for profit, or perhaps because of it, the spring was particularly beautiful here. Jill's lawn already was green and full. The anxious splendor of her tulips ran in a meager line toward some adolescent forsythia bushes at the edge of her property. Money was less tight over at Bobbie's place: It sported a riot of flowers, the only garden on the block tended by a professional gardener. She and I shared the distinction of having a full-grown tree in our yards. Hers was imported at great expense. Mine was a fortunate accident, a lovely old elm that afforded some privacy to the *(continued on page 114)*

Illustration by David Schleinkofer



Walking Cool

Fan-tastic news! Bright and breezy shoes to keep your summer cool. This season, look for airy meshwork . . . easy-strolling low heels . . . all casual, all fun.

Counterclockwise, from left. ● Rosy-pink, ankle-tied flats, latticed with happy stripes. By Nina Footwear, $25. ● "See-through" espadrille with electric blue rickrack, rope-wedge heel. Shoe Strings by Shoe Biz, $32. ● Preppie with pizzazz. Salmon-colored mesh moccasin, white rubber sole, leather trim. By Bort Carleton, $37. ● Lemon yellow dash-about buckles around ankle; on patent leather wafer-wedge. By Elan Shoes, $45. ● Racy-red ballet slipper has elastic instep strap. Shoe Strings by Shoe Biz, $36. ● Turquoise pump in cool cotton mesh on low, stacked heel. By eliot, $26. ● Camouflage skimmer ankle-ties with a long leather lace. By Elan Shoes, $36. ● Lilac mesh "cut away" accented by patent leather heel, trim. By Bort Carleton, $33.

Photograph by [redacted] Amrine

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Crayon-blue kitchen jug and handy utensil set. **$17**

Bold Indian cotton Dhurri rug; 3½′ x 6′. **$19.95**

For hanging and holding all, bright wall unit. **$18** Zesty yellow creamer and sugar set. **$3.35** Matching shaker for grated cheese. **$4.10** Grid-like potholder, **$3.30** and dish towel, **$3.40**

Sitting pretty; metal folding chair. **$13.50**



Upbeat red chintz throw pillow. **$9**



Supermarket plus–snappy blue wire fruit basket. **$12.95**

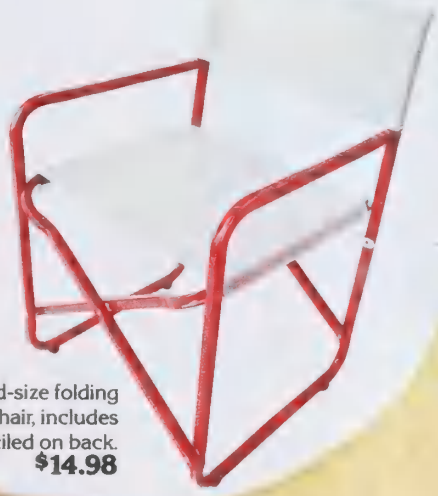


Fire-engine red kerosene lantern. **$9.99**

Green metal shelving. **$19.95** Kid's stuff: milk carrier, **$4**; cobbler's bench, **$5**; pail, **$3.95**; scoop, **$2.95**.







Child-size folding director's chair, includes name stenciled on back. **$14.98**

Paint-box colors to delight your eye–and perk up your home. Strong and clear accents that give a lighthearted lift–without breaking the bank. Just pick your favorites! For complete shopping information, see page 127.

Crisp magazine rack; in canvas. **$19.95**





Bandanna-square cotton napkins; set of six. **$10.98**

Photographs by Nick Samardge

Special Summer Hairstyles for Enchanted Evenings



A spectacular sunset, a special invitation, a gal evening . . . all call for unmistakable glamou Whether your hair is short, medium or long, you can make a dramatic change, going from an easy-care day look to nighttime splendor. *Left:* Long flowing hair gets swept up in a sophisticated French roll. *Near right:* Short hair, looking surprisingly full, was curled, tousled and banded with ribbons and pearls (or try pretty flowers). *Far right:* Mid-length hair gets pulled into soft side rolls; the back, gently curled. To see how these styles look casual by day, plus instructions on how to turn them into evening enchantments, see page 103.

Photograph by Richard Blinkoff. Hair by Graham Wren and Damien Miano of Vidal Sassoon. Makeup by Jac Collelo. Fashion: left and center by Oscar de la Renta, right by Malbe. Jewelry: left, by Kenneth Jay Lane, center and right by Marvella.





Take a Towel and Decorate!

Today's lush, plush towels can be turned into fresh summer coverups all around your house. Here, some clever and quick ideas.

Be creative...towels now sparkle in rich jewel colors, feel as sumptuous as velvet and, frankly, look too terrific to hide out in the bathroom. Absorbent and easy-to-wash, they make perfect coverings for cushions, tables, chairs, whatever. Buy a batch at the next white sale and get crafty. *Left*: Round table is draped with five colors of towels, cut and sewn into bold patchwork. Even the napkins atop the plates are more of the same theme–they're folded facecloths. For more sensuous seating, larger bath (or body) sheets in a warm apricot shade become ingenious slipcovers for ordinary director's chairs. White wicker sofa has two foam cushions covered in ample towels, a scattering of throw pillows (one, checkered). *Inset*: A good-looker, this easy seashell mirror. Just find a big body sheet patterned with by-the-shore seashells (or any interesting print), cut the center for a mirror and back with plywood. *Below*: Four plump pillows of simple towel squares make extra seating for summer entertaining. How-to's and shopping information on page 120. By Joan Tully, Home Editor.



Photographs by Nick Samaridge. Project designers Stanley Hura/Chuck Giordano. Towels by Utica for J.P. Stevens.

All you need to know about backyard barbecuing . . . for first-timers or as a grill-again refresher course.

PREP-UPS: GETTING READY

- A cookout isn't a last-minute affair. Give yourself plenty of time. Allow 30-40 minutes for coals to get glowing; figure in additional cooking time. Gas grills heat up faster than charcoal; follow your manufacturer's instructions.
- Take meat from refrigerator well in advance (at least 30 minutes). Let it warm up to room temperature.
- Trim excess fat from meat to prevent flare-ups.
- Score any remaining strips of fat to stop edges from curling.
- Set up grill in a draft-free location.
- Line the grill with heavy foil. The shininess reflects heat for faster cooking, makes cleanup a snap.

FIRE TALK

The charcoal: Since an overwhelming 89% of people who barbecue use charcoal, most of the fire talk will be concerned with the handling of the black briquets. There are two basic kinds: regular (in 5, 10, 20 lb. bags) and instant lighting (5, 10 lb. bags and the "egg-carton" bricks), which are easier to start (formed with a paraffin-like substance) but also more expensive. Charcoal, stored in a dry place, lasts indefinitely. To prevent dampness, keep in a plastic bag or a covered can.

Readying the fire: The average cookout for 4 to 6 people requires about 2½ lbs. of charcoal (30 to 40 briquets). Instead of scattering the charcoal at random, pile neatly into a center pyramid. This allows air to circulate around the briquets, heating them faster.

Lighting up: Regular charcoal needs a helping hand to start burning. Drizzle fire-starter (liquid, jelly or cubes) on cold coals and ignite with a long match. Or, if you have an outlet handy, slip an electric fire-starter (it's odor-free!) under the charcoal for 10 minutes, then remove it to a safe place to cool down. Or, try one of the chimney-type starters, which require nothing more than a wad of crumpled paper and a match. Never substitute any other flammable liquid for fire-starter. Tip: Combine instant-light briquets with regular for no-fuss start-up.

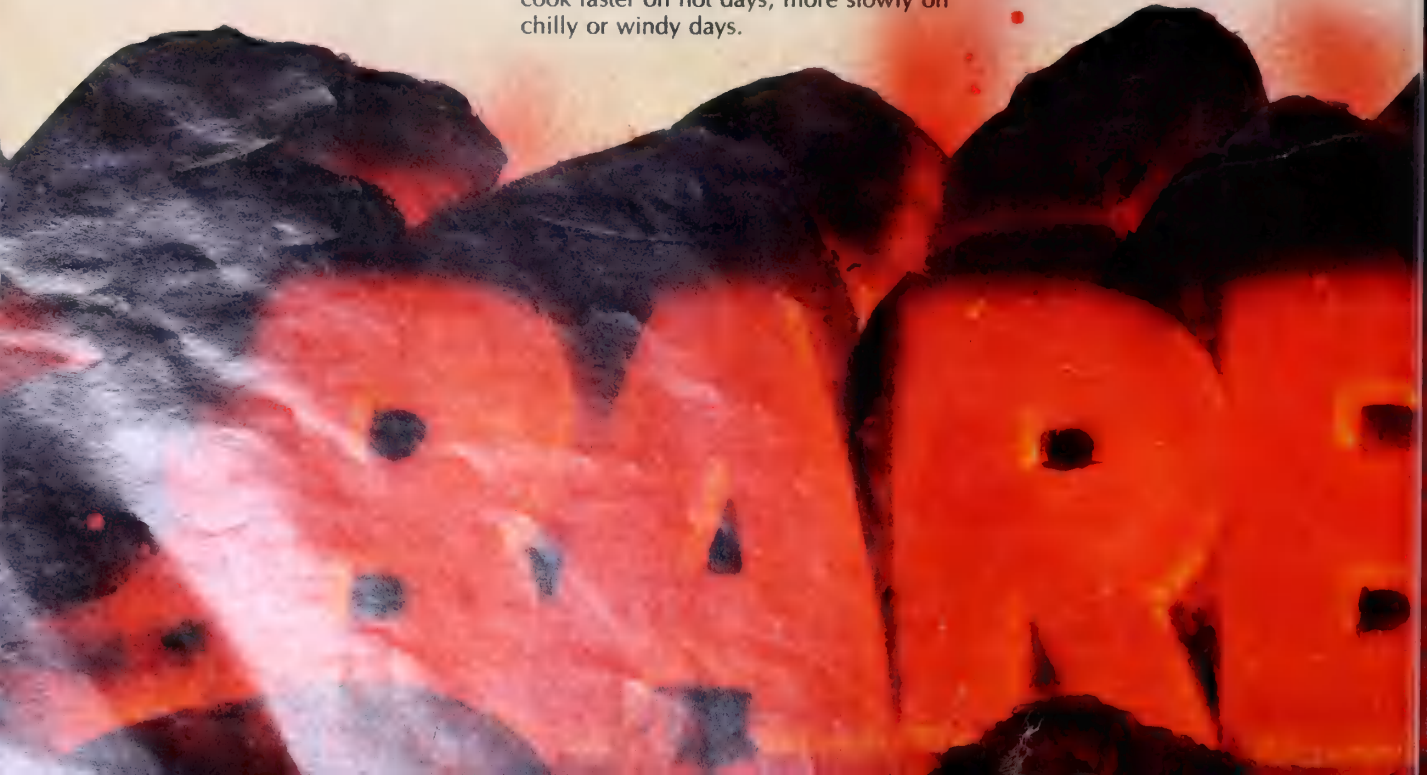
Getting glowing: After about 15 to 20 minutes, you'll notice the edges of the coals are turning gray. It's time to break up the pyramid (or release the chimney). Use long tongs to spread coals into a single layer (about ½ inch apart), covering a bit more area than necessary for the food. Be extra patient now. The coals still won't be ready to cook on for another 15 to 20 minutes. Wait until there's no black showing on the surface—just a thin layer of gray ash. At night, coals will radiate with a bright red glow. If you plan to grill for hours, the thumb-rule is to add about 10 briquets per hour, around the outer edge.

Hot test: You can quickly judge the hotness of the fire by hovering your hand, palm-side down, above the grill. Count aloud: 100-1, 100-2. If you pull back fast, the fire is H-O-T. Keep counting to 100-4, medium; 100-5, low. To cool down a hot fire, spread coals away from center. If the fire is too cool for cooking, push coals together and tap to shake off insulating ash. Tip: Foods cook faster on hot days; more slowly on chilly or windy days.

Conserving the coals: It happens sometimes, even after you've toasted the last marshmallow, that there are half-burned coals left. Save them! With a kettle-type grill, close dampers and replace cover. On open grills, also close dampers but cover grill top with foil to smother fire. Or, remove coals with tongs and drop into metal pail of water. When doused, drain and dry in newspaper; store in airtight container.

HAMBURGERS/HOT DOGS

- The perfect burger size: ⅓ pound per person. We found quarter-pounders on the thin side (hard to keep rare); half-pounders, a little thick (centers too raw).
- The less you handle uncooked meat, the juicier the hamburger will be. Trying to shape thawed ground beef is difficult; patties tend to be crumbly. Tip: Shape into patties before freezing.
- Turn burgers only once.
- For medium-rare, count on 6-8 minutes per side over medium-hot coals.
- Fast flavor ideas. For crunch, moistness or new zip, try mixing these into meat: grated carrots, diced celery or onions, a whole egg, relishes, horseradish, fresh bean sprouts, mustard, beer (only a dash or burgers get too soft), crumbled bacon.
- Grilling some hot dogs? Score first (to release fat). Turn to cook on all sides—about 6 minutes in all. Slash knockwurst or kielbasa first; brown for 12-16 minutes. It's easier to pre-cook Italian sausage. Pierce casing and simmer in water on stove for 20 minutes. Or wrap up with droplets of water in extra heavy foil, seal tightly and steam on grill for 1(minutes. With either method, finish off by open grilling 12-15 minutes.



CHICKEN

- A half of chicken (1–1½ lbs.) makes a generous dinner portion for adults.
- Chicken stays moist, juicy if you start skin-side down over medium coals. Cook 20–25 minutes, turn (use tongs), cook 20–25 more. Boiling chicken first doesn't work; dry, skin doesn't brown.
- With halves or quarters, it's best to break wing and drumstick joints for more even grilling.
- Grill breasts over hotter coals—10-12 minutes per side, basting frequently.

BEEF

- Remember to trim and score fat.
- For medium-rare, plan on 7 minutes per side for 1" thick strip steak; 8-9 minutes per side for 1¼" T-bone, club, sirloin or porterhouse steak; 10-15 minutes on each side for 2" London broil. Minus 2 minutes per side for rare.
- Test steaks for doneness with the quick finger-test. After the first (and only) turning, touch with your fingertip. If steak feels soft, it's rare. A little firmer, medium. Firm—it's well-done.

FISH

- Always brush fish first with melted butter or oil before placing on grill. Re-baste several times during cooking. A fish steak (¾ inch), such as swordfish, requires 4-6 minutes per side over medium coals.
- Take extra care. Fish is delicate, will flake apart if overhandled. Turn once.
- There are special wire cages for grilling smaller fish and fillets. If you plan to serve fish often, invest.
- Whole fish or fillets with skin can be wrapped in a double packet of foil, adding wine or lemon juice for flavor. A 5 lb. fish will take about 40 to 45 minutes; turn often.
- For trout or freshwater fish, bone and butterfly first. Brush skin with oil, grill skin side down 6-8 minutes. Don't turn.

RIBS

- Figure on 1 pound per person. Our favorite: meaty country-style ribs from the blade part of the pork loin.
- Precook to hasten grilling and reduce fat. Place in a large pot on stove, cover with cold water, heat to boil; then simmer 30 minutes. Drain. Or simply wrap in foil with a few drops of water, steam on your grill for 30 minutes.
- To brown more evenly, cut into serving portions before barbecuing. Tip: Cut away every other rib bone with sharp knife—for meatier eating.
- Precooked ribs take 15–20 minutes per side over medium coals.

KABOBS

- Cut meat or fish into 1 to 1½ inch cubes or thread in thin strips.
- Cook pork on own skewers for 30–40 minutes—precooking not necessary.
- Leave skin on fish to hold together.
- Parboil whole onions.
- Go beyond cherry tomatoes and mushroom caps to the more unusual: parsnips, water chestnuts, Brussels sprouts, corn chunks. Or sweet fruits: cantaloupe, orange slices, pineapple.

VEGETABLES

- *Potatoes* and *sweet potatoes* can be oiled and grilled; pierced first to release steam. Takes one hour and 10 minutes to be crisp-tender. Turn occasionally to prevent scorching. For less crisp (almost soggy) skins, oil and wrap in foil.
- Thin-skinned vegetables: *Tomato* halves get grilled 2-3 minutes on each side (cut side down first). *Zucchini*, halved and oiled, grills in 5 minutes per side. We found that *eggplant* tasted and looked the best unpeeled, cut into slices, oiled and grilled 5 minutes per side. • *Corn*. To husk or not to husk. In our testing, we concluded that both ways were good, but the husked method was slightly better for plumper, moister kernels. Strip off husks and silks, wrap in foil with butter and salt; grill 20 minutes, turning once. Alternate: Peel back husks, remove silks. Soak corn in cold water for 5 minutes (adds steaming power). Grill 20 minutes.

SPECIAL GRILLERS

Garlic bread. Wrap in foil, set on grid. Or slice bread, brush with butter, grill cut side down about 5 minutes.
Pizza. Wrap in heavy foil, set on grid directly over coals until hot and crispy.
Fresh fruits. Split bananas, peaches, pears, grapefruit, etc. Season with butter, brown sugar and perhaps a sprinkle of cinnamon or ginger. Wrap in foil; grill 10 minutes over low coals.
Fast desserts. The easiest crowd-pleasers—toasted pound cake, halved donuts or waffles topped with sliced fruit and whipped cream or ice cream. Or, melt a potful of chocolate and heavy cream together for a rich dunking sauce.

HANDY B-B-Q TIPS

- Use tongs or spatula to turn meats. Forks puncture, letting juices escape.
- Flavor your cooking by using hickory chips. Or throw herbs, garlic cloves or onion skins right on embers.
- Grilling a roast? You can plunge in an instant-read thermometer to tell if done.
- Brushing grill with oil or coating with vegetable cooking spray will help prevent meats from sticking.
- Season with salt and pepper *after* grilling—or juices may be drawn out.

Recipes for easy marinades, sauces and glazes, page 119; a look at basic barbecue equipment, page 106.

Illustration by George Kanelous





Weiner with the Work
Heap with onion relish
sauerkraut, mustard.

HOT DOG!

New tricks for an American favorite! Frankly terrific recipes...summer-fast and easy...page 98. Hot diggity!



Crunchy Dog
Like both ketchup
and mustard? Mix togethe
roll in potato chips.

Turtle: Kids will love this critter! Split dog, baked beans on burger bun; jumbo olive head.

Photograph by Andre Gillard


Spud-Stuffed Dog: A taste sensation . . . mashed potatoes, sour cream, chives; stripe of ketchup.
Dippity Dog: Yummy melted cheese top-coated with a munch of pretzels.
Baseball Glove Loaf: Italian bread sliced with cheese, franks, barbecue sauce.
Home-on-the-Range Frank: Tex-Mex chili, onions, hot pepper-y cheese.
ok-Out Kabobs: Skewer corn chunks, pearl ions, green peppers.

Weekend-of-Company Menus

"Come for the weekend." This friendly invitation goes out (especially in summer)—whether you're at home or by the shore. Be prepared. Follow our complete plan for six meals—most, full of do-aheads and all, easy on your food budget. Note: There are terrific ideas here for family gatherings or entertaining . . . anytime. Menus and recipes, page 92. By Sue B. Huffman, Food and Equipment Editor.



Friday Dinner

Ready and waiting for flexible dining, left —Riviera Salad (tuna, salami, egg, radishes) and long-lasting Weekender Cake, a zesty orange-nutmeg pound cake.

Saturday Breakfast

A serve-yourself treat, left—Plum Breakfast Cake, made with cottage cheese, cinnamon, fresh plums. Round out with orange juice, coffee.







Saturday Lunch

For sandwiches or a cold plate, above —a rugged Country Pâté (pork/veal/chicken livers) and Watercress Potato Salad.

Saturday Dinner

Fancy but easy, right—creamy Cold Walnut Chicken, crunchy sugar snaps and a very rich Frozen Chocolate Mousse. To start: melon and prosciutto.

Sunday Brunch

Friendly and filling repast, above—Eggs Rustica with mushrooms, bacon, Cheddar; Lyonnaise Potatoes; fresh fruit.

Photographs by John Bechtold



Weekend-of-Company Menus

continued

We devised our weekend of menus for a two-family gathering—four adults and four children. But don't worry if your guests come in different combinations of adults and youngsters; all recipes will serve eight hearty appetites easily. In fact, Saturday evening you may want to feed the kids first—maybe a fix-it-yourself hot dog roast. Then invite another couple (or two) over to share in more relaxed "grown-up" fun later.

Whether swimming, cycling around town or playing badminton in the backyard, activity seems to rev up appetites. Regardless of how you adapt the menus to suit your needs, you'll want to have some favorite (and easy) standbys on hand for off-hour snacking. Here, some flexible suggestions:

- Fruit juices: standards like orange and grape for kids; more exotic like cranberry and papaya for adults.
- Club soda or seltzer: to drink plain or spritz into mixed drinks and juices.
- Lemonade: make two quarts plus by combining 8 cups water or club soda, 1½ to 2 cups sugar (depending on sweetness desired), ¾ cup lemon juice. Garnish with fresh lemon slices.
- Almost instant iced tea: Place teabags in a large heatproof jug or pitcher; fill half-full with boiling water. Let steep 10 minutes, remove bags. Cool, then add cold water.
- Keep a jug of water in the fridge for quick quenching (saves water, too!).
- Peanuts in the shell and unsalted popcorn make great crunchers for kids and adults.
- Slice up plenty of fresh vegetables and keep in plastic bags to have handy for nutritious nibbling.
- A bowl of ripe, fresh fruit is always welcome for sweet snacking.
- Other snacks to have on hand—pretzel rods, crackers, crunchy cookies like sugar, oatmeal, ginger snaps.
- Make up a jarful of homemade granola: Combine toasted coconut, shelled peanuts, sunflower seeds, dried fruit and raisins.
- For special treats: Make frozen juice pops, ice cream cones.

FRIDAY NIGHT SUPPER

*Chilled Red Pepper Soup, *Riviera Salad, Sesame Bread Sticks/Butter, *Weekender Cake, Beverage.

SATURDAY BREAKFAST

Orange Juice, *Plum Breakfast Cake, Coffee.

SATURDAY LUNCH

*Country Pâté, *Watercress Potato Salad, Sliced Tomatoes with Basil, Fruit, Beverage.

SATURDAY DINNER

*Spicy Cheese Drops, Crudités, Cocktails, Melon and Prosciutto, *Cold Walnut Chicken, Chilled Sugar Snap or Snow Peas, Crusty Bread/Butter, *Frozen Chocolate Mousse, Beverage.

SUNDAY BRUNCH

Bloody Marys, *Eggs Rustica, *Lyonnaise Potatoes, *Fruit with Homemade Crème Fraîche, Beverage.

SUNDAY SEND-OFF

*Lemon Chicken Salad, *Herbed Popovers, Assorted Leftover Salads, Weekender Cake, Fruit, Beverage.

*Recipe given

SCHEDULE FOR WEEKEND-OF-COMPANY MENUS

From one week to one month before:
1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory and purchase staples including beer, wines and liquor.
3. Purchase ingredients for Weekender Cake and Spicy Cheese Drops.
4. Make Weekender Cake but don't ice; freeze cake and icing separately. (Or prepare day before serving and use orange sections for Sunday brunch.)
5. Make Cheese Drops; wrap well and freeze.

Two days before:
1. Purchase perishable ingredients.
2. Prepare Red Pepper Soup; cover and refrigerate.

One day before:
1. Poach chicken for salad; cool, wrap and freeze.
2. Prepare Walnut Chicken; cover and refrigerate.
3. Prepare dressing for Riviera Salad.
4. Cook eggs and green beans for salad; pour half the salad dressing over beans and marinate.
5. Slice radishes for Riviera Salad (use processor if possible); cover with ice water and refrigerate.
6. Start Crème Fraîche.

Friday morning:
1. Remove Weekender Cake and icing from freezer to thaw.
2. Cook 4½ pounds potatoes. Prepare Watercress Potato Salad. Refrigerate remaining potatoes for Lyonnaise Potatoes.
3. Prepare County Pâté; wrap, refrigerate.

Friday afternoon:
1. Make Plum Cake; cover and refrigerate.
2. Make Frozen Chocolate Mousse; cover and freeze.

Friday night supper:
One hour before serving:
1. Finish radish salad for Riviera Salad.
2. Arrange all ingredients for Riviera Salad on platter; cover and refrigerate until serving time.

Before retiring:
1. Prepare coffeemaker to brew the next morning.
2. Prepare juice.

Saturday morning:
1. Brew coffee for help-yourself breakfast.
2. Heat Plum Cake in 350°F. oven for 10 to 15 minutes.
3. Slice pâté; arrange on platter with sliced tomatoes and potato salad; cover and refrigerate for lunch.
4. Prepare popover batter; cover and refrigerate
5. Cook sugar snap or snow peas. Drain, cover and refrigerate.

Saturday afternoon:
1. Prepare assorted raw vegetables for crudité platter. Wrap each separately in plastic bags; refrigerate.
2. Transfer frozen chicken for Sunday's salad to refrigerator to thaw.
3. Prepare Eggs Rustica (do not bake); refrigerate. Reserve remaining bacon drippings for Lyonnaise Potatoes.
4. Thaw Cheese Drops at room temperature.

Just before cocktail hour:
1. Arrange hors d'oeuvres on platters.
2. Prepare melon and prosciutto.
3. Garnish chicken.

Just before dinner:
Transfer chocolate mousse from freezer to refrigerator.

Sunday morning:
1. Prepare chicken salad; cover and refrigerate.
2. Prepare fruit for brunch; cover and refrigerate.

40 minutes before serving brunch:
1. Bake Eggs Rustica.
2. Slice and cook potatoes.
3. Add bananas to mixed fruit.

Sunday send-off:
45 minutes before serving:
1. Remove popover batter from refrigerator; preheat oven to 450°F.
2. Bake popovers.
3. Arrange various leftovers in dishes.

CHILLED RED PEPPER SOUP

Buttermilk adds a crisp tang to this refreshing soup.

¼ cup butter or margarine
4 cups chopped red peppers (about 1½ lbs.)
1½ cups chopped onions
2 cups chicken broth
3 cups buttermilk
1 teaspoon salt
Sour cream for garnish

In medium saucepan melt butter or margarine. Add peppers and onions; cover and cook 15 minutes over low heat. Stir in chicken broth; cover and simmer 30 minutes. Pour into blender container and purée. Combine with buttermilk and salt; cover and chill at least 4 hours. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate overnight.)* Garnish each serving with sour cream. Makes 6 cups, about 90 calories per ½-cup serving without sour cream.

RIVIERA SALAD
pictured on page 90

If you want to serve the Radish Salad separately (and it's so good you probably will), simply halve the Dressing recipe here and combine with the radishes, Swiss cheese and green onions.

Bean Salad
1½ pounds fresh green beans, trimmed
2 teaspoons salt
Dressing
4 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
2 teaspoons anchovy paste
2 garlic cloves, crushed
6 tablespoons olive oil
6 tablespoons salad oil
1 can (13 oz.) solid white tuna, drained and broken into chunks
½ pound smoked dried sausage, sliced
4 hard-cooked eggs, cut in wedges
Radish Salad
4 cups sliced radishes
1 cup finely diced Swiss cheese
¼ cup sliced green onions
Chopped tomato, for garnish

In saucepan heat 1 inch *(continued)*

Serve our new cakes, and they'll beg for your new recipes.

Fib a little. Let 'em think you whipped up that dark chocolate batter. Just smile when they rave about the buttercream frosting. Let 'em figure you cracked all those hazelnuts.

(No need to mention it's new Chocolate Hazelnut Cake from Oregon Farms.)

That wonderful texture? Simple, you say. An oatmeal cookie, crumbled right into the batter. And spoonfuls of applesauce to keep it moist. The spices in the streusel topping? Why, cinnamon and cloves, of course.

(Why let on it's new Applesauce Oatmeal Cake from Oregon Farms?)



Oh, oh. Here you might not fool 'em. Most folks already know about that incredible Carrot Cake. And they'll guess that, even though it tastes homemade, you didn't bake it.

OREGON FARMS®

It could only be Oregon Farms®

New Chocolate Hazelnut Cake

New Applesauce Oatmeal Cake



water to boiling; add beans and salt and cook until beans are tender-crisp, about 10 minutes. Drain and place in shallow glass dish.

Dressing: In small jar with tight-fitting lid combine vinegar, mustard, anchovy paste and garlic. Cover and shake well. Add oils; cover and shake again.

Pour ½ cup dressing over warm beans; toss to coat. Reserve remaining dressing for Radish Salad. (*Can be made ahead to this point. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate up to 24 hours, tossing once or twice. Slice radishes, cover with cold water and refrigerate; drain.*)

Pour remaining salad dressing over radishes, cheese and green onions; toss thoroughly. Cover and chill up to 2 hours. Makes 5 cups Radish Salad, about 125 calories per ½ cup.

When ready to serve, arrange beans and remaining ingredients on large platter. Spoon any remaining marinade from beans over tuna; garnish with tomato if desired. Makes 8 servings, about 515 calories each.

WEEKENDER CAKE
pictured on page 90

So named because this orange-flavored pound cake is handy to have around for snacking all weekend.

1¾ cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon nutmeg
¾ teaspoon salt
¾ cup butter, softened
¼ cup vegetable shortening
1⅔ cups sugar
5 eggs
1 tablespoon grated orange peel
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Icing
1 cup confectioners' sugar
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
About ¼ cup heavy or whipping cream

Grease and flour 9-inch tube pan. Preheat oven to 325°F.

In small bowl combine flour, nutmeg and salt; set aside. In large mixer bowl combine butter and shortening. Beat on high speed until very light, about 3 minutes. Gradually beat in sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in orange peel and vanilla. Add dry ingredients, then beat on medium speed for ½ minute. Pour batter into pan. Bake 1 hour and 15 minutes or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean. Cool in pan on wire rack 15 minutes. Remove from pan and cool completely on wire rack. (*Can be made ahead to this point. Wrap cake well and spoon icing into covered container; freeze both up to 2 months. Thaw at room temperature.*)

Icing: In small bowl combine sugar and orange peel. Stir in enough cream to make a thick, pourable consistency. Spread icing over cooled cake. Makes about 16 servings, about 300 calories each.

PLUM BREAKFAST CAKE
pictured on page 90

A rich, biscuity crust and a cinnamony cottage cheese filling provide the base for this unusually good fresh summer fruit coffee cake.

Crust
2 cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup butter or margarine
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Filling
1 container (16 oz.) cottage cheese
⅓ cup sugar
2 eggs
1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
1½ pounds plums or nectarines
2 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon

Crust: Preheat oven to 425°F. In large mixer bowl combine flour, sugar, salt, baking powder and cinnamon. With pastry blender or 2 knives used scissor-fashion, cut in butter or margarine until it resembles cornmeal. Add eggs and vanilla and mix until smooth. Pat dough evenly onto bottom and up sides of a 13x9-inch pan.

Filling: With mixer or in food processor beat cottage cheese until smooth. Add re-





naining filling ingredients and mix until smooth. Pour onto prepared crust.

Slice plums or nectarines in quarters and arrange skin-side up in rows. Combine sugar and cinnamon; sprinkle over top. With knife or spatula fold pastry down from sides of pan onto fruit. Bake 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on wire rack. (*Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours. Heat in 350°F. oven for 10 to 15 minutes.*) Makes 10 to 12 servings, about 360 calories per 10, 300 calories per 12.

COUNTRY PÂTÉ
pictured on page 90

We're wild about this. Try it with a dry rosé and some French bread for a super picnic.

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup finely chopped onion
½ pound sliced bacon
1 pound ground pork
1 pound ground veal
½ pound chicken livers, finely chopped
½ cup fresh bread crumbs
1 egg
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon allspice
2 garlic cloves, crushed
¼ cup brandy

In small skillet melt butter or margarine. Add onion and sauté over medium heat until transparent. Line bottom and sides of a 9x5x3-inch loaf pan crosswise with bacon, reserving remaining pieces for top.

In large bowl combine onion with remaining ingredients; mix well. Spoon into loaf pan and tap gently until settled. Place remaining bacon slices on top lengthwise.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Cover pan tightly with foil and bake 45 minutes. Remove foil and bake an additional 30 minutes. Pour off fat; cool slightly. Remove from pan and wrap well in foil; refrigerate at least 8 hours. (*Can be made ahead to this point Wrap well and refrigerate overnight.*) Makes 18 ½-inch slices, about 310 calories each.

WATERCRESS POTATO SALAD
pictured on page 90

An unusually good and easy potato salad, which can be made a day ahead.

2½ pounds unpeeled new potatoes
1 tablespoon salt
Water
Dressing
¼ cup white wine vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 garlic clove, crushed
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons salad oil
¼ cup chopped sweet onion
¼ cup minced watercress (stems included)

In large saucepot cook potatoes with salt in water to cover until fork-tender, about 30 minutes. Drain and cool to lukewarm.

Dressing: Meanwhile, in jar with tight-fitting lid combine vinegar, salt, pepper and garlic. Cover jar, shake. Add olive and salad oil; cover, shake again. Set aside.

Peel potatoes; cut into ¼-inch thick slices. In large bowl combine with onion and watercress. Pour on dressing and toss thoroughly. (*Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.*) Makes 6 cups, about 110 calories per ½ cup serving.

SPICY CHEESE DROPS

When we were in New Orleans recently, doing a story on the Junior League's new cookbook, we sampled these little nibbles.

2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon ground red pepper
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup butter or margarine, softened
2 cups (8 oz.) shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
1 cup finely chopped pecans
2 teaspoons caraway seed

Combine dry ingredients; set aside. Preheat oven to 350°F.

In medium bowl cream butter or margarine and cheese. Stir in dry ingredients, nuts and caraway. Roll teaspoonfuls of dough into balls. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake 15 to 18 minutes until golden. (*Can be made ahead to this point. Cool completely. Cover and freeze in containers up to 3 months. To serve, thaw at room temperature.*) Makes about 120, about 35 calories each.

(continued)





Put our Sesame Wheats and Chicken in a Biskit™ together, and you've got a super summer snack! A crunchy sesame and chicken delight that's just right, right by the pool!

TWO NABISCO SNACK CRACKERS TASTE EVEN BETTER THAN ONE!

chicken breasts), about 335 calories per half breast with sauce.

FROZEN CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
pictured on page 91

A rum-flavored, bittersweet chocolate dessert.

¾ cup sugar
⅓ cup water
4 egg whites
4 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 cup heavy or whipping cream
¼ cup golden rum
Garnish
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
Semisweet chocolate, shaved

Prepare collar for 4-cup soufflé dish by folding a piece of waxed paper, long enough to fit around soufflé dish, lengthwise into thirds. Wrap around dish so waxed paper extends 2 inches above rim. Secure with tape; set aside. (Or you can use a 1½-quart bowl.)

In small saucepan combine sugar and water. Bring to a boil. Boil 3 minutes over medium-high heat.

In large mixer bowl beat egg whites at high speed until soft peaks form. Add syrup in thin steady stream, beating constantly. Beat 5 minutes. Fold in chocolate until thoroughly mixed. In bowl whip cream until soft peaks form. Add rum and continue beating until well mixed. Then fold into chocolate.

Pour into prepared soufflé dish. Cover and freeze at least 4 hours. (*Can be made ahead to this point. Freeze up to 48 hours. Transfer to refrigerator 1 hour before serving.*) Garnish with whipped cream and shaved chocolate. Makes 8 servings, about 350 calories each.

EGGS RUSTICA
pictured on page 90

Almost a meal in one—bacon, mushrooms, green onion and cheese folded into eggs and baked. We prefer it with heavy cream but you can use half and half. *(continued)*

Weekend-of-Company Menus

continued

COLD WALNUT CHICKEN
pictured on page 91

This could well become one of your favorite standbys for summer company fare.

6 whole chicken breasts, boned, skinned and halved
1 large onion, halved
Garlic cloves
1 teaspoon crushed red pepper flakes
2½ cups chicken broth
1 teaspoon sweet imported paprika
1½ cups walnuts
¼ cup sour cream
1 slice firm white bread, torn
12 walnut halves for garnish
Watercress for garnish

In saucepot combine chicken, onion, 2 garlic cloves, red pepper flakes and chicken broth. Bring to a boil. Cover and reduce heat; simmer until chicken is fork-tender, about 40 minutes. Remove chicken; set aside. Strain broth; skim off fat. Return broth to pot and add paprika. Boil rapidly, uncovered, until reduced to 1½ cups; cool to room temperature.

Meanwhile preheat oven to 350°F. Spread walnuts in a single layer on cookie sheet. Toast 5 minutes; let cool on wire rack. Arrange chicken on large serving platter; set aside.

In food processor bowl or blender container, add walnuts and process until very fine. (Process in two batches if using blender.) Add 2 garlic cloves and sour cream. Process until well blended. Add bread; process until mixture forms a paste. With motor running, gradually add cooled broth. Scrape down sides of container and process until smooth. Spoon over chicken. (*Can be made ahead to this point. Cover tightly with plastic wrap and refrigerate up to 48 hours.*) To serve, garnish chicken with walnuts and watercress. Makes 8 servings (or 12 half



Or put our Sociables® and Swiss Cheese snack crackers together, and head for the patio... because you've got a swiss cheesy, crunchy combination that's as good as the summertime!

TWO NABISCO SNACK CRACKERS TASTE EVEN BETTER THAN ONE!



When you put our Vegetable Thins and Wheat Thins® together, you've got a crisp vegetable wheat treat that helps make a picnic taste extra terrific!

TWO NABISCO SNACK CRACKERS TASTE EVEN BETTER THAN ONE!

½ pound sliced bacon, diced
¾ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
⅔ cup sliced green onions
12 eggs
1½ cups heavy or whipping cream or half and half
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups (8 oz.) shredded Cheddar cheese
Parsley sprigs for garnish

In large heavy skillet cook bacon over medium-low heat until crisp. Remove with slotted spoon; drain on paper towels. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons drippings. Add mushrooms and green onions in skillet; sauté over medium-low heat until liquid from mushrooms evaporates. Stir in bacon; set aside to cool.

In medium bowl beat eggs just until well mixed; add cream, salt and pepper. Stir in cooled mushroom mixture. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Refrigerate in covered container up to 24 hours.)*

Preheat oven to 325°F. Butter a 12x8-inch shallow baking dish. Stir 1 cup cheese into egg mixture; pour into prepared dish. Sprinkle remaining cheese over top. Bake 35 to 40 minutes until a knife inserted near center comes out clean. Let stand 5 minutes before serving. Garnish with parsley, if desired. Makes 8 to 12 servings, about 495 calories per 8 (400 with half and half), 330 calories per 12 (270 with half and half).

LYONNAISE POTATOES
pictured on page 90

We always cook extra potatoes so we can prepare and serve them this way.

6 tablespoons bacon fat or salad oil
2 cups sliced onions
4 cups cooked sliced new potatoes (about 2 lbs.)
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

In 10- or 12-inch skillet heat 2 tablespoons bacon fat. Add onions and sauté over medium heat for about 5 minutes, until golden brown. Transfer onions to a bowl. Add remaining fat and heat; add potatoes. Cook over medium-high heat for 10 minutes, turning every 2 minutes. Return onions to pan; add salt and pepper and cook several minutes longer. Makes eight ½-cup servings, about 195 calories each.

FRUIT WITH HOMEMADE CRÈME FRAÎCHE
pictured on page 90

Crème fraîche—a delight with any combination of fruit.

Crème Fraîche
1 cup heavy or whipping cream
2 tablespoons buttermilk
2 oranges
1 pint strawberries, washed and hulled
1 cup seedless green grapes
1 large banana

Crème Fraîche: At least 12 hours before serving, combine cream and buttermilk in small bowl or screw-top jar; stir or shake well. Cover and set aside at room temperature for 8 to 10 hours. Refrigerate several hours or overnight. *(Can be made ahead and refrigerated up to 1 week.)*

Peel oranges, removing all white membrane. Holding orange over bowl to catch juice, cut out sections from between membranes. Add strawberries (cut in half if large) and grapes. *(Can be made ahead to this point and refrigerated up to 3 hours hours).* Just before serving, slice banana and add to fruits. Serve with crème fraîche. Makes 5 cups, about 50 calories per ½ cup fruit, 55 calories per tablespoon cream.

HERBED POPOVERS

Bet it's been ages since you've made popovers.

1 cup all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon chopped chives
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon basil
Pinch black pepper
1 cup milk
2 eggs
6 teaspoons butter or margarine

In medium bowl combine first five ingredients. In 2-cup measure beat milk and eggs lightly; pour into dry ingredients and beat with wire whisk until smooth. Pour batter *(continued)*



We'll send you a coupon good for a FREE BOX of Triscuit Wafers (9½ oz. size)—one of Nabisco's most popular "Get Together" snack crackers. Just mail this form and the purchase confirmation seals from any five *different* NABISCO Snack Crackers listed below to: **FREE TRISCUIT, P.O. BOX NB898, El Paso, Texas 79977.**

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PAM adds virtually none!



SHORTENING ADDS 224 CALORIES TO THESE POTATOES



PAM ADDS LESS THAN 2

HOT DOG!

continued from page 89

COOK-OUT KABOBS
pictured on page 88

4 hot dogs
1 green pepper, cut into chunks and blanched
8 pieces cooked corn-on-the-cob, about 1½ inches long
4 cooked pearl onions
¾ cup bottled barbecue sauce

Prepare grill for barbecuing or preheat broiler. On four 12-inch metal skewers, thread hot dogs alternately with green pepper, corn and onions. Brush with barbecue sauce. Grill over low coals or broil on rack of broiler pan, turning until hot dogs are lightly browned. Baste frequently with barbecue sauce. Makes 4 servings, about 370 calories each.

Ed. Note: If skewers are flexible, use an ice pick to make a hole in corn cobs before threading.

TURTLES
pictured on page 88

4 hot dogs
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
¼ cup sweet pickle relish
4 hamburger rolls, split and toasted
1 cup baked beans, heated
4 carrot sticks
4 pimiento-stuffed olives

Split hot dogs in half lengthwise. Melt butter or margarine in skillet, add hot dogs and cook until lightly browned. Spread pickle relish on bottom halves of rolls. Top each with two hot dog halves, forming an "X." Spoon on baked beans, replace tops of rolls. Push carrot sticks into olives, then insert carrots into rolls to form heads. Makes 4 servings, about 380 calories each.

(continued)

Weekend-of-Company Menus

continued

back into measuring cup. *(Can be prepared up to 24 hours ahead; cover and refrigerate. Let stand at room temperature for 1 hour. Stir batter.)*

Preheat oven to 450°F. Heat 12-cup muffin pan in oven 5 minutes. Remove from oven; add ½ teaspoon butter to each cup; swirl around until melted. Pour about 3 tablespoons batter into each cup. Bake 10 minutes. Reduce temperature to 375°F.; continue baking 12 to 15 minutes more until brown. Remove from oven; loosen edges with knife and serve immediately. Makes 12, about 80 calories each.

LEMON CHICKEN SALAD

Poach the chicken for this when you make Cold Walnut Chicken.

Dressing
¾ cup sour cream
⅓ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon grated lemon peel
¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
4 whole chicken breasts, poached and cut into ½-inch pieces
1 cup sliced celery
½ cup sliced green onions
¼ cup slivered almonds, toasted, for garnish

In medium bowl combine dressing ingredients; mix well. Add chicken, celery and onions; toss until well coated. Garnish with almonds. Makes 5 cups, about 130 calories per ½ cup.

To poach chicken: Place breasts in 3-quart saucepan. Cover with 2 cups water, 1 small sliced onion, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon black pepper. Cover and simmer 30 to 35 minutes or until fork tender. Remove chicken and cool. Discard bones and skin. Wrap chicken; refrigerate or freeze. End

Diet Discovery!

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BUTTER ADDS 159 CALORIES TO THIS FRENCH TOAST



PAM ADDS LESS THAN 4

WEINERS WITH THE WORKS
pictured on page 88

1 tablespoon butter or margarine
5 hot dogs
5 hot dog rolls, heated
1 recipe Sidewalk Stand Onion Relish (see following recipe)
1 cup sauerkraut with ¼ teaspoon caraway seed, heated
Mustard

Melt butter or margarine in skillet; add hot dogs and cook until lightly browned. Serve in rolls topped with Onion Relish, sauerkraut and mustard. Makes 5 servings, about 395 calories each.

SIDEWALK STAND ONION RELISH
pictured on page 88

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon salad oil
2 cups diced onions (about ¾ lb.)
½ teaspoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon turmeric
1 tablespoon ketchup
1 teaspoon cider vinegar

In heavy skillet melt butter or margarine with oil over medium heat. Add onions; sauté until transparent, about 5 minutes. Reduce heat to low; stir in remaining ingredients. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally, until onions are very tender, about 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot. Cover and refrigerate any leftover relish. Makes about 1 cup, about 30 calories per tablespoon.

CRUNCHY DOGS
pictured on page 88

2 tablespoons ketchup
1 tablespoon mustard
10 hot dogs
About 1 cup crushed potato chips

Preheat oven to 400°F. Combine ketchup and mustard in shallow dish; stir well to blend. Roll hot dogs, individually, in mixture to coat lightly, then roll each gently in crushed chips. Arrange in single layer in shallow baking dish. Bake 15 minutes. Insert wooden meat skewer into each dog; serve hot. Makes 10, about 185 calories each.

DIPPITY DOGS
pictured on page 89

6 to 8 hot dogs, heated
Cheese Dip
1 package (8 oz.) pasteurized process American cheese slices, quartered
¼ cup milk
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
About 1 cup crushed unsalted pretzels

Insert wooden meat skewer into each hot dog; set aside.

Cheese Dip: In small saucepan combine cheese, milk, mustard and Worcestershire sauce. Heat over low heat just until cheese starts to melt. Continue to heat, stirring constantly, until mixture is smooth and well blended. Dip hot dogs into cheese and spoon over until coated. Immediately roll in crushed pretzels. Serve hot. Makes 6 to 8, about 310 calories per 6, 270 calories per 8.

PIZZA CHICKEN! BRAVO!



PIZZA CHICKEN

Mamma mia, Shake 'n Bake! Fabulous chicken with the fun taste of pizza. Lots of bubbly cheese and tomatoey sauce.

1 envelope SHAKE 'N BAKE® Seasoned Coating Mix for Chicken-Barbecue Style
1 teaspoon oregano
2½ pounds cut-up chicken
½-¾ cup shredded mozzarella cheese

- Place seasoned coating mix and oregano in the shaker bag; shake to blend.
- Moisten, coat and bake chicken as directed on package.
- Sprinkle with cheese and bake 5 minutes longer, or until cheese has melted.

Makes 4 servings.

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HOT DOG!

continued

SPUD-STUFFED DOGS
pictured on page 89

6 hot dogs
2 tablespoons sour cream
⅔ cup mashed potatoes (we used instant)
Chopped chives for garnish
6 hot dog rolls, heated
Ketchup

Preheat oven to 400°F. Split hot dogs lengthwise to within ½ inch of each end. Place in shallow baking dish; set aside. Stir sour cream into mashed potatoes. Stuff into hot dogs, using pastry bag or spatula. Sprinkle with chives, if desired. Bake 20 minutes. Serve in rolls with ketchup. Makes 6 servings, about 290 calories each.

HOME-ON-THE-RANGE FRANKS
pictured on page 89

6 hot dogs
Monterey jack cheese with jalapeño peppers
6 hot dog rolls, heated
1½ cups chili, heated
Chopped onion

Preheat oven to 400°F. Split hot dogs lengthwise to within ½ inch of each end. Fill cavity with strips of cheese. Place in shallow baking dish. Bake 15 minutes. Serve in rolls topped with chili and onion. Makes 6 servings, about 370 calories each.

BASEBALL GLOVE LOAF
pictured on page 89

1 loaf Italian bread, about 15 inches long
½ cup bottled barbecue sauce
6 hot dogs, split lengthwise and halved
6 slices pasteurized process American cheese, halved

Preheat oven to 400°F. Slice bread diagonally into 6 equal pieces. Make a slash in center of each piece but don't cut through to the bottom. Spread slashed sides with barbecue sauce; fill each with 2 pieces of cheese and 1 hot dog, placing hot dogs with rounded sides up. Line up pieces side by side to reform loaf. Wrap in foil and bake until heated through, about 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings, about 320 calories each.

FRANKS 'N' FRIED APPLES

¼ to ⅓ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
Dash salt
2 pounds cooking apples, cored and thinly sliced
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 package (16 oz.) hot dogs, sliced

In large bowl combine sugar, cinnamon and salt. Add apples and toss to coat; set aside.

In large skillet melt butter or margarine over medium heat. Add hot dogs and sauté until lightly browned. Remove with slotted spoon and set aside. Add apples to skillet. Cover tightly and cook 2 minutes. Remove cover and cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Return hot dogs to skillet and cook, stirring, 5 minutes longer. Makes 6 servings, about 385 calories each.



KABOBS ITALIANO

8 hot dogs, cut into thirds
8 cherry tomatoes
8 chunks zucchini, about ¾ inch thick
2 large mushrooms, halved
½ cup bottled creamy Italian salad dressing

Prepare grill for barbecuing or preheat broiler. On four 12-inch metal skewers, thread hot dogs alternately with tomatoes, zucchini and mushrooms. Brush with salad dressing. Grill over low coals or broil on rack of broiler pan, turning until franks are lightly browned. Baste frequently with salad dressing. Makes 4 servings, about 460 calories each.

FRUIT BOWL KABOBS

8 hot dogs, cut into thirds
2 nectarines, pitted and quartered
2 bananas, cut into chunks
4 watermelon pickles
½ cup bottled peach-apricot sauce

Prepare grill for barbecuing or preheat broiler. On four 12-inch metal skewers, thread hot dogs pieces alternately with nectarines, banana chunks and watermelon pickles. Brush with peach-apricot sauce.

Grill kabobs over low coals or broil on rack of broiler pan, turning until hot dogs are lightly browned. Baste frequently with fruit sauce. Makes 4 servings, about 410 calories each.

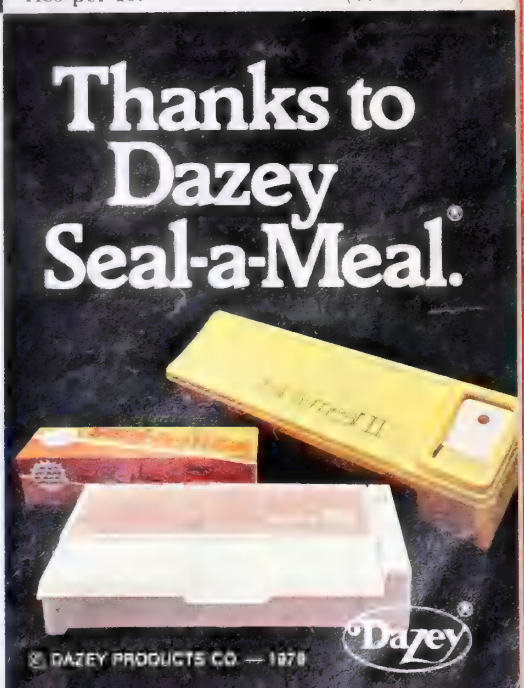
CORNY DOGS

Batter
1 cup all-purpose flour
½ cup yellow cornmeal
1 tablespoon sugar
1½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk
¼ cup prepared mustard
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons salad oil
Salad oil for deep frying
8 to 10 hot dogs

Batter: In medium bowl combine flour, cornmeal, sugar, baking powder and salt; mix well. Add milk, mustard, egg and salad oil; stir just until dry ingredients are moistened. Set aside.

Meanwhile, in deep-fat fryer or Dutch oven heat 2 inches oil to 375°F. on deep-fat thermometer. Pat hot dogs dry with paper towels; dip into batter. Fry until golden brown, 1 to 2 minutes. Drain on paper towels. Insert meat skewer into each and serve hot. Makes 8 to 10 servings, about 390 calories per 8, 340 calories per 10.

(continued)



Introducing

Rainbow in a Cloud

You get fruitiness and creaminess in a heavenly tasting dessert.

That's two delicious tastes in every spoonful. Mmmmm!

Your family will love Rainbow in a Cloud. They'll love the fruity taste of Jell-O® Brand Gelatin surrounded by the fresh, creamy taste of Cool Whip® Non-Dairy Whipped Topping. It's so luscious you'll want to try it in all the Jell-O® Gelatin flavors of the rainbow.



Rainbow in a Cloud



Swirl in the Cool Whip®



Spoon in the Jell-O® Gelatin

1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Gelatin, any flavor
1 cup boiling water
½ cup cold water
1⅓ cups thawed COOL WHIP® Non-Dairy Whipped Topping

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water and pour into 8-inch square pan. Chill until firm, at least 3 hours. Cut into cubes, using sharp knife that has been dipped in hot water. Quickly dip pan in warm water. Remove cubes with spatula. Spoon about ⅓ cup of the whipped topping into each of 4 dessert glasses. Using back of spoon, make depression in center and spread topping up sides of glasses. Spoon gelatin cubes into glasses. Chill. Makes 4 servings.

GF GENERAL FO

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HOT DOG!

continued

HOT DOG POTATO SALAD

3 pounds small red, new potatoes, unpeeled
1½ teaspoons salt
8 slices bacon
¾ cup sliced green onions
1½ tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 beef bouillon cube, crumbled, or 1 package powdered beef broth
¾ cup water
⅓ cup cider vinegar
6 hot dogs, sliced
Chopped parsley for garnish

In large saucepan heat 1½ quarts water to boiling. Add potatoes and salt. Cook 20 to 25 minutes. Drain and slice potatoes ¼ inch thick.

In Dutch oven cook bacon until crisp; drain on paper towels and crumble. To drippings in pan add onions and sauté 2 minutes. Stir in sugar, flour and pepper until blended, then add bouillon cube, water and vinegar. Cook and stir over medium heat until boiling. Add hot dogs, then toss in potatoes. Heat through. Serve hot, garnished with crumbled bacon and chopped parsley. Makes 6 to 8 servings, about 475 calories per 6, 355 calories per 8.



HOT DOG 3-BEAN SALAD

1 package (9 oz.) frozen cut green beans
1 package (9 oz.) frozen cut wax beans
¼ cup salad oil
½ cup coarsely chopped onion
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
¼ cup cider vinegar
2 tablespoons water
6 hot dogs, sliced
1 can (16 oz.) dark red kidney beans, drained
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento

Cook both green and wax beans according to package directions. Meanwhile, in large skillet heat oil over medium heat. Add onion and sauté until transparent, about 5 minutes. Add sugar, salt, pepper, vinegar and water. Heat and stir just until sugar is dissolved. Stir in hot dogs; then add hot cooked beans, kidney beans and pimiento. Transfer to large shallow dish. Cover and chill at least 1 hour or overnight. Makes 6 servings, about 325 calories each.



TEXAS JACK

4 slices bacon, diced
1 medium onion, sliced
1 medium green pepper, diced
1 tablespoon chili powder
2 cans (15¼ oz. each) red kidney beans, undrained
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
Dash pepper
5 hot dogs, sliced
½ pound sharp Cheddar cheese, shredded
Pinch sugar (optional)
6 hamburger rolls or English muffins, split and toasted

In large skillet cook bacon over medium heat until crisp. Remove with slotted spoon; drain on paper towels. To drippings add onion, green pepper and chili powder; sauté until onion is translucent. Stir in beans, tomato sauce, pepper and bacon. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Stir in hot dogs and heat through, then stir in cheese. Taste for seasoning (add sugar if needed to make less tart). Serve hot over rolls or muffins. Makes 6 servings, about 560 calories each. **End**

JULY RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchen and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

DESSERTS
Chocolate Strawberries p. 104
Frozen Chocolate Mousse p. 96
Fruit With Homemade Crème Fraiche p. 97
Peach Passion p. 104
Rainbow in a Cloud p. 102
Weekender Cake p. 94

ENTRÉES
Baseball Glove Loaf p. 101
Cold Walnut Chicken p. 96
Cook-Out Kabobs p. 98
Corny Dogs p. 101
Country Pâte p. 95
Crunchy Dogs p. 99
Dippity Dogs p. 99
Eggs Rustica p. 96
Franks 'N' Fried Apples p. 101
Fruit Bowl Kabobs p. 101
Home-On-The-Range Franks p. 101
Hot Dog Potato Salad p. 103
Hot Dog 3-Bean Salad p. 103
Kabobs Italiano p. 101
Lemon Chicken Salad p. 98
Pizza Chicken p. 99
Pocket Burgers p. 104
Riviera Salad p. 92
Spud-Stuffed Dogs p. 101
Texas Jack p. 103
Turtle Dogs p. 98
Weiners With The Works p. 99

MARINADES
Beer p. 119
Sesame Lemon p. 119
Vinaigrette p. 119

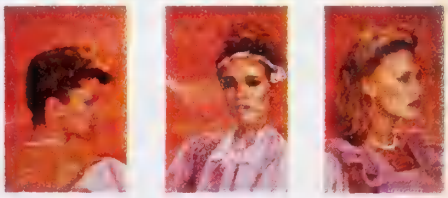
MISCELLANEOUS
Chilled Red Pepper Soup p. 92
Herbed Popovers p. 97
Lyonnaise Potatoes p. 97
Plum Breakfast Cake p. 94
Sidewalk Stand Onion Relish p. 99
Spicy Cheese Drops p. 95
Watercress Potato Salad p. 95

SAUCES AND GLAZES
Rosemary-Wine Baste p. 119
Texas B-B-Q Sauce p. 119
Zesty Orange Glaze p. 119

Enchanted Evenings

continued from page 83

Here's how casual daytime styles switch (easily!) to evening glamour.





For long hair: Terrific new look for day (left), slightly layered, smoothly waved. This can be quickly changed into a French twist for gala nights (above, left). Section off front of hair, pin out of the way. Take rest of hair, brush to right. Using bobby pins, secure a line up back of head, slightly right of center. Hold right-side hair, fold around hand, roll it *over* the pinned line; creating a "seam" of softly rolled hair. If left-handed, reverse the procedure. Unpin front hair, brush into side bang.



For short hair: A neat yet impish feeling. Easy-care summer style (left) gets side-parted, clipped short and combed back behind the ears. At night (above, center) this simple look goes zowie! Set damp or dry hair in pincurls, starting at the temple, completing the whole crown. After about 20 minutes, remove the pins and fluff hair gently with either your fingertips or a wide-tooth comb. We designed the evening headband shown here from lavender satin ribbon intertwined with pearls. Follow our lead—or create a pretty headband of your own design.



For medium hair: Breezy movement, brushed back in a layered sweep. High crown part and wispy bangs (left) give this everyday style its carefree look. For almost-instant dress-up and added drama (above, right), part hair over the top of your head, from ear to ear; pin back hair out of the way. Part front section down the center. Loosely roll up one side, secure with bobby pins. Repeat with other side. Unpin back and fluff lightly with brush for extra volume and playful softness.

FOOD JOURNAL



EASY-TO-MAKE: CHOCOLATE STRAWBERRIES

We've all seen luscious chocolate-dipped strawberries in gourmet shops and fancy French restaurants. Mouthwatering, but expensive. Good news! These morsels are a cinch to make—not only for show-off dinners, but as a treat on any happy summer's day. **1.** Select a pint of firm, unblemished berries. Rinse; dry on paper towels. Leave stems intact. **2.** Melt 12-oz. package of semisweet chocolate bits over hot (not boiling) water. Stir until smooth. Reduce heat. **3.** Dip berries, one at a time, leaving an uncoated rim around the stem. Shake off excess chocolate, place on wax paper. Refrigerate about ½ hour or until set. **4.** To serve: Nestle berries in paper bonbon cups or place on paper doily. Makes about 24. Hint: Use leftover chocolate for candy "kisses." Stir ½ cup chopped nuts, coconut or crispy rice cereal into warm chocolate. Drop by spoonfuls on wax paper; refrigerate. Makes about 12.







STAR QUICKIE

Pocket Burgers. Combine 1 lb. ground beef, ½ cup chopped onion, ½ tsp. salt, 1 crushed garlic clove and ¼ tsp. cumin. Shape into four patties. Broil about 5 minutes on each side. While broiling, make sauce of ½ cup plain yogurt, ⅓ cup chopped cucumber, 1 crushed garlic clove, dash salt. Tuck each patty into pita bread; spoon on sauce. Serves 4.

DIET DESSERT

Take advantage of summer-ripe peaches with this quick dessert slimmer. **Peach Passion:** Peel and pit four large peaches; cut into bite-sized chunks. Place in bowl with ¾ cup dry red wine and ½ cup orange juice. Marinate in refrigerator at least one hour. Serves 4; 110 calories each.

SHAKE THE SALT HABIT

Statistics show Americans consume 10 to 30 times the amount of sodium our bodies need . . . so start thinking twice before passing the salt. Instead, spice up your meals with these easy ideas. • Hide the salt shaker—keep a pepper mill, hot pepper sauce or blend of mixed herbs handy. • Make things better with bitters. Splash the aromatic liquid into burgers, stews, soups, salt-free seltzer or juices. • Boost baked fish, chicken with tangy citrus—lemons, oranges, grapefruit, limes. Squeeze into marinades, salad dressings. • Sprinkle a variety of vinegars (tarragon, rice wine, herb) *and* oils (sesame, walnut, hazelnut) on salads, vegetables. • Create your own meat sauces. Brush on a paste of dry mustard, lemon juice, pepper before cooking. Chopped tomato, onion, cumin, chili pepper, after broiling. Or, horseradish, plain yogurt. • More tips: send $2 for "The Sodium Content of Your Food," HDA 233 H&G, to Consumer Information Center, Dept. 202J, Pueblo, Co. 81009.



New Maxwell House® Master Blend.® Delicious ground coffee that can save you money!

With new Maxwell House® Master Blend® Coffee you enjoy delicious ground coffee. And you can save money, too.

New Maxwell House Master Blend tastes delicious.

Master Blend is 100% pure ground coffee that's specially roasted and ground, not concentrated or flaked.

You can save money, too.

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What does it take to live happily with a pet? Our expert looks at the adjustments you'll need to make when an animal joins your family.

By Roger Caras

Fitting a Pet into Your Life

If you're about to become a first-time pet owner, you can look forward to tremendous rewards . . . as well as some upheavals in routine. Though the new arrival probably won't turn your life upside down, you'd be wise to prepare for a few inconveniences. In fact, it's a good idea to view the animal as a new family member, since you'll be taking on many of the responsibilities that go along with such an addition to your household.



Lost leisure. First and foremost, understand that a pet takes up time: Whether goldfish, gerbil or Great Dane, it must be regularly fed and watered and its environment kept clean. Even your sleep schedule is likely to suffer, at least at first. Puppies and kittens, like human infants, cry during the night—though unlike babies, they quiet down once used to their new home. Dogs plead to be let out on weekends at an hour when you might rather be sleeping in; cats are prone to start meowing for breakfast well before their owners' preferred rising time, and seem to persist in this habit no matter how firmly their cries are ignored. Then there's the matter of exercise. Pups, especially, need walking or romping sessions several times a day, blizzards and icy streets notwithstanding. Expect many evenings when you have to remind yourself grimly that frequent workouts are as good for you as for your pet.

Teaching manners takes additional effort. Dogs tend to require more socializing than other common pets. A professional obedience course is often a wise investment, but whether or not you opt for such training, canine behavior such as howling, snapping at strangers, attacking other dogs, leaping on guests or wandering loose in the neighborhood interferes with the rights of others and should not be tolerated.

Getting children to carry out their share of responsibility can be a chore in itself. Before the animal's brought home, make sure your offspring understand clearly the sacrifices that may be required of them in terms of time—and keep in mind that no matter how enthusiastic their initial promises, later on you'll probably have to remind them of their duties more often than you'd like. But children will grow and learn from the responsibility of caring for a pet.

Your freedom to come and go will also be limited. Should you leave during the day, you must insure that someone else is available to look after the pet's needs. The same goes for vacations: Unless the creature's a born traveler, while you're gone it must be provided with food, water, grooming and affection, whether the caretaker is a trustworthy neighborhood child, a house-sitter experienced in caring for pets, or personnel at a reputable "pet hotel."

Expect changes in the family budget, too. Depending on the animal's size, you'll find that food, vets' and grooming costs add up over a pet's life span whether you adopt a waif from the nearby humane shelter or invest in a champion-quality show breed. Where dogs and cats are concerned, you can keep expenses lower by bathing and grooming at home and buying dry kibble food in bulk (moisten with gravy, soups and other leftovers to boost nutritional value).

Indoor alterations. In addition, the home itself is affected by a new pet's presence. Because animals leave hair and dander on rugs and furniture, more frequent dusting or vacuuming will be necessary. Cats may climb curtains or claw chair and table legs, so build or buy your kitten a scratching post, and keep the little creature away from expensive drapes and furnishings. Puppies have been known to munch anything from shoes to calculators, and dog-owning families must train themselves to closet securely any potential chewables. Lock away household poisons, and place out of reach any indoor plants that may be harmful to animals (consult your vet for a list). Pets, like people, can't always tell a deadly substance by its taste!

Pets and other people. Even visitors will have to become accustomed to the new pet. Some folks are allergic to animals; others simply don't like them. There may be times when, to avoid testing a friendship, you'll want to keep the animal out of the way.

Should you have a pet at all? All these adjustments considered, it should be clear that certain people aren't meant to be animal owners. In general, pets are for copers: If you can view a shredded pillow, hair-covered sofa or "accident" on the rug half an hour before dinner guests are due as a mild inconvenience rather than a mini-trauma, then you'll probably fit a pet into your life quite comfortably. Otherwise, it's best to think twice about the idea.

No doubt about it, animals demand a great deal of time, money, attention and plain work. Still, they've been returning generous dividends—loyalty, affection and fun—for the past 14,000 years or more. By gearing up to make some inevitable compromises, you'll help to insure a mutually rewarding relationship between yourself and your pet-to-be. **End**

Illustration by Bob Jones

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Mothering

By Geraldine Carro

Building Your Child's Self-Esteem

When the baby holds on to the edge of the coffee table and takes his first few tottering steps, our job as parents is to applaud. And when the five year old turns a perfect somersault or sounds out words in a storybook, we say "very good."

Most of us subscribe to the power-of-praise theory. We hope encouragement will produce children who grow up saying "I think I can, I think I can" like the Little Engine That Could. Self-esteem and confidence in one's abilities, we believe, are crucial factors in achieving success and happiness in life—something we all wish for our children.

Yet, despite the many "very goods," youngsters are destined to learn they're *not* good at everything. Worse, there's always someone who can hit the ball farther, gets invited to more birthday parties or receives a better report card. If only we could prevent those blows to the ego. We can't, of course. We can't write the script for our children's lives. But as parents we still play a decisive role, psychologists say, in building or—unwittingly—undermining our youngsters' self-esteem.

Psychologist Roger Loeb, of the University of Michigan, recently studied how parents color the way children see themselves. Surprisingly, he found there's little relationship between the self-esteem of parents and their children. Apparently, you can't automatically pass along your good feelings about yourself to your youngster, according to Dr. Loeb's study of fourth and fifth graders and their parents. In fact, he speculates, high parental self-esteem can even be overwhelming to some children.

One of the most crucial factors in the development of self-esteem is the way parents offer help to their youngsters. A particularly revealing test is how you respond when your child asks, "Will you do it for me?"

Above all, don't rush in and take over, says the psychologist. Suggest ways your youngster might solve the problem himself. Parents of children with high self-esteem tend to make suggestions and then stand back so that the child has a chance to grapple with the situation on his own. This approach tells your youngster that you have confidence in his abilities.

On the other hand, while setting high standards for your child is important, don't overestimate his capabilities. Be sensitive to what he can and can't do, then structure his environment so that he can succeed as often as possible, says Dr. Loeb.

Some parents worry so much about their child getting things right that they tell their youngster "word by word, movement by movement what to do in life," says the psychologist. These bossy parents tend to have children with low self-esteem. Boys with directive, pushy fathers are especially prone to develop negative feelings about themselves. Interestingly, those with bossy mothers sometimes seem to benefit. "It may be," Dr. Loeb speculates, "that behind every successful man there's a pushy mother—and not a pushy father."

In general, mothers and fathers can each affect their child's self-esteem in distinctive ways. Taking orders from a parent of the opposite sex is easier, perhaps because there's less competition in the relationship. "If you're a little girl and you know Daddy's wrapped around your finger, you may be more inclined to listen," says the psychologist. But overall, says Dr. Loeb, "The self-esteem of girls gets squelched more readily by bossy parents."

Another key finding in Dr. Loeb's research is that praise really *does* work—especially when handed out judiciously. You don't have to give a fancy gift. Just a few words of appreciation or a hug is often enough to "reinforce the idea in the child's mind that 'when I learn to do things well, good things follow,' " Dr. Loeb says.

Showing children you care

Having warm and involved parents is a third major factor that promotes positive feelings in a child about himself. "An active family life fosters self-esteem in sons and daughters alike," says Dr. Loeb.

One way to show children that you care is to listen to what they have to say, says psychologist Joy Osofsky, a specialist in early childhood development. "A lot of adults don't listen to kids. The message they give them is, 'What you have to say really isn't worth hearing.'"

Dr. Osofsky, author with her husband, Howard, of *Answers for New Parents* (Walker Publishing, 1980), emphasizes that the roots of self-esteem start developing early. She suggests ways parents can help small children feel good about themselves:

- It's a mistake to try and keep your child too much under control. If you keep restraining your baby, he won't develop his ability to act or think for himself.
- Give your child simple toys that are stimulating, but aren't so difficult that he'll feel frustrated.
- As your child attempts to master new tasks, don't constantly point out his mistakes, or he'll end up not thinking much of himself.
- Gently teach a child limits. Say no without being overly repressive.
- When disciplining, criticize your child's bad behavior, not the child himself.

"Little children need to be rewarded in general, to be told they're all right," says Dr. Osofsky. "There's no reason you can't say to a child, just as to an adult, 'I enjoyed being with you. It was fun.'" **End**

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Psychiatrist's Notebook

Why can't you curb a compulsive appetite? How does a bout of the blues become a chronic depression? What should you say to a sexually active teen-age daughter?

By Theodore Isaac Rubin, M.D.

Once again I'm fat. At least six times, I've dieted successfully, but I always gain the pounds right back. I know overeating is a psychological problem. Please explain why I can't stay thin and what I should do.

You're certainly not alone. Many people truly want to lose weight but have trouble overcoming mental stumbling blocks. Perhaps by better understanding why you eat compulsively, you can learn to restrain yourself. Here are a few insights that may be helpful:

1. Eating binges are often temper tantrums. You should look for hidden anger each time you feel the urge to eat wildly, and find another way—such as vigorous exercise—to release your rage.

2. A food fling can also be an attempt to cope with anxiety and fear. Again, search for hidden motives.

3. "Foodaholics" often have specific cravings. For some, chocolate is the ultimate temptation. Others yearn for ice cream, cheesecake, even bread. If you know certain foods set off an eating spree, you'd be wise to avoid them completely. Just as most reformed alcoholics can't take a drink, the food fiend must not have even a taste of her favorite dish.

4. Often food addicts experience a sense of letting go only through eating. Try to allow yourself this feeling of abandon in an activity such as dancing.

5. Even if you hate being fat, you must love yourself. Self-hate leads to more eating and more self-hate. Loving yourself means ignoring people who make disparaging, rejecting remarks.

6. Periodically weigh yourself and take action whenever you gain more than three pounds. Once you let yourself put on a little weight, you're more apt to add more.

7. Be cautious around friendly enemies. These are the people who ply you with pies and ice cream and tell you that you've already lost enough weight.

8. Fat people who desperately want to slim down are frequently afraid of being thin. They feel that others will expect too much of them if they are slim—and that they'll expect too much of themselves. No longer will they be able to blame failures, especially social and sexual ones, on being overweight. If you recognize yourself in these examples, realize that you're hiding behind your weight, when you would be better off dealing directly with insecurities, perhaps with professional help.

9. Set an appropriate goal for slimming down. The proper weight for your body is much healthier and is easier to maintain than an unrealistic thinness.

10. Finally, while food addiction is incurable, this affliction is controllable if you stick to a balanced, healthy diet throughout your life. That means a varied, low-calorie regimen—no gimmicks, no drugs.

Everyone I know seems to be going through a serious depression. Are my friends particularly downbeat? Or is emotional depression quite prevalent?

Many people in our society do suffer from emotional depression, a disorder that is characterized by such symptoms as loss of sense of humor, a tendency to cry easily, insomnia or too much sleep, pessimism, lack of appetite or overeating. These manifestations are common to both a temporary malaise and a more chronic despondency, but the difference between the two types of depression is extremely important.

Everyone experiences an occasional bout of the blues. The mood dip is often precipitated by a particular event, such as losing a job, seeing a child off to college, the death of a loved one or the breakup of a marriage. With time, this situational depression should resolve itself. If you don't pull together after an appropriate period—several weeks to several months depending on the cause—you're probably in a serious slump that could become a permanent part of your life.

Chronic depression usually springs from self-hate. If a person is loyal and compassionate to himself, long-term depression is unlikely. All too often, though, people equate self-esteem with accomplishment and performance, rather than with virtues such as kindness and understanding. In today's competitive society, meeting lofty expectations can be difficult, and dashed hopes will usually produce self-loathing and depression.

If depression lasts longer than a few weeks or causes any serious symptoms, such as suicidal thoughts, seek psychiatric help. Left untreated, this malady can be a dangerous illness, blighting your life and the lives of those close to you. Still, depression may also result in a constructive turnabout, if the afflicted person summons the courage to reorder his or her life on a more realistic basis. Often this means reducing expectations and accepting oneself as a worthy human being.

I overheard my 16-year-old daughter tell her friends that she had had sex with a boy in her class. I'm sure she doesn't love him. Instead, I think she made love because the other girls do. What should I do?

Discuss this issue with your daughter. Find out if peer pressure is indeed the reason for her actions. Many adolescents, especially those with low self-esteem, do indulge in such activities as making love or taking drugs just to conform. Why not share with your daughter your feelings about the proper role of sex? Frequently, teen-agers don't understand the special significance of lovemaking as part of a warm and caring relationship.

Also, make sure your daughter knows that she is free to say no to sex. Many girls consent to make love because they're afraid of losing their boyfriends. A young girl must learn that the only sure way to be accepted—and happy—is to be true to herself.

One last caveat: Even though you don't approve of your daughter's behavior, your conversation with her should be warm and loving. Harsh judgments and recriminations will only make matters worse. Let her know she can talk freely with you, and be sure she is well informed about birth control and the dangers of venereal disease. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. His most recent book is "Reconciliations: Inner Peace in an Age of Anxiety" (The Viking Press). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in this column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

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Getting It Straight

continued from page 74

house. Perhaps it had contributed to my grudging assent to live there.

Not so many years earlier, the flat land had been farmed, and I imagined cows once sought the shade under my singular tree. Last summer, our first down here, the New Jersey sun had been implacable. It seemed more southern than the indifferent wet heat of New York. In the city, I had gone up to the roof when I could, without my daughter, who surely might have fallen. From our apartment building, one could see a long stretch of the Hudson. The breeze was a genuine presence that high up, smelling, I was convinced, of Canada from the north and the great open bay to the south. Most of all now, I missed that sense of distance and adventure, and I wondered aloud how Moira, another transplanted New Yorker, would make her adjustments.

"But she grew up in a suburb. She's probably used to it." Bobbie had ferreted out that, too. "Besides, look how beautiful the girl is."

And we all waved again; I smiled at that last remark, which was not quite a non sequitur. Framed in her doorway, Moira, indeed, was a somewhat unconventional picture. I thought she had the kind of appearance that would let men especially take pleasure in her. Bobbie had grasped at once, as I did, that no male around here would be churlish enough not to help her adapt. Dusky, almost Spanish-looking, she had extremely smooth and even skin. Her hair and eyes were the identical shade of rich brown, and her figure was so firm and slight that Bobbie joked those kids must have been adopted. Samantha, the older one, was seven; Roxy, only three.

Predictably, our kids all played together. My daughter Jenny was the same age as Samantha, and Moira, eager to fit at least her children into the group, was soon participating in our circle of pediatricians and baby-sitters. At first, most of the women except Bobbie seemed glad to help her out.

"The others say it's plain selfishness," I told my husband after a time. "But I think she worries that Moira's too exotic for New Jersey. And Bobbie's Ed has always had an eye for the ladies."

At this point, had I voiced my own doubts about Moira, I knew only Bobbie would have supported me. As I had expected, Jeff admired her a great deal. Not only was she a looker, but she was bright and charming as well. Jeff taught at the nearby college and often came home at irregular hours. On several occasions he had joined Moira and me when we had coffee. The first time he sat down with us, Moira jumped up with alacrity.

"Come on, Samantha," she called into the family room. "I've got two more papers to write. There are miles to go before we sleep."

Jeff grinned. "A Frost buff in New Jersey?"

We had been discussing the children's bedtime habits, so I suppose there could have been some remote connection.

I hesitated. "Moira's gone back to school, in English. Just like you, Jeff."

My husband made a face. "You'll be sorry," he said to her. "Do you want to live in a tract house forever?" Then he stared at her curiously. "Excuse me, Moira, but are you sure you've thought it through? English professors will go out of style one of these days. And the caliber of the students is declining faster than you can say *Canterbury Tales*."

Moira giggled engagingly, but said nothing.

"Perhaps you ought to reconsider it," he said, not meeting anyone's eye.

"Jeff's a real knight in shining armor," Moira told me afterwards. Clichés never bothered her around other women. "You're very lucky, Debra."

And, of course, I was. Jeff was a throwback, courtly to all females, even to me. He believed in old-fashioned attributes—mothers who stayed home with their children, a clean, well-lighted place to welcome a husband at the end of his day. In return he gave me his sturdy protectiveness. Yet before Jenny came along, I had worked as a fabric designer in the city. Two months before she was born, I had completed my first portfolio of other drawings. Unfortunately the company I worked for had been going on the skids; new jobs were hard to find. Our neighborhood was deteriorating too; but in spite of all this, I would have liked sketching solely for myself, dreaming of a slot in the Metropolitan Museum, venturing out only to the theater or back to school for a fine arts degree. Nevertheless a part of me was relieved I had been taken away.

"Moira's ex is paying for her MA," I informed Jeff a while later.

"That's because he *wants* her to be self-supporting."

"And he throws in something extra for all those sitters, too."

"Well, Deb, you don't expect her to leave kids that age alone?" he said.

It was difficult not to tell him that in spite of her funding, Moira did exactly that. Only last week, the doorbell rang at nine A.M. Savoring the silence, I was drinking coffee in the kitchen by myself.

"Samantha," I said at the door. "Why aren't you in school?"

"My throat hurts," she said, and burst into tears.

"Did the nurse send you home without making sure anyone was there?" I was outraged, already at the phone.

"Mommy didn't let me go to school. But she went to the library, the T broken and—and it hurts," she sobbe

Behind her, the sharp November w whistled at the door. Sam, in tho without socks, a light sweatshirt ac her bony shoulders, shivered.

"Come in, baby." I rubbed her h and made hot chocolate for the two of It was my day to go into the city, Sam's temperature was 102° by the t her mother's car pulled in the drive For a moment, I contemplated let Moira stew when she saw Sam was g Then I decided she might not notice, her head was usually so dee those books.

Eventually, Jill, who was the kindes us all, also began to resent Moira's i orable pinch.

"It's not that I mind being neighbor Even before her accusation, she flush "But why do supplies travel only one around here—from my house to h Roxy's constantly at the back d 'Mommy's out of sugar—can you fill this cup?' Even when Moira takes Kevin, which is rare, *he's* back more o than not, saying Moira needs four sl of white bread for their lunch, or a li mayonnaise. . . ." Her voice trailed o embarrassment.

"For God's sake," Bobbie said, tated. "You seem more ashamed of y self than of her, kiddo—"

"Leave Jill alone," I said, but in s way I felt relieved. Her confession solved me. Good-natured souls like are never deliberately cruel.

"I know for a fact," Bobbie thunde on, "that Matt Deutsch treats his dau ters like princesses, not Cinderellas. Sunday we met him with the girls Broadway matinee. No fast-food place dinner as *she* does with them, if she c cadge anything off the rest of you—"

"Oh, be fair, Bobbie. Maybe he trea Moira like Cinderella. Samantha once Jenny her parents split up because wouldn't let her mother go to school."

"Spoon-fed to her kids very nicely Moira," said Bobbie. "She bamboo you too, Debra." Eyes shining, she tin it perfectly while we waited for her ne "I happen to know the man is datin chemistry teacher right now. Got t everyone? He even introduced us to at the theater. So it's not that he's aga women being educated. No, there m have been something else wrong w that marriage."

Then she said carefully: "Let me you another thing—even *I* used to don to Moira. And we can well afford it," said, not looking at Jill. "Then one tim went over there for her to sign so petition for the school. At the front d was this huge sack of apples. Those l great, I told her. The kids picked th with Matt, she said. They're straight fr the orchard. Would you like some? rific, I said. And just *(continu*



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Getting It Straight

continued

to be polite, I offered to pay her for the pound or two. Okay, she said cheerfully. Now what could that have come to? Forty cents?"

By this time, Jill was brilliant red.

"I've got my troubles," Bobbie said slowly. "You're both good friends and I guess you know why. Ed thinks maybe we'd do better if we moved away, but I've been fighting it. I've got to nerve myself up for the competition, probably more women like Moira—gorgeous, ambitious gals, if you two will excuse me. Even so, I don't make Ed pay for what he wants, not in any room of my house," she said. "But a woman who'd charge for her ex-husband's apple-picking—she must have known how to exact some pretty heavy penalties. And you don't have to go to graduate school to figure *that* out."

It was inevitable that Samantha and Jenny became best friends. Occasionally, I would overhear their conversations or observe them at their games. Sam was a tough customer; that seemed inevitable, too. She and her sister were so much on their own that Sam's behavior at eight was in some ways far more mature than one would expect. At times she seemed like Jenny's older sister—a tall, strong, already preadolescent girl who closely resembled her father. I knew this because each weekend, with unfailing regularity, Matt Deutsch picked up his daughters and took them back to the city. Once, he invited Jenny to go along and she went, reluctantly, since he was still a stranger to her, a New York daddy who had given his girls a prize hoard of sophisticated stories. When he brought Jenny home prompt to the minute, I wanted to like him. But it was only Jeff who approved.

"He's a man who knows his own mind," said my husband.

"That depends how you look at it," I answered tightly. "I thought he was rather overbearing. And the whole time he was talking, Jeff, he never once addressed a remark to me. Surely I know as much about the plastics business as you do!"

Jeff laughed.

"It's not funny! And was that a back-handed compliment he gave me at the door? He said I was a good ingredient in Samantha's [illegible], like—like protein!"

"He seems like a decent, honorable man," my husband said flatly. "Moira was a fool."

I doubted that, although secretly I quite enjoyed my husband's change of heart toward our neighbor. His chivalrous admiration for a woman forced to make it on her own had disintegrated this past year. He particularly disliked the string of young men who drove out to Moira's house nearly every weekend when her children were gone. Most came once or twice; only one had seen the seasons change.

"I don't appreciate the way she uses men," Jeff said. "Is it the entrance fee over there to help her fix up the place?"

That was the end of his chivalry. Gradually, though, I came to suspect that Jeff's angry attitude could no longer be my own. When I took the dog out at night, it was hard not to notice Moira herself diligently at work in her living room. Hunched over a gigantic old desk, surrounded by her girls' playthings and clothes, she was so concentrated on her reading that she didn't even stir if our mutt began to growl.

Staring in at Moira one evening, I suddenly walked across her lawn and tapped on the picture window. Beside me, the dog yapped with excitement. I tapped again but she was oblivious. Then Roxy ran into the room, one of Moira's Indian shirts down to her knees, crying and pointing outside. Quickly, I went up the front steps, not wanting to scare either of them. The front door was slightly ajar.

"Moira, it's me, it's me!"

Now she was busy bolting it from inside.

"God help you," I muttered, pacing until they finally realized who it was. It made me worry again about Jenny's safety over there, and I told Moira this over instant coffee, which I made while she cleared a place on the loaded table.

"Oh, who'd want to rob anything from me?" Rubbing her eyes, she laughed tiredly. "I mean, just look around, Debra. D'you know your daughter pales exactly as you do when she sees the mess here?"

While I resisted an impulse to run around cleaning up, I was thinking that underneath the major debris, it still looked almost as newly moved-into as the day we had first come over with cof and cake.

As if she could read my though Moira sighed. "I know," she said, fing ing an upholstery swatch from the flo "I've been trying to get this couch c ered for months. And then finish painti the—the furniture."

Against the wall, three huge bookca were partially raw; only two shelves w covered with streaked brown paint.

"It's crummy, isn't it?" She sighed aga but then she brightened. "Still, it's lik dormitory room in a way, kind of univers makeshift. I didn't have a real college li there was barely enough money for tuitio So I'm getting a taste of it now. Better l than never, I suppose."

Idly, I picked up a biography of Aud lying under a box of chocolate ch cookies. Most of the pages were carefu annotated in minute handwriting.

"A lot of things are better late th never." I looked her directly in the ey "I do admire you, Moira."

She held my glance, then flushe "Oh, pooh," she said. "Look at you a your life. Then look at me."

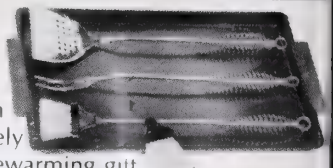
From outside, she still had appear about 20, but close up, I saw new lin under her eyes, and that beautiful ri hair had a few streaks of gray.

"Sometimes I think I've made an irr deemable mess of it," she said shyly. "I like I've been on a steamroller, ju smashing along toward that PhD. couldn't let anything stand in my way, I'd never even have finished my course And things kept happening, people let when I didn't expect them to. . . ." Wit care, she extracted a cookie from the b and ate it, watching for crumbs amon the books. My stomach growled audibl but as usual, she was off in another worl disinclined to be a hostess.

Then she said, "Did Jenny tell yo about Aram?"

(continue

BARBECUE TOOLS pictured on page 106



You may order the basic tools as a 4-pc. set, consisting of baster (with extra brush head), turner, fork, on a black-enameled metal serving tray with wood handles. Tools measure 16½" long. Attractively packaged, the set makes a stunning hostess or housewarming gift.

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Getting It Straight

continued

"No, she didn't." Of course, other names had been brought home—a George, a Joe, two different Davids. "I'm sure I would've remembered the name."

Laughing uncomfortably, Moira said, "But I'll bet Sam clued Jenny in about all the rest of them."

That sent me to the chocolate chips even without an invitation.

"You know," she said, "my family is far away and—and incompatible. And it turned out that I have no real female friends except for my daughter. Maybe she's enough in the end. When the last guy I had over here walked away from us—I think it was David—Sam said, 'Mama, why do you keep going out with those boys? Don't they have their own mommies to help them grow up?'"

In the silence that followed, one of the lamps blew out, startling us both. Once more, she looked 18.

"But after Matt," she said in the dimness, "I vowed never again to become involved with someone who could—subjugate me like that. Matt was just about my age now when I first met him. I was nineteen then, and luckily, I had only one year left of college. I had been skipped twice before. My family thought education was for oddballs. They wouldn't have cared less if I'd quit. And Matt maintained he could teach me everything else I needed to know. At the time, he was an instructor in English, and of course I believed him, but some instinct made me finish up that BA."

"And then what happened?" I asked, feeling uncomfortably like Bobbie but too curious to stop myself.

"Well, right away, he wanted us to start a family. Wanted me, I should say," she added bitterly. "He said I knew more than enough to educate children, especially if they turned out to be girls." She gave a sad, ironic giggle. "Sometimes I think he thought I did it deliberately, to have daughters as his punishment. But d'you know what the worst part was? That last year at college I really began to love what I was learning. Matt's superior—the best professor on the faculty—told me that if I wanted to, I could become a genuine scholar. Matt knew it, and I guess it enraged him, that kind of attention. He insisted it was because I was beautiful"—and she flushed. "That's when he began to hate me. Soon afterward, he left teaching and went into business in chemistry with a man he knew—"

Suddenly, the telephone rang. In a moment, she came out of the kitchen, looking guilty. "That was Jeff," she said.

The dog, who had almost fallen asleep, stirred at his name, and I jumped to my feet.

"Oh, God, I'm sure he's mad as hell."

"He is," she said. "But it's amazing how much relief also managed to slip through the wire."

At the door, she touched my shoulder. "I admire *you*," she said. "How extraordinary you must be to make a man care so much about you."

And because I had to spend the next hour calming my husband, it was not until my eyes were closing that I realized I still had no idea who Aram was.

Quite by accident, later that same week, I met Moira's mystery man. It was a wonderful afternoon in late spring, and the neighborhood, even to me, looked green and appealing. I had taken a sketch book to the back garden, determined to incorporate my fresh-leafed tree into a fabric design. No one else was around. All the children were at school, the men off at work. Some of the other women were beginning to work away from home as well. Struggling over my drawing, vowing that this would surely be my last year at home, I looked up from my pad to see a man behind Moira's scraggly bushes, tampering with her window.

Only that morning, Sam, picking up Jenny, had mentioned her mother would be in the library until dinner; her orals were next week. Soundlessly, I slipped into my house to phone the police, and when they came almost at once, I was not at all sorry. The intruder looked like a thug: Short and squat, with a swarthy, Middle Eastern complexion, he had a violently disturbing face, or so I thought until Moira was dragged home from her books and he beamed his forgiveness at me, and even at the cops, who disbursed, I felt, with unbecoming disappointment.

He had a ravishing smile, this Aram. Wearing that grin, his whole demeanor changed. I was certain one could trust him to fix far more than a window, as he had been trying to do for Moira.

"Good-bye, Mo-ira's neighbor," he said to me in broken English. His handshake was delicate, like a bear who knew better than to hurt a friend. "I shall see you in and out," he added. "This house"—and he kicked at a sagging front step—"she is almost new but in bad condition. I am almost old but in good condition."

Most of this was said while an abstracted Moira stared into space, but at these last words, she hooked her reedy arm in his and planted a kiss on his dark cheek, making him blush with pleasure.

"We're the same age, Aram," she said. "If you're old, then I'm old too."

"Oh, no, Mo-ira." With great fierceness. "You will never be old—only beautiful. And brill-iant."

His thug's face, shining with love, was suddenly beautiful, too. Any fool could see he was mad about her.

Moira's eyes met mine just above his thin, curling hair. She was slightly taller than he was. "What else can you do," she told me, "but keep on trying until you get it straight?"

Then, holding hands, they both went into her house.

Two years later, Moira successfully defended her dissertation and was awarded a PhD. Her thesis dealt with the nascent signs of feminism in early American women poets. A female publishing collective immediately scooped it up for their fall list of books. And in the midst of the party I threw to celebrate this, she went into labor and in my bedroom she was delivered of her first son, Aram's eagerly awaited first child. They named him Omar, the new father's favorite poet, a Persian man of sense as well as passion.

Between the time I had spied Aram in the bushes and these subsequent events, many of our lives had changed in the neighborhood. To no one's surprise, Bobbie's Ed finally left her. To everyone's initial surprise, following Moira's example, Bobbie also used her alimony to go back to school—in social work, where she says her ferreting instincts can be of the greatest use. Jill's husband struck it rich, patenting one tiny screw for some esoteric machine. To my disappointment, they moved away immediately; we correspond only at Christmas. Moira's ex-husband Matt married that chemistry teacher and sees his daughters with the same frequency as before. But both girls are devoted to Aram too, and when she grows up, Samantha says she is planning a trip to his homeland if the world situation ever improves. Moira will soon teach college English in the city, while Aram putters at home, taking delighted care of Omar. He has set up a shop in their garage and pays housecalls on air conditioners and washing machines, a successful and happy man.

Jeff and I went through the rockiest part of our marriage during this period. We each had to decide how far, and where, we wished to try to go—there was even a time when we debated whether we wanted to do it together. Last winter, he was appointed dean of students at the college, and became more content in administration. His sense of order and chivalry is appreciated there, especially in these difficult days. Within several months, I found a job in the city, designing fabrics. Moira will ride in with me when our schedules coincide. My Jenny continues to view Omar with some jealousy. She yearns for a sibling, much as I yearn for a New York studio. Still, we both have learned to live with reality, which, in the end, has its own satisfactions.

All of us have suddenly begun to look our ages, even Moira. Trying until you get it straight is not an easy business. I often think how long it took for the splendid tree in our yard to grow that height, then marvel at the younger ones, still struggling to reach their branches toward the sun. **End**

BARBECUE

continued from page 87

SIC MARINADES FOR MEAT, ULTRY, FISH

rinades are great for tenderizing and oring cheaper, tougher cuts of meat. Use about ½ cup of marinade per nd. Food doesn't have to be com-ely covered, but it should be turned n. • Acid-based liquids (fruit juice, e, vinegar) are strongest. • Powdered at tenderizers are fastest—and com-ed with a homemade recipe, can cut rinating time from many hours to one. General marinating time varies with e and thickness of food. We found fish burgers need only 1 hour; chicken, k, lamb and beef 12 to 24 hours (in igerator). • Marinate in glass, enam-stainless or non-stick coated con-ers—aluminum may discolor and pit. ightly baste with marinade during king to keep food from drying out. ess basting may cause flare-ups, char-the meat.

Here are three all-purpose tangy and y marinades:

ame-Lemon. Combine ¼ cup each sauce, salad oil and chopped green ons, 2 Tb. each brown sugar and on juice. Makes 1 cup. After cooking t, sprinkle with 3 Tb. toasted sesame ls for nutty flavor.

r. Mix 1½ cups beer, ½ cup salad oil, b. sugar, 2–3 crushed garlic cloves, 1 Dijon mustard, 1 tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. hot per sauce. Makes 2 cups.

aigrette. Combine ¼ cup each salad nd olive oil, ½ cup red wine vinegar, sp. each crushed thyme and mar-m, 2 crushed garlic cloves, 1 tsp. salt, p. pepper. Makes over 1 cup.

JCES AND GLAZES

n-m-m, just before your food is ready, sh lightly with a savory sauce. Make one of the last steps, since these rich es burn easily. Extra sauce can be red over before serving or passed at table. Terrific on tender steaks, ken or vegetables.

as B-B-Q Sauce. Combine in a sauce-1 cup each chili sauce and ketchup, up each Worcestershire sauce and ci-vinegar, 2 Tb. each brown sugar and ed onion, 1 tsp. each chili powder, mustard, salt and pepper, ¼ tsp. led red pepper sauce. Bring to boil; . Makes 2½ cups.

y Orange Glaze. Mix in bowl: ½ cup et orange marmalade, ⅓ cup orange e, 2 Tb. each soy sauce, lemon juice, pped green onions, 1 tsp. curry der. Makes 1 cup.

emary-Wine Baste. Blend in sauce-¼ cup each butter or margarine and l oil, ½ cup vermouth, 1 tsp. crushed mary, 1 crushed garlic clove, 1 tsp. ½ tsp. pepper. Simmer 2 minutes. es 1 cup. **End**

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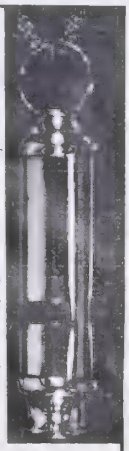
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Take a Towel and Decorate!

continued from page 85

All towels from Utica by J.P. Stevens.
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DIRECTOR'S CHAIR SLIPCOVER

MATERIALS: Grand Velour towels in Bittersweet: 1 body sheet—34" x 66", 4 bath towels—25" x 50", matching thread, pins, scissors, zig-zag attachment for sewing machine.

Pin-fit towels to chair, velvet side out. All seam allowances are 1". Center width of body sheet on front of chair back, with end 1" above chair top. Smooth length down back, across seat to front edge, pinning towel to chair to keep in place. Center a bath towel on outside back of chair with its top end even with bath sheet. Pin together across top and down sides to chair arm. Lay a towel over a chair arm, allowing end to drop inside arm to 1" below seat. Starting at outer back edge of arm, pin together chair arm towel and towel covering chair front, pinning across width of arm and down to seat. At front of arm, pin across width to outer edge of arm, then down to seat. Pin arm cover and seat cover together, curving around front and along side of seat to back. At outside back, pin arm cover to back cover from top of arm to seat level. Fit towel to other arm in same way.

Make a paper pattern to cut the pie-shaped pieces, called godets, which will be fitted at corners of chair skirt. Cut a piece of paper 12" wide and 3" longer than the height of chair seat from floor. Fold in half lengthwise. Use a ruler to draw a straight line from outer corner at one end to center fold at the other. Cut out along line and unfold pattern. Use pattern to cut four godets from remaining towel. Pin a godet to cover at each corner. Trim all seams to ½", cutting notches in seam allowance to match them when sewing cover. Unpin cover.

Reassemble pieces, wrong side out, in this sequence. Sew a godet to each side of piece for chair back and for chair front. Sew front and back pieces, stitching across top and down sides to arm. Seam front edges of arms down to seat level. Fit one arm section to rest of cover, sewing from bottom edge of front godet up to seat, along side of seat to back, up back to top of arm, across width of arm and down to bottom edge of godet at back. Join other arm to cover in same way. Using zig-zag attachment, stitch along edges of seam allowance to bind. Turn cover right side out and place on chair. Adjust height of skirt, turning up hem so it just clears floor. Remove cover. Trim hem to 1" and machine stitch around hem. Replace cover on chair.

PATCHWORK COVER FOR ROUND TABLE

MATERIALS: Grand Velour body sheets, 34" x 66", in Jade, Amazonia, Reseda, Creamy Apricot, Bittersweet and Sienna; scissors, pins, thread, zig-zag attachment, pencil, graph paper and string.

Measure height of table top from floor, double it and add the diameter of the table top to determine size of finished cover. (The table we show is 30" high, 30" in diameter and required a 90" diameter cloth.) To determine size of patchwork squares, we divided by 9, added 1" to allow for ½" seams. For smaller table, or if you want to use smaller squares, divide by 7 or 5—always an odd number so that there will be a square in center of cover.

On graph paper, plot out placement of color squares. Draw a large square and divide it into the number of small squares you need across and down. Our graph was 9 squares x 9 squares. Eliminate the square at each corner—they'll be cut off when you trim patchwork into a round. Starting with center square, label each with the color you want. Work around and out from center, balancing colors on all sides. Count the number of outside squares of each color; these will be cut the same width as all others, but 1½" longer to allow for 2" hems. Count the number of inside squares of each color. Cut squares. For cover shown on page 84, outside squares were cut 11" x 12½"; inside squares 11" x 11".

Zig-zag stitch along edges of each square to prevent unraveling. Follow your color chart to join squares into strips. Press seams, then join strips together to make patchwork. Fold cover into quarters. Tie a length of string to pencil, just above the point. Measure out from pencil along string half the diameter of finished cover, plus 2" for hem. Pin string at marked point to folded corner of cover; pull pencil out to full extent of the string and draw a line from one side of folded square to the other. Follow this curved line to cut out circular cover. If you can't cut through all layers at once, cut top layer then use its curved edge as guide to cut other layers. Zig-zag stitch around edge of cloth. Turn up 2" hem; sew in place and press.

TERRY FRAMED MIRROR

MATERIALS: 1 "Coronado Shells" bath sheet—34" x 66", 1 piece ½" plywood, cut 30" x 62"; 1 mirror, cut 14" x 46"; 1 piece cardboard, cut 29½" x 61½"; 8 mirror clips; screw driver, staples, staple gun, screw eyes, picture wire.

Measure in 9" on all four sides of plywood and cut out 12" x 44" opening (have done at lumber yard if possible).

Position towel, right side up, over plywood frame. Insert a few staples along outside edges over. Working from back of frame, cut center from towel, leaving at least 2" along all edges to wrap around thickness of plywood. Clip towel diagonally to within ¾" of inside corners. Fold allowance over edges of opening and staple to back of frame. Remove staples holding towel to front of frame. At outside corners of frame, clip allowance diagonally in to within ¾" of corner of frame. Fold allowance over thickness of plywood and staple to back, trimming excess towel at corners to lie flat. (Note: It may be necessary to clip a trifle more at inside and outside corners as you work.) Position mirror, screw in mirror clips. Place cardboard over back of frame with ¼" of frame showing on all four sides. Staple to frame close to edge of cardboard. Insert screw eyes and attach picture wire.

KNIFE EDGE FLOOR PILLOW COVER

MATERIALS: Grand Velour body sheets—34" x 66"—in Amazonia and Jade, matching 26" zipper, scissors, pins, thread, zipper foot and zig-zag attachment.

For 28" square pillow cover, cut four 15" squares of each color. Place 2 squares together, one of each color, velvet sides facing. Join along one side using ½" seam allowance. Repeat with other 2 squares. To make full-size square, join pairs of joined squares, making sure that colors form checkerboard. Repeat with remaining squares.

Place two large joined squares velvet sides together. Along one edge, pin and stitch 1½" in from opposite corners using ½" seam allowance. Press. Pin in zipper, then stitch in place. Leaving zipper partially open, pin other three sides of pillow together and stitch using ½" seam allowance. Double stitch at corners, then trim close to seam. Turn cover right side out and steam press.

These instructions may be used to make any patchwork pillow cover after smaller squares have been joined into full-size squares. To determine size of squares, divide 28" by 9, 7 or 5, depending on how large you wish squares to be. Add 1" for seams. Join squares into strips first, then into full-size squares, taking care to alternate colors of blocks.

NECKROLL (not pictured)

MATERIALS: one Grand Velour bath towel—25" x 50"—in Bittersweet, matching thread, Dacron batting, ribbon.

Trim hem from one end of towel. Measure down 21" and cut across width of towel. Fold this 21" x 25" strip together lengthwise, velvet side in, selvage edges at ends and cut edges even. Seam ½" from cut edges to make a tube. Press seam flat and turn right side out.

Cut a 16" wide strip of batting long enough to roll into a 6½" dia. cylinder. Stuff cylinder into tube with 4½" of empty tube at each end. Gather ends close to stuffing and tie tightly with ribbon. Two neckrolls can be made from one bath towel. **End**

SEASCAPE

By Maureen Cannon

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As fanciful as summer is, agreeing
(The glasses raised) upon what each is fleeing . . .
Cacophony of sound, no pause, no lull.
And who can hear the laughter of the gull?

Journal Shopping Center

TAKE A TOWEL AND DECORATE PAGES 84–85: On table, Total Color terracotta dinner plates, cups and saucers by Fitz & Floyd; Clairhill silverplated flatware by Oneida; Citation 12½-oz. wine glasses by Libbey.


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MY DOLLY . . . A little girl's dream come true. All the pretty details of this stuffed doll (12" tall), her wickery carrying case and complete wardrobe are ironed onto your own fabrics using full color paper transfers. Simply sew and stuff, add your own trims or embroidery to create an heirloom gift to delight a child. Item #8124 . . . **$2.95**



BUNNY BASKET (left) soft hug-and hold toy for a child to love. Five rabbits and two eggs nestle inside this pocket basket (10¾ x 8¾") which uses your own fabric. Basketwork, grassery, face and finery details all appear from iron-on transfers. Item #8181 . . . **$2.95**



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PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM ARMA, RICHARD LITWIN

Rosalynn & Jimmy Carter Today

continued from page 44

assed since their day-to-day involvement ith the challenges of public office and a ueling presidential campaign. For the rst time in many years they are free om the cares and responsibilities of run- ing for and holding political office.

For Jimmy Carter, Rosalynn remains ny partner in every sense of the word." or Rosalynn, Jimmy is "a good husband, good father and grandfather. And he as a great president.

"Our years together, Jimmy's and ine," Mrs. Carter tells me, "have been arvelous and fascinating. And our love as been enhanced by the respect we ave for each other and by the indepen- ence we share."

That independence and respect go ack to the beginning of their marriage, 1946. When Carter was governor of eorgia, for example, Mrs. Carter was volved in her own projects while taking art in his work—just as he had an inter- st in hers. "It was while we were cam- aigning across the country in 1976, to- ether and individually, that our lives ecame most intensely intertwined," she xplains. And they remain so. The two ave worked together, from Jimmy Car- r's days in the Navy to building up the eanut warehousing business, which was ecently sold.

"In the White House," Mrs. Carter dds, "I tried to be conversant with the roblems Jimmy was trying to solve. At he same time, I think I helped him by aintaining a close family life, taking care f as many of the routine family matters s I could—such as paying the bills, stay- ng in touch with our daughter's [Amy] eachers and helping Rex Scouten [the hief usher] manage the residence area of he White House—to make it a home."

Working together

Today, the Carters take pleasure in the ork they are doing together on and round their house in Plains. It is a red- rick ranch house, with a sun porch and a ower-filled backyard, in the middle of he quiet, sun-dappled woods of Sumter ounty, Georgia. The only house on the lock, it is a short walk from the town's hopping area. The inside, homey and npretentious, has a cozy feeling that ays, "welcome." Jimmy, who has re- urned to his old hobby—carpentry—has loored the attic of the house, using the et of carpenter's tools his staff gave him hen he went home. "I told Jimmy I ould use him around the house," said osalynn, "and I really do. He is very andy."

The former president works in a ma- hine shop converted from a carport at he side of the house. There he has made wo new birdhouses for Amy to replace the one he had made for her and installed on the South Lawn of the White House four years ago. He also has hung family photographs and some of himself with world leaders taken during his White House years.

Mrs. Carter, who has a green thumb, has spent many weeks transplanting trees and shrubbery—boxwood and azaleas—to spots around the machine shop and the house; a few of the trees were sent by friends from Washington. Some days her family comes to visit and finds her gardening clothes streaked with the red Georgia earth she has hauled to fill the holes around the new trees to give them a healthy beginning.

Together the Carters fish in a nearby lake; jog around town; walk in the woods and ride their bicycle-built-for-two, an apt symbol of their close marriage.

Church remains a vital part of their lives. Shortly after they returned to Plains, they joined the new Maranatha Baptist Church, and the former president expects to resume his practice of teaching an occasional Sunday School class.

Though four years in the White House might spoil any "liberated" husband, it didn't change Jimmy Carter; he and his wife share all household chores, from cooking and shopping to making the beds. "Jimmy helps me with everything around the house," Mrs. Carter says. "I think he is a better cook than I am, but he won't agree."

Does Rosalynn Carter ever miss the services she enjoyed at the White House? She indicates that it's not so much the convenience she misses, it's just that occasionally household duties take up the time she and her husband would like to use for special projects.

Among those projects are the books that each is writing. The former president's volume will include his account of the Camp David summit, where he brought together Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and Egyptian President Anwar El-Sadat prior to their signing of the peace treaty. Most of the preliminary work on the book is being done in Carter's Plains office, located in his mother's house, minutes away from his own. Carter also makes occasional visits to a second office—in the Richard Russell Federal building in downtown Atlanta, where most of the records of his presidential years are stored. Atlanta is the city most likely to be the site of his presidential library, now in the planning stages.

Mrs. Carter will base her book on a daily, handwritten diary she kept during her White House stay. But many of her mornings are spent answering mail she still receives from people around the world. Even her mother is kept busy with correspondence from admiring citizens who write to say things like, "Your daughter was a wonderful and caring First Lady."

Caring was one of Mrs. Carter's key motivations when she was in the White House. "I want to see a caring society," she once told me. "People need to help one another, to feel that their lives are worthwhile."

Fittingly, a framed citation awarded her for "helping to build a more caring society" has pride of place on the wall of her living room. But she is modest about her many achievements. When asked about her years as First Lady, she says simply: "I'd like to be remembered for using the position to do the best I could, and as one who *did* make a difference."

But Rosalynn Carter recognizes that there was a gap between what she wanted to accomplish and what she was able to complete. Most presidential candidates and their wives, she observes, hope to cure all of society's ills when they move into the White House; but *(continued)*



"Pick a lucky number. We've got four steaks and forty hot-dogs."

Rosalynn & Jimmy Carter Today

continued

soon find out that there are no easy solutions. "I had some successes and some failures," she says. "What I am most proud of is the new Mental Health Systems Act [passed last September, it will provide community-based mental health care as an alternative to institutional care], and of the Carter record for aid to the elderly; and for education."

Failure to achieve ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment is Mrs. Carter's greatest disappointment. But she promises to continue to speak out on behalf of women's rights. "I have not given up on that issue," she says. "It is more than just an issue of women's rights—it is an issue of human rights. A First Lady," she adds, "can do an incredible amount of good" for the needy and the destitute. "For example, I'm still moved by what I observed on my trip to Cambodia [two years ago] to aid the Cambodia Relief Fund. When I returned, I helped to bring together many volunteer organizations and to raise millions of dollars."

Later, Father Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University, wrote to tell her: "You saved a whole nation of people."

With the close of Jimmy's term in office—and the loss of the highest forum for effecting change—have the Carters experienced any sense of letdown?

Not pessimistic people

"We are not pessimistic people," Mrs. Carter responds with an air of confidence that shows triumph over the hurt they must have felt at the election results. "Adjustment periods are never easy, but I've had them most of my life." She paused. "One goes through one phase of life, and then another—that's all. I think the next phase for us will be exciting and rewarding.

"But I have no specific plans. I don't know what I'll be involved in. I just know I won't be idle. I'm not the type to be inactive. The possibilities are limitless. It will be interesting to see how things develop in our future." As one close friend, Barbara Thomas, remarks: "Whether Rosalynn is First Lady of Plains or First Lady of the nation, she'll be involved in something worthwhile. Her character is such that, no matter what she does, she'll be successful at it. She has lots of determination."

Determination is perhaps one of her most salient features. Says Jimmy Carter: "We both worked very hard to win a second term. But Rosalynn campaigned even more vigorously than I did. Now that's all behind us. We are looking forward to the future with anticipation."

The former president appears to be at peace with himself, a far cry from the last time I saw him at the White House, just before he greeted Nancy and Ronald Reagan and rode with the president-elect to the inauguration. Then, he showed the effects of the ordeal of the previous night—the anxious vigil awaiting the release of the American hostages from Iran. Today, he is tanned, content and often flashes his familiar smile. Even the family doctor says, "To me, both Rosalynn and Jimmy look better and more relaxed now than they have been in a long time."

And 13-year-old Amy Carter also has adjusted gracefully. A constant source of pleasure to her parents, they describe her as a "very secure, very natural child, at home with young and old, friend and stranger."

Enrolled now in the Tri-Country School, 19 miles from home, she is an active student, eager in class and proud of having made the track team.

"Amy has had it rough, being uprooted since she was three years old, when we moved from Plains to Atlanta," her mother says. "In 1976, on the night Jimmy was elected president, Amy cried because she didn't want to move to Washington; and now she has had to leave the new friends she made there. It is hard for any young person to have to do that, but Amy has been a good sport about all the moving we've done."

One event that did shake the self-possessed Amy was the outcome of last November's elections. Amy told her mother she was "depressed" about her father's defeat at the polls. "After we explained that we had fought a hard fight and had done the best we could, she accepted the fact," Mrs. Carter recalls. "The next day, after school, she told me, 'I had to be tough in school today, because all the students were crying about the election. I think I was the only one who didn't.'"

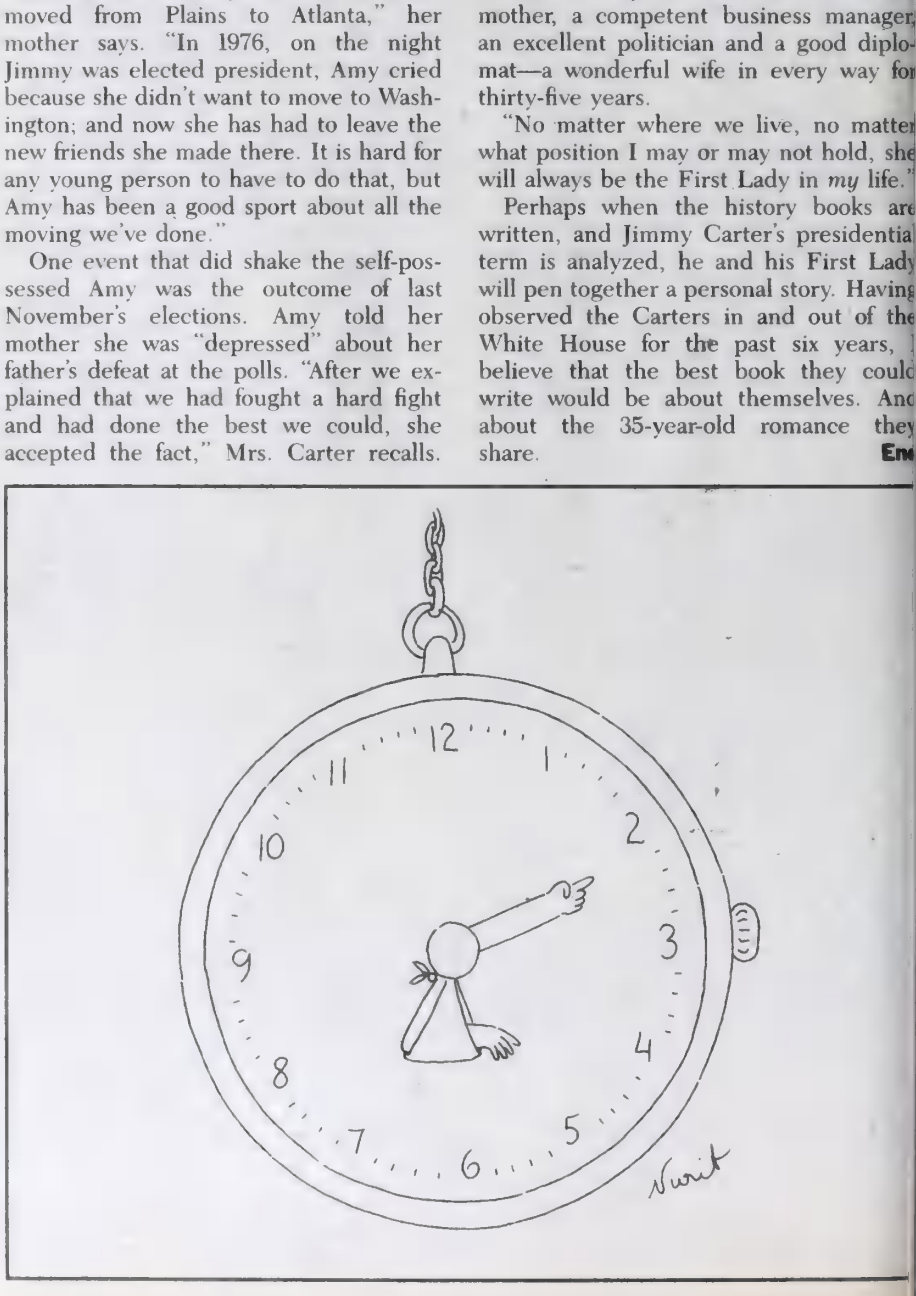
It was only after Amy had watched the inauguration of Ronald Reagan and joined her parents aboard Air Force One to leave Washington that the tears finally came. . . . It is little wonder, though, that Amy's adjustments have gone smoothly given the secure home environment her parents have provided.

Even through difficult periods of change, the former President and First Lady have always remained calm and optimistic. "Together, Jimmy and I have gone through life's good fortunes as well as its disappointments," Rosalynn concludes. "Together, we have rejoiced over the victories, and there were many. Together, we suffered when things did not go well."

Says the 39th President of the United States: "Rosalynn has been a devoted mother, a competent business manager, an excellent politician and a good diplomat—a wonderful wife in every way for thirty-five years.

"No matter where we live, no matter what position I may or may not hold, she will always be the First Lady in *my* life."

Perhaps when the history books are written, and Jimmy Carter's presidential term is analyzed, he and his First Lady will pen together a personal story. Having observed the Carters in and out of the White House for the past six years, I believe that the best book they could write would be about themselves. And about the 35-year-old romance they share. **End**



Elizabeth Taylor

continued from page 70

xcitement that crowds of people recog-
ized me as Velvet and wanted my auto-
graph," Elizabeth said at the time. "It
nade me feel very happy. I felt dazed by
ll the noise."

Such moments of elation were followed
y periods of brooding depression when
lizabeth called in sick and took to her
ed for days at a time. This happened
luring the filming of *Cynthia*, a movie
hat cast Elizabeth as a sickly teenager
whose physical frailties were intensified
y her overprotective parents. "I think
he might have carried her ill and ailing
n-camera role into real life," said a co-
vorker.

Off camera, MGM was hovering anx-
ously. When Elizabeth's face sprouted a
mall blemish, the studio doctor was
ummoned and she was dismissed from
vork to consult a top dermatologist in
os Angeles. A minor cough demanded
horacic examination. In the beginning it
vas the attentive studio that reacted to
ny physical ailment or cosmetic afflic-
ion, but soon the juvenile star was alert-
ng the studio. A production memo from
ne of Elizabeth's early movies shows the
ype of attention she came to expect as a
eenager:

"On Tuesday, July 6, Elizabeth Taylor
omplained of a slight irritation on her
ose when she was in makeup. Dr. Blanc
vas called; he examined her and advised
hat she could be made up . . ."

Besides fretting over her health, there
vere other changes. As the little girl of
Jational Velvet suddenly grew up, her
hildish shyness and sweetness disap-
eared. She became cool and superior.

Still, Elizabeth thrived on her studio
fe. She was thrilled to see herself on the
over of *Life*. She relished her special
tatus as an MGM celebrity, especially
er proximity to other movie stars. Eliz-
beth was especially intrigued by glam-
rous stars like Lana Turner and Ava
Gardner. She saw the looks they got
hen they walked into a room. All eyes
rned. And there was something more
han admiration in the reactions of men.
he wanted to stimulate the same kind of
esponse. So she painted her fingernails
nd toenails scarlet, splashed toilet water
ll over herself, wore earrings the size of
racelets and peasant blouses with plung-
ng necklines. She cinched in her waist as
ghtly as she could.

"I was constantly having to watch Eliz-
beth in her off-the-shoulder blouses,"
ecalled Ann Straus, head of the studio
ortrait gallery. "She'd just discovered
ow much attention she could get when
ne wore one, and when she discovered
hat, she was impossible. She'd have her-
lf paged during lunch and then she
ould pull the blouse off her shoulders
and walk the entire length of the com-
missary—so everyone could see her."

Sara did nothing to discourage her
daughter from trying to look older. In
fact, she promoted the effort, pushing her
headlong into womanhood.

"I remember when Elizabeth was only
thirteen years old and went to Wash-
ington to launch the March of Dimes
campaign with Mrs. Truman in the White
House," recalled a friend. "Sara dressed
that little girl in a black velvet dress, a
white fur coat and a pair of seamless
nylon stockings. She looked like a Joan
Crawford hussy."

Like a hothouse flower artificially
forced to spread its petals, Elizabeth
bloomed before her season. At fifteen she
blossomed into a staggeringly beautiful
woman whose looks suggested dark, se-
ductive secrets.

One day Elizabeth was sitting idly at
the children's table in the commissary,
wearing one of her provocative off-the-
shoulder blouses, when a magazine pho-
tographer approached and asked if he
might take pictures of her in a bathing
suit. Elizabeth turned to her mother for
approval.

"Oh, I think that would be lovely, dar-
ling," said Sara, who proceeded to ar-
range a session for the next day. Eliz-
abeth posed in a one-piece white bathing
suit and the photographer snapped hun-
dreds of pictures, each one exquisite.

"You have no bad angles," he informed
her. "In fact, I think you are the most
beautiful woman I have ever pho-
tographed, and I've photographed every
one in the world."

"Oh, golly," squealed Elizabeth. "Did
you hear that, Mother? Did you hear
what he said? He said I was the most—"

"Yes, my angel, I heard him," said
Sara, and quickly repeated his words to
her good friend, columnist Hedda Hop-
per. The next day Miss Hopper's column
proclaimed 15-year-old Elizabeth Taylor
the most beautiful woman in the world.

No dates

Despite the publicity, the most beauti-
ful 15 year old in the world could not get
a date. She continued pulling her blouse's
shoulders down, hiking up her skirts and
belting in her waist to show off her per-
fect figure. Her determined mother
bought her a black strapless evening
gown and let her wear lipstick every day,
but no one asked her out.

"Elizabeth would come to my house
and she would spend hours telling
dreamy stories about handsome Prince
Charmings," recalled girlhood friend Gay-
len McClure. "She was pretty, idealistic
and childish. When I took her to parties
she didn't know how to act with boys."

During this time, Elizabeth spent
hours by herself lying on her bed
daydreaming. She played games of make-
believe with her animals, making chirp-
ing sounds like a squirrel and tweeting
like a bird. Comfortable in her fantasy
world, she felt unsure of herself away
from it. She read comic books and de-
voured stories in fan magazines about
movie stars, their mansions, their gowns,
their furs and their priceless jewels. She
confided to a chum that she "practiced
kissing" with a pillow every night.

Elizabeth became fixated on romance,
drawing pictures of herself wrapped in a
man's arms and writing dreamy poems.
One was entitled "Loving You":

> Loving you
> Loving you
> Could be such heavenly bliss,
> And as our hearts would tenderly kiss,
> I would know how happy I could be . . .
> Happier still, if only you'd love me.
> If only you'd love me.

Little did Elizabeth know that girlhood reveries would soon become real—and more lavish than she had dreamed. On her 16th birthday the studio arranged her first date with All-American football hero Glenn Davis. But as her star rose, she broke off the romance to become engaged to millionaire, socially prominent William Pawley, Jr., only to end that engagement to marry the son of multimillionaire hotel magnate, Conrad Nicholson Hilton. Elizabeth had met the hotel magnate's heir during her shooting of A Place in the Sun.

Sara Taylor could not believe her eyes when she walked into the senior Conrad Hilton's 64-room mansion in Bel Air. Tuxedoed servants seemed to pop up like dandelions after a spring rain. Butlers bowed at every corner and uniformed maids whipped in and out of the 16 bedroom suites. There were 26 bathrooms, four dumbwaiters, five kitchens, five wet bars and 12 fireplaces in 12 different colors of marble. "And every single fixture in the place is plated in 14-karat gold," Sara told her friend.

Elizabeth gasped when she saw the master bedroom with its gold silk walls, bedspreads and draperies, the cashmere carpeting and the green Italian marble fireplace. "Oh, Nicky," she whispered, "I can't believe that it's so beautiful."

Conrad Nicholson Hilton, the 23-year-old son of the chairman of the Hilton Hotel corporation, had invited his fiancée and her parents to his father's house for dinner.

It was too dark to see the rose garden with its 500 rosebushes, but he pointed out the badminton court, the swimming pool and the tennis courts that were illuminated for night play. He explained that it would take him at least two hours to give them a full tour of the house and its eight and a quarter acres, so, as Sara said later, he just "hit the highlights."

Elizabeth reveled in Nicky's presents. First there were diamond and pearl earrings for Christmas. Then came record albums, cashmere sweaters, a matched set of golf clubs, a trip for *(continued)*

her family and, finally, a five-carat diamond engagement ring and a $10,000 platinum and diamond wedding band.

There was no one happier than Sara Taylor at the prospect of her daughter's marriage. But she wasn't aware of Nicky's violent temper, his addiction to drugs, his compulsive gambling. Sara only saw a handsome young man whose Texas drawl made him sound polite and gentle. He also seemed to care a great deal about his religion—so much so that Sara encouraged her daughter to convert to Catholicism in order to marry him in the church.

"There is no doubt in my mind that Nick is the one I want to spend my life with," said Elizabeth. "Every day I love him better. If this were not true, I would not be marrying him in the church of his faith, which recognizes one marriage in a lifetime in the eyes of God."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer turned corporate somersaults the day the Taylors announced Elizabeth's engagement. With the wedding date set for May 6, 1950, the studio decided to release *Father of the Bride* on June 6, capitalizing on the nuptials to boost box-office sales.

The bride-to-be badgered designer Helen Rose to create a low-cut gown for her, but Helen insisted on decorum. "It's a church wedding," she said. "You've got to be ladylike." Finally they compromised. The neckline was cut to cleavage but covered with a flesh-revealing transparent white chiffon.

Studio publicity trumpeted the wedding as Hollywood's most extravagant ever. Everyone in films recognized the worldwide coverage the event would receive and clamored to be included.

The morning of the wedding, thousands of fans gathered outside the church. Little old ladies brought collapsible chairs. Youngsters climbed the trees lining Santa Monica Boulevard to get a better view. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dispatched its security force to work with the Beverly Hills police in holding back the crowds. Unable to cope with the excitement, the bride-to-be got a cold the night before her wedding and took to her bed with a prescription for penicillin.

By the time the police arrived to escort the bridal limousine to the church, the crowd was hushed, waiting for Elizabeth to appear. Her 17 steamer trunks, packed with her trousseau, had already been loaded to go aboard the *Queen Mary* for the European honeymoon voyage, another gift from Conrad Hilton.

On the arm of her handsome father she walked out the door into the sunshine. Flashbulbs exploded, and the people now standing four deep on the street clapped their affection and approval as the most beautiful bride in movieland made her way toward the limousine.

The double-ring ceremony lasted 20 minutes; then Monsignor Patrick J. Cancannon pronounced the 23-year-old groom and his 18-year-old bride man and wife. Nicky gave Elizabeth a loud smack, which lasted "a little too long," according to one guest; but Elizabeth kept kissing her husband until laughter rippled along the pews. Finally, the priest leaned over and said, "I think that's long enough, dear." Flushed with embarrassment, Nicky steered Elizabeth up the aisle. At the church door she turned her face up to him, closed her eyes, and said, "Kiss me, Nicky. Please kiss me."

Leaving for her honeymoon, she gave her mother a quick kiss and said, "Oh, Mother, Nick and I are one now forever and ever."

The Hiltons honeymooned together in Monte Carlo and Cannes and Cap d'Antibes. Everywhere Elizabeth Taylor went heads turned and crowds gathered. "Even on the cruise ship people rushed up to Liz begging for her autograph and practically knocked over poor Nicky in the process," recalled Melissa Wesson, a woman honeymooning at the same time.

In true MGM movie star style, Elizabeth accommodated the fans by posing patiently and spending up to two hours signing her name.

"Nicky was enraged by all this," said Mrs. Wesson. "He just got madder and madder. Liz, who truly adored him, was hurt and confused by his rage. She'd start sobbing to me and say, 'Why is he acting like this? He knew I was a famous star when we got married. He knew I was Liz Taylor. Why is he so mad now?'"

Nicky becomes surly

Overwhelmed by the public adulation of his wife, Nicky became surly and argumentative. He stayed out late to drink and gamble in the casinos. Often, when Elizabeth made an overture by snuggling up to Nicky or putting her arms around him, he would drunkenly hurl her aside, cursing and telling her how she bored him and ordering her to leave him alone. "I'm so goddamned sick and tired of looking at your face," he once yelled at her.

"She was so affectionate, always wanting to hug and kiss Nicky, but he was so angry," said Melissa Wesson. "The thing that hurt her most was when he began refusing to go to bed with her. It was not just sex—it was also coziness and warmth—and he just cut her off."

Nicky's hostile behavior and Elizabeth's hysterics naturally attracted attention. Soon reporters were filing stories on the couple's problems. Nicky blamed his famous wife for the unfavorable publicity, touching off more fights. Soon Elizabeth was so miserable she stopped eating and started smoking cigarettes.

Harassed by the press and the continual public appearances that Elizabeth felt she had to make, Nicky frequentl regretted marrying a movie star. "H hated being known as Elizabeth Taylor husband," said his sister-in-law Marily Hilton. "He did not like being called M Taylor. He was the I'm-the-boss-and-you do-as-I-say type. He had a terrible tem per and could be very mean, but he als could be sweet and gentle and reall wonderful.

"But Liz, who was terribly naive i those days, would come to me and say 'Marilyn, how can he be so sweet an then yell and scream at me like a mad man?' I'd tell her to be patient with Nicky. He was raised by his father with no mother and was rather difficult a times, but she couldn't be patient be cause she needed one hundred percen total attention all the time and Nicky jus wouldn't give her that."

Nicky Hilton was a husband wh wanted a traditional housewife, while hi wife wanted an attentive lover. Both were spoiled, self-centered and frustrated ove not getting their way.

The night of December 6, 1950—ex actly seven months from the day she floated down the aisle—Elizabeth stormed out of the house they were rent ing in Pacific Palisades. Another fight had erupted, with Nicky calling her a "bore," and saying that if she didn't like things she could "get the hell out." Convulsed with tears, she ran to her car and drove to a friend's house.

The marriage was over. After three weeks in hiding and a short stay in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, Elizabeth filed for divorce from Conrad Hilton on the grounds of mental cruelty. The fairy-tale wedding turned completely to ashes when MGM demanded return of the $3,500 wedding dress.

Then came more trouble as the distraught and confused Elizabeth became involved with a married man, director Stanley Donen. To the dismay of her fans and her mother, who tried to break up the relationship, 19-year-old Elizabeth suddenly was notorious as the other woman—the unnamed cause of Donen's marital breakup.

After denouncing her family and saying "I never want to see my parents again," Elizabeth defensively tried to explain herself to the world: "I know I have been spoiled," she said, "but I think people are unfairly severe. I'm just a normal girl with the average faults and virtues, but being an actress, I wasn't allowed to develop on normal lines. I've been able to wear a plunging neckline since I was fourteen, and ever since then people have expected me to act as old as I look. My troubles all started because I have a woman's body and a child's emotions."

In February of 1951, after the breakup of her marriage, Elizabeth flew to New York. The studio reserved a room for her

the Waldorf Astoria, but she scooted town to stay with actor Montgomery ift at his townhouse.

Monty and Liz spent hours together lling each other everything. They went opping one afternoon and Elizabeth ught him a miniature French chair that admired. With people she loved, she is exceedingly generous, showering em with expensive gifts.

In later years she would finance ound-the-world trips with first-class accmmodations for her friends, bestow nks of couturier clothes on maids, and ish fur coats on her secretaries, hairessers and press agents.

Most devoted friend

To Montgomery Clift, whom she rmed her "dearest, most devoted end," she would eventually give the st precious gift of all—a reason to go living. But that would come later, nen she was in a position of power and was in need.

Deeply in love with each other, Monty d Elizabeth discussed marriage before e returned to California in February, t Monty finally decided against it. He ew he wasn't the kind of man who uld ever marry, especially someone like izabeth Taylor. [In later years it was vealed that Clift was a homosexual.]

She was desperately in need of a man that time and out of loneliness, dated dely. One of her dates, the eccentric illionaire Howard Hughes, offered her a illion dollars to marry him.

"He was such an out-and-out bore I uldn't have married him for all his oney," Elizabeth said years later.

Watching his estranged wife date a se- s of men, Nicky Hilton commented ustically: "Every man should have the portunity of sleeping with Elizabeth ylor, and at the rate she's going every an will."

Elizabeth frankly admitted she wanted marry again, saying "I'm happier mard than single."

Worried about Elizabeth's controversial mances, MGM shipped her to England make Ivanhoe. *It was there that she ught and won the attentions of Michael ilding, the 39-year-old British matinee ol who would be her second husband. had invited her to dinner shortly after r arrival because "I honestly thought e might be lonely."*

Within six weeks Elizabeth declared rself madly in love. Michael Wilding, e Stanley Donen, was still married but t living with his wife at the time. Elizeth begged him to get a divorce and arry her. Anticipating agreement, she ught herself a huge sapphire ring rrounded by diamonds, plopped it on r left hand, and announced to the rld that she was engaged to the British tor.

"I finally proposed to him," she admitted. "He was everything I admired in a man and I thought him remarkable. We'd already said we loved each other earlier. But he said I was too young, I'd change my mind."

Wilding stalled Elizabeth while continuing to see his idol, Marlene Dietrich, who was eight years his senior. "Michael was mad for her and completely devoted to her," said columnist Sheilah Graham, "but she was not the marrying kind."

Elizabeth was nothing but the marrying kind and extremely determined to make this charming, whimsical man her next husband.

She kept making the point that at 19 she could give Michael the children he had never had—something her 47-year-old rival could not do. She also noted she needed him more.

"Michael was the one who needed Marlene emotionally and was charged by the chemistry between them," said a friend, "but the fact that Liz needed *him* gave him a feeling of protectiveness, which he had never known before."

With the completion of *Ivanhoe*, Elizabeth flew to New York, luxuriating for weeks in a Plaza Hotel suite, where she, Montgomery Clift, Merv Griffin and Roddy McDowall ran up a bill for $2,500 in room service alone. "I thought it was all free," screamed the movie star who was by then accustomed to having everything come her way.

Like a spoiled child, she called her friend Monty to complain. "We were both so mad about being billed, we decided to get revenge."

Revenge meant vandalizing the hotel suite, ripping curtains from the walls, unscrewing bathroom fixtures and stealing embossed towels and bath mats. "Liz has a very heavy-handed concept of fun," said one friend. "That business at the Plaza with Monty and Roddy—she likes to hit and slug and sock and get it in return." *(continued)*



GENE SHALIT AT THE MOVIES
What to See & What to Flee

THE DOGS OF WAR. Christopher Walken leads American mercenaries hired to overthrow an African government in this version of Frederick Forsyth's best-selling novel. Brutal, riveting, suffused with the smell of truth.

EYEWITNESS. A janitor (William Hurt) falls for a rich and social TV newswoman (Sigourney Weaver). Their appealing performances rise far above this ho-hum whodunit.

FROM MAO TO MOZART. Isaac Stern, master violinist and world personality, is the star of this breathtaking documentary filmed in China. You'll be astonished by eight to 11 year olds who are virtuoso instrumentalists, by leaping gymnasts, demonic Ping-Pong players, a Chinese orchestra tootling "Oh, Susanna," Peking vaudeville and enough glorious music to melt every heart. What a treat!

BREAKER MORANT. A taut and tingly courtroom drama based on an infamous court-martial. The odd name of this outstanding film refers to an army lieutenant named Morant, famous for breaking wild horses.

FORT APACHE, The Bronx. Paul Newman is compelling as an Irish cop, and Ed Asner is his captain in New York's crime-clogged South Bronx. The film is strewn with obscenities, drugs, prostitution and point-blank murder. Tough stuff.

SPHINX. Get out the rhyming dictionary.

BACK ROADS. Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones are wasted in a story that begins in Mobile, Alabama, and ends nowhere. Sally is a prostitute, Tommy Lee is a vagrant boxer, and *Back Roads* is a dead end.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE. James M. Cain's hard-boiled American novel—with Jack Nicholson as the drifter and Jessica Lange as the seductive blonde. *The Postman* has no zip and fails to deliver.

THIEF. A dynamic performance by James Caan as an ex-con safecracker specializing in diamonds. The picture, vividly written and directed by Michael Mann, is sprayed with strong language and the ending is wildly violent.

THE DEVIL AND MAX DEVLIN. A cheery empty diversion with Elliott Gould as a Californian who sells his soul to the devil. Bill Cosby. Produced by Disney for children, and for adults who don't want to think for 96 minutes.

ATLANTIC CITY. Burt Lancaster and Susan Sarandon are compelling in this somber story of a woman who wants a new beginning, and an older man who dreams of a past that never was and a future that will never be. Outstanding adult drama.

EXCALIBUR. King Arthur and his Round Table return in this spectacle of stomach-turning violence. The clangorous battles are so confusing that you can't tell knight from prey, which knight is falling, or whose son is rising. *Excalibur*: a myth that misses by a mile.

LION OF THE DESERT. Anthony Quinn is the lion—Omar Mukhtar—the Libyan Bedouin who led the Arabs against their Italian conquerers from 1911 into the 1930s. Oliver Reed is the relentless Fascist general in this sprawling saga whose bloody battle butchery and civilian hangings (including women) are up-close graphic.

GOING APE! This one is so bad that I kept getting up and going out to the lobby for popcorn . . . and I don't like popcorn.

CAVEMAN. Ugh.

End

Elizabeth Taylor

continued

The dutiful daughter of Sara Taylor, so early led and influenced as a child, indeed did seem to have developed aggressive instincts by the time she was 19. She pursued Michael Wilding with the single-minded intensity of a hunter stalking prey, and she told skeptics to "!?! off" when they pointed out their 20-year age differential.

For most of her life she was attracted to passive gentle men like Michael Wilding. "I don't know why," said a friend, "but Liz always gravitated to men like Michael and Monty. It was strange for such a robust, passionate woman. Or else she gravitated towards flawed men like Eddie Fisher with his drug addiction or Richard Burton with his alcoholism. I guess those are the kind of men she could control the way her mother did her father."

Wilding was a placid man whose charm prevented him from ever giving offense. It would never have occured to him to say no to Elizabeth. "I'm the type who just can't stand a row of any kind," he said. "They're just too demanding."

Hollywood game-playing

Only a man as agreeable as Michael Wilding would have allowed himself to be subjected to the Hollywood game as Elizabeth played it. Having shamelessly chased the man, proposed to him, purchased her own engagement ring—and finally, secured a lucrative movie contract for him [so that they could be together in Hollywood]—Elizabeth now announced that she and Wilding would marry the minute his divorce became final. Back in England, Wilding was astonished to hear her statement.

Already Elizabeth was conferring with Helen Rose on the design for her second wedding dress. She arrived in England on February 11, 1952. Ten days later she persuaded Wilding to marry her in Westminster's Caxton Hall. She wore a dove gray suit. He wore an air of surprise.

While Wilding remained in London to sell his apartment, Elizabeth returned to Hollywood in June to begin work on a rich-girl role in *The Girl Who Had Everything*. By the time the movie wrapped she was luxuriating in a pregnancy. She ballooned from 112 pounds to 155 pounds and MGM placed her on reduced suspension at $2,000 a week.

Her first baby, Michael Howard Wilding, named after her husband and her brother, was born by cesarean section on January 6, 1953. A month later, Elizabeth was still too weary to work, but Metro continued paying her $2,000 a week untilshe lost all her weight. When she lost the starring roles in three movies because she was too fat, she finally agreed to diet.

While doing publicity stills for her newest movie, *Elephant Walk*, Elizabeth experienced the first in a series of freakish accidents that would haunt her for years. She was sitting in a jeep with Peter Finch and Dana Andrews while a wind machine, blowing full blast to simulate a hurricane, was directed at them. As she threw her head back a rusty splinter was driven into her eye. A doctor removed the splinter and bandaged the eye, but an ulcer later developed that required surgery.

"Every time I blinked, there would be the most awful scratching sensation," she later wrote. She enjoyed telling about her sicknesses and surgeries and took great pleasure in discussing the most graphic aspects of each operation. She soon became fixated by her own physical melodramas and later would boast of having had more than 30 operations. Her interests were bounded by her ailments, and she described each in excruciating detail for anyone who would listen.

Montgomery Clift, himself a dour hypochondriac, relished her ghoulish recitations. "Bessie May [the name he gave Elizabeth upon their first meeting] is the only person I know who has more wrong with her than I have," he said.

The Wildings abandoned themselves to luxury, buying and shopping and spending to the hilt. But Michael, a typical example of European ennui, preferred lolling about the pool painting portraits to reporting for work and often sacrificed his $3,000-a-week salary by refusing roles.

The bills piled up and Elizabeth usually paid them. She complained to Montgomery Clift that she had dreamed of finding a "big strong guy" to take care of her and buy her furs and jewels, but now found herself paying all the bills.

By the time she was pregnant with her second child, Elizabeth gave the studio an extra year on her contract rather than face another reduced-pay suspension. "I simply couldn't afford it," she said.

Together, the Wildings earned more than $350,000 a year, but their expenses nearly capsized them. In addition to Elizabeth's "hobbies," [jewelry and clothes] there were the mortgage payments on the MGM house loan, plus salaries for Elizabeth's personal secretary, a gardener, a cook, a maid and a baby nurse.

Four unhousebroken dogs, five cats and two ducks romped through the house. The cats clawed the woven grasscloth wallpaper to shreds and the ducks chomped on the furniture. Elizabeth kept her poodle, Gee Gee, and all her puppies in the nursery with the baby, which enraged the nurse.

The menagerie shocked Sara Taylor, who was now allowed one weekly visit. "I couldn't keep from saying, 'Oh, Elizabeth, don't let Gee Gee lick the baby,'" said Sara. "She looked at me in amazement. 'Why, how can you feel that way Mother? You know a dog's saliva is the purest thing in the world—it's a disinfectant. That's nature's way of taking care of animals and babies.'"

During the next few years, Elizabeth made several films, none of which won her critical acclaim—until *Giant*, in which she co-starred with Rock Hudson and James Dean. Elizabeth anguished over the death of young Jimmy Dean during the filming of the movie, while at the same time, her second marriage was crumbling.

Distraught and traumatized

Emotionally, Elizabeth was distraught. She was traumatized by the thought of another divorce. She worried about the future of her children and sobbed hysterically when she thought of herself alone again without a man. Shortly afterwards, Elizabeth checked into a hospital for a month's stay.

Wilding joked about his wife using hospitals like resort hotels. She claimed that he didn't take her sicknesses seriously. Friends noticed growing friction.

By 1956, Elizabeth was openly cavalier toward her husband, and he no longer tried to hide his impatience. Both stopped trying to deny rumors about their marital problems. "I am afraid that after five years my marriage to Michael Wilding had become the relationship for which we were much more suited—brother and sister," said Elizabeth.

Acting as an emotional referee and close confidant to both Michael and Elizabeth was Monty Clift. He was so frequent a guest in the Wilding home that Hollywood began questioning the closeness of the threesome. The visits ended abruptly, however, when Monty nearly drove to his death down the Wildings' steep canyon road after a party. A guest who saw the crash sped back to the Wildings' home. "Monty's had a terrible accident," he shouted. "I think he's dead."

Pushing past her husband, Elizabeth ran out of the door and raced down the hill. "I've got to go to Monty," she screamed. "I've got to go to Monty."

"Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God," Elizabeth cried when she saw the wreck. She heard Monty's moans from inside and climbed through the back door, crawled over the seat and cradled his head in her lap. The windshield was shattered and the dashboard smashed in, pinning Monty under the steering wheel.

Monty's teeth had been knocked out and were lodged in his throat, causing him to choke. Elizabeth removed them so he could breathe.

Moments later, a horde of photographers arrived. "Elizabeth prevented them from taking Monty's picture by the foulest language I have ever heard," recalled Rock Hudson. "'You ?!?!,' she said

f you dare take a picture of him like this ll never let you near me again.'" The hotographers, flabbergasted at the bscenities flying from Elizabeth's outh, backed off.

"Miss Taylor, you shouldn't be talking ke that," said one.

Then Michael Wilding, Kevin McCarıy and Rock Hudson formed a line to ide Monty. Baring their teeth in skeletal ins, they looked straight at the camas. "Take a picture of us," they said. We'll smile for you."

After an interminable wait the amılance arrived. Elizabeth rode with lonty to the hospital. Afterwards she ıd to be sedated.

Elizabeth visited Monty almost every ıy in the hospital and then accompanied m to his rented house in Hollywood to t him settled. It was two and a half onths before Monty returned to work. y then, he was so addicted to pills and cohol that he could barely function.

Worn out from worrying about their iend, the Wildings leaped at an invitaon to spend the weekend of June 30 uising with Mike Todd and his fiancée, velyn Keyes. Saddled with the weight their lifeless marriage, they needed is kind of diversion from each other.

Famous as the cigar-chomping proıcer of peep shows, Mike Todd was en 52 years old and in the process of ming *Around the World in 80 Days*. He ıs trying to recoup a lifetime fortune d simultaneously write motion picture story by presenting the most innovative nema vision to date. The purpose of the ekend cruise was to finish filming by aking shots of a magnificent Japanese hooner scheduled to arrive off the Santa ırbara coast.

"Elizabeth was everything Mike proısed not to care for," recalled Evelyn eyes. "She was the epitome of movie ır in dress, attitude and demands. And e never stopped drinking champagne m the moment she stepped on the at until she got off two days later. Beles actresses, Mike didn't like women ıo drank a great deal."

Elizabeth sensed the hostility. "Why didn't say ten words to me the entire ekend," she told her husband.

A few days later, Todd hosted a lavish ıner party for broadcast commentator lward R. Murrow and his wife. The ildings, included among the more than) guests, arrived late after a nasty quar. Elizabeth, striking in a white satin wn with plunging décolletage, barely . Instead, she began drinking chamgne. Michael Wilding, charming and bonair as always, pleaded an early stu) call and departed after an hour, leav; his wife behind.

Elizabeth knew she was headed for other divorce. Fearful and lonely and ed with self-pity, she sought comfort m anyone who would fill her chamgne glass. She confided her unhappiness with Michael Wilding that night, saying that her life was over.

"I was dead, old at twenty-four," she said. "It was just smog and no sunshine. We would wake up in the morning without hope, with nothing to do or talk about, with no reason for living." Then she burst into tears and ran out of the room, causing everyone to look up.

"What's with her?" Mike Todd asked. When told about the conversation he became protective. "Poor kid," he said. "She needs someone to look after her."

A few days later, he invited the Wildings to a barbecue he and Evelyn Keyes hosted. After dinner Todd, a compulsive gambler, started a serious poker game with the men. As the game went on, Wilding and Eddie Fisher [then married to Debbie Reynolds] were losing between $25,000 and $30,000.

"Mike Todd was the big winner," recalled Shelley Winters. "Debbie Reynolds looked upset, but her friend Elizabeth was really upset. Then, when the betting was at its most furious, I saw Todd glance at the distressed faces of his friend's wives; then, accidentally on purpose, he upset the table. Cards and chips and money went flying, and consequently nobody owed anybody anything. I saw Elizabeth's expression as she looked at Mike Todd and thought to myself, 'I wonder if Evelyn knows Elizabeth is planning to marry him . . .'"

The next week a *Look* magazine story mentioned the lengths to which Elizabeth would go to get what she was after. "Using a small sweet tone of voice, she can make an infinitely varied series of bird-like sounds when she is trying to tease an agreement out of someone," stated the article. "She coos, gurgles, chirps, laughs liltingly, gives expectant trills."

Cheer-up calls start

After reading the article, Todd called Elizabeth and said that every time he had seen her lately she had been in tears. "So lemme hear ya coo and gurgle and chirp like a bird, will ya?"

Elizabeth laughed. That started Todd on a series of cheer-up calls.

On July 19, 1956, MGM announced that Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding were separating. "It is being done so that we will have an opportunity to thoroughly work out our personal situation."

The next day Todd called Elizabeth again. He said he had something important to discuss with her. This time she didn't laugh. She met him at MGM. "He told me he loved me, that he had been thinking of me constantly, and he said he was going to marry me," she said. "We had never touched hands."

Every weekend during the filming of *Raintree County* [a film in which Monty Clift headed a cast of 119 speaking roles, and whose director relied on Elizabeth to keep Monty off his pills and alcohol as much as possible during the shooting] a chartered plane arrived to whisk Elizabeth to New York for a stay with Mike Todd in his Park Avenue penthouse. During the week he sent flowers and called five or more times a day.

On one return trip Monty waited for Elizabeth at the airport in a battered sedan. When she got into the car, he gave her a $30,000 pearl ring, a prearranged gift from Mike Todd. "This is for weekdays," said the card. Added Monty, "You'll get your real engagement ring later."

Elizabeth immediately put the mammoth pearl on her ring finger. When reporters asked how she could possibly accept an engagement ring from Todd while still married to Wilding, she said: "But this isn't an engagement ring. It's only a friendship ring."

The "friendship" made news around the world in the fall of 1956. The headlines got even bigger when Elizabeth announced: "I love Mike Todd. I love him passionately, absolutely passionately."

By Labor Day, Todd had decided to give Elizabeth her "real" engagement ring. He spent $92,000 for a 29.5 carat diamond that looked like an ice cube. "The rock is only 29.5 carats," said Todd's manager. "Mike says thirty carats would be vulgar and in bad taste."

Always given to manias of extravagance, Todd now surpassed himself. He designated every Saturday as an anniversary to celebrate the day he first met Elizabeth. Each Saturday night he presented her with ruby necklaces, diamond earrings, emeralds, sapphires, mink coats, *(continued)*

Journal Shopping Center

COLOR YOUR SUMMER

PAGES 80–81: Clockwise from thumb-hole in palette: Magazine rack by Landes, spring green canvas (one of 18 available colors) $19.95 (+$2.45)*, from Jensen-Lewis, 89 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C. 10011. Bandanna print 21" cotton squares, $10.98 (+$2.35)* per set of 6 assorted colors, from Lillian Vernon, Dept. L7JE, 510 S. Fulton St., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10550. Metal folding chair in purple, pink, blue, green, red or white, $13.50 (+$2.25)* or four for $40 (+$7.50)* and cotton Dhurri rug, 3½ x 6', from India, $19.95 (+$2.75)*, both from The Pottery Barn, 231 Tenth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011. Kitchen jug/utensil set, $17, and Wall All, $18, both by Copco. Potholder, 9" round, $3.30, and flat weave dishtowel $3.40, in matching blue grid pattern by Crackers/Copco. Tablesetters sugar and creamer, $7.35 set, and shaker/dispenser, $4.10, in yellow, tan or green, by Corning. Rainbow tea cozy, $14, and Primary Rations potholder, $5, from the Splash of Glass line by Glad Hand Designs. Clip-Lite gooseneck lamps, $14.95 ea. (bulbs extra), by Lightning Bug Ltd., 1721 West 170th St., Hazel Crest, Ill. 60429. Royal Classic towels, bath, $8; hand, $5.50; and face cloth, $2.25, in Daffodil Yellow cotton by Cannon. Ceramic apple or pear salt and pepper shakers, $13.50 (+$3)* ea., from Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 10028. Colortech folding table, also in red, green, blue, brown or white, $19.95, by Quaker Industries, Inc., 90 McMullen Rd., Antioch, Ill. 60002. Rainbow Square placemat, $2.99, and napkin, $1.79, from Sears. Bodega Red flatware, $9.79 (+$3)* per 4-piece place setting, from Conran's, Box #J7, 145 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801. Pitchers, 2 qt., $5.29, 14-oz., $4.29, and rectangular serving trays, $5.29 ea., by Rubbermaid. Pillow, 18" square red chintz, $9, by Desley Home Fashions, 623 S. Washington Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60605. Wire fruit basket in blue, orange or white, $12.95, by Chicago Kitchens. Kerosene lantern, $9.99, by Hilco. Child's folding director's chair, red metal tubing frame with natural color seat and back (with letters to apply child's name to back; print name legibly), $14.98 (+$2.35)*, from Lillian Vernon (see above). Colorifics 3-shelf étagère in green, red, yellow, orange, white or brown, $19.95, by Quaker Industries, Inc. Toys on shelves: Milk carrier, $4, by Fisher-Price; Cobbler's bench, $5, by Playskool; Pail, $3.95, and shovel, $2.95, by Childcraft. Comforter, diamond quilted Bon Bon stripe reverses to solid blue, 68" x 86" twin size, $19.95, from Sears.

*Shipping charge when ordering by mail.

Elizabeth Taylor

continued

bushels of hats, designer dresses and couturier evening gowns.

"It pleased Mike to give to Elizabeth," his secretary recalled. "She was the one who wanted and he was the one who gave."

Todd publicized every gift. "This angel-faced baby is three years the junior of my son, Mike Todd Jr.," he told the press. "But she is a woman. Everything I have is hers—and brother, that's plenty."

"Mike is the most exciting man in the world," replied Elizabeth. "I just can't stop him giving me presents."

The only news that Mike Todd withheld from the reporters was the fact that his 24-year-old fiancée was pregnant. This he kept a secret from everyone but his lawyers. He ordered them to find a way to get Elizabeth legally divorced so he could marry her as soon as possible.

They married on February 27, 1957. Six months later, on August 6, eight doctors performed cesarean surgery to deliver a girl weighing barely five pounds. The doctors told Mike that his wife should not risk childbirth again and recommended a tubal ligation. Todd gave his permission for the surgery, and when Elizabeth awoke to this news she said, "It was the worst shock of my life—like being killed."

The next day Todd brought a present to his new daughter, Elizabeth Francis, who was in an incubator. The solid gold hairbrush from Tiffany & Co. carried an engraved message: "Dear Liza, It would have been platinum, but your mother would have said I was spoiling you."

He told reporters he was thinking of buying his wife the Taj Mahal to express his appreciation for their beautiful child. "If the joint's for sale, I might consider it," he said. "Liz has been the bravest girl through this ordeal—and I reckon she deserves a present."

Instead, he commissioned 5,000 color reproductions of a Marcel Verte painting, which he and Elizabeth sent around the world to announce Liza Todd's birth.

Although 27 years separated the pampered actress and the flamboyant showman, Liz and Mike seemed ideally suited. Both craved an audience. They appeared to thrive on public display of their relationship, in all its passion or violence. Announcing their love pact to the world, Liz said, "We've made a deal that we'll always be together. Mike doesn't believe a husband and wife should be separated and so I tell him, 'Whither thou goest, I will go, too, Buster.'

"I dress the way Mike wants," she said. "I wear my hair this way for Mike. I can't stop talking about marriage. It's because I understand it now. I know what it means."

At other times their public passion for each other erupted into violent brawls. She screamed, he snarled, and each pummeled the other with headline-grabbing invectives. Photographs of them howling at each other flashed around the globe.

"Look, this gal's been cruising for trouble all her life," Todd said. "And now she's finally found somebody to give it to her. Trouble is, everybody was too nice to fight back. Not me. When she flies into a tantrum, I fly into a bigger one. She's been on a milk-toast diet all her life with men. But me—I'm red meat."

Each public quarrel caused speculation about how long their marriage would last. Elizabeth insisted that their fights invigorated their relationship. They had fun feuding, she said. Her husband agreed. "I wish every married couple could have fights like we do," he said. "It's great. You fight and make up and you're more in love than ever."

For the first time in years, Todd felt blessed, with a beautiful movie star wife, an exquisite baby daughter and an Academy Award for the first movie he ever produced. Having made and lost millions, he was now rich again and famous.

"I'm aware that this is the best time of my life," he told a friend. "But I'm so happy it almost scares me. Being a gambling man, I know the law of averages and I get spooked I'll have to lose something to compensate for being so damn lucky."

A month later, Todd was selected by the Friars Club of New York as Showman of the Year, an honor he had always coveted. He planned to fly to New York for the gala in the "Lucky Liz," his twin engined, 12-passenger airplane.

Since Elizabeth was sick in bed an unable to accompany her husband, Mik Todd invited Joseph Mankiewicz.

"Ah, c'mon," Todd said. "It's a gooc safe plane. I wouldn't let it crash. I'r taking along a picture of Liz and wouldn't let anything happen to her. Be sides, I've got three million bucks wort of insurance. You'd be covered too." Bu Mankiewicz begged off.

Unable to corral any of his card-playin cronies, Todd took off with his biogr pher, Art Cohn, his pilot and co-pilot int the teeth of a torrential downpour. H had kissed his wife good-bye six time before leaving. When he got to the ai port he called her to say good-bye onc more and promised to call again on refueling stop in Tulsa, Oklahoma. It w a pledge he could not keep.

Enroute to Tulsa, the "Lucky Liz" h another violent storm. The plane plun meted from the sky high over the Zu Mountains in New Mexico and crashed the floor of a valley ringed with pin studded hills. The explosion incinerate everyone on board, requiring dent charts to make positive identification Only one belonging could be traced any of the victims in that charr wreckage—Mike Todd's twisted go wedding ring . . .

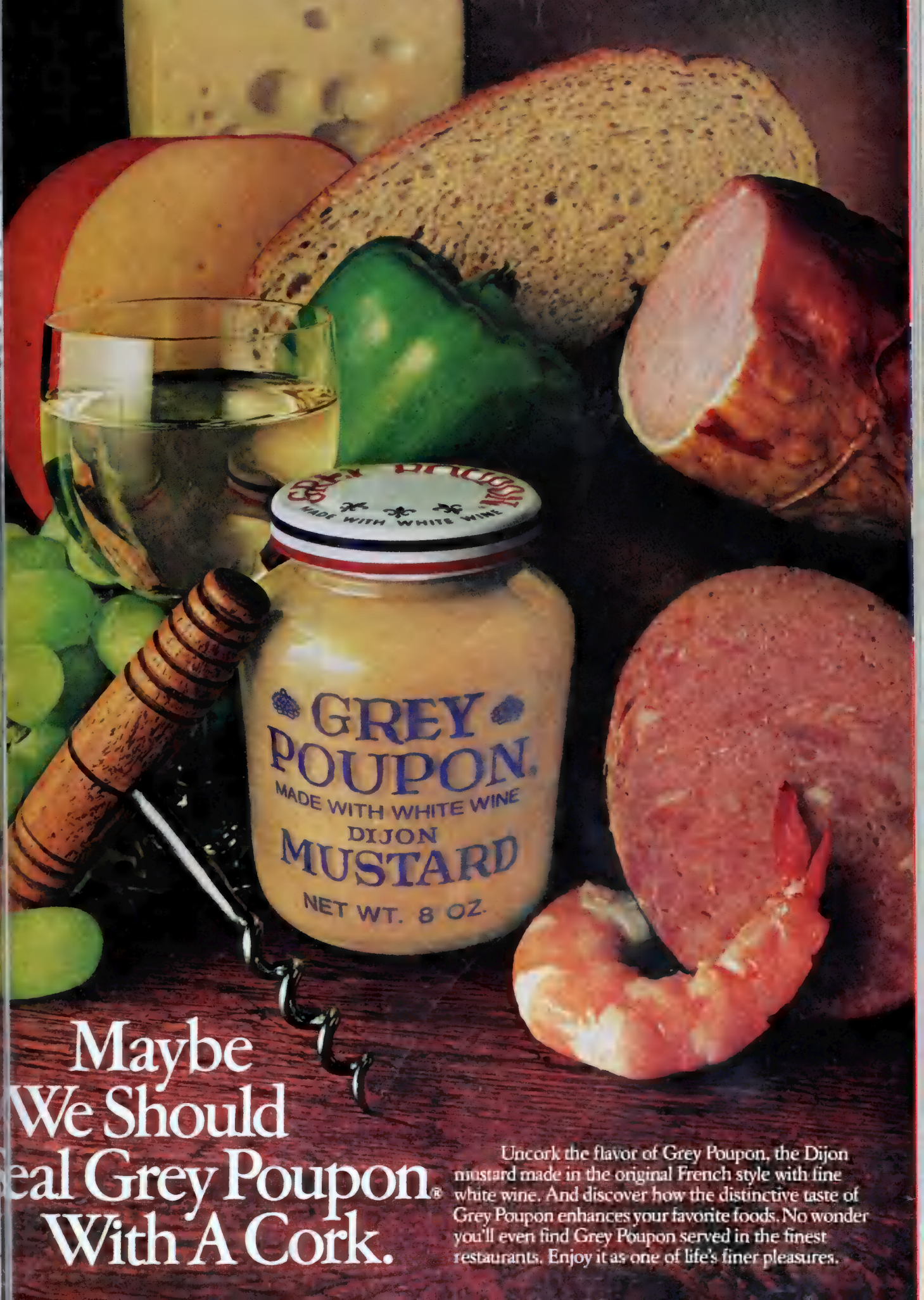
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ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S SIZZLING BIOGRAPHY–Part 2

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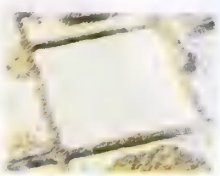
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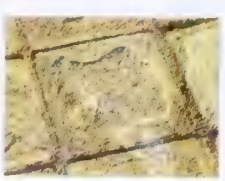




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Editor's Diary

Moving Ahead



The photo above is from the Merv Griffin show on which I presented the Seventh Annual LHJ Star Dazzle Awards. Those of you who saw the program already know that I am leaving as editor of this magazine to take on an exciting new challenge in this company. As President of Charter Publishing Development, Inc., I will be reaching out to the ever-expanding areas of multi-media: cable and regular TV programming, videodiscs, etc., as well as finding new ways to spread the *Journal* message around the world.

After eight years, I leave with a deeper conviction than ever that *Ladies' Home Journal* is an indispensable institution that will continue to move ahead. It is a magazine which has always believed in the power of a woman. As women's roles change, become more diverse and challenged by new lifestyles, the *Journal* becomes even more useful and important. Through the 92 issues I have edited, we have tried to be very close to our readers. I hope not to lose touch in my new endeavors.

Next month, a new editor takes over. Her name is Myrna Blyth. Formerly Executive Editor of *Family Circle*, she is a writer, wife, mother and also a great believer in women. You'll be hearing from her in the September issue.

Meanwhile, to all those friends who want to share with me their ideas on electronic communications, I can still be reached at the same address. But I know nothing will ever replace the satisfying relationship between a woman and her favorite magazine. In your case, I hope it has been, and will continue to be, *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Lenore Hershey

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Journal articles

10 Can This Marriage Be Saved?
"My Husband Batters Our Daughter"
By Lois Duncan

18 Both Sides
Whether to Pay Teens Less Than the Minimum Wage
By Sherrye Henry

22 Katharine Hepburn
Fearless or Insecure?
By Phyllis Battelle
Surprising thoughts from the outspoken star

30 It's Not Easy to Be a Woman Today!
"My Sixteen-Year-Old Son Was in Jail"
By Susan Benson

34 "Not Now, Honey, the Baby's Crying"
A Wise and Witty Look at the Sex Life of Parents
By Hester Mundis

40 "Doctor, Could I Be Starting Menopause?"
By Phyllis Leppert, M.D.
Reassurance from a gynecologist

56 A Perfect Match: Prince Charles and Lady Diana
By Janice Dunlop
Revealing portrait of the royal courtship

74 When You Just Know You Have Some Terrible Disease
The Agony of Hypochondria
By John Kelly

77 The Last Star
Elizabeth Taylor
By Kitty Kelley
Part II—the tempestuous years with Fisher and Burton

86 "I Always Knew You'd Find Me, Mom"
LHJ's Dramatic Recovery of a Kidnapped Child
By Katherine Barrett

Journal experts

4 Editor's Diary

44 Psychiatrist's Notebook
By Theodore Isaac Rubin, M.D.

114 Pet Journal
Should I Have My Pet Altered?
By Roger Caras

118 Mothering
All By Myself: Teaching Your Child to Be Independent
By Geraldine Carro

130 You and Your Money
By Sylvia Porter

146 Gene Shalit at the Movies
What to See, What to Flee

Journal food

28 Food Journal

96 Blueberries
New ideas for a seasonal favorite

98 Speedy Summer Fare
By Sue B. Huffman
The food processor makes delicious recipes fast and easy

112 Food Processors: Speedy Meal Makers
Latest equipment news

136 Recipe Index

Cover photograph of Katharine Hepburn by Steve Schapiro, Sygma. Photographs, page 77, by Globe Photos, Pictorial Parade; pages 78, 79, by Black Star, Magnum Photos, Pictorial Parade, Camera 5.

Journal fiction

48 Happy Families
By Mary Elmblad
A cheerful way to beat divorce statistics

64 Growing Pains
By Faith Sullivan
How a mother survives those adolescent "problem" years

80 Home Portrait
By Madeleine Costigan
Can a woman be all things to all people?

Journal good looks

82 Head to Toe:
Quick Summer Beauty Fix-ups
Pretty ways to overcome summer beauty problems

90 Sweatshirt Chic
A Casual Fabric Goes Highstyle
By Maureen Lynch, Beauty and Fashion Director

116 Beauty Journal

Journal at home

88 Make Our Square-by-Square Quilt
By Ann B. Bradley, Craft Editor
Complete, easy instructions

94 Create a Romantic Country Look
By Joan Tilly, Home Editor
Quick ideas for an instant room-lift

129 Home Journal

133 Country Crochet
Pretty pillows from kits

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Can This Marriage Be Saved?

John was gentle and loving with his wife, Lynda, but ill-tempered and physically rough with his firstborn child. Why would a kind husband turn into a cruel father?

By Lois Duncan

"My Husband Batters Our Daughter"

This case is based on information from the files of the Family Counseling Service, Albuquerque, New Mexico, a private, not for profit, family mental health agency, which is partially funded by the United Way. The agency is a member of the Family Service Association of America and accredited by the Council on Accreditation of Services for Families and Children, Inc. The true story reported here is from counselors' reports of interviews. Names and other details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Diane Vodrey Mayo.



LYNDA'S TURN

"I'm here because I'm afraid that my daughter will be severely injured," said Lynda, 33, a petite redheaded nurse with a self-effacing manner. "Her father frequently loses his temper and hits her. Last night, John struck Margie so hard on the side of the head, I was scared she might have a concussion. As it turned out, she didn't, but next time she may not be so lucky.

"The crazy thing is that I fell in love with John because of his kind, easygoing personality. To me and to our younger daughter, Tara, he's the sweetest guy. His manner with Margie seems completely out of character. I just don't understand it.

"Everything Margie does seems to rub John the wrong way. Margie, who's nine years old, is a good girl, just overly shy and sensitive. When she comes home from school with tales of how she has been picked on by her classmates, her father shows no sympathy at all. Instead, he berates her for not 'showing a little spunk' and sticking up for herself.

"Margie is too gentle for that. All she wants in the world is for people to love her. Last Valentine's Day, she sent a handmade card to one of the more popular girls in her class telling her how much she admired her and asking if they could be friends. The girl responded with a cruel note telling Margie how much she hated her. Our daughter was heartbroken and spent the whole afternoon crying. John chose that evening to bawl her out for not helping around the house and ended up slapping her because she had forgotten to put away the clean laundry. Meanwhile, Tara, who is seven years old, was supposed to clear off the table, but ran off to watch television. Her father never said a word to her.

"The way John treats Margie reminds me of my own father. He was a rancher, a man with an uncontrollable temper, especially after he had been drinking. When my father went into one of his rages he would become so violent that he would beat us children with two by fours. My poor mother was a stereotype of the 'battered wife,' too cowed and dependent to seek a divorce, always trying to pretend to the world that her life wasn't miserable. To get away from home, my sister and two brothers made early, unwise marriages. I spent most of my own teen years holed up in my bedroom.

"My mother wanted very much for me to go to college, but Dad refused to help me with tuition. Higher education, he said, was wasted on women. However, with an academic scholarship and a weekend job, I managed to put myself through nursing school. The school was located in another town, and the students were boarded in a convent. For the first time in my life, I lived in a peaceful environment.

"By studying hard, I graduated high in my class. Eager to be on my own, I took the first nursing job that I was offered. The hospital that hired me was understaffed and the work load was staggering, but I did whatever was asked of me without complaining. It was such a joy and relief to be totally independent.

"Soon after I began working, John and I started dating. We had grown up in the same small town and were friends from childhood. I never meant our relationship to get serious. After witnessing my parents' dreadful marriage and my siblings' divorces, I planned to remain single. John, however, had other ideas. He courted me gently and patiently, and eventually, I realized that he was so much a part of my life that I could not live without him. He seemed so different from my father. When I was with him, I could express my feelings about anything, and he never seemed to get angry.

"Finally, my love for him overcame my apprehension. We married, and a year later I gave birth to Margie. A chubby redhead, she looked so much like my own baby pictures we hardly needed to take new ones. *(continued)*



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Can This Marriage Be Saved?

continued

When Tara came along two years later, she was a total contrast. With her big, brown eyes and thick, black curls, she was the spitting image of John. Both our babies have grown into lovely children who would make any parent proud.

"John seemed to be a loving father. When the girls were babies, he took a lot of responsibility for them. He's a medical technologist, so we were able to schedule our shifts to make sure one of us was always home with the children.

"Even now, John is wonderful about helping out with meals and household chores when I'm too worn out to handle them. I'm afraid that more days than not I come home from work tired and irritable. I seem to be the catch-all person for all the unpleasant duties and overtime hours the hospital has to dish out.

"In the last few years, I've also been preoccupied with my own family. My mother died not long ago, and it really hit me hard. As a sort of memorial to her, I've started taking university courses toward the degree I know she wanted so much for me. Then my father had a heart attack. Since I am the nurse in the family, he moved in with us during his recuperation. He is better now and has remarried, but having him with us was difficult. Throughout this rough period, however, John was dear and thoughtful—not at all the way he is with Margie.

"The trouble between John and Margie began several years ago, not long after she started school. For no apparent reason, John would fly off the handle at her. When Margie misbehaved—which was rare—I'd discipline her and even spank her. To me, that means turning a child across your knees and delivering a couple of token smacks to her bottom. Striking her with fists and bellowing at her the way John does is something else entirely. When John goes into one of his furies, he reminds me so much of my father, I can hardly keep from snatching up my daughter and running away with her.

"I'm sure that many of the problems Margie is having at school, both academic and social, result from her unhappiness at home. She's insecure and clings to me as though I were her only lifeline. As a result, I sometimes find myself neglecting Tara. It's as though our family were split down the middle: I have 'my child' and John has 'his.' The children realize this, and they use the situation. Each asks favors of her 'special parent' and plays John and me against each other.

"John complains that we don't spend enough time together as a family. If his family means so much to him, how can he mistreat one of his daughters? It just doesn't make sense to me. I hate to think what the result of this will be if something doesn't change soon. The least that can happen is that Margie will fear her father as I did mine. The worst is that she will be critically injured."

JOHN'S TURN

"I'm ashamed and scared about what I did last night," said John, 31, a tall, well-muscled man with dark good looks. "I hit my little girl so hard I could have killed her. What's so crazy is that I don't even remember what set me off—probably some dumb little mistake that I wouldn't have thought about twice if Tara had made it. The truth is, I strike Margie a lot, and I never understand why.

"My family is the most important thing in the world to me. I want us to be close and to love each other. The family I grew up in—I was the second oldest of six—wasn't particularly loving. With so many of us to look after, my mother didn't have much time for one-on-one mothering. And while we knew that Dad cared about us, he was a policeman who worked swing shift so he wasn't around much.

"I knew I was going to marry Lynda long before she did. I'd been aware of her for years, the cute little redhead with the wistful eyes, making it through somehow in that rotten family. I knew she was scared of marriage. How could she be otherwise? Still, I also knew that she and I were right for each other and if I kept trying I'd be able to make her see that.

"When she finally said she'd marry me, I was the happiest guy in the world. The wedding and the honeymoon were like a dream. Then, a couple of months later, Lynda announced that she was pregnant. I hadn't planned on that. I'd hoped to have my bride to myself for at least a little while. Even so, that's life, and when Margie was born I wasn't sorry. She was a pretty little thing, just like her mother. Having been one of the oldest in a large family, I was used to babies, and I didn't mind helping Lynda with baby care while she was working. However, I did resent the fact that I never got to see her.

"Lynda worked eight hours, I worked eight hours, and the other eight we slept. Actually, it was worse than that. Lynda's supervisors at the hospital saddled her with so much overtime, she was constantly exhausted. She wouldn't speak up and complain, she'd just accept whatever was handed to her. Then she'd come home, and the dam would break. She'd pour out her frustrations on me.

"Lynda's a born martyr. She'll let everybody in the world dump on her. Take, for instance, when her father got sick. Two weeks in the hospital, and then what? He comes to us. The other kids in the family didn't even offer, they just assumed that good old Lynda would take care of him. And, of course, she did. Here's this guy who used to beat her black and blue, and she's running around waiting on him hand and foot.

"Lynda works herself to death doing everything for everybody. Right now she's trying to hold down a job, work overtime, carry a full load of university classes and run a home. I do what I can to help out and, I think, at the age of nine, Margie should be chipping in too. The problem is, she lives in a kind of dream world where you can't get through to her. She spends so much time agonizing about her lack of popularity that she can't think about anything else.

"Children always seem to pick on a scapegoat, a weak kid to gang up on, and this year Margie's the one. I feel sick listening to her weeping and whining instead of standing up for herself. Tara never gets picked on. Let somebody try it, and she'd flatten him.

"I don't know why I react the way I do to my older daughter. I swear, I love her. She just seems to set something off in me and—wham!—I explode. Afterward I could kill myself. This morning when I saw the swollen purple lump on the side of that sweet little face I wanted to vomit.

"I'm the one who told Lynda I needed counseling. If I can't get myself under control, I'm going to end up seriously hurting my little girl."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"The fact that John himself suggested therapy was one of the most positive things this couple had going for them," said the counselor. "He was so highly motivated to alter his destructive behavior toward his daughter that a total of five sessions, three with John alone and two with him and Lynda together, proved enough to bring about some changes.

"Theirs was truly a family divided. Each parent had a child who resembled him or her in looks and personality. Without realizing it, the parents' feelings toward each other were being transferred to these mirror-image children.

"Both John and Lynda had come into marriage unable to express their true feelings to each other. Lynda's traumatic childhood had left her with a terror of provoking any discord. To her, a scene was something to be avoided at all costs, and she preferred to put up with a great amount of mistreatment rather than rock the boat by standing up for her rights. Her lack of assertiveness was infuriating to John, who could not bear to see his wife taken advantage of. That she seemed deliberately to choose the role of martyr and then take out her frustrations on him, made John even angrier.

Instead of expressing his resentment to Lynda, however, he let it build up until he reached the explosion point and then vented it on Lynda's carbon copy—young Margie. Not only did Margie resemble her mother physically, she demonstrated all her least attractive personality traits. When John roared at his daughter to 'show some spunk,' he was actually ve

(continued on page

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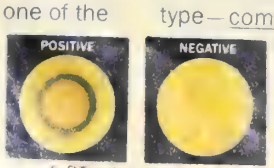
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Can This Marriage Be Saved?

continued from page 12

ing his anger at Lynda for allowing h self to be browbeaten both at work a by members of her family.

"As soon as he was made aware of th John's attitude toward Margie chang dramatically. Seeing her as a person her own right, he was able to show some of the affection that he demo strated so naturally toward feisty Tara.

"The sessions during which I worke with John and Lynda together w aimed primarily at helping Lynda ide tify and deal with the attitudes that w so upsetting to John. I recommend some books on assertiveness training the two of them to read together a discuss. Then, with John's encourag ment, Lynda began rather tentatively talk to her boss about her negative fe ings concerning her work.

To her surprise, Lynda found that h contemporaries and supervisors spected her more than when she playe the role of doormat. Many of her ex duties were assigned without fuss to ot ers. As her self-confidence increase Lynda also requested that her work sh be changed so that her hours at hom would correspond with John's. This h not yet occurred, but she has reason believe that it soon will.

Reduction of outside pressure

"Lynda has also decided to drop som of her classes at the university and com plete her education more gradually. she now acknowledges, 'It doesn't real matter if I get my degree in three yea or ten. Mother would be just as pleas either way.' With this reduction of ou side pressure, Lynda has more time an energy to devote to family life, somethin that is very meaningful to John.

"At my suggestion, Margie is now re ceiving separate counseling. As she be gins to learn how to handle her insecuri and develop a sense of self-worth, h social problems at school are lessenin However, she is still nervous and over sensitive and closer to her mother than t her father. Lynda and John are making conscious effort to present a united fron to their children and to avoid the 'm child-your child' pitfall. In this way, the are attempting to eliminate being 'playe against each other.'

"This couple terminated counselin after only five weeks. Although the knew that it would take time for a wounds to heal, they felt the worst o their problems was behind them. The tested this recently by taking their chil dren on a cross-country car trip, which— Lynda reports with more than a touch o amazement in her voice—'went jus beautifully.'"

End



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BOTH SIDES

by Sherrye Henry

WHETHER TO PAY TEENS LESS THAN THE MINIMUM WAGE

Here, a summing up of the major points, pro and con, on the question of whether a "sub-minimum" wage should be instituted for minors. BOTH SIDES think they have the answer. Compare the thought-provoking views.

FOR

YOUTH UNEMPLOYMENT: MAJOR PROBLEM. Right now, 18 percent of all young people and 40 percent of minority youngsters can't find jobs. Yet, before the minimum wage law went into effect, the number of black adolescents working for pay was actually higher than that of whites. Sadly, every time the minimum wage has gone up, youthful joblessness has spread because employment opportunities—especially for under-educated youths—have diminished.

JOBS REWARD YOUNG PEOPLE WITH MORE THAN MONEY. Gainful work provides teens with a priceless foundation of experiences. Early responsibility can mean a trained, trustworthy employee for the future. Young people deserve the chance to develop skills as well as to earn money.

THE MINIMUM WAGE DISCRIMINATES AGAINST KIDS. Small businesses, which account for half the gross national product, are so beset by rising costs and government regulations that they are cutting out marginal jobs and moving toward automation. That's why you don't see as many movie theater ushers, car washers and fast food employees as you used to. If employers were allowed to pay teens less—say, 75 percent of the prevailing minimum—small businesses would have the incentive to make more jobs available.

THE MINIMUM WAGE IS INFLATIONARY. Though union members are paid more than the minimum, they customarily use any increase in the minimum as evidence that they are due for fatter paychecks. Their resulting higher earnings hurt the economy as a whole and freeze kids out of the job market. Example: Suppose you suddenly had to pay $3.35 an hour plus social security for a teen-age baby-sitter. You might go out less often, and you'd probably hire an adult instead.

A YOUTH DIFFERENTIAL (paying kids less) MAKES SENSE. The critics haven't any answer for the present unemployment crisis except more welfare benefits, which break down the work ethic in our society. Most youngsters really want to work—but when jobs aren't available, too many turn to crime. Let's try a youth wage. If it doesn't work we can always return to the present system.

AGAINST

A LOW TEEN WAGE IS A BAD IDEA. It won't create a single job. The minimum wage didn't cause youth unemployment. Perilous economic conditions in general are responsible, and the trend toward businesses moving out of the inner cities is also a contributing factor. When jobs are available, however, $3.35 an hour is little enough to pay, whether to an adult or to a teenager. Instead of offering young people less, we should provide them with academic and apprenticeship training so they can hold really meaningful jobs.

A PERSON SHOULD BE PAID ACCORDING TO HIS WORK, NOT HIS BIRTH DATE. A 17 year old can be just as productive as a 23 year old. At a time when we are removing all kinds of discrimination from our society, why should we say, "If you're under 20, you have to be cheap labor"?

EMPLOYERS WILL FIRE THE PARENTS AND HIRE THEIR CHILDREN. Seventy-five percent of those now receiving the minimum wage are adults. If a teen wage were instituted, small businesses watching their costs would not hire more workers; instead, they'd dismiss the adults and replace them with youngsters. Thus, many presently holding jobs would be placed in jeopardy.

A SUB-MINIMUM WON'T HELP MINORITY KIDS. Already too many adults are illicitly paid less than the minimum, particularly illegal aliens and those who must work at any price. A sub-minimum might help white kids get more jobs, but black kids are at the bottom of the employment ladder and would be the last to benefit.

EVERY JOB-HOLDER DESERVES A DECENT WAGE. The sum of $3.35 an hour is already less than a living wage. Many teenagers are self-supporting, even raising families, and they'd be shoved below the poverty line. The federal government has an obligation to protect its most vulnerable citizens.

THOSE WHO ARGUE FOR A SUB-MINIMUM ARE DISHONEST. What they really want is to destroy the minimum wage completely. What we really need is equal opportunity and better education for everyone. The real way to help all minorities—and all young people—is to create more jobs, especially in the ghetto where so many of our unemployed live.

PANELISTS: (PRO) Dr. Walter E. Williams, Prof. of Econ., Temple Univ., nationally syndicated columnist; Sen. Orrin G. Hatch (R-Utah), Chair. Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources, Chair. Subcommittee on Govt. Regulation and Paperwork (Select Committee on Small Business); Mark A. de Bernardo, committee exec., U.S. Chamber of Commerce Minimum Wage Task Force (CON) Rep. William M. Brodhead (D-Mich.), member Ways and Means Committee; Sol C. Chaikin, Pres. I.L.G.W.U., Vice Pres. and Exec. Council Member, AFL-CIO; Dr. Robert B. Hill, Dir. of Research, National Urban League.

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General Foods Corporation



KATHARINE THE GREAT

FEARLESS OR INSECURE?

In a tantalizing interview, Kate Hepburn shares some of her surprising insecurities; thoughts on marriage, children, self-indulgence and death. By Phyllis Battelle

For all her 49 years as a superstar, and her image as a rock-solid fount of Yankee wisdom, Katharine Hepburn has a recurring nightmare.

"I'm sitting in the classroom, facing one of those college exams that used to absolutely paralyze me with terror," she says in the unique voice that echoes her years at Pennsylvania's Bryn Mawr College. "And I haven't studied for the test. I've done none of the reading. The feeling is of total impending disaster."

She smiles, the liquid blue eyes peering clearly through pale gray sunglasses. "It's the dream of failure, isn't it? I think everyone has a dream of failure and a hope of success."

The dream spills over into many areas of life. She finds opening nights onstage "absolutely terrifying. You'd have to be feeble in the head to get up there with confidence, and presume that you're interesting enough to watch." And winning awards intimidates her—though she is the only actress ever to win three Oscars for Best Actress. "I find prizes very frightening. I'd be a fool not to be pleased, but I don't think it's a good idea to remind yourself of your triumphs.

"When I look back on what I was given by way of inheritance—the milieu into which I was born with wildly brilliant parents—I can only say I think I should have done fifty times more than I've done!"

At the age of 71, there is evidence she is trying to catch up. Her 42nd movie, *On Golden Pond,* will premiere in December and insiders think it could win her a fourth Oscar. And for the last eight months, she has been touring to nightly standing ovations in a demanding drama, *West Side Waltz,* which opens on Broadway later this year. But there is a sense she still must prove herself. "Listen, why do we do anything?" she asks patiently. "You find something that fascinates you, you just *do* it."

Katharine claims to suffer none of the ordinary fears and phobias to which more average humans are susceptible. "Like being afraid to fly, or afraid to die? No. I disapprove of that," she says firmly. "We're limited enough by our natural inclinations without being scared of things we can't control. Death? Oh, it's the big sleep—*lovely,*" she says embracing the adjective. Her opinion of an afterlife is absolutely true to character. "No, no, no, I don't believe in that at all! I think we're very limited by this box

(continued)

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KATHARINE THE GREAT

continued

we came in. The box is me, and it's
lually rotting away. Don't *look* at me
that." She smiles. "The box is me
when the vital things go, it dissolves.
d have to be a fool not to recognize

mean, flowers die, trees die, animals
. . . there is an elm up on the farm,
most beautifully shaped tree I've ever
, but now it has only a few leaves
That tree will have to be taken
n, or it's going to infect all the other
s. All things that live must die. That
sn't bother me, that we shouldn't
life everlasting.

here *are*, of course, certain odd
gs I really don't want to do at all. But
inclined to *make* myself do them for
very reason."

mong those, count interviews like
one. Hepburn rarely grants them and
easons are more complex than can be
ained by her legendary reluctance to
with her privacy. Like opening
ts and college exams, an interview is
rsonal challenge that could be failed.
ook," she says. "I think any situation
re you have to lay yourself on the
where you have to say, 'Here I am,
is what I can do or what I have to
is scary. I feel if you can live *through*
at's all that can be expected."

at fear explains her startling reaction
e onset of this interview. Spotting me
he film set, she seems to freeze,
entarily disoriented. "Oh," she says
hushed voice, "there you are. Don't
I didn't see you yesterday, sitting
n that rock."

r presence is electric. The angular
devoid of makeup, has softened into
led, ageless, still astonishing beauty.
her nervousness is palpable as she
es deeply, thrusts back her shoul-
and, with a light, tentative brush of
rtips to the reporter's shoulders,
ises, "I'll try to be"—whispering the
—"fascinating."

e setting, a forest by a mountain-
d lake, is idyllic. But the image of
ndomitable, uninhibited Kate is
y askew.

atharine is working in terrible pain
a shoulder operation," says Mark
ll, the *On Golden Pond* director.
she won't be a victim. She swims
a mile every morning, lifts heavy
s. Takes life by the throat and shakes
he's tightly strung like piano wire,
n certain ways she's emotionally frag-
easily injured by criticism and very
r, very loving."

adually, it becomes apparent that
are really two Hepburns—not
sely defined, somewhat blurred at
dges, but separable. There is Kate the Great, opinionated and cocksure; and there is Katharine, sensitive, warm and even vulnerable. Both of them, she'll be relieved to know, *are fascinating*.

Kate finds it amusing that she is considered so sage, and mockingly assesses her fertile mind as "quick and clever, very well read, but not too bright.

"People ask me such pontifical questions, and I give them all this phony philosophy stuff. Would that I were as smart as people think I am." Katharine thinks she knows why she has acquired the image. "After you've lived as long as I have, and then you tell your experiences, and some people are very sweet, and they think, 'Oh, my, but she's wise.' They think, 'She made it,' but they don't stop to realize I was also just very lucky.

"Some people are just born at the right time for their personalities, don't you think? I was fortunate that my personality has suited the three generations I happened to live in. Back in 1929, I wore patched dungarees and my hair straggled around my shoulders—sort of a free spirit. At Bryn Mawr, I sat on the curb and was considered very eccentric." She leans forward conspiratorially. "Actually I was in terrible pain, which turned out to be a bad appendix, so I sat on the curb doubled up, trying to look inconspicuous, and I earned the reputation for being most *unusual*." So she was avant garde in that generation. "Later it became fashionable to sit around on curbs with your hair straggling, so you see I joined the next generation. And I've survived the generation I'm in now."

Special significance

The movie, *On Golden Pond*, has special significance for Katharine. "It's very much like the films I made with Spencer [Tracy]," she says matter-of-factly. The story is a dark comedy about a couple still in love after 48 years, their disaffected daughter (played by Jane Fonda) and her soon-to-be stepson. "It's a valid story about love, and the transient nature of living. It's also very funny. The roles call for great charisma, an effortless charm. Hank [Henry Fonda] is adorable in this."

From the time she met Tracy on the set of *Woman of the Year* (the first of nine movies they made together), the two were a brittle, witty pair—he stolid and gruffly tender, she crisply independent yet feminine. "We never rehearsed the scene we were going to do together." She pauses thoughtfully. "It's so hard to know why you do get on with one person and not another. That's a very subtle thing, isn't it? Oh, the enormous complication of the human being. It's extraordinary, I think. And also thrilling."

Katharine was married once in her life, to Philadelphia socialite Ludlow Ogden Smith, who accommodatingly changed his name to Ogden Ludlow because, it is said, his bride did not relish being known as Kate Smith. They wed in 1928, and divorced amicably six years later, but remained close friends.

Katharine later explained, "I don't believe in marriage. It's bloody impractical to love, honor and obey. If it weren't, you wouldn't have to sign a contract." Her name was later linked to many men, including producer Leland Hayward and elusive millionaire Howard Hughes, who stepped out of character to visit Kate's family quite often at their home in West Hartford, Connecticut. [Apparently, Hughes and Kate's father, Dr. Thomas Hepburn, a distinguished urologist, hit it off together zestily.] But nothing serious came of the relationship. Perhaps each was too eccentric for the other.

Hepburn insists emphatically that she has never for a moment regretted not having children. "No, no, no! Right off, before I was married and the minute I started my career, I made the decision never to have children. You see, I was brought up in a very happy family, the second of six children, and I could see how terribly difficult it was for a mother to have a family and work. Mothering is the toughest job there is—no Sundays off—and I knew I couldn't get involved in a lot of little creatures I was responsible for and have my work. I'm too self-oriented." She adds wistfully, "Women don't seem to feel motherhood is rewarding any more. I think that's terribly sad."

Lyrical of parents

Kate speaks lyrically of her parents and her "absolutely perfect upbringing." Her father taught her to be competitive and athletic; her mother, one of the country's first suffragists, was "a brilliant speaker, out to raise the position of women, yet beautiful and very feminine."

Understandably, Katharine was a feminist long before the women's movement was launched nationwide in the early 1960s. She now feels some women have carried the cause too far. "I don't like to see girls taking on jobs that men clearly are better at. The truth is that men and women are very different. Women should be equal, but they shouldn't strain to be men. That's boring."

To Kate, self-discipline is vital and it distresses her that today's society is so self-indulgent. "It's the me-me-me era, and there seems a loss of standards. Young women think they can sleep with any fool from the age of thirteen on, and still keep a sense of identity. But if we behave like mutts and roll around dissipating, being exhausted all the time from overindulgence, what are we going to be? We're going to be *mush*. I think it's cuckoo, absolutely tragic!

"What has happened to integrity?" Katharine asks. "It is not held in any great esteem. We have taken this very odd turn. Right and wrong are mixed up. It all seems very clear to me, but it apparently confuses a great many people. Who chopped down the cherry

(continued)

KATHARINE THE GREAT

continued

tree? In other eras, if you did it, you admitted it, you were blamed for it and you profited by it—improving with your mistakes. Well, now the style is to turn around and blame somebody else. That is like digging your own grave."

Katharine slowly shakes her head. "You know," she says, "I am not religious at all. But I am inspired by the notion of a figure like Jesus Christ, who lived entirely for others. There is nothing in the world that gives one more of a boot than to be giving rather than receiving." After a pause, she adds, "The greatest rewards in life are not ritualized. They are those moments when you really know that you have helped someone. . . ."

It is surprising that Katharine, whose opinions (on paper) appear didactic and even abrasive, speaks in such quiet, reasonable tones. Her words are often peppery, but her tone is thoughtful, even at times gentle. "Her force goes into her work," says director Rydell. "After a scene she'll look at me, her face so eager for approval, and say, 'Is it good?' There's an insecurity that you don't expect."

Katharine concedes her sensitivity to criticism, and it bothers her that her cutting candor in earlier years may have injured the feelings of associates. "Nobody likes to hurt another, and I'm rather blunt so I probably have, quite often. I don't give so much of a damn if it's an equal, but if it's someone who's not in a position to hit back, I'd feel very upset. We all long for affection. I find that if anyone says one kind word to me, I'm apt to make them a friend for life."

Among her cluster of friends, she is renowned for love and generosity often carried to extravagant lengths. Irene Selznick has said, "Kate has so few friends because she gives so much, always smothering you with presents or going on errands of mercy. If she had any more friends, there wouldn't be any more of her left." But Kate laughs off the notion of tenderness. "Oh, *stop* it! Tender? That's really funny." Reminded of all the times she's spent the night with friends when they were ill or troubled, she protests quaintly, "Gee willikens, everybody does that. These are my family!"

What does she do when she, herself, is ill? "I don't particularly get ill," she protests. Katharine's simple refusal to give in, combined with a regime of vigorous exercise, see to that. "I had a hip operation a few years ago," she says, "and now this problem I got playing tennis last June. I was serving the ball when I heard a terrible tear, and then I couldn't raise my arm." She had a rotator cuff operation—the kind ballplayers have a lot—"and I'm not totally recovered yet. But I'll be back. Playing with anyone I can possibly persuade to play with me."

A sudden wind whips off the nearby lake, and Katharine frowns. "I don't like the wind. I like a breeze. But I don't like it when wind comes tearing in and you have to close the windows. We lost a house in a hurricane in 1938," a family cottage, and when it was blown away, the Hepburns, typically, built another house on the site. That is now Katharine's weekend home; during the week, when she's not on the road, she lives in a Manhattan townhouse that she bought in 1931. Both homes are furnished in old furniture and "a great confusion" of periods and memorabilia. Even in Manhattan, where people often wait at her front steps to see Kate off on her daily walks, jogs, bike rides or grocery expeditions, people don't bother her much. "I'm like a school principal. Nobody treads on my toes."

Up at five A.M., to bed at seven P.M., Katharine never watches television, claims to know nothing about music, but does know how to bake. Her brownies are renowned and for good reason: "They are sensational," she says. "That's not very modest, but they *are*." When Kate talks about cooking, exchanging recipes with friends, she becomes as domestic as the housewife next door. She is obviously totally comfortable with this—even excelling her brilliant mother. Leaning forward confidentially, she says, "My mother was an adorable, amusing, witty, charming woman, far superior to me. But," Kate half whispers, "she couldn't cook *anything*." (For Kate Hepburn's recipe for chewy brownies, see box this page.)

When she is asked what touches her, what makes her cry, Katharine r
without hesitating, "The truth, I
Contacting someone all of a sudde
understanding—seeing the truth o
lationship. Know what I mean?
beauty. Flowers, birds, trees. Beaut
or should have, a moving effect on

Questions that deal, literally, wit
and death are faced squarely.

Katharine believes strongly in
thanasia. "I think it is wicked to k
hopeless life going through art
methods." She says that she has sig
"living will," the document that pe
relatives and doctors to terminate lif
der certain circumstances. "If I wer
a 'thing' lying there, and had to be
alive by drip, drip, drip from som
vice, I would say 'Take away the
please.' I would never want docto
put up a long, useless fight."

"Rational suicide"

She feels equally firmly that "rat
suicide" should be the accepted opti
people in pain, with terminal illnesse
am not saying I will agree or dis
with your decision, but it clearly is
choice," she says. "I think ever
should have a right to decide for t
selves whether to live or die."

Kate's father, being a man of scie
looked at death with pure Yankee h
"When Dad was in pretty bad shape
said, 'I suppose I should be giving
[concept of hereafter] some consid
tion. But I just can't bring myself to
Kate laughs. "Well, I'm with Dad."

Katharine does not close her
completely, though. Her companion
secretary believes in the concept of
ongoing soul. "This is a very impo
matter to some people. But you se
don't know about that soul busin
What you call a soul I would think is
force, which is electrical, perfectly im
sonal. If I died, I think the energy
on. The spark joins the eternal spar
the current of life. Whatever that is,
it has nothing to do with *me*. I'm ju
plant, like all the rest. We're around
awhile, then we rot and we die. You k
we spring up and then"—she raises
arm in a sweeping arc—"off we go."

After a pause, she adds thoughtfull
think life's tough, really tough. So m
I'm warped on this topic. Because
see, I've had a wonderful time, wond
parents, great brothers and sisters
friends. I mean, how could one poss
ask for more. I don't close my eyes to
options, but I cannot spend time wo
ing about where I'm going to go."

Hepburn rises gracefully and stretc
Then, a last memorable thought. "S
people believe in hell too, you know. W
I do the best I can. I try not to do ro
things. I don't think I'm going to be sen
hell because I'm a non-believer. I re
don't."

Nor does anyone else with the comm
sense of a Katharine Hepburn. . . .

HEPBURN'S BROWNIES

First melt two squares of unsweetened chocolate and ¼ pound sweet butter (1 stick) in a heavy saucepan. Remove from heat and stir in 1 cup of sugar. Add 2 eggs along with ½ teaspoon vanilla and beat like mad. Stir in ¼ cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and a cup of chopped walnuts—not smashed up, you know, but just chopped into fairly good sized pieces.

Now mix all that up. Then you butter a square tin (8 x 8 inches) and dump the whole thing quickly into the pan. Stuff this pan into a preheated 325°F. oven for 40 minutes. After that, take out the pan and let it cool for awhile. Then cut into 1½-inch squares and dive right in.

Food Editor's Note: We tested this recipe in our *Ladies' Home Journal* test kitchens, and it received accolades all around. Since you use only ¼ cup flour (rather than the ½ or ¾ cup ordinarily called for), the brownies have a wonderful pudding-like texture. In fact, if they're cut warm, you could almost eat them with a fork (which is no drawback, we assure you).



Got a minute? Join Duncan Hines in

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ck Lemon
ringue Cake

g Duncan Hines
uxe II Lemon
preme Cake Mix
ups prepared
on pudding
pie filling.
ntainer (8 ozs.)
en whipped
ping, thawed.
e cake as
cted on pkg.
10-inch tube
. Cool. Split
e into three
rs. Stir pud-
g and pie
g until smooth.
ead ⅓ of filling
ween each
r and on top
ake. Frost
es and center
whipped top-
g. Refrigerate.

Lemon Cheese Bars

Duncan Hines Pudding
Recipe Yellow Cake Mix
-8 ozs. pkg. cream
heese, softened, ⅓
up sugar, 1 teaspoon
emon juice

Mix dry cake mix, 1
gg and ⅓ cup oil until
crumbly; reserve 1 cup.
Pat remaining mixture
ghtly in an ungreased
3 x 9 x 2-inch pan. Bake 15
minutes at 350°. Beat cheese,
ugar, lemon juice and 1 egg
until light and smooth. Spread over
baked layer. Sprinkle with reserved
crumb mixture. Bake 15 minutes
nger. Cool. Cut into bars.

Creamy Lemon Cheese Cake

1 pkg. Duncan Hines Pudding Recipe Lemon Cake Mix
2 pkgs. (8 ozs. each) cream cheese, softened
1 cup (8 ozs.) dairy sour cream
½ cup sugar

Measure 1 cup dry cake mix; set aside. Combine remaining mix with 1 egg and ⅓ cup oil. Press in the bottom of a greased 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan. Bake at 350° F. for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, combine reserved mix, 2 eggs and remaining ingredients; beat at low speed for 2 minutes. Spread over crust. Bake at 350° F. about 35 minutes longer. Cool.

FOOD JOURNAL



SLIMMING SUPPER

sh Fantasia. Melt 1 T. butter in skillet; add 1 crushed garlic clove, ½ cup ach sliced onion and diced green pepper, pinch ground red pepper. over; cook 5 minutes. Stir in 16-oz. can whole tomatoes; simmer ncovered 10 minutes. Add 1½ lbs. sole or flounder fillets, spoon sauce ver fish. Cook 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 4 servings, 195 calories each. rozen fillets: Thaw 10 minutes, cut in chunks, cook covered, 15 minutes.)

STAR QUICKIE

Speedy Stir-Fry. Slice 1 lb. cube steak into thin strips. Brown in 2 T. oil with 1 clove crushed garlic over medium-high heat. Remove meat. Slice medium onion and zucchini; stir-fry 1 minute. Add mix of ½ cup white wine, 1 T. cornstarch, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce and ½ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper. Return beef to skillet, heat through. Serves 4.

EASY-TO-MAKE: ICE CREAM BOMBE

Take two basic ingredients—pound cake and ice cream—and quickly turn them into a very showy dessert. Frost for an extra special treat.

1. Use 16 ¼-inch slices of pound cake. Cut 8 slices diagonally into triangles (as shown). Trim edges off rest, making 8 rectangles.
2. Line 1½-quart bowl with plastic wrap. Arrange triangles with narrow points toward center, forming a pinwheel. Circle with rectangles next. Patch any holes. Save extra slices.
3. Soften 2 pints ice cream or sherbet (different flavors). Spoon first flavor into bowl; pack gently against sides. Fill with second flavor (or make 3 thin layers). Top with remaining slices; cover with plastic wrap or foil and freeze overnight.
4. To serve: Invert bowl onto chilled plate; remove wrap. Serves 8.









EQUIPMENT ROUNDUP: FRUIT GADGETS

Apples by the bushel . . . grapes by the bunch. Try out these clever gadgets and have some fun with fall's fresh fruits. Clockwise, from top left: • Inject a splash of wine or liqueur into any fruit for a tipsy treat. La Culinaire Flavorizer, $7. • Apple slicer/corer cuts a dozen neat segments—as easy as pie. Westmark, $8. • Cherry pitter saves time. Push plunger, pit pops out. Hoan, $1.75. • Citrus peeler carves perfect strips that hold a curl. Hoan, $1.50. • Snip, snip. Grape shears look elegant, keep bunches neat while you nibble. Rowoco, $13. • Pocket peeler quickly scores, peels skin off citrus fruits. Rowoco, $1.75 for 2. • Simple corer scoops out seeds, stems—with sharp teeth. Core All by Hoan, $1.25. Shopping information, page 140.



Photographs by Roy Coggin. Border by Airstream


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IT'S NOT EASY TO BE A WOMAN TODAY!

"My Sixteen-Year-Old Son Is in Jail"

By Susan Benson

At 2:30 Sunday morning the phone rang, shattering the stillness of my sleep. Instantly I was wide awake. Somehow I knew my 16-year-old son, Steven, was in trouble. Late Saturday afternoon, he and one of his best friends in the neighborhood had left to go to the county fair two miles down the road. The boys were going to spend the night house-sitting while his friend's parents were away. Steven had had some serious disciplinary problems at school, but he'd been behaving himself better lately, and I thought I could trust him.

What had happened? Had there been a car wreck? Had the boys been acting too rowdy? My mind was flooded with ominous possibilities as I reached for the receiver. A female voice informed me, matter-of-factly, that my son had been arrested. She read off the charges. Steven was accused of "menacing, carrying a concealed weapon and possession of less than an ounce of a controlled substance." Because of the seriousness of the charges, Steven had been taken to the county jail until a detention hearing in juvenile court on Monday. Too numb to ask any questions, I hung up the phone.

In my heart, I knew my son was capable of such behavior. He and his friends were too precocious in all the wrong areas—drugs, alcohol, girls and rebellion against authority. I also knew that Steven had not had the easiest time growing up. I had divorced his father when my son was still a toddler. Much of his short life had been spent in a tug-of-war between the two of us, each with our own ideas about how to raise him. Naturally, I had always worried about the effects these disagreements would have on his development.

Would my son be harmed in jail?

As I fumbled for the light switch on my bedside lamp, my hands were shaking uncontrollably. My redheaded boy was locked up in jail. I was terrified. For one thing, being pent up in a dingy cell with adult criminals was the last thing he needed—and what about all those homosexual assaults in prison I had heard so much about in the news? My son was accused of threatening to kill people and, ironically, I was most worried about his safety.

With that thought, my head cleared, and I was ready to fire off the questions I had been too stunned to ask before. Suddenly I needed the answers *immediately*. I tried to call the shelter back. The number was unlisted. Then I dialed the juvenile department number. No answer. My fingers trembled as I searched the phone book for the county jail.

The arresting officer came to the phone. He assured me that my son had been kept apart from the adult prisoners, so I was somewhat relieved. Politely and objectively, he described what my son was supposed to have done. "Steven was standing in the back of a pickup truck in the fairgrounds parking lot waving a nine-inch blade at people passing by and challenging them to fight," the officer said. "He was drunk, he was carrying marijuana and he resisted arrest." Why did the policeman act as if Steven were already convicted of these charges? Aren't people innocent until proven guilty in a court of law?

Now I wanted to hear exactly what had happened—not from a voice on the phone, not from a policeman, but from my son. *(continued)*



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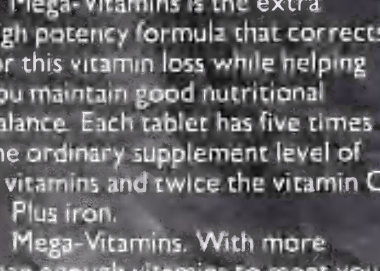
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It's Not Easy

continued

After some frustrating haggling, arrangements were made for me to talk to Steven at 8:30 after Sunday breakfast was served. That meant only four hours to wait, but I still felt helpless—even though everyone I had dealt with seemed to want to help my son and me as much as possible. Yes, I could go to him, but I couldn't bring him home. "Dear God," I prayed, "tell Steven I love him."

Had this strong, beautiful, talented son of mine really become a threat to society? The hardest decision of my life had been to give up custody of my adorable two year old to his father. I was only 20 at the time, and because I had married right out of high school, I didn't have the education to get a good enough job to feed the two of us. The child-support payments wouldn't even cover the cost of a full-time baby-sitter. Since my ex-husband had a more steady income, I thought I was doing the best thing for my baby by giving him up.

As it happened however, while Steven never lacked for material comforts, he did miss out on a more precious commodity—his father's attention. My ex-husband's job as an insurance salesman kept him on the road for long periods. Though I visited Steven a few times each month, and his new stepmother loved him as if he were her own child, what he really needed was a man to take a firm hand with him, a strong authority figure to identify with. Consequently, he always sought out the older toughs in the schoolyard to fill the bill.

He grew more and more unruly in his teen years. In junior high school, he had been suspended for playing hooky and was constantly being reprimanded for disrupting classroom activities. His father kept insisting that Steven was simply going through a rebellious stage, but I decided the situation had gotten out of hand. So my son came to live with me when he was 13.

By enrolling him in a new school, I hoped that he would find less rowdy friends and more constructive interests. He was a very talented artist. I set curfews, monitoring his after-school activities as much as possible, and even arranged for him to see a family counselor who specialized in adolescent problems.

God only knows what else I could have done. But just loving Steven was clearly no longer enough. Since I had given birth to him when I was still so young, the two of us had just about grown up together. I had always acted more like a big sister to him than a mother. He was my son, however, and his problems were my problems. Innocently or not, I had helped him become the boy he was today.

The miracle of the dawn of a new day gave me hope. I arrived at the jail t early, so I walked across the street to n church. Though the priest was rushi between services, he stopped to gre me. When I told him what had ha pened, methodically he offered co dolences and said a quick prayer.

Returning to the jail, my footste echoed down the cement stairs and found myself swallowed by beige wall Poor Steven, I kept thinking, to be co fined in such a cold, clinical place. I w shown into a room with a glass partiti that had seats and phones on both sid of the glass.

A deputy brought in my son. Though had seen him not 12 hours before, h seemed to have aged. His face was pa and he looked thinner than I remem bered. He was handcuffed and wore dingy T-shirt with the word JAIL stampe across it. He needed a bath.

I wanted to hold him in my arms, b the cold glass barred me. For a mome we simply stood there, and stared at eac other. Then we picked up the phones an sat down in unison. My face trembl and he shook his head. "Don't cry, Mom Please don't cry," he begged. "If you do will too, and I've been crying all night."

He told me his side of the story, den ing the weight of the charges levele against him. I reassured him that w would see this through together. Th deputy came too soon to take Steve away. While I sat looking at his empt chair, I took some comfort in the fact th he knew I would do everything I could t help him. I left the jail but my hea stayed behind. At the detention hearin the following morning, Steven was re leased to my custody, and three month later, he went to trial.

When Steven went to court

Unfortunately I did not have enoug money to hire a lawyer, so his case wa handled by a court-appointed attorney During the hearing my son was neve allowed to give his version of what ha happened. He was found guilty, but t our relief, was not incarcerated. Instea the judge put him on probation.

Since that awful incident occurred Steven has not been in trouble again. O his own accord, he's stopped drinking an doing drugs altogether, and taking re sponsibility for his body seems to hav changed his attitude toward both himsel and his future. A few months ago, helped him enroll in some courses at th local community college and he has jus successfully completed the semester.

He learned his lesson, but I learne mine, too. He's taught me to respect hi right to live his life as he chooses. I can change the past—wipe the slate clea and start again. I can just love him for th young man he is today, and do my best t help him each time he asks. We ar closer today than we've ever been. Dea God, how I love that boy. **En**

SUMMER LIGHTS

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AZOLA LEMON-LIGHTS DRESSING asure into jar, 1 cup MAZOLA corn oil, 1/3 cup non juice, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. dry mustard, 1/4 tsp. prika and 1/8 tsp. ground red pepper. Cover; shake ll. Chill. Shake before serving. Serve on tossed salad ens. Makes 1 1/3 cups.

MAZOLA HONEY-LIGHTS GINGER DRESSING Follow recipe for Lemon-Lights Dressing. Omit paprika. Add 2 Tbsp. honey, 1/2 tsp. celery seed and 1/4 tsp. ground ginger. Shake before serving. Serve over a variety of fresh fruits.

MAZOLA DILL-LIGHTS MARINADE/ DRESSING Follow recipe for Lemon-Lights Dressing. Add 1/2 tsp. dried basil leaves, 1/4 tsp. dried dill weed and 1/2 clove garlic. Remove garlic and shake before serving. Use for marinating assorted fresh vegetables.

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Summer. Say the word and feel your senses come alive. Now is the time for energetic romps on sun-drenched shores . . . lazy walks through flowering meadows . . . romantic nights under breezy skies.

Now is the time for nostalgic remembrance . . . and a time to *revel* in new summer pleasures. For summer 1981, we offer fresh ideas to mingle with the other summer's loveliest memories.

Using the Summer Sun

There's more to "solar energy" than warm houses and great tans. With just a little ingenuity, the summer sun can make a wonderful tool—or fascinating toy. By Beth Weinhouse

It's a beautiful summer day with bright sunlight and a deep blue sky. A few clouds float lazily above, and you lounge lazily below, enjoying the sweet air and sunshine. The minutes pass, your skin tans and suddenly you realize . . . you're bored to tears.

There's no question that lounging lazily can sometimes be tedious—even if you are trying to achieve the perfect tan. But the sun is a fascinating tool, and you and your family can find many other entertaining ways to use—and enjoy—solar power. In fact, with a little experimenting, you'll not only amuse yourself, but also discover the simplicity behind man's oldest energy source.

While you're relaxing on that chaise lounge, you might get thirsty. Why not try some sun-brewed tea? It is smoother and less bitter than conventionally brewed tea, and especially refreshing served over ice. Simply find a large, clear, glass jar with a lid, and use five tea bags (or the equivalent amount of leaves) for each half-gallon of water. Then, leave the covered jar, with the tea suspended from the lid, for two or three hours in direct sunlight. When you savor this delicious drink, you'll understand why, after World War II, the Russians designed a solar samovar!

The tea brews because of a phenomenon called "the greenhouse effect." Glass lets sunlight in, but doesn't let much of the sun's heat out (which is why tropical plants can flourish during the winter in a greenhouse). With sun-brewed tea, the sunlight hits the jar of water, and the concentrated heat soon causes the tea flavor to leak out of the bags. This makes the water darker, which in turn makes the container absorb even more sunlight.

Another way to apply the greenhouse effect is to build a simple box that can be used to warm bread. To do this, a black shoebox should be covered with a piece of clear glass instead of the cardboard lid. In direct sunlight, the box will quickly reach 160°F, even if the temperature outside is only 20°F.

You also can use the summer sun to get a head start on work for the rest of the year by drying summer fruits and herbs. You'll find that open-air drying does not change the color, flavor or vitamin content of foods as much as oven drying does. And the only equipment needed for sun-drying is a cookie sheet or aluminum foil on which to put the food, a protective netting (such as cheesecloth) to keep insects away and a flat surface in the sunlight. Also, make sure the food is clean and ripe, that very juicy fruits are cut into pieces and that the segments are placed on the tray so that air can circulate freely around them. Once the fruits are finished, dried foods should be stored away from all light, in airtight containers, where they will keep safely for months.

If you enjoy the sun so much that you're willing to leave that air-conditioned house for a camping trip, you can build a simple solar water heater and shower like the ones used by early American settlers. Put water in any black container—such as a plastic trash bag or the inner tube of a tire—and place it in direct sunlight. The water will heat in a couple of hours, sometimes to more than 100°F. To make the shower, add a hose attachment and hang the water bag from a tree branch.

Another way to use the sun's energy is by focusing it from a large area onto a smaller and more concentrated one. When children use hand-held magnifying glasses to burn holes in dry leaves, they too are using solar energy.

An offshoot of this idea is solar woodburning, a relaxing craft to practice whenever the sun shines. Sketch simple designs on pieces of light-colored wood. Hold a magnifying glass so the sun's rays focus on one part of your sketch. Soon a faint trail of smoke will appear. When the spot has been burned as deeply as you wish, just move the lens slightly to continue "grooving" your sketch. A coat of varnish completes the artwork.

A note of caution: While practicing solar wood-burning, wear polarized sunglasses to filter out glare. Have some water handy in case of fire.

Even a solar cigarette lighter is no more than a small parabolic mirror, which looks like a shallow, oval-shaped bowl. When a cigarette is placed upright in the center, the sun's rays bounce from the mirror to the tip of the cigarette and light it. This gadget costs about five dollars.

Or, use a large parabolic aluminum mirror as a solar cooker. These are lots of fun, and there's no need for messy charcoal, lighter fluid or hours of cooking time. You can prepare a hot dog in about 15 minutes and boil a pot of water in about 20 minutes. Of course, it will only work in direct sunlight.

Knitters and weavers who dye their own wool have found that the sun can sometimes replace the mordant (a substance used to fix the coloring matter) in the dyeing process.

Summer is the ideal time to experiment with solar projects since the sun is plentiful and the outdoors is alluring. You can even become an expert on solar energy—without even knowing what a photovoltaic cell is! **End**

Border by Kit Douglas.

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When a Rose Is More Than a Rose

Flowers are beautiful and have heavenly scents, but they also have other uses. Here's how to dry them, eat them, blend them and save them all year long. By Linda Dannenberg

Summer is in bloom—ripe, sweet, heavy, fragrant—full of those languorous, dreamlike days that lull you into forgetting that fall is only a few short weeks away. Outside, the garden is a color-splashed carnival of zinnias, roses, snapdragons, marigolds, pansies and poppies. An occasional bee diligently works his way from blossom to blossom collecting the plant's sweet essence before it fades. And this is a time when you too can gather your garden's bounty for enjoyment of summer's temporal glory all year long. Potpourris, pressed flower portraits and dried flower bouquets are only a few of the ways you can capture and save a garden's scent, shape or color. Here's how:

Potpourri: A potpourri (French for "medley") is a wonderfully aromatic mix of flower petals, spices and citrus peel. Use your imagination (and your nose) to find the blend most pleasing to you, picking lavender, roses and other fragrant flowers before full bloom, and then letting the petals dry on a piece of screening in a dark, dry area. After about a week, mix the dried petals with one tablespoon each of nutmeg and cinnamon and two tablespoons of crushed lemon peel. If you wish, add small amounts of any of the following: mint, rosemary, vanilla bean, cloves, thyme, mace or orange peel. Into the mix, sprinkle four tablespoons of orrisroot (available at pharmacies) as a fixative. Mix very gently to blend so that the petals stay as intact as possible. Spoon the potpourri into glass jars, cover tightly and store in a dark place for a month. When ready, use the potpourri in sachets, or keep it in a covered dish or apothecary jar.



Natural dried flowers: For centerpieces, boudoir bouquets, wreaths, dramatic decorative displays or craft projects, pick flowers just before full bloom (preferably in mid-morning, after the dew has evaporated) and place them immediately in water to prevent wilting. For air-drying, strip off stem leaves, and tie the flowers together by the stems in bunches of five or six. (Dry large flowers, such as sunflowers or hydrangeas, individually.) Then, hang the bunches upside down and apart in a dark, dry, warm spot for about three weeks. When dry, spray with a matte finish clear plastic spray (available at art supply or hardware stores). The air-drying method works nicely with goldenrod, Queen Anne's lace, strawflowers, lavender, clover flowers and Chinese lanterns, which all can be arranged with preserved foliage in baskets, apothecary jars, ceramic pitchers or old perfume bottles.

Pressed flowers: Here is another way to preserve flowers—from an anniversary corsage to the violets at the side of the walk. You can press the flowers with or without silica gel (sold commercially as "Flower Dri"), but using it generally works better. You will need two matching pieces of masonite or plywood board, a plastic sheet about four times the size of the boards, a tin of silica gel and paper towels.

To begin, spread the plastic sheet over a table and set one of the boards in the center. Lay six sheets of paper towel on the board, and place flower heads (from which you have removed leaves and cut the stems) face down sideways on the paper. Arrange petals as you wish to preserve them, and cover lightly with silica gel. Then plac six more sheets of paper over the flowers and repeat, if you wish, with another layer of flowers. When you ha as many layers as you want (finishing with a final six layers of paper), top w second board. Gather four corners of the plastic above the board, twist shu so that the package is airtight and tie securely. Leave in a dry place for two three days and weight the top with stones, bricks or heavy canned goods. Use for framed "flower prints" on art or construction paper, or simply save as a tissue-wrapped memento of a beautiful day.

Preserved foliage: Lasting floral arrangements are easy to make by letting branches sit in a solution of glycerine (available at most pharmacies) and water. First, rinse branches in cool water to remove dust or pollen, and crush the cut ends of th branches with a hammer or heavy pan In a medium size jar, mix a solution of two parts water and one part glycerine so that the jar is at least six inches full and place two or three branches inside In about two weeks, when the leaves have turned dark green or bronze, they are ready to use. Magnolias, dogwoods, laurels, rhododendrons, scotch broom, ivy and beech turn out especially well.

Dandelion salad: In France and Italy the leaves and greens of the dandelion are a delicacy if you are in the mood for an exotic treat from your own backyard. Remove the bottom of dandelion stem and the yellow flower and wash the greens carefully. In a small amount of water, steam them gently for about three minutes. Let cool and drain; then toss with oil and lemon juice. Garnish with crumbled bacon bits. Dandelion greens also can be served raw in a salad.

En



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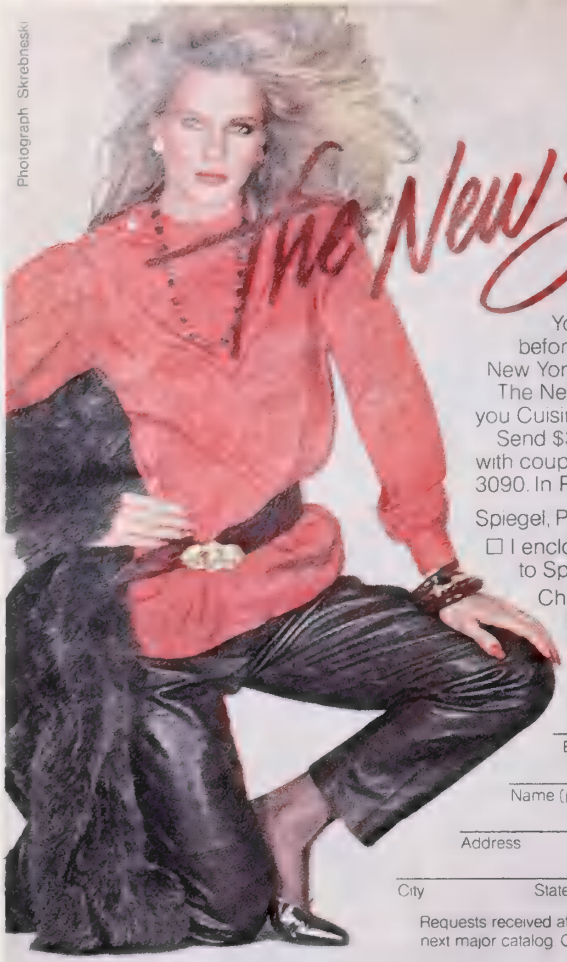
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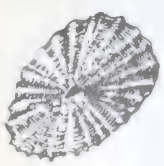
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Nature's Own Sparkling Treasures

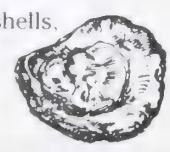


A stroll along the seashore or a hike in the mountains will be all the more memorable if you are aware of the beautiful shells, gems and minerals that are yours for the taking. By Rachel Palmer

A friend of mine has a unique object of outstanding beauty on her desk top. Its surface captures the light and gleams various colors and hues, depending on the time of day. Its lines are ethereal, distinctly articulated and most assuredly one-of-a-kind. Many people ask her where it came from; she explains that it is a memento from a trip to Florida's southeastern shore. However, this piece was sculpted not by an artist, but by nature—it's a simple seashell, found on the beach at low tide.



Our country is rich in shells, minerals and gemstones and all are accessible to the amateur collector.



The hunt itself can be a rewarding adventure for the entire family—but objects are also available to the armchair collector by selling and trading with other enthusiasts.



The best shell-collecting areas around the United States are Florida, the Texas coast and the west coast of Mexico. Along the Florida and Texas coasts various clam shells abound, including the quahog, from which American Indians once made wampum (beads of polished shells strung in strands, belts or sashes and used as money and ornaments), as well as the sunray venus and calico clam. California and Mexico are rich in abalones, murex rock shells, limpets and chitons. Also to be found here are the kelp-weed scallop and the purple dwarf olive.



One shell collector, Lorna Melvin, took up the hobby when she inherited her father's collection. From their home in Massachusetts, she and her husband, Dr. A. Gordon Melvin, now trade shells and write about them. (Their latest book is *1000 World Sea Shells*, published by Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc.) "We have thousands of shells in our home—and I love showing them off to collectors from all over the world," Mrs. Melvin says.

The Melvins have these tips for beginning collectors:

- Shells traded or bought commercially seldom need to be cleaned, but those collected from the shore must be cleansed with baby oil or olive oil and, if necessary, boiled or treated with alcohol to kill the animal inside.
- Learn the Latin names. They are widely used in buying and trading.
- Shell traders advertise in publications such as *Hawaiian Shell News*, *Shell Collector* and *Of Sea and Shore*.
- Shells should be kept out of bright sunlight. If they fade, oil will help restore their luster.

If the beginner is wary of trading, examples can be bought for no more than a dollar or two in a specialty shop such as Collector's Cabinet in New York City. Collector's Cabinet sells not only shells but also minerals and fossils, and has branches from coast to coast in California, Massachusetts, Maine, Florida, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia.



Jerome Eisenberg, owner of Collector's Cabinet, geologist, collector and author, has the distinction of having paid the highest auction price ever for a shell: $3,240 for a cone at Sotheby Parke Bernet in London. To help hobbyists,

(continued on P. S. 10)

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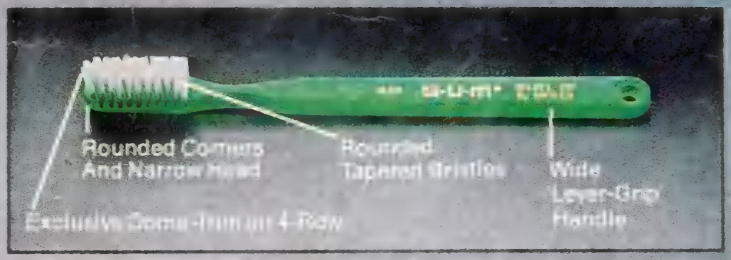
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Mrs. Adina Romain, Evanston, Illinois, still serves vegetables with the Ekco slotted spoon she got 25 years ago.

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Soothing the Summer's Sting

Remember the fireflies of your magical youth? And the ants of picnics past? This nostalgic look at the season's bugs should soothe the swarming, buzzing, crawling and stinging of summer. By Pam Hait

Some people remember the stings of summer romance; I remember the stings of summer bugs. Summer is the hum of honeybees working over the honeysuckle; dragonflies zipping over the dampness we called Blackberry Creek. It is the slow, fat wobble of shiny ants crawling out of my grandmother's peonies, the red round bump that goes scratch in the night and the bees that swarmed out of our attic when we brought up our winter clothes for summer storage.

I still recall that hot June morning when we stood, poised for our first trip up the stairs, arms loaded with scratchy woolens. My mother yanked the chain on the ceiling door and opened it just a crack before we heard the telltale buzz of hundreds of angry bees. She let the door snap up and cried, "Hurry! Call the fumigator!"

In our town, an exterminator's truck meant you were a hopeless slob, but gossip was a small price to pay for salvation. We cheered as the attic was fogged, disregarded the dank cloud tha hung in the upstairs hall and waited anxiously for the great unsealing. Whe that day arrived, my mother grabbed the chain to the attic stairs, pulled slow and was showered with a hail of crusty old bee bodies. But at least the invasio of the attic snatchers was over. To this day, however, whenever I hear the melo of "Flight of the Bumblebee," it makes nervous.

Nostalgic views of summer paint the as serene and quiet times. Mine were spent in itching just beyond where I could scratch. Summer meant layers of calamine and other homemade desperation remedies—like marking a with your fingernail over a red mosquit bump. It was supposed to make it itch less. It didn't.

Mosquitoes were my nemesis. They always found me hot August evenings, when I'd sit with my friends watching fo shooting stars. We would clasp our arm around our knees, crane our necks and hope for something celestial to move. I those pre-satellite days, if it flashed in t sky, it was a shooting star.

Then I'd hear the faint whine of the ti engine revving behind my right ear, the brush of a thin wing as something flitte against my thigh. Screech. Dive. Munch. Ouch! I'd slap and smack the culprit as my friend would shout, "That's it! I saw i first. Just over the trees!" The flattened body of my attacker was little consolation.

Not every night invader meant troubl Fireflies were fabulous, yet whenever I think of them I want to reach for a paper cup, an empty mayonnaise jar (with hol punched in the lid) and twigs. Finding fireflies was another summer occupatio that began with a long-wait for the sun t set. First the streetlights would flicker o and then the fireflies. They'd wink their eerie tail lights, circling low like pilots with a touch of acrophobia.

Snap. The paper cups scooped the air. Smack. Palms sealed the cups. Then cam the hard part: transferring the bugs to th jar without losing them to the night breeze. We'd wait politely while the bugs inspected their new house, knowing they'd give the signal. Flash. The lime-yellow light winked coolly that all was well. Walt Disney turned to Tinkerbell; w found fireflies an ever-ready source of summer magic.

You could count on summer bugs. We always knew when we climbed the grove of trees behind my house we'd bring in cities of flat-topped, spindly legged box elder bugs. They'd march around the living room for hours until we caught them all. We knew, as we tossed our dirty linen down the laundry chute, a wasp would find its way inside a pillow case and lie in wait for the unlucky person

who had laundry duty that week. We'd find ourselves the perfect bunk at summer sleepaway camp, save the bottom one for a buddy, then look up to find dozens of skinny daddy longlegs wiggling, poised to jump on us once lights were out.

Summer. It was sitting on the sidewalk to play a game of jacks and getting chased off by a nest of fire ants. It was mixing up a pitcher of powdered drinks (we called it bug juice) and downing the whole glass before finding the bloated, black-winged body on the bottom. (Why did they always choose my glass to go swimming?) "Don't worry," my father would laugh as we gagged. "How much can a fly drink?"

It was the sudden realization, as we sat down on the lawn, that a yellow jacket got there first. It was fishing from a boat and fighting water bugs. It was snuggling into a sleeping bag and squishing spiders. It was the hum and sting and whoosh and buzz of bumbly creatures who only came out when I wanted to—on sunny, summer, vacation days. It was trying to tell yourself that you are big and that they are little, and that there's absolutely no reason to be afraid of a tiny bug—even if it could sting and bite and crawl up your leg. Ultimately it was realizing that just as for every time there is a season, for every season, there is a bug.



Conquering What's Bugging You

Whether you're swatting hungry mosquitoes, or waging a war against garden aphids, it pays to be knowledgeable about insects. It's said that there are at least five million of them in the air over each square mile —a billion billion in the world at any one time. With ranks like that, we can't overpower or outnumber them, but we can occasionally outsmart them. Here's how:

- Common sense and a knowledge of insect behavior helps. Bright colors, hair sprays, perfumes and suntan lotions attract stinging insects—so keep colors and smells muted. Long hair and loose clothing also are a bad idea around bees or wasps, which can get caught (and angered).
- Navy blue or black seems to attract biting insects, like *(continued)*



Summer's Stings

continued

mosquitoes and biting flies. You can use chemical repellents for protection, but follow directions carefully. Generally the strongest and most effective repellent includes a chemical, known to laymen by its acronym D.E.E.T. Remember to replace the repellent on your skin if you're outside for awhile, because of evaporation and perspiration. And use it especially around openings in clothing —around collars, wrists, pants legs— where black flies like to sneak inside.

- Ticks and chigger mites (or redbugs as they are sometimes called) are a special problem in the East and South, respectively. Both board your body on the ground and then migrate up, so your best protection is to keep your legs covered and your pants legs tucked in. Ticks can be especially dangerous since they carry an agent that causes Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. If you find one on you, remove it very gently, using alcohol, turpentine, ammonia, or strong soap suds to irritate the tick.
- If you are going to be outdoors a lot in an area where there are many insects (when trout fishing, for example, or hiking), check into new jackets with wide mesh netting that have been treated with chemical repellents. These are supposed to be very effective.
- To keep moths from gathering around outdoor lights, try using a red bulb, which attracts fewer insects. With a mosquito problem try a yellow light.
- Chemical insecticides have gotten a bad name, but there are many other ways to control and trap pesky insects. If your house or greenhouse plants are plagued with white flies, fungus gnats or leaf miners, there's a sticky yellow board you can buy that attracts them like iron filings to magnets (for some reason, these insects are drawn to a particular shade of yellow). Also, special "bug" bags are available now, which use a flower smell and sex lures to capture Japanese beetles. And, if you don't mind the noise, you can purchase black lights with electric grids around them. These are excellent at zapping moths and June beetles (not Japanese).
- For the garden, try using aluminum foil between rows to discourage aphids. Saucers of beer placed outside catch slugs, which are attracted by the odor and then drown. Wash off spider mites from plants with soapy water, and use a cotton swab dipped in alcohol to rub off scales and mealybugs. Some gardeners swear that marigolds help ward off aphids from other plants, but scientifically this hasn't been proven.
- Research has indicated that preying mantises and lady beetles, which are often sold to control other insects, have *not* been effective because they quickly disperse.
- Keep an eye out for pyrethroids, a new pesticide that is now used agriculturally and should be available for home use soon. It's thought to be very effective and very safe, but isn't on the market yet.—KATHERINE BARRETT

Treasures

continued from P.S. 6

Eisenberg's new book, *A Collector's Guide to Seashells of the World* (McGraw-Hill), not only pictures 2,600 species in full color, but lists their prices as well.

For shell zealots, Eisenberg's Collector's Cabinet sells uncommon examples, such as the rare spotted cowrie (Cypraea guttata) priced between $1,000 and $1,500. But Eisenberg's advice for most collectors is simple: "Buy what attracts you," he says. "Very few customers actually want guidance."

Shell and mineral collecting needn't always be academic. When Helga Wagner collected her first shells on a winter excursion to the Bahamas, she saw beautiful jewelry in her beachcombed prizes, and designed necklaces, bracelets, earrings and rings. Teaming delicate pale pink and white coral with ruffled clam shells, turquoise with red coral, and black jade with malachite, Wagner eventually created a collection of natural jewelry that now sells in leading stores in America and Europe, and has an international clientele that includes Farrah Fawcett and Princess Caroline of Monaco.

Depending on your geographic location, collecting rocks, minerals and precious stones may be easier than accumulating shells. All you need to begin is a small gathering bag, a rock hammer or chisel and tissue to wrap the minerals in. Books like *Gem Hunter's Guide* by Russell P. MacFall (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.) list exact locations of sites in each state.

The most accessible areas are in the western half of the United States, where much of the land is wide open to the collector. In Arizona you'll find colorful and valuable ore minerals in the dumps of the old mines—possibly azurite and malachite. Colorado is one of the most heavily mineralized regions in the world. Oregon is rich with jaspers, agates and petrified wood along the beaches. Montana is known for sapphires. Wyoming has jade, and Utah has red beryl and topaz, to name a few. In the east, Oxford County, Maine, has high-quality gems, including tourmaline. A variety of minerals can be found in Franklin, New Jersey, the most famous being franklinite; and, as is well-known, fossilized coral can be found in Florida.

Aside from their beauty, relatively easy finds may surprise you with their value. For instance, the agate, topaz crystals and rare fossils that Afton Fawcett found in the local mountains near his home in southern Utah were worth several hundred dollars. Fawcett, who took up "rock hounding" while convalescing at home after a heart attack, recalls, "My wife and I started by spending a week camping with our children and looking for rocks. The trip was not only fun and relaxing, but educational, too." Gradually, as Fawcett's interest burgeoned, he developed a flourishing business that supplies rocks, minerals and fossils to collectors worldwide. (You can contact him at: 320 South 300 West, Hurricane, Utah 84737; 801-635-2980.)

In these days of soaring prices for many collectibles—from fine art and antiques to fad items—it's gratifying to take up a hobby that brings earth's treasures into our homes for aesthetic pleasure and appreciation. And best of all—they'll last a lifetime. **End**



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Hot Weather Coolers

Sand and sea and icy smooth libations . . . refreshing delights for hot August days. Here, the best of summer's cooling quenchers. By Bert Greene

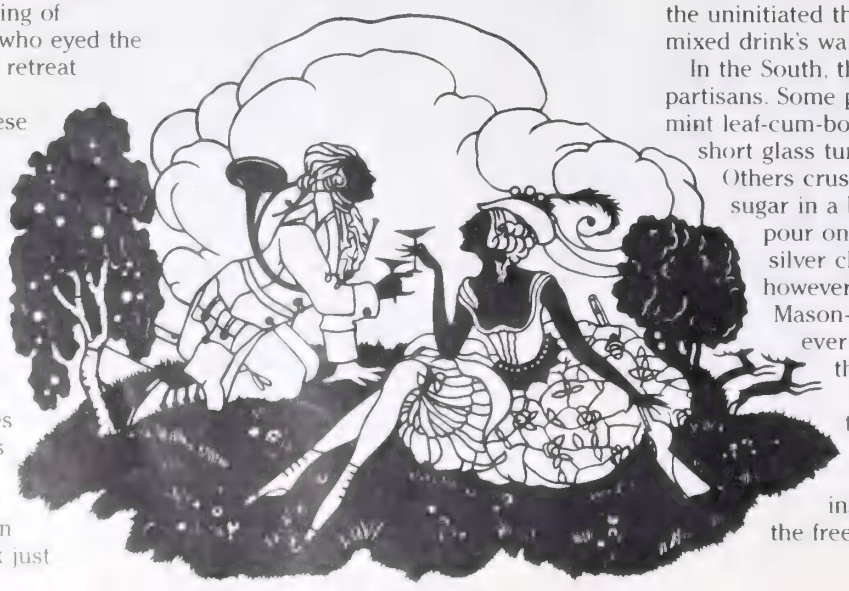
T.S. Eliot was wrong.

August, not April, is the cruelest month. Time of whitened sun and singed grass, when butterflies grow sluggish and even sunflowers droop in the shade. I learned how to survive its stifling parch a long time ago—by consuming large gulps of icy lemonade.

My most vivid August memory, in fact, is my grandparents' back porch, swathed under a mantle of clipped privet and frowzy wisteria. The air, fragrant with a decidedly mixed bouquet: citronella to keep intrusive mosquitoes at bay and the smell of vanilla cookies cooling on the kitchen windowsill. Languid August talk was always of drought and sunstroke interspersed by the whoosh of paper fans and the heavy breathing of grandmother's pet terrier who eyed the cloudless sky from a safe retreat under the porch swing.

The focal point of these sultry Sundays came shortly before sundown when my maternal forbearer brought out a pitcher of lemonade. Glistening, striped with rivulets of ice, this treat brought everyone on the porch to sudden attention—even the dog.

There are lemonades and LEMONADES in this world but my grandmother's homemade elixir was one of golden mean. She made the drink just as everyone else did: six lemons to one cup of sugar and a quart of icy water. But her secret ingredient was obviously the pitcher and goblets in which the drink was served. Made of pale green glass (a variety antique collectors now refer to as "Depression Glass") these artifacts turned mere lemonade into liquid jade. I have lived a long time and tasted many a citrusy quaff since then, beakers crested with mint leaves or afloat with clove-studded fruit and even scoops of silvery lemon sherbet on occasion, but none of those drinks had the same ability to quench my thirst as the stuff from my grandmother's magical green jug! My taste in summery libations has grown a tad more sophisticated since my lemonade days. Yet, when I ran The Store in Amagansett on Long Island, New York, the most popular item in our very limited punch repertoire was called, "Age of Innocence Cup." This recipe (see recipes, P.S. 16) came our way courtesy of my good friend, M.F.K. Fisher—and while her abstemious drink is sluiced with only ginger ale, the results are happily quite intoxicating.



And it is also easy to make in advance. Consider a splash-down for your next August punch bowl!

As for less temperate coolers, the generic names of most hot weather drinks with alcohol in their devise are most often self-explanatory. A Couplin for instance (as in the famous Raspberry Coupling—see recipes page P.S. 16), obviously mates the juice of that red berry with other more high spirited ingredients—like white wine and Triple Sec. And a Fizz (see the famous New Orleans Ramos Gin Fizz a evidence) adds a mite of cream and beaten egg white to the quintessential booze, plus an obligatory splash of clu soda for effervescence.

But what of the various other summ potables: those fabled Bucks, Bracers, Knockers, Collinses and Flips. What makes them special? The code of conviviality forbids delineating their unique savor (at least without a barma at the elbow) but let me hastily assure the uninitiated that you can't judge a mixed drink's wallop from its cover!

In the South, there are Julep partisans. Some party-givers serve this mint leaf-cum-bourbon libation neat, i short glass tumblers filled with ice. Others crush the greens with sugar in a blender first—then pour on the sippin' likker in a silver chalice. All agree, however, that no proper Mason-Dixon line Julep is ever served unless the frost on the goblet at least a quarter-inch thick! (To properly fro Julep glasses: Wet glasses thoroughly inside and out. Place in the freezer for an hour, takin

(continued on P.S. 1



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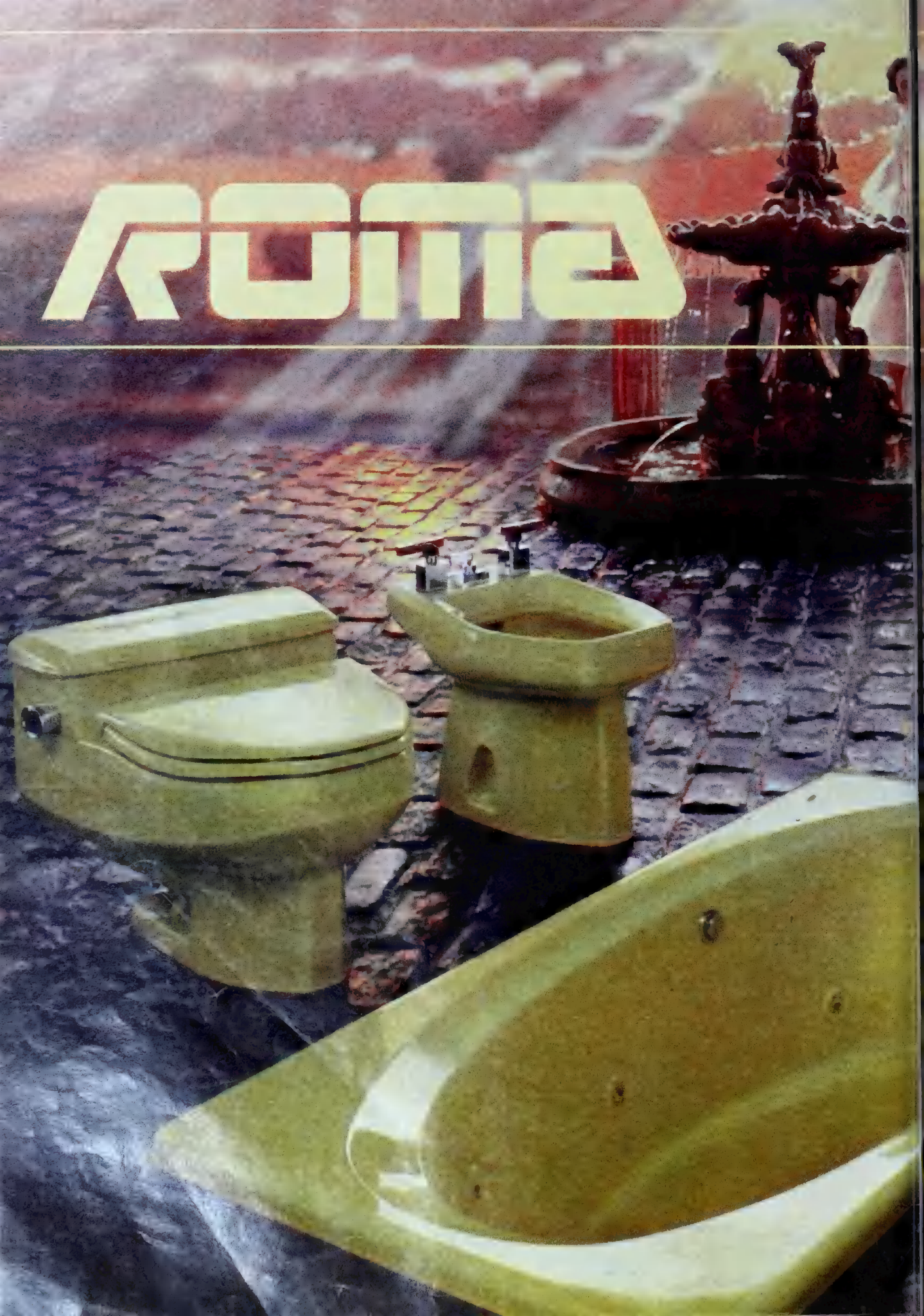
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Hot Weather Coolers

continued

care not to touch the glass with your hands—wear gloves or use a towel. Sprinkle the outside surface lightly with cold water. Return to the freezer for at least 4 hours longer or overnight.)

A less sybaritic beverage perhaps (but no less summery) is the oldest heat-wave standby, a wine cooler. I must confess to being somewhat eclectic in the matter of wine bibbery. A long time ago, some knowing Frenchman informed me righteously that no sensible oenophile consumes red wine in the bright sunlight. I have tried to live by that regimen ever since. When it comes to lawn-party protocol, however, one must be pragmatic. I'll take my wine (white) with a spritz of seltzer. You take yours (red) in a Strawberry Sangria or afloat with peaches in Roman Punch or any pick-me-up that pleases!

As you may have observed, since the days on my grandmother's back porch, I admire all summer beverages in their proper season. Thus Watermelon Cassis (composed of gin, creme de Cassis, melon cubes and lemon soda—see recipes) is never drunk chez Greene unless the fruit is deemed augustly pink enough for proper slicing.

The one exception to my seasonal drink consumption is the Pina Colada (see recipes at right). For I truly dote on this rummed, tropical fruit punch as much in February (though preferably when it is served up, velvety s icily chilled, on a distant Car shore) as I do in August.

Speaking of summer . . . cheers!

RECIPES FOR HOT WEATHER COOLER

AGE OF INNOCENCE CUP

1 quart freshly brewed tea (12 tea b 1 quart water)
1 quart freshly squeezed orange jui
1 quart freshly squeezed lemon juic
3 pints cranberry juice
2 cups cinnamon sugar syrup (2 cu sugar plus 1 cup water and 1 stic cinnamon boiled briefly), strainec
4 quarts chilled ginger ale

Make tea by pouring boiling wate tea bags. Steep 10 minutes; remov Allow to cool. Mix cooled tea, fruit and syrup and store in 4 quart con in refrigerator. To serve, place a b ice in a punch bowl. Add 1 quart mix and 1 quart chilled ginger ale bowl as needed. Makes 16-20 servi

RASPBERRY COUPLING

1½ cups fresh or frozen raspberries whole berries for garnish
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
4 ounces cold water
8 ounces medium dry white wine
2 ounces Triple Sec

Place raspberries, sugar, lemon jui water in bowl; steep one hour. Pre ture through sieve or blend and chill. Before serving, combine ras mixture, wine and Triple Sec. Divi wine goblets. Garnish with whol berry. Makes four servings.

WATERMELON CASSIS

4 ounces vodka
1 cup diced watermelon, seeds rem
1 ounce creme de Cassis
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup crushed ice plus ice cubes
1 can (12 oz.) lemon-lime soda
Watermelon chunks, lemon slices, leaves, for garnish

Combine vodka, watermelon, cre Cassis, lemon juice and crushed blender container. Blend at low sp to 15 seconds. Divide mixture int goblets. Let stand a minute or two add two to three ice cubes and l lime soda to each to fill. Garnis watermelon chunks, lemon slice mint leaves. Makes four servings.

PINA COLADA

3 ounces light rum
6 ounces unsweetened pineapple ju
3 ounces canned coconut cream
2 slices fresh pineapple, plus wedg garnish
½ cup crushed ice

Combine rum, pineapple juice, c cream and fresh pineapple in b container. Blend at medium speed seconds. Pour over crushed ice in ball glass. Garnish with pin wedges. Makes about two servings.

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"Not Now, Honey, the Baby's Crying"

A Wise and Witty Look at the Sex Life of Parents

When you have children, leisurely lovemaking sessions can become only a memory. Here's how to put the romance back into your marriage. . . *without* short-changing the kids.

By Hester Mundis



Sometime after they discover that storks don't deliver babies, children become certain that parents (at least not *theirs*) don't have sex lives. We tend to chuckle a lot about this among ourselves but, unfortunately, the kids are often right. The relegating of lovemaking to late evening—when the little ones are finally asleep and you and your mate are about as amorous as floor mops—can hardly be called a sex life.

Marital romance has a tendency to fade without proper care, which makes one think that special handling instructions ought to be required on all marriage licenses. Parents are frequently not aware of this dimunition until it's too late. The warning signals for romantic deficiencies, however, are as clear as those for vitamin deficiencies. You should suspect that your sex life is in trouble if:

- the most seductive outfit you own is a low-cut sweatsuit.
- you prepare a candlelight dinner and your husband asks if you've forgotten to pay the electric bill.
- you find yourself wearing socks to bed on your anniversary.

You should *know* it's in trouble if your kid asks, "Mom, where did I come from?" and you can't remember.

Putting the romantic fizz back into your marriage is not as difficult as you might think. Actually, it's easier than putting a cork back into a wine bottle, which can be a pretty tricky procedure especially with a sprightly Beaujolais).

The first step toward resuscitating intimacy is to keep your bedroom door locked at all times. Not just *sometimes*—that can arouse suspicion in kids, make them feel rejected and force you to come up with outlandish explanations even the family dog wouldn't buy—but *all* the time. You're entitled to privacy, and children come to respect locked doors once they're part of the household routine. Believe me, nothing can dampen romance faster than being ambushed by one of your child's pre-programmed electronic toys—except being ambushed by the child himself.

An alternative is keeping bells tied to your kids' shoelaces—admittedly, a crude early warning system, but it works.

A second point: If you feel that television programming for kids leaves a lot to be desired, you might be viewing the shows from the wrong perspective. Saturday morning cartoons can do more for your sex life than Masters and Johnson. After sitting the children in front of the set with bowls of cold cereal, some milk and juice, you can sneak back to the bedroom without being missed for a good three hours. The only danger is if the darlings happen to catch one of those commercials in which the announcer requests that Mom and Dad be brought at once to the TV for an important message. But then romance has always had risk.

Another ploy is socializing your child—essential if you'd like your husband's response to your new negligee to be other than, "Aren't you going to be cold in that thing?" The more friends your youngster has, the more opportunities there are for sleep-overs at their homes. Granted, reciprocity will be in order, but with a little strategy you can arrange six different overnights for your child and fulfill your obligations with one large slumber party. Then again, if you've never hosted a slumber party for kids you should be forewarned that it's an experience somewhat akin to going through a car wash—without your car.

Dr. Zhivago vs. Dr. Spock

Naturally, some children are too young for sleep-overs at friends' houses, but no child is too young for a

(continued on page 38)

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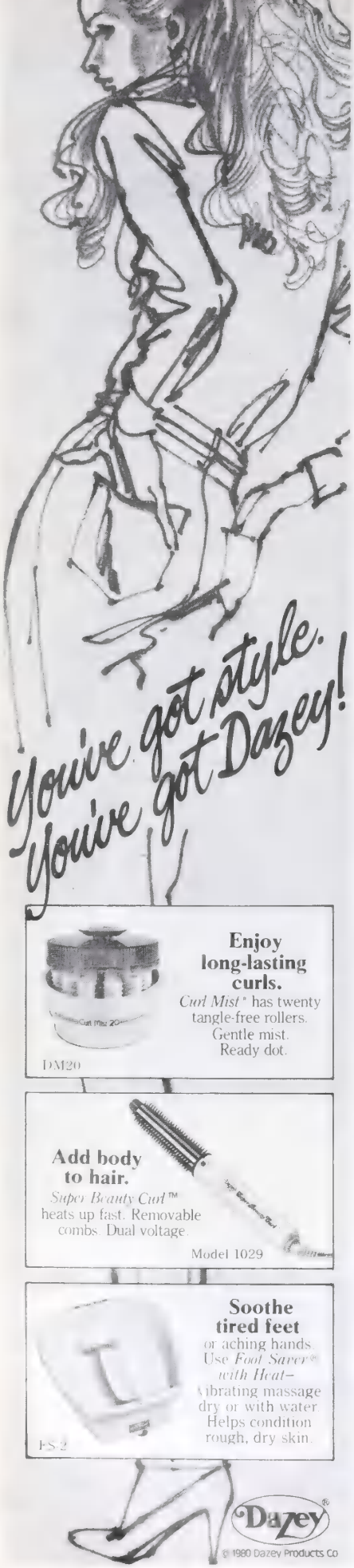
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Sex Life of Parents

continued from page 34

nice long stay at grandma's. My friend Nina, a zealous romantic who believes that parents would benefit more from reading Dr. Zhivago than Dr. Spock, had portable cribs delivered to both her mother and mother-in-law even before her first-born arrived. Now a mother of three, Nina believes that the continuing success of her 15-year marriage is due in large part to the frequent child-free evenings spent with her handsome attorney husband. "We enjoy our kids," she says, "but there's a limit to how many nights playing 'Candyland,' changing diapers and reading *Winnie the Pooh* can be a prelude to sex."

Love in the afternoon

The best aphrodisiac for a marriage that has been overexposed to farina, nursery rhymes, tricycles, pediatricians and tooth fairies is a baby-sitter. No $100-an-ounce perfume can work the wonders of a buck-an-hour sitter at the right time. And the right time should be any time you're in the mood, not just that Friday night out for dinner and the movies. By keeping a list of several possible sitters, you can take advantage of those spur-of-the-moment moments when you wish you could slip out of your jeans, into a bubble bath and meet your husband in town for something other than an appointment with the accountant.

If the only image that the word "matinee" sparks in your mind is that of a two o'clock Walt Disney feature for the kids, your sex life is in sadder shape than you thought. Love in the afternoon is the sort of romantic tune-up that can keep many marriages running beautifully for decades. Judy Conway, a Washington interior decorator, and her husband Ron have been married for nearly 20 years. They are the parents of twin teen-age girls and a 12-year-old boy, and rendezvous on a regular basis. "We knew when the twins were six months old and we couldn't even stay awake for the eleven o'clock news that something had to be done," explains Judy. So the Conways decided to have affairs—with each other.

Meeting a necessity

At least twice a month, Judy and Ron meet for lunch at a restaurant or a picnic in the park, and then splurge on a hotel room. "At first, meeting that way was a necessity," explains Judy. "But now that the kids are older it's a luxury. Still," she smiles, "I'll bet we could make the Guinness book for the longest honeymoon on record."

Matinee idylls don't have to be the sole property of soap operas. Karen Dikran, a free-lance writer, says that she often asks her husband to come home for lunch when the kids are at school. As she p it: "There's something wonderful ab being able to make love in your c apartment without hearing Captain K read the log from the starship *Enterp* on the TV in the next room."

Yet if you feel that escaping from vil's Island would be a piece of cake c pared to getting away from your kids f few hours, you should think about hov keep your kids away from you. means planning ahead.

When buying toys for your childr try to select items that will hold th interest (preferably *outdoors*) with no sistance from you. Anything mar "some assembly required" is a choice. Not that others offer fail-safe gu antees of uninterrupted privacy (fully sembled kites, for example, have an ur ring knack for getting caught in tree inopportune moments, and even vi games are not immune to temporary erating difficulties that demand imme ate grownup attention), but you do sta a better chance of staving off your you intruders.

Even the above-mentioned tactics m not suffice, however, during those m trying times for parental libidos: we ends, holidays and summer vacatic The omnipresence of children and th sporadic refrains, "There's nothing to d "I did that already" and "I don't want t are about as conducive to passion a month at the Laundromat. Though ch dren, somewhere around the age three, learn to grasp the concept of ti ("yesterday is then, today is now a tomorrow is when I'll clean up room"), they have difficulty knowing w to do with it.

Structured time?

Psychologists are divided ab whether parents should structure a chil time. My feeling is that the division curs only because some psychologists parents and others are not. Arrangi activities to keep the kids out of yo way—and happy as well—is crucial if y have any aspirations for a sex life rat other than PG.

Treasure hunts can be a boon and definitely worth the effort necessary set them up. Explain to the kids that th have two hours to find 20 hidden (u hidden) objects. Make the clues amusi and time-consuming, and promise son sort of treat for everyone when the tre sures are found. The key to success lies hiding only *19* objects, thus insuring th the hunt will continue for the full t hours. This maneuver is a bit und handed, but all's fair in love and pare ing; besides, the end, one hopes, w justify the means.

Parents are lovers too. A good sex life like icing on a marriage, and there's need to let your kids get the better of After all, just stop and think, whe would they be without it? E

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"Doctor, Will Menopause Really Change My Life?"



The "change of life" doesn't have to ruin your life. A woman doctor offers advice on making menopause manageable. By Phyllis Leppert, M.D.

"Lately, I've had trouble concentrating at work," said my patient, a 48-year-old woman with a large law practice. "Several times a day, I feel heat waves starting in my chest and moving up over my face, and I perspire heavily – which is quite disconcerting, especially when I'm with a client. Also, my periods have been irregular, and even my sexual relationship with my husband is changing. Do you think I'm starting the menopause?"

"It sounds as though you may be," I told her. "The symptoms you've described often do precede cessation of menstruation. When was your last period?"

"About three weeks ago," she replied, "and it was very heavy. I had flooding on the first day, and had to use more pads than usual all week long. The period before that was very light, though," she added, "and came two weeks early."

As I examined my patient, I continued to inquire about her medical history, and learned that her menses had been regular from age twelve, interrupted only by two pregnancies. She had returned to a busy law firm when her son and daughter – now in college – were small, and since then had been made a partner in the firm. She and her husband, also a lawyer, led busy, active lives. She'd had no recent illnesses.

As expected, my examination failed to turn up any physical abnormality. However, I did notice that the vaginal mucosa, or lining, was slightly thin, a sign that her body was producing less estrogen than previously.

"I think you're probably right," I told her as we sat in the consultation room after the exam. "You are beginning your menopause. What's happening is that your ovaries are making less and less estrogen, and the body responds to this hormone imbalance with symptoms such as you've described – hot flashes, irregular menses, flooding or decreased menstrual flow. Fertility is also reduced at this time, since ovulation occurs less frequently. Eventually, menstruation stops altogether."

"When do most women experience these reactions?" my patient inquired.

"Some women stop menstruating in their late thirties, others at sixty," I told her, "but the average age in this country is about fifty. Interestingly, a woman's age at menopause has nothing to do with her mother's age at menopause."

"Of course, the accompanying changes in your body don't appear all at once, but gradually – sometimes over a period of a decade or longer."

"Does that mean I'll be having hot flashes for the next ten years?" she asked.

"Probably not," I replied, "although we can't tell in advance, and every woman is different. About seventy-five percent of menopausal women experience hot flashes, and *(continued)*



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Menopause

continued

most start to feel them during the two years following the last period. On the other hand, about one-tenth find that flashes begin before the menses have stopped completely. In most cases, these vasomotor flushes, as doctors call them, cease about seven years after the final menstrual period. The frequency, duration and extent of the hot flashes also vary with each individual. Some women have as many as forty a day, while others experience only a few, and the feeling can last a fleeting moment or as long as thirty minutes. Many women notice the flashes not just in chest and face, as you do, but over the entire body. Uncomfortable though these events are, however, they needn't be crippling. Wearing lightweight clothing sometimes helps to ease the discomfort."

"I think I can live with hot flashes," mused my patient, "as long as I know what to expect. What causes them?"

I was delighted that she'd asked, because recent medical studies have provided some new information. "Although scientists aren't sure about the exact cause," I replied, "we do know that the body's temperature-regulating center and its hormone-releasing center are located very close to each other in the brain. Hot flashes start with a change in the body's thermostat, and scientists have been able to prove that a sudden increase in certain hormones occurs at the same time as hot flashes do. This observation has led to the theory that it's this sudden pulsing of hormones that somehow influences the temperature center. Some women, however, show a sudden hormone increase without a change in body temperature, and these women don't have hot flashes. Unfortunately, we still don't know exactly why. The studies also showed that estrogen pills diminished the number of flashes the subjects experienced," I added.

"Then you think I should take estrogen?" my patient asked.

"Not necessarily," I cautioned. "This type of therapy is definitely not for everyone. Many studies link estrogen pills with cancer of the uterus and of the breast, as well as with formation of blood clots. Some doctors never prescribe the hormone, while others recommend it only to certain types of patients. Recently, a progesterone pill has been found to help prevent hot flashes, but without estrogen's aforementioned side effects. As a matter of fact, if I prescribed estrogen for a patient, I would have her substitute progesterone during the last week of each month, because the latter hormone tends to counteract some of estrogen's disadvantages."

"Under what conditions would you recommend estrogen?" my patient inquired.

"Only when the benefits outweighed the risks. I'd use the drug for women with severe menopausal symptoms following surgical removal of their ovaries, and I'd prescribe it for a patient with a strong family history of osteoporosis, or brittle bones, since estrogen aids the body in depositing calcium in the bones and prevents them from fracturing so easily.

"In such cases, I'd also prescribe the progesterone pill that I mentioned before, and would make sure that once or twice a year, my patient had a physical workup that included a thorough breast, pelvic and rectal examination. Of course, I'd regularly examine her urine, do a blood count and check blood pressure. In addition, from time to time I'd do what's called an endometrial biopsy—take a sampling of the endometrium, or lining of the uterus, to be sure that it was normal.

Heavy bleeding

"While we're discussing biopsy, I should mention that the heavy bleeding you experienced is a development that we should watch carefully. Although flooding during menopause is common and not necessarily cause for concern, it could signal a problem such as polyps—a growth which is usually benign—or a more serious condition such as uterine cancer, which is curable if caught early enough. If heavy bleeding were to continue month after month, we'd do a biopsy to make sure the flooding wasn't a sign of a more serious disorder. At this point, though, you seem in fine shape, and since you've had just one heavy period, there's no need for the biopsy."

"One thing I do know," my patient declared. "As much as I've enjoyed raising my children, I'll be glad not to have to worry when a period is late . . . and I certainly won't miss menstruating! I've read that many women mourn the loss of their child-bearing ability, but I won't, and the same is true of most of my friends. Still, I'm concerned about some menopausal symptoms I've heard about—irritability, insomnia, depression and physical sensations such as tingling in the fingers, burning in the ears, or breast pains. How common are they?"

"Well, the reactions you mention experienced by a number of women, we're not sure whether these changes directly linked to menopause. The physical sensations definitely correla with the hormonal imbalance are flashes and 'night sweats'—flushes occ ring at night, which can in turn conti ute to insomnia. Sometimes, symptom other diseases that may develop at time in a woman's life—diabetes or h blood pressure, for example—wrongly attributed to menopause. As depression, this condition can be a re of other disruptive events that happen mid-life, such as children leaving hor the realization that we won't be able achieve all the goals we've set for o selves; illness or death of parents or cl friends. Also, since our society place great deal of value on youthful sexuality menopausal woman may worry that sh becoming less desirable. This fear is qu common, yet a woman certainly need lose her attractiveness simply becau she's going through menopause."

My patient was quiet a moment. "I glad you brought that subject up," s said hesitantly, "because I'm afraid th my husband may no longer find me se ually appealing. Already I notice a chan in that part of our lives."

Sexual adjustment

"Most couples go through a period sexual adjustment during mid-life," I r assured her. "The phase passes mo smoothly if both partners understan what's happening to their bodies. As e trogen in the body decreases, a woma vagina secretes less lubrication, a pro lem that can be offset if lubricating jelly used during lovemaking. In addition, se ual response may be slower. No doul your husband's response is also slowe than it used to be, and this developmen is quite normal. Talking about thes changes with your husband can mak them seem less overwhelming. If a cou ple is adaptable and continues to commu nicate openly about sexual needs, the should be able to enjoy intercourse we into their seventies and eighties.

"Always remember," I added, "that n matter how inconvenient menopause ma be, it's a normal, healthy process, not disease, and the symptoms will pass There's no reason to lose your zest fo life, especially if you do what you can t stay fit—eat properly, get plenty of exer cise, continue to discuss with me an problems or concerns and keep an op timistic frame of mind. True, menopaus marks the end of your child-bearin years, but it also means the beginning o a new, potentially exhilarating time phase in your life—one in which you'll be free to focus on personal goals, and on you relationship with your husband."

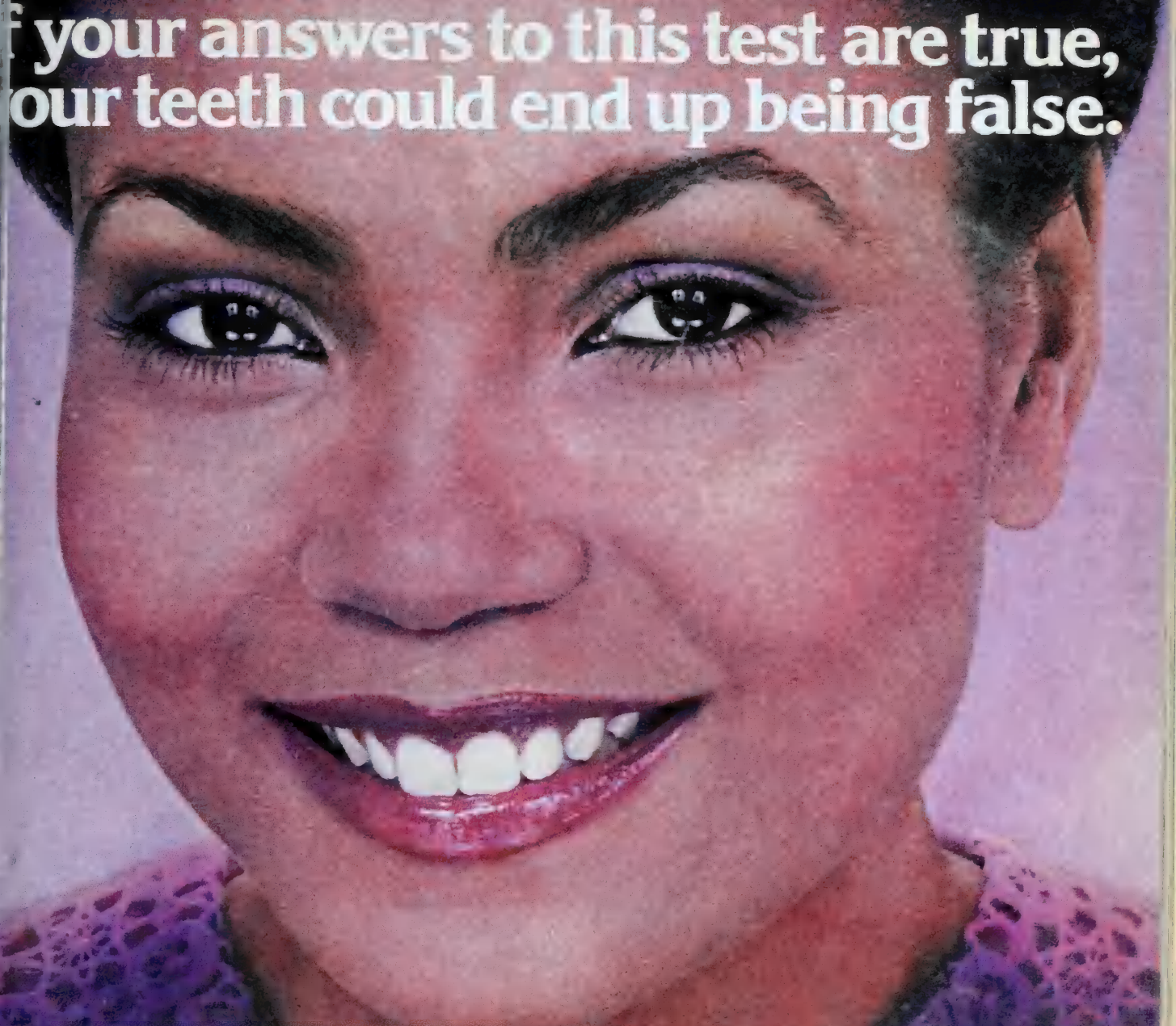
"Right," she said with a winning smile "That is exactly how I feel. And thanks for the reassurance." **End**

BEACH CHILD

By Maureen Cannon

The suns have turned you apricot.
You smell of seaweed and of salt
And all things elemental. What
A fair Ondine you are, no fault
In any part of you while I,
Enchanted, watch you reel and spin
And race against a save, the sky,
A kite, a flight of gulls, and—why,
Your secret self, I think. And win!

f your answers to this test are true, our teeth could end up being false.



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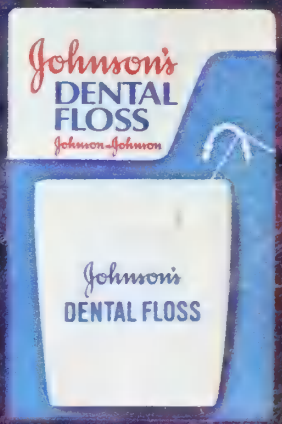
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1981

Why do some people gossip compulsively? Can physical attraction be "learned"? How to get over the vacation blues?

By Theodore Isaac Rubin, M.D.

I have a friend who's an incorrigible gossip. The hurtful things she says about others—even people she likes—often find their way back to the victims, leaving this woman wishing she'd held her tongue. She repeatedly vows to keep silent, but the next instant she's talking herself into trouble again. Why?

Gossip can be a way of letting off steam, especially when someone doesn't feel free to express anger directly to the person who's triggered the emotion. Very likely, your friend harbors resentment or envy of the people she "trashes," but is afraid to tell them so. If she wants to keep the goodwill of her acquaintances, she'll have to learn to confront them, gently, with her dissatisfactions.

Another possibility is that this woman craves intimacy but doesn't know how to achieve it. Unwilling to reveal "secrets" about herself—the way to real closenesss—she exposes other people's confidences to create a kind of pseudo-affinity. This ploy is counter-productive, of course, since those with whom she shares such "inside information" will realize that no disclosure is safe with her, and they will be reluctant to reveal anything. Mistrust is a poor basis for friendship.

Finally, some people simply use stories about others as a form of entertainment, like joke-telling, and this sort of gossip is generally harmless. Since you say your friend's comments are hurtful, however, I'm almost certain she's having at least some trouble channeling anger in a healthy direction. If she really wants to change, she must identify the hidden motivators underlying her behavior. Only then can she learn to control her actions.

I'm 27 and have been going with a 36-year-old man for almost a year. He's solid, sensitive and responsible and wants to marry me, but the trouble is that although there's nothing wrong with his looks, I'm just not physically attracted to him. Might sexual "chemistry" develop later?

I suppose it's possible that you could learn to be excited by this man, but my clinical experience suggests otherwise. The famous "spark" that occurs between a man and a woman is the product of a highly complex interweaving of expectations and values, built on a lifetime of conditioning, experience and personal development. This appeal can't be turned on and off at will, no matter how eligible a potential partner seems.

On the other hand, some people block out sexual responsiveness because they're afraid of sustained involvement. Once such individuals accept their need for long-term love, physical desire may develop. If you believe fear of commitment is operating in your case, don't write the man off yet. Think about whether you're really ready for marriage, and consider what that pledge means to you. You might also want to discuss your fears with your beau and see whether communicating on a deeper level makes you any more responsive.

Whatever your situation, don't dismiss this highly important area. Sexual compatibility is too vital to a fulfilling marriage to be rationalized away.

Although I look forward to vacations, once I arrive at my destination, I find myself feeling blue and can hardly wait to get home. I usually end up cutting my trip short by a few days. What's going on?

Several factors can lead to "vacation blues." The following are those I consider most common:

1. *Exorbitant expectations*. Hoping for the improbable—euphoria, meeting the love of one's life, revitalizing a failing marriage—is bound to lead to disappointment. Better to be realistic, and look forward to nothing more than a restful change of pace and place.
2. *Disruption*. Leaving friends, children, job and other familiar people and routines can precipitate a kind of "identity crisis" that heightens vulnerability to moodiness. Why not use this independence from usual roles as a chance to reassess your needs and goals?
3. *Guilt*. Perhaps you secretly believe you don't deserve pleasure, that it's wrong to take a break. The feeling that you're neglecting at-home concerns, whether business or household, can also spoil enjoyment. You may have to continually repeat reassuring statements to yourself until you begin to believe them.
4. *Anxiety over money*. Overextending your finances can dampen pleasure . . . as will putting yourself down for being unable to afford a more glamorous trip. If the budget's tight, try making a game out of rediscovering simple pleasures—walks in the woods, conversation with new friends—and see how much enjoyment you can obtain for the least amount of money.
5. *Taking the wrong kind of vacation*. Obviously, the type of trip you choose should mesh with your interests. Strange though it may seem, however, it's easy to get "sold" on an excursion that sounds ideal but is actually inappropriate for you—descending on a tourist capital when you long for peace and solitude; taking an autumn-leaf driving tour though you become restless on long car rides; vegetating at a beach resort when what you really enjoy is museum-hopping. Before you make room reservations, think, "In what ways do I really like to spend my spare time?" and be sure to account for those interests in your vacation plans. If you're the sort of person who's so involved with work that you have to wrench yourself away, this consideration is especially important. Make a real effort to schedule time-off activities that keep you absorbed, or you'll quickly find yourself longing for the office.

Finally, remember that unwinding takes time, so don't panic if the first few days just don't *feel* like vacation. Anticipate your own brand of holiday blues, allow a little while to shake off everyday concerns, and chances are good that you'll thoroughly enjoy the remainder of your trip. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. His most recent book is "Reconciliations: Inner Peace in an Age of Anxiety" (The Viking Press). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in this column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

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Happy Families

An uplifting story to read when divorce statistics get you down. By Mary Elmblad

Tolstoy was the man who said, "All happy families resemble one another; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." But I am a man who can tell you what happens to the children of those unhappy families. And what happens to their mates.

Jennifer and I were having dinner, a hamburger and noodle cassserole with red wine and candlelight. She had just finished telling me a long, very funny story about a fellow at the insurance company where she worked. He had tried to apply actuarial principles to betting the horses and—I should point out that we were holding hands, because that made even laughing more fun—and suddenly, I was overcome by love. *(continued)*

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Happy Families

continued

"Jen?" I said. She looked up, still laughing, her blue eyes glinting green in the candlelight. "So what do you say, Jen, let's get married."

Her fork clattered to her plate and she went white with shock.

It occurred to me that it had not been exactly the sort of proposal that twinkles through a girl's dream, so I stood up and bowed from the waist. "Miss Jennifer, ma'am, pray let me express my undying love for you. Will you do me the great honor of becoming my bride?"

Her eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Why?"

I would have welcomed a "Yes." I might have been able to handle a "No." But what kind of answer was "Why?"

"Because I love you, Jen. Because we love each other. So we can have children, a little girl who looks like you and a boy who looks like me. On second thought, let's have the boy look like you, too."

Jennifer took up her fork and pushed at her noodles. I felt vaguely cheated. In the movies, proposals lead into dramatic scenes. The proposee does not just go on eating noodles.

"It's not you, Robert," she said. "You know how much I love you. It's just—well, it's just the whole idea of marriage."

"Marriage, yes! The sealing together of two hearts for all eternity, the —"

"Ha! Do you know what the current divorce rate is?"

Of course! I could have kicked myself for forgetting. Jennifer came from a broken home. From broken homes, in fact, since her mother had been married twice and her father three times. Jennifer was not a kid, she was 25, but with that kind of background, who would not be nervous about marriage?

"In this country," she said, "about one marriage out of two ends in divorce."

I tried to brighten things up. "They say that in California the divorce rate is three out of two."

"I'm not surprised," she said darkly.

"It's a joke, Jen. You can't have more divorces than you have marriages, not even in California. It's funny, see?"

"Not to me."

"Okay, but how about it, Jen? Shall we get married?"

She shoved a noodle around her plate. "We would have to do a lot of research."

"For what – a dissertation? Listen, Jen, I'm proposing marriage, not a PhD."

"We would have to find out what kinds of problems cause divorce, Robert, and be prepared to deal with them. We would have to be married seriously."

"So how do you go about being married seriously? Avoid jokes at all costs?"

"Don't be sarcastic, Robert."

"I am not being sarcastic! I am never sarcastic!"

"See what happens, Robert? You just mention marriage and right away we have our first quarrel."

Now, up to the point where I used that nasty eight-letter word "marriage," Jennifer and I had shared something that we both thought was almost as important as love: laughter. We were introduced at a party and for some unknown reason she started to giggle, a sound like a jolly mountain stream. For an equally unknown reason I started to chuckle and then while the other guests stood around looking shocked or amused, we went straight into belly laughs. Why? Who can say what magic form love will take? With Jennifer and me, it was laugh at first sight.

I thought it was also a minor miracle, one of those little goodies Mother Nature tosses around sometimes when nobody is trying to fool her. Any man would have fallen for Jennifer, with her soft brown hair and laughing blue eyes, but who would expect a girl to fall for me? I was not very tall, I wore bottle-bottom glasses, and I had inherited from my father, along with a love of words, sparse blond hair that was thinning at age 28 and would undoubtedly disappear by age 40. I was a reporter, and my prospects at the newspaper were bright, but prospects do not buy truffles and champagne. Only noodles. But Jennifer liked me. In fact, Jennifer loved me, as much as I loved her. We laughed our way around town and I, for one, assumed that we would eventually laugh our way into a long and hilarious marriage. Hence my somewhat inelegant proposal. Hence our decision to be married, seriously.

Yes, the great day finally came and we promised to love and to honor until death us should part. I am not sure that bridegrooms are supposed to be radiant with love, but I was. Jennifer was radiant, too, but she also looked very worried.

Honeymoons, unfortunately, do n last forever. We came home and set abo being married seriously, a state whi seemed to leave very little time for laug ter. Our bookshelves filled up w treatises on marriage, and Jennifer left page unturned in her search for a reci for a divorceless marriage. We set agreements and schedules as rigid as go ernment contracts. The household cho were divided as specifically as the respo sibilities on the flight deck of a 747. A there was the nightly catechism.

"Did you take our heavy coats to t cleaner, Robert?"

"I did."

"Did you do your part of the shopping

"On my solemn honor, I did."

"I noticed that you left the cap off th toothpaste again."

I was beginning to think that bein married seriously was not that much fu

"Careful there, Jen, you are touchin on hereditary right: My father leaves th cap off the toothpaste, my grandfath left the cap off the toothpaste and H grandfather—even unto the tenth gener tion. Our coat of arms shows a tube toothpaste, rampant, uncapped."

Jennifer giggled. Or gurgled, like mountain stream. And then we bo roared with laughter and went to be without a thought for who was schedule to wash the dishes and who to dry.

But that night was not typical. N with Jennifer's divorce books on th shelves, surveying our every move wit baleful eye. The catechism continued.

"And did you pick up our coats at th cleaner, Robert?"

"No, it was such a nice day that walked home instead of taking the bu Anyway, we don't need them in th weather."

"But, Robert, the book says that it's th little things that count in marriage an that breaking agreements can be an earl sign of—"

(continued on page 13-



"Watch out for that one, she kisses."



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Sears Living Room Sale

July 26-August 22, 1981

Kingsport sofa. Soft vinyl with the look of leather—a handsome addition to any room.

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Pure 'n Simple (left). Polished brass plated urn lamp topp with a contemporary soft pleated fabric shade. Reg. $69.99.

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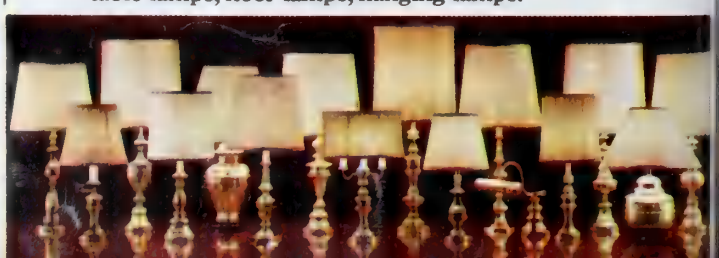
Settler's Trail (back left). Polished brass plate with antiqued fin Shade of nubby fabric on styrene. Reg. $39.99.

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Adams Square (back right). Precision sculptured toned br plate. Shirred shade is fabric lined. Reg. $99.99.

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Sears Living Room Sale

July 26-August 22, 1981

You can count on Sears

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From a kindergarten teacher (right) to the future Queen of England (below), Lady Diana Spencer has a poise and charm beyond her 19 years.

A Perfect Match: Prince Charles and Lady Diana

They are, of course, 1981's most celebrated young couple. How did they fall in love—what are the secrets of their courtship? A revealing portrait from a book by Janice Dunlop.

The shrill sound of the telephone bell cut across the girlish clamor in the first floor apartment, nicely located less than two miles from Buckingham Palace and a convenient 10-minute walk from the world famous Harrods department store in London.

"Diana, it's for you," called one of the roommates to the blonde in jeans and sweater who owned the $200,000 apartment. "It's some man who says he is from Buckingham Palace; it must be his idea of a joke."

The blonde strode across to the phone. "Yes, this is Diana Spencer." She listened for about a minute with only an occasional, "Yes," and "I understand," but when she put the phone back on the hook she was flushed with excitement. The news she had to tell her three roommates made all the girls shriek with excitement. The girl the others jokingly called the "landlady" had been invited to spend the weekend at Balmoral, the British royal family's Scottish castle.

Two days later Diana headed for London's Heathrow airport. The date was September 5, 1980 and 19-year-old Diana, a kindergarten teacher, fresh out of school herself, was off on a rendezvous that would change the life of this girl who was born a lady but was destined to become a princess and one day a queen.

She didn't know who had prompted the invitation. As far as Diana was concerned, she had been invited to Balmoral by Queen Elizabeth II for a friendly, informal family weekend.

Neither Prince Charles nor Diana could have dreamed that less than 24 hours later they would both suddenly realize they were in love...a love that sparked off a whirlwind courtship and ended with a Buckingham Palace candlelight supper marriage proposal just six months later.

Overnight, with the stroke of a pen, Diana would become a member of the royal family and be called Princess of Wales, Countess of Chester, Duchess of Cornwall, Duchess of Rothsay, Countess of Garrick and Baroness Renfrew. She would inherit enormous wealth and power and one day be crowned Queen Diana of England.

Debarking from the plane that afternoon in her below-knee-length gray skirt and light blue windbreaker, she looked just like any of the local girls, dressed against what passed for summer in the north of Scotland.

That night the teenager dined with the Queen, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother and the youngest prince, Edward, then 16. The family was served by liveried footmen in scarlet jackets carrying silver serving trays.

Diana's attention that evening was on the prince who sat opposite her. She had met Charles earlier that summer at Balmoral, and before that, at a racing event ball.

It was at the races that the prince began to notice for the first time how the shy, vulnerable adolescent he had known since childhood, had blossomed into full womanhood. He asked her to dance. They waltzed together beautifully, but friends took little notice.

Two months earlier the Prince had discovered Diana's wicked sense of humor, so much like his *(continued)*

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It's the potato.

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* All figures apply to United States Recommended Daily Allowances (U.S. RDA) based on serving size (5.3 oz.). Potato Board Nutritional Labeling Study 1978-79.

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A Perfect Match

continued

own, and remembered how she had been part of a large party aboard the royal yacht *Britannia* for a regatta in the summer of 1979 and how she had ducked him in the icy waters of the river Solent by tipping over the mast of his wind surfer. There had been few girls who got away with such impishness. In Balmoral that July they had laughed again over the prank. It was the laughter they shared that prompted the prince to suggest to the Queen that Diana would make a fine September guest.

After dinner the prince suggested an early morning fishing expedition and the now not-so-shy Diana was delighted. She had been brought up in the country and a day's fishing in icy waters held no horrors for her.

The couple had the river bank to themselves. It was the first time Diana and Charles had ever been alone together. But as they chatted and laughed, they were spotted by a photographer and the privacy of their two snatched hours away from the world was rudely shattered.

On Monday morning, the photograph was splashed across the pages of a national newspaper. The world's press, hungry for romance stories about the bachelor heir to the British throne, would never leave Diana alone now. Her cover was broken before the romance even started.

Upon her return to London, Dian three roommates all clamored for deta about the weekend at Balmoral. A pho call from Prince Charles just before m night pushed the excitement to fev pitch. He and Diana talked for an ho and a further date was made for later th month.

The next morning Diana drove her tle car across London to the kindergart where she had been working, helping look after 50 infants, four days a week the last 14 months. She didn't know then but it was the last time she would able to take the drive in peace before t eyes of the world were turned on h When she arrived home that evening, t first photographer was waiting.

The romance of the century h started, but it would be a strange sort courtship for the 20th century. T wooing of Lady Diana Spencer would n be all champagne and roses, candlelig suppers or country house parties. The would be tears and subterfuge, desp and loneliness.

The tears would be shed by Lady I ana, overwhelmed more than once by t pressure she faced. The subterfuge a despair would be shared by them bo trying to escape the watchers with pre ranged phone calls, long drives and f tive meetings at the homes of truste mutual friends.

They would be in love but never seen in public together, never hold han in case anyone was watching. Never re completely with each other, existing on from one snatched rendezvous to t next.

Diana tried to carry on as usual at t kindergarten, and continued to spe two afternoons a week caring for a you handicapped American child. Her wee ends, whenever possible, were spe with the prince. And he was constan on the phone to her apartment.

Loneliness and despair

In the middle of November came t first taste of the real loneliness and d spair she would experience in her n role; and with their first real separati came the first tears. For three weeks t couple would be separated by 6,000 mi while the prince was away for a we planned royal tour of the Indian su continent. During the next two wee telephone calls would come in for Dia from all parts of India.

It was during one of these co versations, with the line faltering a breaking up with a strange echo effe that Diana burst into tears.

She had been bitterly upset by a sto in one of Britain's Sunday papers alle ing, totally without truth, that she h spent an illicit night of love with t prince before his departure for India. H distress upset and angered the prin who instructed his private secretary demand an apology from the *(continue*



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Dream Pie is easy to make because there's nothing to cook, and you make the pie all in one bowl.

Dream Pies look great, taste great, and hold their shape beautifully. You'll want to turn your plain cream pies into higher, lighter, creamy Dream Pies.

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A Perfect Match

continued

newspaper, an unprecedented move for the royal family. In any ordinary situation Diana could have sued for libel over such a tale, but the royal family had never done such a thing. A court hearing would be unthinkable. Unwittingly, by his anger over Diana's tears, the prince had revealed how much he cared for her. This chink in his armor did not go unnoticed by the small group of British journalists tailing him on his tour of India.

Further distressed by the press interference, Charles told them about some of the worries running through his own mind about the girl he cared so much about. "You must not rush me," he told the reporters. "If I get it all wrong you will be the first to criticize me in a few years time. It's all right for you chaps. You can live with a girl before you marry her, but I can't. I've got to get it right from the word go." It was a rare insight into the secret, very human dilemma that faces the heir to the throne.

For years, Charles had been under pressure from the public, and had suffered very gentle prodding from parents about the need to find the right girl one day. Even his father, Prince Philip, had started telling him, jokingly at first and later, after the prince's 31st birthday, with much more seriousness: "You'd better hurry up, or there won't be anyone left."

But the prince had waited. He had always told his friends that he wanted to marry for love and now, just a few days from Christmas 1980, he believed he had found it at last. In the next few weeks he would broach the subject of marriage with Diana herself, tentatively at first, without making a formal proposal, because Charles did have one further worry. What if Lady Diana should say no?

A way of life

He knew that she wouldn't just be making a decision to marry a man, she would be marrying into a way of life, a position that would overwhelm many people. He would first hint at the idea of marriage to give her time to think. As he admitted after the news of their eventual engagement was announced, he wanted to give her the chance of telling him: "I can't bear the whole idea." About her acceptance he said: "I am frankly amazed that Diana is prepared to take me on."

With her illustrious lineage stretching all the way back to the rule of Charles I in 1630, it is no surprise that Diana Spencer is prepared to take on the responsibilities she will have as Charles's bride. Born with an automatic title, she was a lady by birth and in the years to come by attitude, too. Diana's family is distantly related to the royal family and Diana virtually grew up with the royal children. There was just a low, dry stone wall separating their homes and the three princes and their princess sister would regularly climb over to share the small, open-air swimming pool at the Spencer estate.

Looking back now, Diana cannot remember meeting the much older, and her as a little girl, somewhat mysterious Prince Charles. She was there, right under his nose, most of his life, but he just didn't notice her.

The Spencers, their family split by the trauma of divorce, eventually moved to their ancestral home, Althorp in Northamptonshire. It was Diana's older red-haired sister, Sarah, thought at the time to be a girlfriend of the prince's, who formally introduced the two as they stood in a muddy ploughed field. Charles had come to Althorp to hunt and he recalled later thinking at the time "what a very jolly, amusing and attractive sixteen year old." Although he would meet her on a number of other occasions it would be three years before the courtship began.

Friends say that when Diana first went to boarding school, she had a crush on Charles's good-looking younger brother Prince Andrew. In those days, the girls and Diana had a pet name for Charles. They called him "jug ears," and looking at any photograph of the prince, it is easy to see why.



Lemon Dream Pie...as simple as a, b, c.

envelopes DREAM WHIP® Whipped Topping Mix
¼ cups cold milk
teaspoon vanilla
packages (4-serving size) JELL-O® Brand Lemon Flavor Instant Pudding and Pie Filling (or any other flavor)
baked 9-inch pie shell, cooled

a. Prepare whipped topping mix with 1 cup of the milk and the vanilla as directed on package, using large mixer bowl.

b. Add remaining 1¾ cups milk and pie filling mix. Blend; then beat at high speed for 2 minutes, scraping bowl occasionally.

c. Spoon into pie shell. Chill at least 4 hours. Garnish as desired.



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At West Heath, the boarding school e attended, Diana received a typical iddle-class British education, but not an tellectual one. Diana was an excellent ince student and just a few months fore the romance started in earnest she ied to teach Charles how to tap dance; r lesson ended with them both roaring ith laughter.

At school, Diana slept with a picture of rince Charles above her bed. The plac- g of the photograph was a funny coinci- ence, especially in view of the way ings turned out. The photograph is still nging in the room to this day.

During her school days, Diana was ever-one for discos or parties. And, odd- enough during this time of freedom in ne of the liveliest capitals of the world, iana never had a steady boyfriend. She ent out on occasional dates but they ere purely platonic friendships. As her ncle, Lord Fermoy, put it very bluntly, She has had no lovers."

Sense of humor

What Diana is instantly remembered or is her tremendous sense of humor. ike Prince Charles, Diana seemed to evel in a good practical joke or a prank to e played on her friends, like doing im- ressions of Miss Piggy in the Muppets elevision series over the telephone.

During their brief courtship Charles nd Diana would roar with laughter to- gether over a brilliant caricature in a Brit- ish satirical magazine, which wrote about their romance in a mushy manner. In the regular fortnightly features Diana was al- ways looking at Charles with limpid eyes while he only had evil thoughts on how to deprive her of her virginity. Charles had kept all the issues and together they would read them again and again, de- lighted by the wicked humor.

Like Charles, Diana had acquired a liking for the arts and for music; she plays the piano a little, he the cello. Like the man she will marry, she rarely drinks, except for a glass of wine, and she has never smoked.

Diana not only has the prince's sense of humor, she also shares his habit of nail biting. Both Charles and Diana are secret nail-nibblers, a very nervous habit. The prince always tries to hide his badly bit- ten nails at receptions and dinners and Diana, too, coyly tucked her fingertips into the palm of her hand when she showed off her engagement ring to the world.

Although she is a very wealthy young lady, Diana's teen-age clothes style was never extravagant. It was not the usual Gucci, Pucci and Fiorucci. And now, she is doomed to a life of flat shoes. High heels are out for a girl who, at 5 feet 10 inches, is the same height as her fiancé. It wouldn't be protocol to tower over the future king. In fact, during the couple's formal engagement photo session, Charles was posed standing on a step above the one Diana was standing on— giving him the appearance of being con- siderably taller than her.

Lady Diana, like the rest of the world, has known about her fiancé's reputation as a ladies' man. After all, even her own older sister, Lady Sarah, was one of the Charlie Set—or Charlie's Angels as some called them—for two years.

Over the years, Charles has had girlfriends in many parts of the world, most of whom remained friends and kept happy memories of their relationships— even after they married other men.

They were usually fair-haired or blond—and sexy. And most of them said after they were dropped for yet another new face: "Charles was very romantic. He always made you feel that you were the only woman in the world."

Had pick of the best

Throughout his many years of discreet meetings in the country, on desert islands or quietly in his apartments at Buck- ingham Palace, Charles had his pick of the best. Yet he never fell in love. . . . While Charles was, at last, showing off to the world his future bride in the Buck- ingham Palace garden, the band of the Coldstream Guards marched round the palace playing, "Now your philandering days are over."

(continued)

A Perfect Match

continued

Charles had always insisted that he would not get married until he was around 30, "after one has seen a great deal of life, met a large number of girls and one knows what it's all about." And Charles has defined marriage as "basically a very strong friendship. As often as not you have shared interests and ideas in common and also have a great deal of affection. I think where you are a very lucky person is when you find the person attractive in the physical *and* mental sense."

Among the points that Diana and Charles discussed before the final decision to marry were his daring "Action Man" interests. Like any future bride who has admired the virile activities of her husband-to-be, Diana talked about Charles's penchant for danger. It is a penchant that had also recently worried the Queen. He has risked death at such activities as a pilot in the Royal Air Force, having flown every type of aircraft from commando helicopters to 1,000-mile-an-hour jet fighters; he has dived under arctic ice, hunted for Russian submarines as the skipper of a warship and has now taken up the dangerous sport of steeplechasing.

It looks likely that Charles's wild horsemanship will continue and Diana will have to sit at the sidelines and worry alongside her mother-in-law. But jumping out of aircraft and diving under polar icecaps are probably over for good.

It is going to be hard for Charles to accept, but with children more than likely on the way within a few years, he is going to have to become a responsible family man.

The first step to family responsibility came on the evening of February 6. Diana drove home from her kindergarten and prepared with special care for what would prove to be the most important night of her life. Wearing a long evening gown, she slipped into her car and took the short drive to Charles's private palace apartment.

The prince, formally dressed in a dark suit, was waiting for her in the small, plainly furnished sitting room of the three-room bachelor apartment he had occupied since his 21st birthday. A small round table was set for supper with a white linen cloth, silver cutlery, a bowl of flowers and a single candlestick.

Charles and Diana sat side by side on a satin-covered sofa chatting, making small talk about his skiing trip or about anything that came to mind.

Diana later told friends that the prince seemed very nervous, perhaps at the last minute he was having second thoughts. After all, a marriage by the heir to the throne was a marriage for life, there could be no turning back or divorce.

A servant had lit the single candle and served a simple meal ending with cheese and fruit, but later Diana couldn't recall what they ate.

Over the flattering candlelight the prince popped the question. Charles didn't expect an immediate answer and was a little taken aback when the blond teenager, her blue eyes sparkling, said "yes." She had already made up her mind that she was deeply in love with the prince and wanted to be his bride.

They kissed and talked and talked about their future. There was an awful lot of planning to do and the single candle on the uncleared supper table had almost burnt out by the time Diana drove home.

Diana did not need to be told what sort of responsibility would rest on her young shoulders, but she did need her mother's counsel and flew to Australia to be with her mother, Mrs. Shand-Kydd, for days of privacy on her farm until the formal announcement on February 24.

From the day of her arrival, the phone never stopped ringing, mostly with calls from the press. But after two days, one male caller was more persistent than most. "I am the Prince of Wales," he said. "How do I know?" said the farmhand who had answered the phone. "I really am," said the prince. The tough farmhand was not impressed and eventually Charles had to call another number before he was connected to his fiancée.

Life change

February 24, 1981, dawned cold but bright, with even a touch of sunshine to brighten up a drab London. Diana was up early. This was her first day in her new role as a future full-fledged member of the royal family. Her life had completely changed.

There would be no more driving round London by herself in her little red car. She would never be able to wander out and have her hair done again as she had earlier that day. She would never be able to pop down to the shops, especially the little late-night supermarket she was particularly fond of near her apartment, where she would buy her breakfast grapefruit and milk. Worst of all she would never be able to enjoy cozy evenings with her friends left behind at number 60 Coleherne Court. She would never be completely alone again. The night before she had been introduced to the armed detective who would discreetly accompany her everywhere.

At exactly 11 A.M. Buckingham Palace released a simple announcement, which was flashed around the world: "It is with the greatest pleasure that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh announce the betrothal of their beloved son the Prince of Wales to the Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of the Earl Spencer and the Honorable Mrs. Shand-Kydd."

Diana's second day as the future Princess of Wales must have been quite a shock to a teenager used to complete freedom. She woke in what was to be h new home for the next few months of h engagement, a guest bedroom at Cl ence House, the residence of the Que Mother. A uniformed footman brou Lady Diana tea on a silver platter. T teenager was more used to getting up a making instant coffee for herself in t kitchen of Coleherne Court. There we a few raised eyebrows among the Cl ence House staff later as the Prince Wales' fiancée brought a touch of tee age style to the royal household by co ing down to breakfast with the Que Mother dressed in a pair of her favor jeans and a sweater. But over the next f months, as the regal Queen Mother b gan to share a lifetime's experience public service with Diana, preparing h for the role she will have to play in s ciety, the rest of the royal family wou begin to spot the similarities between t girl Prince Charles picked to be his bri and his much-loved grandmother.

Royal family behavior

During the run up to the wedding Dia would have her first lessons on how to h have as a member of the royal family. T teacher for her first engagement—a reci in aid of the Royal Opera House— was, course, Prince Charles.

Wearing what by now has become o of the world's most daring dresses, La Diana Spencer almost showed more her bosom than anyone expected wh she curtseyed to the other guest of hon Princess Grace of Monaco.

Diana discovered the next day at brea fast with the Queen Mother that h braless plunge into public life shock millions. Perhaps the young lady did n realize how much of her creamy wh skin she was revealing to the world wearing that amazing black silk creatio But despite the brouhaha, Diana pick the same designers, the virtually u known David and Elizabeth, to make h wedding dress in preference to the esta lished royal dress designers.

Soon to be known as Her Royal Hig ness, Diana, this quiet, unassuming gi will have to cope with having her eve public smile recorded, her clothes copi and her behavior studied. Her life fro now on will seldom be entirely her ow She must have sensed something of th loneliness she will face under guard palaces and stately homes; before leavi Coleherne Court, she asked her flatmat to keep in touch.

"For God's sake, ring me up," s pleaded. "I'm going to need you." E

Plans for the royal wedding to take place this July 29 in St. Paul's Cathedral have long been set. As millions gather in London to greet Charles and Diana on their wedding day, the Journal *wishes them a long life of health happiness and loving harmony.*

SALAD TIPS 'N BITS

lo.1 The ripe way and the wrong way to make a salad.

u know you're doing
nething wrong when
ery salad you make is just
e every other salad you
ake. No variety.

it's so easy to make
alad the ripe way. Just
d California Ripe
ves. With their
t-like flavor, vel-
y texture and rich
or, Ripe Olives are
perfect comple-
nt to crisp greens
d juicy tomato reds.
toss'em in pitted, sliced,
dged or chopped—if a
ad's worth making, it's
rth making ripe!

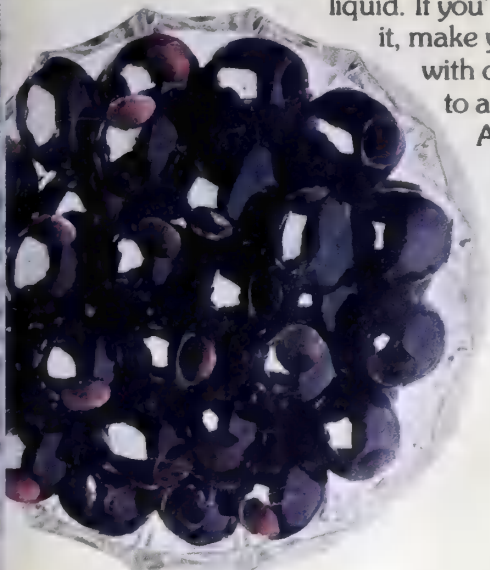


THE RIPE WAY:
Use California Ripe Olives. And Bac•Os.®

THE WRONG WAY:
Plain lettuce, same old salad.

Treat your Ripe Olives right.

n't toss out that brine in a newly opened can. California
e Olives stay fresh longer when refrigerated in their own liquid. If you've already tossed it, make your own brine with one teaspoon salt to a cup of water. And always cover Ripe Olives to keep their delicate flavor locked up.



Every salad is ripe for Bac•Os.

If there's one thing that's definitely right for every salad, it's Bac•Os. With their great bacony flavor and crunch, Bac•Os turn even the simplest salad into a truly special salad. Just shake'em on and enjoy—you'll know you've made your salad right from your very first bite.





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Vith Bac•Os and California Ripe Olives.

eral Mills, Inc. 1981 ■ Bac•Os is a registered trademark of General Mills, Inc. ■ imitation bacon



GROWING PAINS

Fifteen-year-old Sally was sure to make it through the problem years. But would her mother survive as well? A humorous short story, by Faith Sullivan.

My husband, Eldon, has always said my mouth should be registered as a lethal weapon. I have a black belt in conversation. Social blunders aside, however, I'm a sensitive, forgiving person with sterling values, as witness the fact that I married someone named Eldon. Not every woman could see past a handle like that.

My own name is Bette. It used to be Betty. I was always a great fan of Bette Davis, however. And then, along came Bette Midler. Well, two years ago I needed a pick-me-up so I changed my name to Bette and bought a black lace nightie with long sleeves.

Unfortunately, when I threw out Betty, her fatal mouth hung around. It was with me the night of the Lazenbys' party three weeks ago. As we strolled up the walk to the front door, Eldon squeezed my hand and bit my earlobe playfully. He does those things *before* a party to let me know he loves me in spite of what I may say *during* the party. Both his mother and my mother agree I don't deserve him.

Eldon feared I was still sunk in the *(continued)*

Illustration by Richard Sparks. Faith Sullivan is the author of a novel, REPENT, LANNY MERKEL, which was published in April by McGraw-Hill, Inc.

"My Rave® Soft Perm is so soft, so natural-looking, you'd never guess I had a perm last night."



f you thought your perm couldn't .look this natural from the very first y, you're in for a gentle surprise.

This is Rave® Soft Perm. A perm gentle, it can give you the soft look u want, right away.

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And that gentleness means Rave Soft rm is kind to color-treated hair, too. We ted Rave against a traditional home perm, d found Rave left bleached hair silkier, fter, and shinier.

So whether you choose Regular Extra Curly Rave Soft Perm, you n have just the soft look you want.

All you need is the soft perm. ne soft perm called Rave.

lo ammonia. No odor. No frizz.





Choose Regular or Extra Curly

Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.



Also available in King Size Flip Top box.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



"Eldon, Bette, come meet the Amhursts," Amy said, leading us toward the one couple that was unfamiliar to us. "Sheila and Glen Amhurst," she began in formal introducing tones, "meet Bette and Eldon Farmer. Farmer's Drug Store at the corner of Main and Spruce?"

The Amhursts turned out to be the parents of three adolescent boys, the oldest at the university, the younger two at Parkway High School. They had just moved next door to Amy and Irv Lazenby. Since Eldon and I also harbor two adolescents, Sally and Keith, who attend South High School, the four of us immediately fell to discussing the rotten way our children treated us.

"The boys used to be such fun when they were little," Sheila Amhurst explained.

"Alex, our middle boy, had a great sense of humor," Glen told us wistfully. "I thought he was going to be another Mark Twain." He spoke with perplexed resignation, as though of someone dead for some years. "The last time Alex smiled was two years ago when I talked to him about sex."

"Oh, we see him smile into the phone now and then," Sheila added, "but it's not what you'd call an inclusive smile. I mean, we're not meant to notice."

My heart went out to them, and I commiserated, "If I don't wear makeup, Keith calls me Bessie. Bessie wears cotton lisle stockings and sings baritone in the church choir," I explained. "But she makes wonderful fudge and the baritone section would be zilch without her."

They nodded, in solemn agreement.

"On the other hand, if I wear more than lip balm, Sally accuses me of trying to look young. She assures me that Older-Women-Trying-to-Look-Young is number three on the government's Ten Most Unspeakable Perversions list."

"The problem for me," Sheila Amhurst injected, "is that the line between Bessie and trying to look young is so fine, I can't always find it, even in my magnification mirror." *(continued)*

GROWING PAINS

continued

epression I'd been suffering since Tuesday. On Tuesday *my* andidate for city council, Donovan O'Malley, had lost to omeone named Avery Baxter. Donovan, a man of wit and legance, had run on a platform that might have been drafted y Robert Redford and Abraham Lincoln. He had been de-eated by a man whose platform had been drafted by Ebenezer crooge, in conjunction with Attila the Hun.

Having worked long and hard on O'Malley's campaign (the elephoning alone had left me with arthritis of the right index nger), I'd taken his defeat as a personal repudiation.

Oh, well, I thought, those who would traipse through the astures of politics will inevitably step in something disagree-ble. In the meantime, Eldon's squeezing my hand eased my rim mood as we waited for Amy Lazenby to open the door.

In addition to playing cello in a professional string quartet, my is one of the new breed of pioneer women who make oap, weave rugs, quilt quilts and grow and dry their own erbs. I barely find time to *buy* those things. Throwing open he door, she greeted us, wearing a smashing looking dress he'd probably sewn from discarded drapery swatches and arpet samples.

"Come in! How are you?" She took my shawl and led us into he living room, where five or six other couples and a lot of andmade, pioneerish furnishings mingled. Except for one ouple, we knew everyone. The women looked like a spring ouquet, each dressed in a colorful, flowery frock reflecting the earer's "I'm almost certain it won't snow any more" optimism. n Minnesota people aren't perfectly certain it's not going to now any more until after the first of July.



GROWING PAINS

continued

I passed Sheila a smile of grateful kinship. We were destined to become good chums, I felt certain.

From across the room Amy Lazenby called to me, "Bette, I hear you're into politics. Irv said you nailed him for a contribution to Donovan O'Malley's campaign." She carried a carafe of chablis and refilled glasses as she made her way across the room.

"What's he like?" she inquired, leaning across the table that separated us.

"He's intrepid, honest, brilliant, humane and funny."

"No wonder he lost," she said. "He's over-qualified."

"Amy," I lamented, "when they debated—O'Malley and Baxter—it wasn't even a contest. O'Malley was full of innovative ideas for solving city problems. He'd sought out experts and researched everything. He had the facts and figures. Baxter's platform was negative. He didn't have *one* constructive idea. Besides, I don't trust a city council candidate who has a foreign policy plank."

"It is odd."

"Who on earth voted for him? I tell you, Amy, the quality of life in this city is going to go down the tubes with a man like Baxter in the government. I'm proud to have been part of the opposition," I proclaimed loyally.

Beside me, Sheila Amhurst sipped chablis benignly and allowed me to enjoy the remainder of the evening in a state of blissful ignorance. I'm so well-known in that state, I ought to consider running for governor there.

The following afternoon I lay on son Keith's exercise bench, working out with the leg lift. It was that or find a floor-length swimming suit for summer. Fifteen-year-old Sally came in.

"I won't be home tonight," she informed me.

"Oh? Where will you be?"

"I'm going out." Sally is terse, at best, conversing as though captured behind enemy lines.

"Who are you going out with—Shelley?"

"No." She was standing before Keith's mirror examining her hair for—God forbid—damaged ends.

"Well, who?"

"Have you ever noticed, Mother, that our conversations are made up entirely of you asking me questions?"

As a matter of fact, I *had* noticed that.

"Don't you think that's sad?" she went on, turning sideways to examine the fit of her jeans, which surely were pressing her belly button up against her lumbar.

"I don't know how to get information except by asking questions, Sally."

She sighed heavily enough to blow the fuzz off a peach. If only mothers had interesting lives of their own, it said, they wouldn't have this morbid curiosity. "I'm going out with Alex."

"Alex?"

"He's a boy."

"Oh," I said, pretending non-interest. Sally is distressed if one shows undue enthusiasm. "Going to a movie?"

"I'm not sure yet."

"I don't think you've mentioned Alex before. Is he new at school?"

At that moment Keith flung himself into the room. "Alex? Alex? Are we talking about Alexander the Flake?"

Sally swung around. "Shut up, you nerd. You think everyone at Parkway's a flake."

"Alexander Amhurst knits his own sweat socks," Keith crowed in that aggravating way teen-age boys have. At age four Keith had lovingly pulled his three-year-old sister around the block, hour after hour, in his wagon. Since then, the sibling conveyance had careened noisily downhill. But wait—Amhurst, Amhurst.

Alexander Amhurst? Alex Amhurst? As in Glen and Sheila Amhurst?

"Hey, Mom," Keith went on as if reading my thoughts, "do you know who Alexander the Flake's uncle is? Do you know who your daughter's going out with these days?"

"Who?" I asked, beginning to unwind my extremities from the leg lift.

"Alexander the Flake's uncle is none other than Councilman Avery Baxter."

My extremities were halfway unwound when it hit me. I paused, clutching my rectitude. Avery Baxter. Councilman. Alex Amhurst's uncle. Sheila Amhurst's brother? I was weak from loss of calm. Reeling, I fell off the exercise bench.

"You okay, Mom?"

I wheeled my bike from the garage. A long ride in the air would clear my brain. Or maybe I'd just point the bike down the open road and, when I reached some distant place, like Mexico City, stop.

I headed toward the park. It was on the way to Mexico City. Pumping along under a smiling sun, I reviewed the situation. I could pretty well scratch Sheila Amhurst as a potential bosom chum. I winced, recalling how I'd besmirched her brother Avery's good name at the party. Never mind that everything I'd said was true. Truth, unlike beauty, is not its own excuse for being. I had scored another notch in my black belt.

But that, of course, was only half of it. If Sheila blabbed what this terrible woman at the party had said about Uncle Avery back to son Alex, what then? I didn't really believe that a boy would stop seeing a girl simply because her mother was a certifiable pumpkinhead. However, should Sally discover that I'd humiliated us all, behind her back, I could look for heavy weather in that direction.

I pedaled furiously. Was it spring in Mexico City now or autumn?

I was throwing salad together for dinner when Sally strode into the kitchen. For a second there, I thought she'd come to help.

"*Mother.*"

She hadn't come to help. From the tone of her voice, she'd come to rip off my service ribbons and epaulets, and drum me out of the Mother Corps.

"Yes?"

"I'm mortified."

"Oh?"

"How *could* you?"

"I don't know."

How could I what? I wasn't going to jump in, mouth first, until the field of accusation had been narrowed by a considerable margin.

"If you had to get involved in politics, why did it have to be with Donovan O'Malley?"

"Because Donovan O'Malley is intelligent and capable and I wanted to see him elected." I went right on tearing romaine. "It gave me a good feeling working for O'Malley. And I'm going to do more political work. I might even run for office someday." I looked at her. "What if I were running against Avery Baxter?"

"It's not likely."

"But hypothetically, if I were running against Avery Baxter and you were old enough to vote, how would you choose?"

"Is this a trick question?"

"No."

"Well, of course I'd vote for my mother."

"No."

"No?"

"You'd vote for the candidate whose beliefs you shared, the one you thought would do the best job. That's how I chose to work for Donovan O'Malley."

"Well, I just hope the Amhursts don't find out." A new thought struck her. She blanched and leaned heavily on the sink as though she might swoon away in dismay. "Oh, no. Oh, no. Remember when the TV people interviewed O'Malley's workers at campaign headquarters?" She closed her eyes and almost expired. "You told them Avery Baxter found his social welfare program on a torn sheet of vellum in Count Dracula's fruit cellar."

"Which was perfectly true."

She drew herself up stiff and straight as a celery stalk. "You have ruined my life," she said and left.

I had mixed feelings about all this. While I was genuinely sorry to have ruined her life, this was the first conversation in two years in which Sally had spoken complete sentences.

On Thursday it was necessary for me to venture abroad. Sally was on the trail of a spring dance dress and we have a rule at our house that if the item being pur-

(continued on page 72)

Make an ice cream sundae... pie.

You can make an ice cream sundae even better—by making it an Ice Cream Sundae Pie. It's easy, with a Chocolate-Flavored Ready-Crust® Pie Crust and Smucker's® Chocolate Fudge Topping. Just follow the recipe below to make a new family favorite. And remember, you can depend on Ready-Crust and Smucker's for help with great desserts every time.



ICE CREAM SUNDAE PIE

2 pints (1 quart) vanilla ice cream
1 12-oz. jar Smucker's® Chocolate Fudge Topping
1 6-oz. Chocolate-Flavored Ready-Crust® Pie Crust
¼ cup chopped nuts
Whipped cream or non-dairy topping
Maraschino cherries

In a mixing bowl, stir slightly softened ice cream until smooth. Spoon the ice cream into the pie crust and cover with the inverted plastic lid. Place pie in freezer for several hours, until hard.

To serve: After cutting the pie, spoon Smucker's topping generously over each slice. Garnish with whipped cream, nuts and maraschino cherries as desired.

For more delicious recipe ideas, send your name, address, and zip code, with 50¢, to: Ready-Crust Recipes, Dept. 504, P. O. Box 868, Mundelein, Illinois 60060

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s and V-neck vests. $16. The blazer. A wide wale corduroy classic. Subtle shades. $40.

JCPenney

GROWING PAINS

continued from page 68

chased by a dependent minor costs more than $25, a parent gets to be in on the kill. Sally had run to earth something "severe, sophisticated and deadly," as she described it to her friend Shelley. It sounded like a weapons system.

Thursday afternoon after school we drove downtown to Soames' Department Store, where this lethal creation hung innocently enough on a rack in the juniors section.

"What if we see the Amhursts?" Sally asked as we prepared to leave the house. "Haven't you a trench coat with a collar you could put up to hide your face?"

"In a crowd of people enjoying seventy-five degree sunshine, don't you think I'll stick out?"

I wore dark glasses and a head scarf. If we ran into Sheila Amhurst, Sally could pass me off as an international exchange parent from Latvia.

While Sally disappeared into the dressing rooms, I skulked about amongst the racks pretending to be a comparison shopper from Hopewell's Department Store across the street, tsk-tsk-ing over seams and zippers and price tags.

Moments later Sally reappeared, a lovely young woman I'd never seen before, wearing a navy blue piqué sailor dress with a big white organdy collar and red silk tie.

"Sally . . . honey . . . you look . . ." I stopped in the nick of time. If I admired the dress too much, it would be the kiss of death, " . . . okay."

She had moved over to the triple mirror to get a view of the back. Glancing at me quizzically in the mirror, she revealed the smallest trace of disappointment. "Okay?" She looked down at the dress, caressing its folds. "I thought you . . ."

Could it be she *wanted* me to like it? I was suddenly shy. I didn't want to say the wrong thing to her, but what was the right thing? After two years of having to be negative to be positive, I didn't know where we were.

"If you don't like it . . ." she began.

I was beside her in a couple of strides. "You're beautiful in it. The dress is perfect. I guess I was just stunned to see how grown-up you look."

She smiled, relieved. Then, patting my shoulder, she said sympathetically, "I'm sorry, Mom. Seeing me so grown reminds you that you're, well . . . not getting any younger. We learned about this in Human Problems. The plight of the older woman having to stand aside to make way for the younger."

The new, mature Sally was beginning to give me a severe headache. Be that as it may, however, a more pressing human problem was bearing down on us. Pulling the head scarf down over my face like the Lone Ranger, I began backing into the dressing rooms as Sheila Amhurst waved and helloed to Sally.

There are those upon whom Fate smiles and those at whom she laughs cruelly. Her wretched cackle was driving me into the furthermost try-on stall where I hastily closed the curtain and began disrobing. I'd brought nothing in with me to try on, but glancing about I saw that a previous occupant had left behind a couple of garments.

I snatched one of the hangers down and removed the clothes. Let's see. A pair of jodhpurs and, yes, a polo shirt. I pulled on the pants. Not bad. The polo shirt was an attractive wide stripe in red and tan. My size, too. I tucked it into the pants. Of course, without riding boots, it was difficult to appreciate the full impact the outfit might have.

"Mother, for heaven's sake, what are you *doing* in here?" Sally hissed through the curtain.

"Do you think we should buy a horse?" I asked, throwing open the curtain.

She gazed ceilingward with ill-concealed impatience. "Mrs. Amhurst's out there and she'd like to see you. You'll have to come out," Sally told me, voice full of misgiving.

"Sheila! What on earth are *you* doing here?" I asked brightly as Sally pushed me out of the try-on area.

"Shopping."

"Imagine."

"Come sit down if you have a minute." She indicated a padded bench placed among the racks of clothes.

"Well, only a minute. My horse is double-parked." I felt a bit conspicuous in my jodhpurs and polo shirt.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

By Walter Weir

Awake, my love, and let us kiss—
No other day will be like this.
No other day that we shall know
Will see us married hours ago.

Awake, my love, let us embrace
And hold each other face to face.
Let us enjoy the spring in bloom
Within the confines of our room.

Awake, my love, and do not say
We were not married yesterday;
Do not insist the years have fled
Since in that April we were wed.

Awake, my love—to be with you
The lengthiest of lifetimes through
Is all too short a time to see
Your face held close, held close to me!

She smiled understandingly. A pity we weren't going to be chums.

"I was really pleased when I found out a few days ago that it was your daughter Sally's ear that Alex has been smiling into over the phone."

"You were?"

"Glen had begun to think the boy was plotting the overthrow of the government or, at the very least, the high school. Alex was on the phone for hours every day and whenever one of us came into the room, he'd stop talking and look hostile until we left. I felt like the CIA."

"When you found out about Sally, didn't you sort of wish it was someone else's daughter? I mean, you know—someone who had voted for your brother Avery?"

She put her head back and laughed an unrestrained ho-ho sort of laugh. A nice trait in a woman.

"Oh, Bette," she finally said quietly, "were you worried about that?"

"Only a little." Just enough to spend six months disguised as a Latvian exchange mother.

"I'm terribly sorry." She put a hand on my arm. "I know I can trust you so I'm going to tell you something."

Sheila Amhurst had just said the secret words and won herself a lifetime supply of friend.

"If I'd been living in your district, I'd have voted for O'Malley," she said.

"You would?"

"I love my brother Avery but he's waded in over his ability, Bette. That night at the Lazenbys'," she went on, "I admired what you said about O'Malley. You backed him for the same reasons I'd have voted for him." She looked me in the eye. "May I say something to you?"

"Yes."

"You've got to start trusting another woman's intelligence. Even if she doesn't agree with you, you've got to trust her enough to share your feelings."

I could use a friend like this. What was more, she was right. Did what she say apply to daughters, however?

Sally was in the kitchen helping with the dinner dishes. I decided to risk a confrontation.

"You know, Sally, I was upset when you wanted me to turn my back on my association with O'Malley."

"I don't blame you."

"You don't?"

"You have a right to your opinions."

"I do?"

"An older woman needs to feel that her opinions are as valid as a younger woman's." She put a plate in the cupboard, and turned to me. "I'm going to try to be more understanding of your age, Mom, and its special problems."

I bit down on my lip and gazed philosophically out at the spring twilight. With Sally's help I might yet find a way to make my sunset years productive. **End**

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WHEN YOU JUST KNOW YOU HAVE SOME TERRIBLE DISEASE

THE AGONY OF HYPOCHONDRIA

What's that twinge in your chest? An incipient heart attack? And those funny stomach pains. Could they signal an ulcer? Probably not—but *worrying* about your symptoms can be almost as debilitating as a real illness. Here's how to stop. By John Kelly

You don't need a night table cluttered with pillboxes to be considered a hypochondriac. Count yourself among the afflicted millions if—on occasion—you've convinced yourself that a persistent headache was really a brain tumor or aching joints meant arthritis. Even if you exercise religiously and insist that you "never get sick," you too may be among those one expert calls the "worried well."

The profile of a hypochondriac—someone who, as the dictionary puts it, "has a morbid concern with one's health, especially when accompanied by delusions of physical disease"—is gradually changing. For years, medical journals pictured a life-long disease addict—and indeed, such classic cases exist. Recent research indicates, however, that the majority of complainers may be suffering from specific—and temporary—emotional problems such as depression and stress. Some researchers even say that today's fitness fiends are (believe it or not) closet hypochondriacs.

Of all these variations, stress-induced hypochondria is the most prevalent. The person under pressure develops aches and pains suddenly, usually over a period of three to four weeks. More times than not, the malady centers in the head, neck, chest or abdomen.

Carol Klein could have been a textbook example. After her divorce last summer, she was busy looking for a job, rearranging the children's schedules and trying to tie up the loose ends of a ten-year marriage. When she settled into her new routine in October, she noticed that her stomach was acting

(continued on page 106)

"Dove gave us softer, smoother skin in just 7 days."

u Ann Harkleroad, age 38, Chamblee, Ga.

Virginia B. Miller, age 31, Excelsior, Minn.

Kim M. Maviglia, age 34, Hillsdale, N.J.

Donna-Rae Lang, age 38, Littleton, Colo.

Barbara Medica, age 29, Canoga Park, Calif.

Janet C. Uthemann, age 35, Denver, Colo.

Betty Wyche, age 32, Plymouth, Minn.

Marsha Bayly, age 27, Ringwood, N.J.

Judy M. Olson, age 41, Minneapolis, Minn.

Georgina Kennedy, age 37, Waldwick, N.J.

Suzanne F. Neslund, age 32, Long Lake, Minn.

Junell Wingate, age 45, Wayzata, Minn.

Tracy Jenkins, age 33, Alpharetta, Ga.

ne San Phillip, age 36, Ridgewood, N.J.

Suzanne A. Hungerford, age 34, Encino, Calif.

Jane M. Grove, age 39, Wayzata, Minn.

Pamela Cohen, age 33, Van Nuys, Calif.

Rhona Klawans, age 31, Denver, Colo.

Mary Porter, age 30, Marietta, Ga.

cki Windsperger, age 30, Robbinsdale, Minn.

Shirley Scott, age 37, Van Nuys, Calif.

nie Lee Glaholt, age 28, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dale Aiken, age 29, Atlanta, Ga.

These are the names of real women. Just a few of the hundreds of real women across America who took a real test: They stopped using soap and washed their faces with Dove® instead. To a woman, they reported that after seven days of Dove, their skin was noticeably softer and smoother. Sound miraculous? No, it's just that the Dove ¼ moisturizing cream formula really does work. Dove isn't soap. So it can't dry your skin or strip away its natural moisture like soap can.

Try it. Put your soap aside and use Dove for seven days. Your name could make the next list.



Bounce keeps clothes smelling fresh from washday to wearday



Bounce® Fabric Softener not only leaves your clothes soft and controls static cling, it keeps them smelling fresh for a full week in the drawer. Because Bounce works in the dryer, so its long-lasting fresheners don't get rinsed away.

No other fabric softener has Bounce's unique fresh scent.

This Whirlpool dryer comes with Finish Guard Control that helps protect against wrinkles by tumbling the clothes in cool air after the drying cycles are completed.



Whirlpool packs Bounce in every one of their new Whirlpool dryers.



Bounce has agreed with dryer makers to supply Bounce samples packed by them and to feature their dryers in Bounce advertising.

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The Last Star
Elizabeth Taylor



"I've never been happier in my life!" said Eddie Fisher's bride.



"I'm so happy, I can't believe it!" exclaimed the new Mrs. Richard Burton.

Her marriage to Eddie Fisher was doomed. Her screen appeal was in a lull. Here, read about her attempted suicide and, then, the love story that shocked the world: Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. Part II of the sizzling biography by Kitty Kelley (author of Jackie Oh!).

At 15, she was called "the most beautiful woman in the world." But Elizabeth Taylor craved love. Before she was 24, she married three times, hoping to find the security for which she yearned.

Married to Mike Todd, Elizabeth was blissfully happy with the man some say she loved best. As last month's installment closed, the actress kissed her husband good-bye as he left on a short trip. She had no way of knowing it would be for the last time. In just 24 hours, Mike's twisted wedding band would be brought to Elizabeth. It was all that remained from the ghastly plane crash that left Liz Taylor a widow at 26. Now pick up this gripping story as only Kitty Kelley can tell it.

(continued)

Copyright © 1981 by Kitty Kelley. From the forthcoming book, *Elizabeth Taylor: The Last Star,* by Kitty Kelley, to be published by Simon & Schuster.



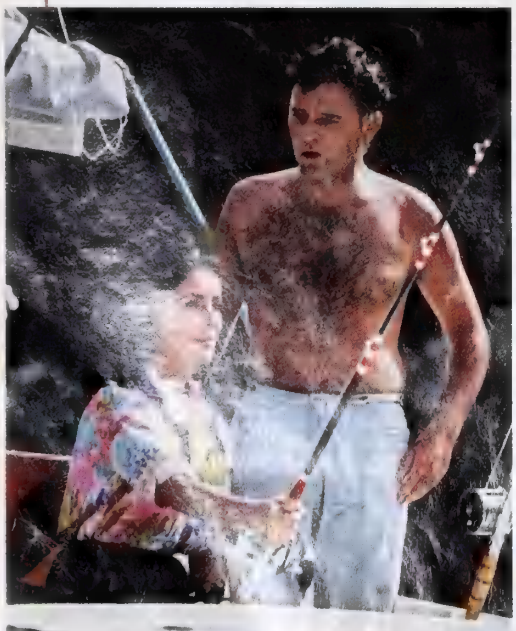
The first days as Mrs. Eddie Fisher were loving . . . but that would change when Liz met Richard Burton.



Liz, in a moment of motherly affection.



Where it all began: Taylor and Burton in *Cleopatra*.



The world's most notorious couple—on their honeymoon, at last.



The glass in Burton's hand would become a near-constant prop in years to come.



A still gorgeous Liz, but she is beginning to gain the weight that would constantly plague her in later years.



After one of her many hospital stays, Liz still manages to take center stage.



The glamour begins to tarnish for the "World's Most Glamorous Couple."



One big hippie family: Richard and Liz with her son Michael Wilding, Jr., his wife Beth and their daughter, Leyla.

"Oh, God!" she screamed. "No! No! It can't be! No! I can't live without him!"

Elizabeth bolted out of bed in her sheer nightgown and tore through the house barefooted, wailing uncontrollably.

"I begged him not to go—to wait one more day," Elizabeth said. "I don't think he wanted to go. He came upstairs to kiss me good-bye six times before he left the house. Oh, God. I can't bear to go on. I loved Mike so much and he loved me. No one can ever know how much. If only I'd been on that plane with him. I feel like a half pair of scissors. That's what he always used to tell me when he was away from me."

Elizabeth spoke in disjointed sentences punctuated by sobs. "Why, why did it have to happen?" she asked. "Mike and I had so much planned...little things we just talked about last night."

Elizabeth began talking about killing herself. She said she did not want to go on living another day without Mike Todd. Her first mention of suicide was not alarming; it seemed a natural reaction for someone so grief-stricken. But she kept talking about it. "I want to die," she said. "I just want to die."

The day of the funeral, Elizabeth was heavily sedated. Wearing dangling diamond earrings and a black, veiled hat, she arrived in Chicago so emotionally distraught that she could barely walk from the limousine to the grave.

Only family and intimate friends were permitted entrance to the tented burial site. The cemetery itself teemed with thousands of morbid curiosity seekers who pushed and shoved one another to gawk at the actress in her misery. Some sat atop gravestones, drinking soda. Others sprawled on blankets and littered the normally tranquil cemetery with candy wrappers and ice cream sticks.

Elizabeth trembled as she tried to restrain her sobs. Placing her hand on

(continued page 145)

Home Portrait

WIFE . . . MOTHER . . . PAINTER . . . PROBLEM-SOLVER; COULD SHE BE ALL THINGS FOR THE PEOPLE SHE LOVED? A SHORT STORY BY MADELEINE COSTIGAN.

Like every other moving day, the day the five of us moved to Bonnet Island was not without a certain trauma. This time it was in the form of bumper-to-bumper traffic traveling in the opposite direction of our overladen blue hatchback—hardly the most reassuring welcoming committee. The calendar said early September, but already the light seemed to have drained from Bonnet Bay, and the summer people were departing with an enthusiasm that made me wonder if perhaps they had all been invited to the same huge, glittering party. My husband Steve and I had managed to cram the entire family into the hatchback, including our dog, Talbot, who was mostly Airedale, and Tillie, a marsh rabbit Nan had rescued from drowning. It was a tight fit, but we'd sold our second car because we wouldn't be needing it on the island. Besides, 17-year-old Nan would be leaving for college next week, so for once, togetherness seemed more important than comfort. Even Michael, who at 12 liked us to think he was impervious to such things, actually offered Nan a window seat. Six-year-old Maggie, holding the rabbit cage in her lap, was frankly devastated at Nan's imminent desertion.

"Which is why it will be a good experience for her, too," I said to Steve as we crossed the rickety wooden drawbridge that Steve's firm planned to replace with a modern causeway.

"You've got me convinced, but can you convince Maggie?" he asked.

I was counting on first grade to distract Maggie and, as it turned out, by the time a letter from Nan arrived a few weeks later, Maggie was so hypnotized by her teacher, Mrs. Duncan, that she didn't seem to miss Nan that much at all. Maggie's goal each day was simple—to win a smile from Mrs. Duncan. Mrs. Duncan wore spectacles in her hair, and snowberry polish on her nails, and so did Maggie whenever she could persuade me to let her.

(continued on page 139)

Illustration by Michael Dew



Head to Toe

Quick Summer Beauty Fix-ups

All-Clear Eyes

Question is how to clear up bloodshot eyes: from overexposure to sun, a day of sailing on the salty, windy sea; too much hoopla. Or rubbing your pollen-stinging, puffy eyes. Technically, the redness appears when tiny blood vessels expand and fill up. Over-the-counter drops and washes cause blood vessels to constrict and return to normal, also help rinse out the irritant, according to Dr. Alan J. Friedman, ophthamologist with N.Y.U. Medical Center. In a pinch, a splash of cold water will help.

Firm Up!

Summer clothes are sexy and free. But what do you wear underneath if your body i out of shape? You can control a potbelly with a panty brief offering light support, suc as Maidenform's No-Show Stretch. For more tummy tightening, look for one with a front panel, such as Olga's Wonder Wear Pants. Both come in a blend-in nude color. Try first under your briefest shorts.

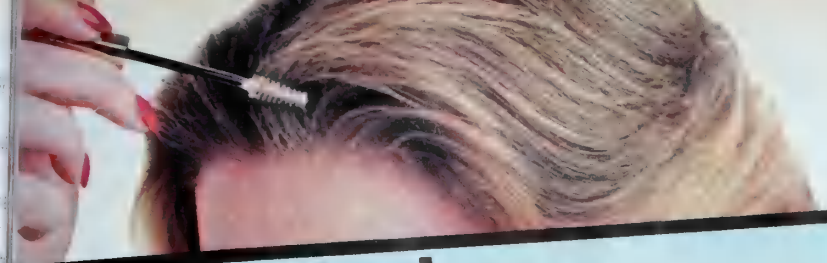
Look-at-Me Le

A light case of spider veins (fine red lines) or varicose veins can appear al overnight–making you shy about being seen in tennis whites or swimsuits It's a misconception that veins are a telltale sign of a "certain" age." can show up at 20, 30, 40, whenever. Heredity, pregnancy, sudc weight gain–all are factors. Short of wearing opaque p hose in the heat or visiting with a dermatologis you can opt to smooth your skin with conce Pat on a tone to match your leg colorin from light to dark brown. Waterproof. Covermark by Lydia O'Leary, $7.



Water Wig

At last, the answe to "how to look pretty" at the pool or on the beach: a wi that's cute an curly, eve when wet. N a bathing ca (your ow locks do necessarily st dry), this mass springy curls has t advantage of being comf table to wear. You can tu your hair up into it for the –or just slip it on af dunking. "It's a Wig" by An Douglas, in 17 colors, $



Photographs by Joel Brodsky.
Hair by André Tavernise of Bumble and Bumble.
Nail application by Josephine of Il Makiage.
Makeup by Jac Collelo.

Wave a Wand

ove: Just like the grass and the flowers, hair grows faster in ummer. For anyone who colors r hair, this means a quickening of visible roots. One instant remedy: a new color wand, which covers up the growth, easily shampoos out. Essenje's Color Quick Makeup for Hairline and Brows, six shades from blonde to black, $6.50 each.



Hold That Color

Left: Those little vertical lines on your lips can, in summer, become riverbeds for runny lipstick. Trick is to halt that meandering color. The same skin-toned coverup stick that hides dark circles will stop it. Outline lips, blend, go over with lip pencil. Fill in with lipstick. Moisturewear Under Eye Coverstick by Cover Girl, $2.

Un-Shine Your Nose

You try to look cool, calm, collected. Hair, makeup–everything in place. But wait. What is that reflecting in the summer sun? If your shiny nose is sending off glaring signals, you're faced with a common problem. Try those little handy linen tissues specially designed to blot up oil, such as Andrea Fresh-ups. Or, according to Deborah Chase, author of the *Medically Based No-Nonsense Beauty Book*, the element, *alum*, will work as a heavy-duty astringent. We experimented with a styptic pencil (the men's shaving aid), which is high in alum content. Dampen stick, apply to lower half of nose and around nostrils (site of most oil breakthroughs). This should stop the greasies. Brush off any white residue and smooth over with liquid makeup. Keep pencil away from eyes; use sparingly as it is *very* drying.

Ten Perfect Toes

It's sandal weather–time to show off terrific looking toes. Even if your own toenails are nicked (from sports) or picked at (nasty habit), you can still put your best foot forward. Go for fakes. Get a set of plastic "fingernails" from the 5&10. Look for the kind marked "Short Trim." File from the bottom (not the precurved top) for an exact fit, a bit longer than your regular nail. Put on as many as you need. Reminder from Dr. B. Robert Fabricant, of New York Hospital of Podiatric Medicine: Only use with basically healthy nails, not over ingrown toenails, chronic problems or fungus. Ones that work well: Andrea Sculptured Nails, Eyelure Fingernails, Nu-Nails. Polish: Avon Sunsations in "Watermelon Freeze."

Flirty Curls

Left: What's softly curly the rest of the year often becomes too frizzy in summer's humidity. Delightful way to control (or really use) the added volume–sweep hair up to side, anchor with covered elastic, let tendrils escape. Add flower sprig for a charming touch.

"I Always Knew You'd Find Me, Mom": LHJ'S DRAMATIC RECOVERY OF A KIDNAPPED CHILD

In our April issue, 10-year-old James Kennedy was pictured wi seven other children, all kidnappe by parents. Although he'd been missing for almost two and a half years, a reader recognized him, and he was recovered by his mother. This is the dramatic story of his rescue and their moving reunion. By Katherine Barrett



THESE CHILDREN ARE MISSING: YOU CAN HELP



Stephanie Irene Jones (above) was taken by her mother in Louisville, Kentucky, Oct. 4, 1978, but her twin sister managed to escape by locking herself in her father's car. Both girls had been taken and recovered before. Ronald Harold Jones, their father, has custody of the seven-year-old children and lives in Jeffersonville, Indiana. If you have information, contact the Stolen Children's Information Exchange, (714) 847-2676.

Martyn Ryan Shirlen (at right) was taken Oct. 4, 1977, by his father, from a school in South Carolina. His mother, Sandra Coleman, has remarried and has custody. She has spent more than $70,000 to find her son, who is now nine years old and is probably using a different name. If you've seen him, contact the Stolen Children's Exchange, (714) 847-2676.



Summer, 1981—James has come home. A 10-year-old red-haired Rip Van Winkle is home to a rocking horse that he has outgrown and a closet full of clothes, two sizes too small. On his door is a New York Yankee poster from 1978, and in the living room, both a Christmas tree and Easter decorations give mute testimony to the holidays he has missed.

For nearly two and a half years, Pat Kennedy stepped over an unused basketball, and puzzles and puppets wrapped in candy-cane paper. Her friends thought she was crazy when she ordered a new toy for her missing son. They thought she should adjust . . . adapt to being alone. But for Pat, the presents, the tree and the wrapping were a sign of faith. "James had to know," she explains. "He had to know that Mommy was expecting him for Christmas those two years."

January, 1979—The night before eight-year-old James

Violet Marie Underwood (right) was snatched by her mother in 1978, recovered, then taken again in March, 1979. She is five years old now, and was last spotted in Oregon. Her three-year-old sister, Jennifer Ann Bigelow, also is missing. Their father, Walt Underwood, has court-ordered custody of both children. If you have information, contact: the Stolen Children's Information Exchange, (714) 847-2676.



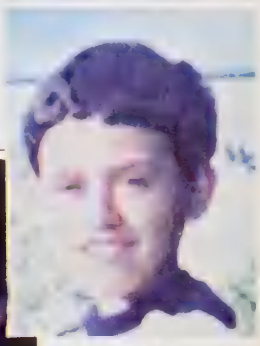


Lisa Michelle Stock (right) was taken by her father during a Thanksgiving visitation in San Antonio, Texas, in 1980. Her parents had joint custody of Lisa, who turned three on Easter Sunday. If you have information, contact Child Find, (914) 255-1848.



Jon Hatemi (left) was taken in October, 1977, with his younger brother, Peter (below), after a judge in Queens County, New York, gave temporary custody to his mother, pending a formal decision. The mother disappeared with the children that day. Jon is now 11 years old and his brother is nine. If you have information, call Child Find, (914) 255-1848.







Lloyd Scotty Berne (above, right), now 11 years old, and his brother Mark Vernon (left), almost seven, were taken August 2, 1979. Their father, Dale L. Berne, is superintendent of schools in Rochester, New York, and has custody of the boys, who may not even be in school. If you have information, contact Dr. Berne at (716) 385-4819, or the Rochester District Attorney's office, (716) 428-5680.

was kidnapped by his father, his Mom sat by his bedside and blessed him. Two years before, his older brother, Joseph, had died of a malignant tumor and James and Pat Kennedy had become exceptionally close since then. I want to bless you too, Mommy," he said that night, making the sign of the cross three times on her forehead—once for every night he would be away.

It would be 814 days before he would see his mother again or understand why she had been ripped out of his life. Perhaps he believed that she had been killed in an automobile accident, as he once told a friend. Or maybe he heard the tale told the authorities at one of his schools—that his mother had killed his older brother and then taken her own life.

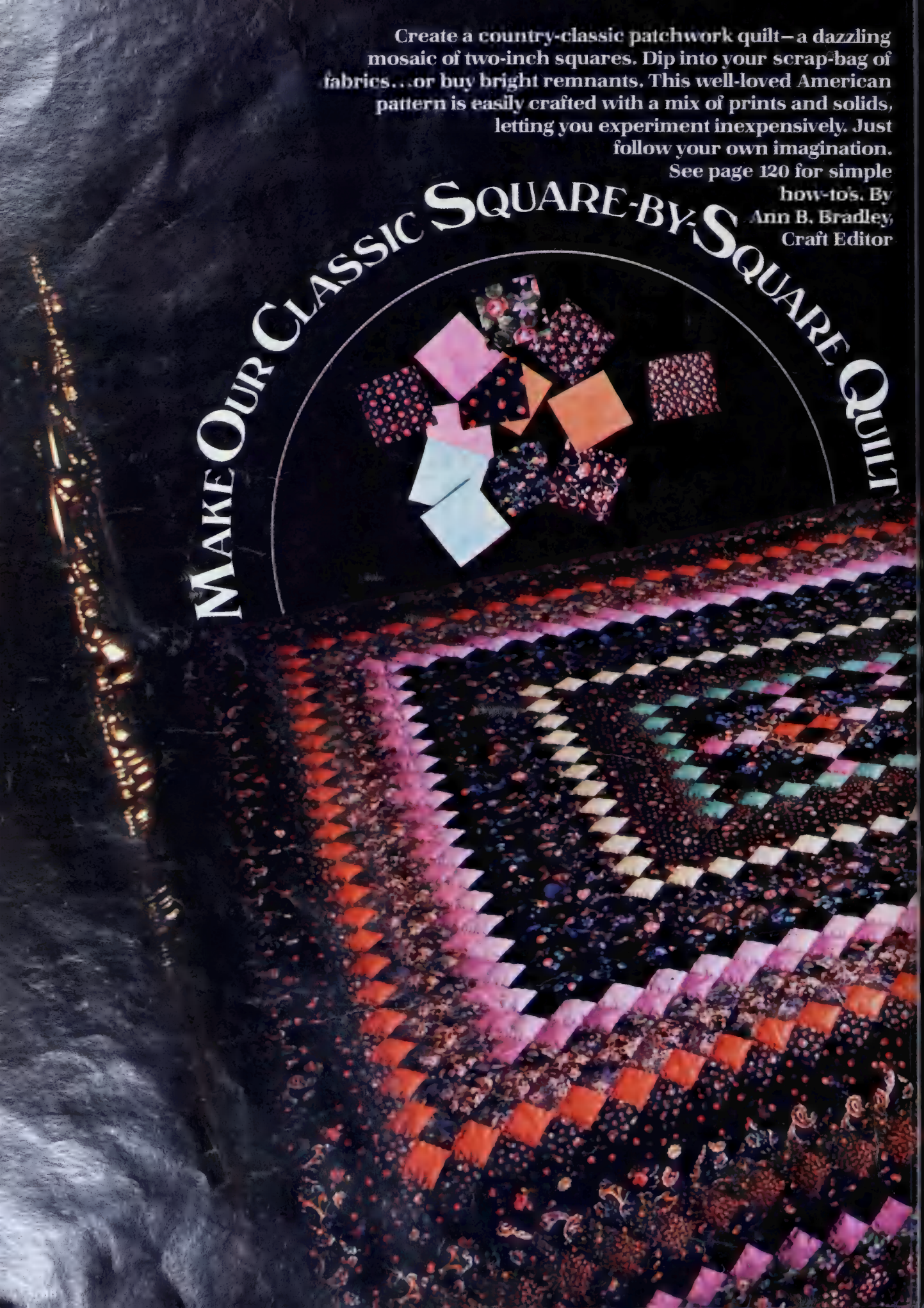
For those two and a half years, the only parent he knew was his father, a gruff and sometimes volatile man, who held him a virtual hostage. Home became a succession of hotels, motels and houses in at least six states, while his mother carried on a frantic, but fruitless search for her only surviving child.

March, 1981—A teacher in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, is thumbing through a copy of *Ladies' Home Journal* before bed. Suddenly her eye is caught by the smiling face of a buck-toothed, red-haired boy, under a caption, "Have You Seen These Children?" She

(continued on page 151)

Make Our Classic Square-by-Square Quilt

Create a country-classic patchwork quilt—a dazzling mosaic of two-inch squares. Dip into your scrap-bag of fabrics...or buy bright remnants. This well-loved American pattern is easily crafted with a mix of prints and solids, letting you experiment inexpensively. Just follow your own imagination. See page 120 for simple how-to's. By Ann B. Bradley, Craft Editor





Design by Andrea Shedletsky.
Photograph by John Bechtold.

SWEATSHIRT CHIC

For fun and games and all kinds of action—jump into a jumpsuit. Basic team-gray with quick-zip front, pads you can build up your shoulders for you can take off. By Norma Kamali. Red sneakers, Keds.

A CASUAL FABRIC GOES HIGHSTYLE

Sweatshirt dressing has dashed out of the sporting goods stores–into the fall fashion scene. The fabric may be familiar (strong/smooth on the outside; cozy within) but the looks are brand-new. Padded shoulders…silver-striping… bomber jackets…even a swingy dress that breezes from day into evening. All are easy-going and wonderfully comfortable. By Maureen Lynch, Beauty and Fashion Director.



Long and racy black tunic ($34) slips easily over pull-on pants ($30). For relaxing at home or paired with boots for a zippy outdoor look. By Gregge Sport. Leaf earrings by Stephanie Frank; cowboy boots by Wrangler.

Photographs by Gerard Gentil; hair and makeup by Rick Caldwell.

SWEATSHIRT CHIC



Spirited red sweatshirt dressing—highly styled for office-into-evening. Standup collar, easy wrap front, swingy skirt. By Norma Kamali, $62. Earrings by Stephanie Frank; golden cuff bangle bracelet by Catherine Stein; envelope clutch, Helene Kaufman; panty hose by L'eggs, sling sandals, Shoe Strings by Shoe Biz.



The new casual suit– very loose and easy. Batwing cardigan jacket ($38) buttons over a dropped waist skirt ($32). Add a thick turtleneck and flats for a country look or dress it up with a soft blouse and heels for city life. By Gregge Sport. Sweater by Adrienne Vittadini; Hanes hosiery; bronze loafers by Halston for Garolini.

You can wear the togs– without loving to jog. Silver-shot cap sleeve top ($40), upbeat little jacket ($70) and action-pants with ankle-zips and silver piping ($44). All, Jag Super Trak by Jag Beverly Hills. Cowboy belt by Elegant; Sony Walkman cassette player.





Create a romantic country look

QUICK SEWING AND CRAFT IDEAS... THE NEW PASTELS...ALL GIVE YOUR ROOM AN INSTANT LIFT.

1. Is your sofa looking tired or tattered? Brighten things up with a quick slipcover. Make it out of flower strewn fabric–or even a cheery sheet–following a Simplicity decorating pattern as your guide. **2.** Are your draperies looking droopy? Switch to a pair of balloon-y shades in a matching floral for a soft yet contemporary look (also Simplicity). **3.** Stitch up throw pillows in bold solids. Here, ruffled heart and Turkish-cornered pillows from one pattern. **4.** Paint your walls one of the new warm pastels, such as violet, celadon green or peach. **5.** Add 1" x 3" strips of wood to set off plain window frames; paint a contrasting color. **6.** Design your own coffee tables. Take unfinished Parsons tables, cover with coats of paint, trim with ribbon, finish with polyurethane. **7.** Look for pastel accessories. Lamps, chairs, even wastebaskets now come in pretty shades. **8.** Scout craft fairs for handmade ceramics: graceful urns, ample bowls. By Joan Tully, Home Editor.

Photograph by James Levin.
Fabric by Cyrus Clark.
Designed by Suzy Taylor, A.S.I.D.

Shopping information on page 140



Blueberries

Welcome, blueberries. Peak season is here (happily!) for everyone's true-blue favorites. Look for plump, unblemished berries with *deep* bluish-purple coloring. This native-to-America crop offers natural sweetness at only 45 calories a half cup. Here: going beyond "as normal as blueberry pie," are an incredibly tempting Blueberry Cheese Tart and the "perfect" Blueberry Muffin. These very-berry recipes, plus many more—summer-cool soup, a stack of pancakes, an old-fashioned grunt—start on page 104.

Photograph by Gordon E. Smith



The food processor is changing America's cooking habits . . . here, inventive new ways to use it.

Speedy Summer Fare



Whir-r-r. . . and the job is done. The machines are fast. . .and furious, making quick work of age-old chores: chopping, slicing, shredding, mixing. But we think food processors can do more—creatively. Here to expand your repertoire are unusual recipes. From left: • Cobb Salad, a little-known classic, its many parts (lettuce, chicken, blue cheese) now done in a flash. • Nectarine Delight, neatly sliced dessert. Even the cream was whipped! • Cold Beet-Cucumber Soup, a fast summer cooler. These recipes and others (ham mousse, shrimp butter), *plus* collected tips from our test kitchen and food friends on the processor's strengths and weaknesses, **page 100.**

Photograph by Irwin Horowitz



A PROCESSOR TIPSHEET

Think of your food processor as an extra pair of hands. The more you use it, the more it can help you save time and trouble. Read and re-read your appliance manual—plus any cookbooks on the subject you come across. Try adapting your old family-favorite recipes for the food processor. Here are some of our observations, gathered from personal experience in our test kitchen and from friends.

Practice makes perfect

- Chopping onions—high on anyone's list of usage—only takes a split-second to go from mince to mush. Watch closely. Take care not to peer immediately into the open bowl—the strong fumes will sting eyes. You *may* want to decrease amount of onions; those chopped in processor tend to be stronger (it's the juices).
- Getting perfect slices of *anything* requires an experienced hand. Test out your technique on different foods. For lonely carrots or cucumbers, check which direction the disc rotates. If counterclockwise, place food in lefthand side of tube (for clockwise, right) and the movement will keep it upright. A chopstick comes in handy to help stack food into the right position (obviously without motor running).
- To slice meat for stir-frying, freeze partially. You should *just* be able to insert a knife into it. If frozen too solidly, meat can break machine. Slice across grain.
- Do you end up with creamy-smooth peanut butter when your recipe calls for finely chopped nuts? To prevent oiliness and balling, add a bit of sugar or flour from recipe. Same principle applies to candied or dried fruits or citrus peel.

Do's and don'ts

- Do: Start saving scraps of food. Whirl extra bread (French or Italian, best) into crumbs; freeze. Or grate cheese ends. With very hard cheeses, such as Parmesan, have at room temperature, remove rind and drop chunks through the tube with motor running. Use the steel blade. Softer cheeses, such as Muenster or mozzarella, should be well-chilled. Use shredding disc.
- Do: Get fancy. Betsy Balsley of the *Los Angeles Times* makes cream puff pastry at the drop of a hat. "It's so fast . . . and I never got the right texture before."
- Don't: Mash potatoes. No matter what your book says, they're better and fluffier by hand. Unless you enjoy eating wallpaper paste!
- Do: Be creative. When guests drop in, whip up a quick spread from leftovers. Grind up turkey (or chicken), add mayo, raisins, nuts and a dash of hot sauce, suggests Jo Ellen O'Hara from the *Birmingham Daily News*.
- Don't: Do itty-bitty jobs in the processor. It's faster to chop one garlic clove by hand than to wash out the bowl. But in some cases, you can do a whole sequence without stopping to clean. Meatloaf—onions, seasonings, egg, then blend in meat. Egg or tuna salad (switch to plastic blade, if you have one). Gazpacho, etc.
- Do: Experiment. Make your own salt mix. Chop fresh herbs (thyme, savory, woodruff) for a savory shaker, advises Barbara Bratel of the *Cleveland Press*.

Newer processor models feature a PULSE control, replacing the need for the on/off wrist action used with older models. In the following recipes the term "on/off action" is synonymous with "pulse action."

COBB SALAD
pictured on page 98

This salad used to be a pain to make—until the food processor came along.

Salad
1 head iceberg lettuce
4 green onions, cut into 2-inch pieces
2 large tomatoes, peeled, seeded and cut into quarters
1 whole cooked chicken breast, boned, skinned and chilled
4 hard-cooked eggs
2 ounces well-chilled blue cheese
½ pound sliced bacon, cooked and crumbled

Dressing
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup red wine vinegar
1 garlic clove
½ cup olive oil
¼ cup salad oil

Cut lettuce into wedges to fit upright in feed tube of processor; cut out and discard core. Fit processor bowl with slicing disc. Process one lettuce wedge at a time, sliding into feed tube through bottom. Spread over bottom of large serving dish or salad bowl. Dry processor bowl with paper towel; replace and fit with steel blade. Using on/off action, finely chop green onions; place on large sheet of wax paper. Separately process tomatoes, chicken and eggs using on/off action; transfer each onto wax paper. Rinse, dry and replace work bowl and blade. Crumble cheese, using on/off action. Arrange green onions, tomatoes, chicken, eggs, blue cheese and bacon in strips on top of lettuce, as pictured. Or combine all ingredients in salad bowl. *(Can be prepared ahead to this point. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate up to 4 hours.)* Pour on dressing and toss. Makes 6 servings, about 510 calories each with dressing.

Dressing: In processor with steel blade in place, combine salt, mustard, pepper and vinegar. Turn on processor; drop in garlic through feed tube. Process until garlic is finely chopped; then with motor running, pour in oils. Continue processing until well blended. Let stand at room temperature until ready to serve. Makes 1 cup, about 90 calories per tablespoon.

NECTARINE DELIGHT
pictured on page 98

Try with fresh pears as well. And y you can whip cream in the processor. just that the volume won't be so high.

¼ to ½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cardamom
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
1½ cups soft macaroons
2 pounds nectarines, washed
1 to 2 teaspoons fresh lemon juice
1 cup heavy or whipping cream
1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
Whole macaroons for garnish (optional)

In large bowl combine sugar and spic set aside. Fit processor bowl with ste blade. Process macaroons using on/off a tion until crumbly. Measure out 2 tabl spoons; set aside. Line bottom of 1 lar or 6 individual serving dishes with r maining crumbs. Wipe off blade of pr cessor and place it in freezer.

Cut nectarines in half; remove pits. F processor bowl with slicing disc. Positi fruit in feed tube. Slice, using firm pre sure on pusher. Transfer to bowl co taining sugar; sprinkle with lemon juic Repeat, slicing remaining fruit, then tos ing in sugar until coated. Spoon ov macaroon crumbs in serving dish. Rin processor bowl with cold water; dry.

Fit processor bowl with chilled ste blade. Combine cream, confectione sugar and vanilla in processor bowl. Pr cess for a few seconds, just until it begi to thicken. Scrape bowl. Finish proces ing, using on/off action, just until crea holds a peak. Spoon over fruit, the sprinkle with reserved crumbs. If de sired, garnish with whole macaroon Serve immediately or chill up to 1 hou Makes 6 servings, 390 calories each.

COLD BEET-CUCUMBER SOUP
pictured on page 99

For the standard-size food processo limit the liquid to about 2 cups. Othe wise mixture may overflow or leak whe you remove the work bowl.

12 small fresh beets (about 2 lbs. trimmed) or 2 cans (16 oz. each) whole beets
1 tablespoon salt
Water
1 cucumber, peeled
6 sprigs fresh dill (about 2 tablespoons) or 2 teaspoons dried dill
3 green onions, cut into 2-inch pieces
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
2 teaspoons light brown sugar
2 cups chicken broth, skimmed of fat
Sour cream (about ½ cup)
Dill sprigs for garnish

If using fresh beets, trim, leaving ¾-incl stems, and scrub. (Do not trim root end. In saucepan combine beets and salt. Add water to cover; bring to a boil and cook until fork-tender, about 45 minutes. Drain, reserving 1 cup cooking liquid. Let cool, then peel. If using canned beets, drain, reserving 1 cup liquid.

Fit processor bowl with steel blade. Cut cucumber in half *(continued)*

Make a "Beef 'n Cheese Crescent" dinner tonight!



"Make it with my Pillsbury Crescent Roll dough!"

Beef 'n Cheese Crescents

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 3/4 cup KRAFT Barbecue Sauce
- 6 slices DELUXE Pasteurized Process American Cheese Slices
- 2 (8-oz.) cans PILLSBURY Refrigerated Quick Crescent Dinner Rolls
- 2 teaspoons toasted sesame seeds

Heat oven to 375°F. Brown ground beef and onion; drain. Stir in barbecue sauce; set aside. Unroll dough into 4 long rectangles on ungreased cookie sheet. Overlap long sides; firmly press perforations and edges to seal. Pat to form 15x13-inch rectangle.

Spread meat mixture lengthwise, in a 4-inch wide strip, down center of dough to within 1 inch of ends. Top meat mixture with cheese slices. Fold shorter sides of dough 1 inch over filling. Bring long sides of dough over filling, overlapping edges; pinch edges to seal. Sprinkle with sesame seeds. Bake at 375°F. for 20-25 minutes or until golden brown. Let stand 5 minutes before serving. 6 servings.

STORE COUPON

Pillsbury

10¢ off!

10¢

One 8-roll size can or two 4-roll size cans of Pillsbury Crescent Rolls.



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lengthwise. Scrape out seeds with spoon. Cut into 1-inch pieces. Chop, using on/off action. Transfer to 2-quart bowl. Replace steel blade.

In processor combine beets, dill, onions, vinegar and sugar. Process until smooth. With motor running, pour broth and reserved beet liquid through feed tube. Pour soup over cucumbers. Cover and refrigerate until thoroughly chilled. Serve topped with a dollop of sour cream. Garnish with dill. Makes 8 servings, about 80 calories each with sour cream.

HAM MOUSSE

Mousses and pâtés are treats we rarely had patience to make—until the advent of processors. Be sure to remove any fat or gristle from meat before processing.

½ cup unsweetened pineapple juice
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
Generous dash cloves
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
½ cup dry parsley leaves
½ pound cooked ham, cut into 1-inch cubes
1 egg white, at room temperature
½ cup very cold heavy or whipping cream

In saucepan combine pineapple juice, gelatin and cloves. Let stand 2 minutes, then stir over low heat until gelatin is dissolved. Stir in mustard; set aside.

Fit processor bowl with steel blade. Chop parsley using on/off action. Transfer to small bowl; cover and refrigerate. Replace blade and chop ham using on/off action, then process continuously until ham is *very* finely minced. Stir into gelatin. Place processor bowl and blade in freezer (not necessary to wash).

Meanwhile, beat egg white until stiff but not dry. Fold into ham mixture; set aside.

Replace chilled processor bowl and steel blade. Process cream for a few seconds just until it begins to thicken. Scrape bowl. Finish processing, using on/off action, just until cream holds a peak. Fold into ham mixture. Spoon into 3-cup mold. Cover and refrigerate until set, at least 3 or up to 24 hours. Unmold and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve with crackers or cocktail bread. Makes 3 cups, about 20 calories per tablespoon.

LINGUINE WITH BROCCOLI CREAM

An interesting variation on the pesto theme—sauce can be served over any kind of pasta.

1 oz. Parmesan cheese, at room temperature (¼ cup grated)
1 bunch (1½ lbs.) fresh broccoli
1 quart water
Salt
¼ cup butter or margarine
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
2 garlic cloves
1 cup light cream
1 pound linguine, cooked

Fit processor bowl with steel blade. Remove and discard any rind from cheese and cut into 1-inch pieces. (If cheese is too difficult to cut, grate by hand. Cheese that is too hard could damage your machine.) Start processor and drop cheese through feed tube. Process until fine. Transfer to small bowl. Replace processor bowl and fit with slicing disc (not necessary to wash).

Trim off and discard end of broccoli stems, leaving about 6-inch stalks. Cut off flowerets. Place stems in feed tube. Holding with pusher, slice stems. In large saucepan bring water to a full boil. Add sliced broccoli, flowerets and 1 teaspoon salt; cook uncovered 8 minutes. Drain, reserving ¼ cup liquid. Set aside 1 cup flowerets. Remove slicing disc; insert steel blade. In processor bowl combine broccoli, reserved liquid, butter, ¼ teaspoon salt, pepper and nutmeg. Turn on processor; drop garlic through feed tube. Process until smooth. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and let stand at room temperature up to 2 hours.)*

Heat cream in large saucepan. Add broccoli purée; stir over medium heat just until mixture is heated through. Pour over hot cooked linguine; toss and sprinkle with cheese. Garnish with reserved flowerets. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings, about 475 calories each.

SHRIMP BUTTER

The secret ingredient (even though it's optional) is anise-flavored liqueur. Serve the butter with crackers or, for an elegant touch, fill tips of Belgian endive leaves.

½ pound shrimp, cooked, shelled and deveined
2 teaspoons fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon anise-flavored liqueur (optional)
½ teaspoon Dijon mustard
¼ teaspoon mace
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash bottled red pepper sauce
¼ cup butter, cut into 4 pieces
¼ cup soft cream cheese
Crackers or Belgian endive

Fit processor bowl with steel blade. Combine shrimp, lemon juice, liqueur, mustard, mace, salt and pepper sauce in processor. Process until smooth, scraping bowl once. With motor running, drop butter through feed tube. Process until thoroughly blended. Add cream cheese; process until smooth. Transfer to small bowl; cover and refrigerate at least 1 hour to blend flavors. *(Can be prepared ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 2 days. Let stand at room temperature 30 minutes to soften before using.)* Spread on crackers or use as filling for tips of endive leaves (about 2 teaspoons per leaf). Makes about 1 cup, about 45 calories per tablespoon.

HUMMUS (CHICK PEA-SESAME DIP)

Chopping parsley is a breeze—but make sure the work bowl is dry. Hummus happens to be one of the best appetiz going. Be forewarned, it's addictive.

¼ cup dry parsley leaves
⅓ cup tahini (sesame seed paste)
3 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
Generous dash ground red pepper
2 garlic cloves
1 can (20 oz.) chick peas or garbanzo beans
Pita bread, cut into triangles and toaste

Fit processor bowl with steel blade. Cl parsley, using on/off action. Remove fr bowl; set aside. In work bowl comb tahini, olive oil, lemon juice, salt a peppers. Turn on processor; drop ga through feed tube. Process until garlic finely crushed. Drain chick peas, rese ing ¼ cup liquid. Add peas and reserv liquid to tahini. Process, using on/off tion, until well mixed. (Mixture shou not be perfectly smooth; don't ov process.) Spoon into serving bowl; spr kle with parsley. Cover with plastic wr and chill thoroughly before serving, least 2 hours. *(Can be made ahead to t point and refrigerated up to 48 hour* Serve with pita bread. Makes 2½ cu dip, about 40 calories per tablespoon.

SQUASH ALLA PARMA
pictured on page 112

When slicing, control amount of pressu on the food pusher according to the foo Firm foods such as carrots get firm pr sure; use a lighter touch on softer foo such as tomatoes and squash.

2 medium zucchini
1 yellow summer squash
1 small onion, peeled and quartered
½ cup dry parsley leaves
2 garlic cloves
2 pounds fresh plum tomatoes, peeled, halved and seeded
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Fit processor bowl with slicing disc. Wa and trim zucchini and squash. Cut in h crosswise. Place upright in feed tub Slice, using medium pressure wi pusher; set slices aside.

Fit processor bowl with steel blad Chop onion and parsley. With process running, drop garlic through feed tub In medium skillet melt butter or m garine over medium heat. Add onio parsley and garlic; sauté 5 minute Meanwhile, using on/off action, chop t matoes in 2 or 3 batches. Stir into skill with salt, pepper and sugar. Bring to boil; reduce heat and simmer 15 minute Increase heat. Overlap squashes in 2 c cles on top of tomato sauce. Cover skill cook 5 minutes. Uncover; continue cook until squash is tender-crisp, 10 to minutes. Sprinkle with cheese. Makes servings, about 135 calories each.

*To grate cheese in processor, see instru tions in Linguine/Broccoli recipe.

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1. Cut SPAM® Luncheon Meat (12 oz. can) into slices. Spread 4 slices of rye bread with mayonnaise. Assemble 2 cups shredded zucchini, 12 onion rings, 12 tomato slices, 4 large mushrooms, sliced. Divide and layer vegetables on bread and add slices of SPAM® Luncheon Meat.

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Blueberries

continued from page 96

BLUEBERRY CHEESE TART
pictured on page 96

A crowning glory for the American berry.

Crust
1½ cups all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup vegetable shortening
¼ cup butter, cut into cubes
¼ cup water
1 egg white

Filling
2 packages (8 oz. each) cream cheese
⅓ cup fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
1 can (14 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Topping
3½ cups blueberries
About ¼ cup apple jelly

Crust: In large bowl combine flour, sugar and salt. With pastry blender or two knives used scissor-fashion, cut in shortening and butter until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle in water 1 tablespoon at a time, tossing with fork after each addition until pastry holds together. Form into a ball, then flatten slightly. Wrap and refrigerate 1 hour for easier rolling. (Or in food processor bowl fitted with steel blade, combine flour, sugar, salt, shortening and butter. Process on/off until the consistency of bread crumbs. Add water and process just until dough begins to form a ball.)

On lightly floured surface roll pastry into a 13- to 14-inch circle. Fold into quarters and place in 11- or 12-inch flan pan. Unfold and ease into pan. Prick pastry bottom with fork. Refrigerate ½ hour.

Preheat oven to 400°F. Line pastry shell with foil and add a layer of uncooked beans or rice. Bake 10 minutes. Remove beans and foil. Brush with egg white and bake until golden, about 10 to 12 minutes more. Cool.

Filling: In small mixer bowl beat cream cheese until soft. Pour in lemon juice and peel and beat until combined. Add condensed milk and vanilla, beating until well mixed. Pour filling into cooled shell. Refrigerate until firm, at least 2 hours.

Topping: Arrange blueberries on top of filling. In small saucepan, melt apple jelly. Brush over blueberries. Refrigerate at least 1 hour before serving. Makes 10 to 12 servings, about 510 calories per 10, 425 calories per 12.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS
pictured on page 96

Inspired by the muffins sold at Boston's department store, Jordan Marsh. They freeze beautifully.

½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking pow
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2½ cups blueberries
Sugar for sprinkling tops of muffins

Grease 12-cup muffin pan. Preheat o to 375°F. In large bowl with mixer medium speed cream butter or margar and sugar until light and fluffy. Add e one at a time, beating well after e addition. Combine flour, baking pow and salt. Add alternately to creamed m ture with milk and vanilla.

Crush ½ cup berries and add to bat Fold remaining berries into batter a spoon into muffin pan. Sprinkle w sugar. Bake 30 minutes or until toothp inserted in center comes out clean. C in pan 5 minutes and turn onto wire ra Makes 12 muffins, about 205 calor each.

COLD BLUEBERRY SOUP

Delicious as a beginning or ending t summer dinner.

1 pint blueberries
1½ cups water
¼ cup sugar
1 3-inch strip lemon peel
1 2-inch piece cinnamon stick
¾ cup sour cream

In medium saucepan combine blueb ries, water, sugar, lemon peel and c namon stick. Bring to a boil; simmer minutes. Cool 10 minutes; remove lem and cinnamon. Pour into blender; co and purée. Chill at least 4 hours or ov night. Just before serving, stir in s cream. Makes about 3½ cups or 6 se ings, about 135 calories each.



BLUEBERRY PANCAKES

These light, fluffy pancakes are b baked right after mixing. They're easy throw together while your griddle heating.

1 cup all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powd
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarin
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups blueberries

Preheat electric griddle to 375°F.; grea if necessary. (Or, for stove-top griddle skillet, grease if necessary and prehe over medium-high heat. To test temper ture, sprinkle on a few drops of water. skillet is proper temperature, they shou sizzle and bounce before evaporating.)

In large bowl combine dry *(continue*



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Blueberries

continued

ingredients. In another bowl combine remaining ingredients except blueberries. Pour into dry ingredients and stir until *just* mixed. Fold in blueberries.

Using about ¼ cup batter for each, bake pancakes 3 to 5 minutes, or until pancakes are fluffy and full of breaking bubbles. Turn and bake other side. Makes about 10, about 120 calories each.

BLUEBERRY SALAD

This fresh mint dressing will doubtless become a standby for all your fruit salads. If you can't find fresh, dried mint can be substituted.

Dressing
1 cup sour cream
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon lime juice
2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh mint or 1 teaspoon dried
1 avocado, peeled and cubed
1 tablespoon lime juice
1 pint blueberries
1 medium cantaloupe, peeled and cubed

In small bowl combine dressing ingredients; set aside. Makes 1 cup dressing, about 30 calories per tablespoon.

In medium bowl toss avocado with lime juice. Add blueberries and cantaloupe and toss. Serve fruit topped with dressing. Makes 6 cups fruit, about 45 calories per ½ cup.



BLUEBERRY GRUNT

A New England classic—blueberries with a biscuity crust. Great with cream.

3 cups blueberries
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
Topping
1 cup all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup milk
1 egg, slightly beaten

Preheat oven to 375°F. In 8-inch square baking dish combine blueberries, lemon juice, sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake 5 minutes; remove from oven. Increase oven temperature to 425°F.

Topping: Meanwhile, in medium bowl combine flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. With pastry blender or 2 knives used scissor-fashion, cut in butter or margarine. Combine milk and egg and mix into dry ingredients just until moistened. Spread over hot berries. Bake 20 minutes. Serve warm. Makes 6 servings, about 290 calories each.

BLUEBERRY STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE

A rich, sour cream cake layered with a crunchy walnut streusel and blueberry combo. We like it served slightly warm.

2¾ cups all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1½ teaspoons baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1 pint (16 oz.) sour cream
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
Streusel
¾ cup light brown sugar
¾ cup chopped walnuts
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups blueberries

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease and flour 10-inch tube pan. Combine flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt; set aside.

In large bowl with mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour mixture alternately with sour cream and vanilla to batter.

Combine streusel ingredients; set aside ½ cup. Toss remaining with berries.

Spread one third of batter in prepared pan; sprinkle with half the berry mixture. Then spread another third of the batter and sprinkle with remaining berry mixture. Top with remaining batter. Sprinkle on reserved streusel. Bake 60 to 65 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool in pan on wire rack 10 minutes. Remove from pan. Makes 16 servings, 360 calories each.

BLUEBERRY KIRSCH SORBET

A refreshing dessert or palate cleanser.

1 cup water
½ cup sugar
1 pint blueberries
¼ cup kirsch
¼ cup lemon juice

In small saucepan combine water and sugar. Bring to a boil; boil 2 minutes.

Meanwhile purée blueberries in blender. Add to sugar syrup with kirsch and lemon juice. Refrigerate until chilled. Freeze in ice-cream freezer according to manufacturer's directions. (Or pour into 9-inch square metal pan; freeze until frozen around edges, about 1½ hours. Spoon into large mixer bowl. Beat thoroughly; return to pan and freeze 2 hours. Beat again. Cover and freeze until firm.) Makes 1 quart, about 95 calories per ½ cup serving. **End**

HYPOCHONDRIA

continued from page 74

strangely. At first she thought she had ulcer, but after watching a TV medi special, she *knew* she had cancer.

Shortly before Christmas, she march into her doctor's office and gave him h diagnosis. He put her through a thorou physical and told her nothing w organically wrong. "Your real problem the divorce," he said. "Your stoma problems are a symptom of the stress."

No one understands why people li Carol express emotional distress throu physical ailments, but the response m be the body's way of crying out for hel "Hypochondria is really a signal—sort an emotional red light," says Dr. Sc Idzorek, a staff psychiatrist at the Arizo Health Plan, a health maintenance org nization. "Once the pressure is remove the hypochondria usually disappears."

That's what happened to Carol. Wi short-term therapy and the passage time, she came to grips with the anxieti created by her divorce. And as she di her stomach concerns faded away.

Reward from discomfort

In some cases, though, the suffer gets a reward out of discomfort. A ma backache might keep him from the job l hates. Or a woman's stomach cram might get her attention from an otherwi neglectful husband. For these peopl pain helps them cope with difficult situ tions, and they don't want to give it u Usually, these people aren't faking. Th really do hurt, and they believe the illnesses to be serious.

"The couple who never talk about the marital difficulties because he's afraid upsetting her stomach while she doesn want to give him another headache, a sincere. The fact that their ailments he them avoid a painful subject doesn't occ to them," says psychologist David A. Pa kewitz of the University of Marylan Medical School.

Sometimes stress, coupled with lack proper information, will create a hyp chondriacal complaint. The average mec cal student, for instance, is under enc mous pressure and is studying diseas that he or she doesn't fully understar yet. As a result, the student becom prey to a host of imaginary illnesses. No mal exhaustion, for example, may balloo in the person's mind to hepatitis. Th phenomenon is so common that it has name: medical student's disease.

The media can be another source misunderstanding. No one has died fro the "heartbreak" of psoriasis or the di comfort of hemorrhoids, but you'd nev know it from the ominous language use in commercials. Four-star tearjerke with disease-related themes, like *Brian Song* or *Love Story*, can also cause fea as does the death of a *(continue*

Toss up a sunny summer fruit salad. That's using your head.



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CALIFORNIA SUMMER FRUIT SALAD

- 4 C sliced fresh peaches, plums, nectarines and Bartlett pears
- 2 T lemon juice
- 1 head California Iceberg Lettuce, cut into chunks
- 8 oz. Swiss cheese, cubed
- ½ C toasted slivered almonds
- Peachy Creamy Dressing



Coat sliced fruits with lemon juice. Toss together lettuce, fruits, cheese and almonds. Serve with dressing. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

PEACHY CREAMY DRESSING

- 1½ C sliced fresh peaches
- ¼ C plain yogurt
- 1 T honey
- ¼ t ginger
- ¼ t salt

Place ingredients in blender. Blend until smooth. Chill.

CALIFORNIA ICEBERG LETTUCE COMMISSION

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HYPOCHONDRIA

continued

well-known personality, such as Joh Wayne or Senator Hubert Humphre "Investigators point out that particul symptoms frequently become more pre alent after the showing of a movie or th death of a famous person," says Dr. Dav Mechanic, a sociologist at the Universit of Wisconsin.

Yet another agent of misinformation i surprisingly, the physician. A doctor ma inadvertently inflame a hypochondriac already overcrowded imagination if th physician's explanation of a problem isn clear or if his manner seems foreboding.

Fear of ill health can also trigger a so of reverse hypochondria. Witness today fitness enthusiasts. "Their preoccupatio with health reflects the depersonalizatio of society, diminished expectations abou life and threats of nuclear war," say Richard Ehrlich, author of *The Health Hypochondriac*. "In general, they worr that life is getting out of control."

For the feel-well zealots, he explains health becomes the area they think the can control. They don't develop ache and pains as such. Rather, they stick to strict regimen of exercise and nutritiou diet to fend off trouble. Ehrlich see them as "Social Hypochondriacs" becaus they turn health concerns into group ac tivities such as jogging or spa treatments

A related category is the "I never ge sick" folks. "These people feel threatene by the idea of sickness. To be ill is to b weak," says Ehrlich. "Despite their pro tests, they're overly concerned wit health. I call them 'Negative Hypo chondriacs.'"

Bottom-line disorder

A more conventional classification i depression-induced hypochondria. Mos of these patients, however, don't recog nize their bottom-line disorder. "The per son who is feeling listless, sleeping badly and having trouble doing things doesn't think he's clinically depressed," says Dr. Robert Campbell, a psychiatrist at Co lumbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. "Since we live in a culture where people are obsessed with their bodies, the first thing the person thinks of is a physical disease."

Michael Maloney, for instance, was convinced he had multiple sclerosis, a degenerative nerve disease. At 40, Michael was about the right age and he had the symptoms: muscle tremors and eyelids that fluttered spastically. His real problem, however, was his job. Michael was still out in the field selling while most of the men he had started with had moved up to executive positions. Michael felt trapped. Yet when he went to the doctor, he mentioned only his physical symptoms.

The physician sent him to *(continued)*


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HYPOCHONDRIA

continued

a neurologist for a diagnostic workup. When nothing showed the neurologist recommended a psychiatrist, who made the diagnosis: depression. After six months of twice-weekly therapy, anti-depressive drugs and a job change, Michael felt better than he had in years—and his tics and twitches had disappeared.

Approximately 25 percent of cases of severe depression, like Michael's, have a hypochondriacal element, according to psychiatry professor Frederick Lowy of the University of Toronto. In most of those instances, the patient's physical laments overshadow the signs of the psychological disorder, making an accurate diagnosis difficult. One researcher found that out of 234 depressed patients, 50 percent had physical concerns that initially masked their true problem.

Hypochondria commonly accompanies several kinds of depression. In one type, the physical complaints build up slowly over several months. With these patients, a skilled doctor should be able to spot symptoms of depression, such as insomnia or low sex drive. By contrast, the hypochondriacal aches and pains in many patients with depression appear suddenly, usually over a few weeks, and telltale sleeplessness or lack of energy is either absent or muted. In more serious disturbances, like schizophrenia, the complaints are usually bizarre. For instance, a person might believe that his bowels are rotting out. The sudden onset of such feelings, particularly in young adults, requires immediate attention.

Best-known patient

While depression-induced hypochondria is usually transient, the classic cases tend to be lifelong. An Irishman named Stewart McIlroy probably holds the "I know it's serious" record. Over the past 34 years, McIlroy has talked himself into 68 different hospitals 207 times, according to the British Medical Journal. He has had 48 spinal taps, thousands of blood tests and X rays, and so many exploratory operations that his stomach is a maze of scars. More typical is Dr. Idzorek's patient who has 27 admissions and a medical record roughly the thickness of *War and Peace* to his credit. This fellow was such a common feature in one hospital, he was eventually elected president of the Patients Association.

Although extreme, these two stories illustrate the almost surreal quality of true hypochondria. Even the most ordinary medical encounters become dramatized. A visit to the doctor's office, for instance, is one of the focal points of a classic hypochondriac's life, and he squeezes out every ounce of suspense. "It's like sitting through a soap opera or reading a thriller," says Dr. Campbell. "Everything is presented with such élan." Despite the theatrics, the typical complainer is often indifferent to the potential seriousness of his symptoms.

Doctors suspect that a hypochondriac's behavior may be the result of personality predispositions. In testing, they score higher than average for hysteria or overreaction, which explains the exaggerated responses they have to illness, both real and imaginary.

As a group, they also score below average in self-esteem. This self-evaluation often manifests itself in acute loneliness. "Many hypochondriacs feel they don't deserve friends," says Dr. Idzorek. "Illness is the club they use to drive others away. No one can listen to another person's complaints day in and day out."

Yet evidence suggests that the malady is also a learned choice that dates back to early childhood. Often a child will develop symptoms to gain recognition. "You find that a lot of hypochondriacs felt unloved as youngsters," says Dr. John Ingram Walker, a Duke University psychiatrist. "Sickness became their way of getting attention from parents."

On the other hand, an overprotective parent can also create such a predisposition. "The classic example is the kid who's upset about a test at school and gets a tension headache. His mother sees h not feeling well so she says 'Stay home explains Dr. Paskewitz. "The next ti something worries the child, he'll co vince himself he's ill again. Chances a he's going to carry that behavior in adulthood."

Parental example is also important. A cording to Dr. Idzorek, if a child sees th his parents don't use every minor ac and pain as an excuse for ducking respo sibilities, he's far less likely to become hypochondriac later on.

Indeed, the psychiatrist believes th family is often the best place to deal wi many forms of the syndrome. "Oth family members are usually aware wh someone has suffered a setback," he say "Since they know that person's norm behavior, they are quicker to pick up the change." If the complaint persists fo two or three weeks, Dr. Idzorek believe the person should see a physician. Thi however, may not be necessary if th other family members can get the perso to talk about what's bothering him or he

"A husband whose job frustration don't receive a sympathetic hearing a home is a lot more likely to develop a ulcer," says Dr. Idzorek. "Our high-tech nology sometimes makes us forget tha sympathy is still a great medicine." **En**

HOW TO HELP A HYPOCHONDRIAC

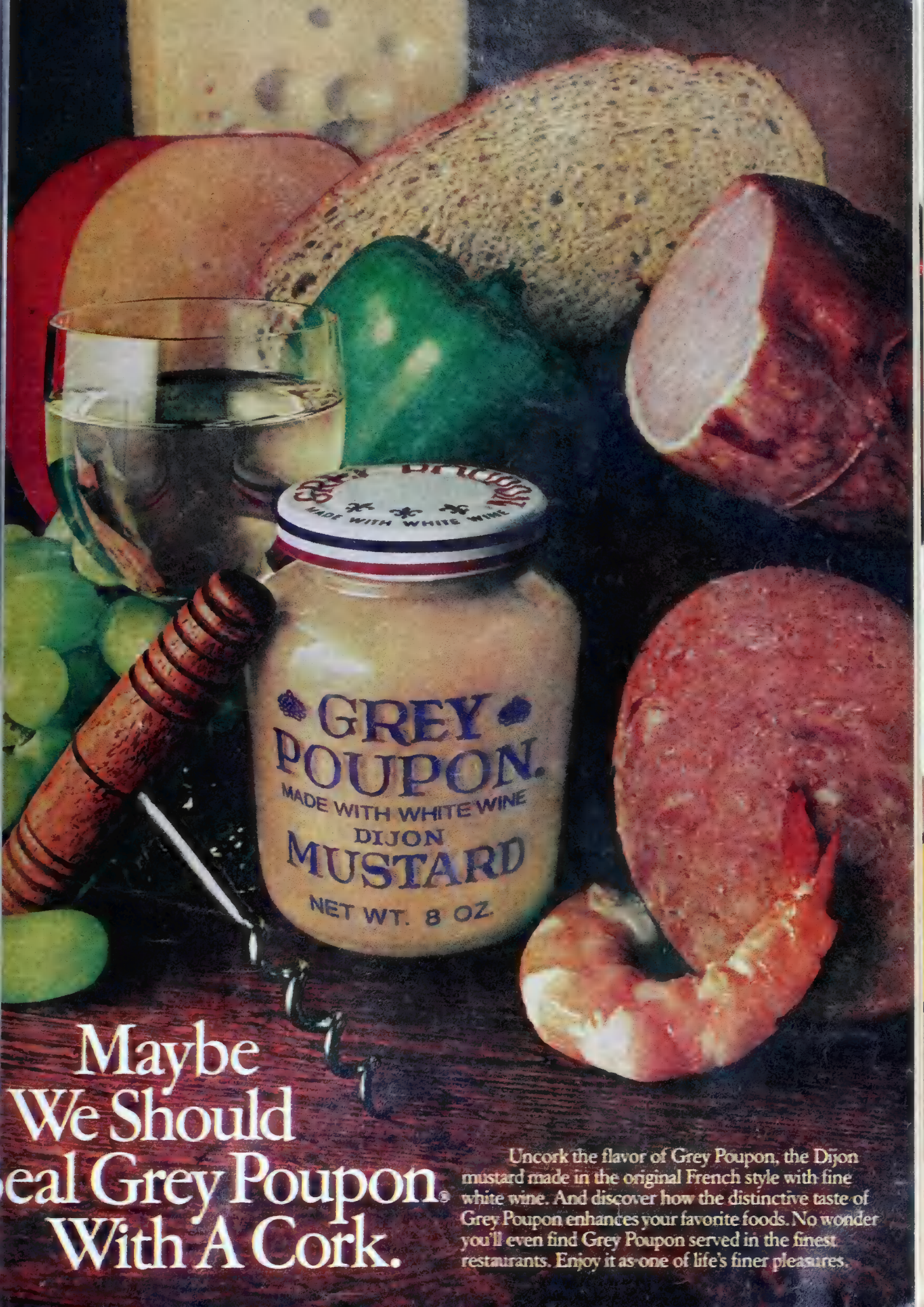
Does someone in your family worry too much about health? If so, here are some suggestions on how to cope with the sufferer and make life more pleasant for everyone else concerned.

Limit discussion of symptoms. You should acknowledge that a hypochondriac genuinely feels pain. After that, change the subject or even ignore repeated complaints. Otherwise you're bound to make angry accusations that nothing is seriously wrong, which may be exactly the wrong response. "Telling a hypochondriac that he's healthy only adds to his view of himself as a long-suffering individual," says Dr. James J. Strain, psychiatry professor at New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine. "If you say that, you confirm the person's belief that a serious illness has been overlooked."

Talk about underlying emotions. "If you can teach a hypochondriacal youngster to tell you about school or social problems, you may head off a lifelong pattern of physical complaints," says Dr. Strain. "But at any age, discussing stresses often takes the steam out of symptoms." Once you understand what's wrong, you can sometimes point up the link between physical and emotional pain with an observation such as: "Jim, I think your back might be acting up because you're angry about not getting a raise." Just knowing someone is willing to listen often makes a complainer feel better.

Reward health, not sickness. "Symptoms may also ease up if they're not the only means of getting attention," says Dr. Frederic Flach, clinical associate professor of psychiatry at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. Becoming alarmed when a grandmother announces she's not well enough for the Christmas visit could make her feel more important than if she did come. A better approach is to say quietly, "Well, we hope you'll change your mind," then offer to take her for a ride once her stomach calms down. Similarly, when a child gets a headache just as you're about to go out for the evening, staying home is apt to mean more complaints next time. If you go anyway, but plan special times to be with the youngster, he won't need illness to keep you nearby. Dr. Flach says you shouldn't feel guilty about being firm when someone is in pain, give lots of love when the person doesn't hurt, too.

Get appropriate outside help. All hypochondriacs need a thorough medical exam and periodic follow-ups to rule out serious physical or emotional disease. Often a family doctor, together with a caring relative, can successfully control a patient's worries. Special counseling is needed, however, when complaints get worse, prevent normal activities or alienate other people. You can contact a psychiatrist or internist qualified to treat hypochondria at any large hospital. —Abby Avin Belson



Maybe We Should eal Grey Poupon. With A Cork.

Uncork the flavor of Grey Poupon, the Dijon mustard made in the original French style with fine white wine. And discover how the distinctive taste of Grey Poupon enhances your favorite foods. No wonder you'll even find Grey Poupon served in the finest restaurants. Enjoy it as one of life's finer pleasures.



Food Processors: SPEEDY MEAL MAKERS

Instant relief from kitchen drudgery! Slicing, chopping, shredding, even mixing and kneading—all these tasks go faster and easier with a food processor (see story and terrific recipes, page 98). Of the many available, here's a rundown on four—each offering something special. From left to right: • For bigger batches, a large (72 oz.) bowl and wide feed tube with a measuring cup pusher. Extra discs and beater for light whipping, optional. La Machine II by Moulinex, $76. • Seven speeds give more control—cutting down on overprocessing errors. New suction-cup footing stops vibration, adds stability. Farberware, $139 • Side chute drives food smoothly from processor right onto serving tray—handy when you're feeding a crowd. General Electric, $136. • Extra-large feed tube handles whole tomatoes, onions, potatoes easily. New off-center disc design cuts more perfect slices. Cuisinart DLC-8E, $175.

Photograph by Irwin Horowitz

Air is no bargain.



SAME SIZE CANS

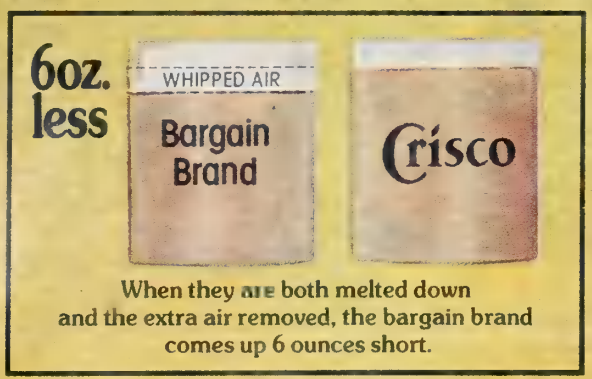
42 oz. **48 oz.**

When you buy a whipped bargain brand instead of Crisco, you get more air...and less of a bargain than you may think.

Before you give in to the temptation to buy a bargain brand shortening, you should consider: Most bargain brands are pre-creamed. That means they are whipped with air. Crisco's not whipped. You get six ounces more in every 3 lb. can of Crisco.

Most bargain brands are part meat fat. That means cholesterol. Crisco is pure, all-vegetable shortening. No cholesterol.

And, since Crisco is all vegetable, it gives your food less greasy taste. All things considered, Crisco's a better value.



When they are both melted down and the extra air removed, the bargain brand comes up 6 ounces short.

Choose Crisco and put your money on good taste everytime.

What's involved in spaying or neutering? Does an animal benefit from the operation? LHJ's expert gives the facts.

By Roger Caras

Should I Have My Pet Altered?

Misinformation about sexual neutralization of cats and dogs has led to a pet population explosion. I urge animal lovers to have their pets spayed and neutered for the simple reason that 13 to 15 million surplus animals are destroyed in pounds each year. Even if you're sure you could line up owners for your dog or cat's offspring, every home you find reduces the chance that a puppy or kitten already in an animal shelter will be adopted. Yet many pet owners worry that their animals will suffer as a result of what we call "alternative surgery." In fact, as I'll explain, the operation should *improve* the quality of both your pet's life and your own. I'd like to dispel some myths about spaying and neutering by addressing the questions I'm asked most often:

What does the word "alter" mean? Is the procedure traumatic? Though the term "altered" is generally reserved for males, it can be applied to both sexes and means the animal has been surgically rendered unable to reproduce. A female dog or cat is *spayed*—ovaries and uterus are taken out—and a male is *neutered*—the testes are removed. Both are simple operations done under general anesthesia, and complications are extremely rare. Your pet will most likely be sent home in a day or two, three at most.

Aside from the population question, what are the advantages to having a dog or cat neutered? An altered male is not only a more affectionate companion, he's also a better neighbor, since he'll no longer be stimulated by scent signals to roam the streets in search of a mate, or to fight with other males for the right to her favors. Neutered cats are quieter and cleaner—they don't "mark" drapes and furniture with strong-smelling urine the way intact males may. Don't expect a complete transformation, however. A feisty animal may continue to quarrel over turf or food even after he's been altered.

How does spaying change an animal for the better? Like males, altered female pets won't need to wander and will be more content in their relationships with human companions. Since spayed animals don't go into heat, an altered cat won't indulge in the notorious howling that accompanies these periods. In addition, spayed females are less likely to get cancer of the reproductive system.



Isn't it better for a female to have one litter before she's spayed? Not at all, though she should have matured sexually, which usually takes place by six months of age. Ask your vet to assess your pet's readiness for the operation.

Won't spaying or neutering make an animal fat? Not if you make an effort to control your pet's diet and encourage plenty of exercise. Although the animal will be less anxious to make wide circuits of the neighborhood, you can spark romping sessions by tossing catnip or a rubber bone.

How much does alternative surgery cost? The fee depends on the creature's size and sex and on where your veterinarian's practice is located. The operation is cheaper when performed on male animals than on females, costs less for cats than for dogs, and is generally less expensive for small dogs than for large. Neutering may start as low as $25, spaying at $45, but the charge can exceed $100 in some areas. In addition, the longer the hospital stay, the higher the bill. (Expense aside, the less time cats spend in hospitals, the better—they're highly susceptible to airborne viral disease.)

Is there any good pet birth control method other than spaying and neutering? Not yet. Implanted hormones haven't met with wide acceptance, and although vasectomies are sometimes performed on male cats and dogs, this operation doesn't quell the urge to wander and battle, just the ability to reproduce.

Which cats and dogs shouldn't be altered? Only the very best examples of a breed ought to be used to keep ancient lines going forward. Purebred dogs are genetic works of art; many of their lineages trace back thousands of years, predating the great religions as well as our majestic buildings and cities. The responsibility of carrying on this tradition is generally best left to experienced breeders, but if you happen to own an exceptional purebred, consult a reputable handler of that breed to assess the animal's potential. Note that scores of average quality purebred dogs and cats die in shelters, along with mongrels.

No randombred or mixed breed animals should reproduce under any condition. Their offspring are most likely to die in pounds. Remember that just so many homes are available every year. Leave them for the animals already here who need them.

End

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Beauty Journal

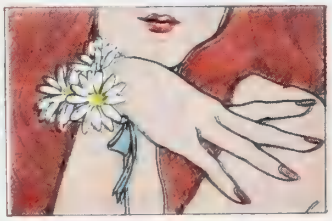


Midsummer news for good health/beauty. How to treat life's small upsets, trim up your swimsuit shape.

First Aid First

Summer should find us at our best: slimmer and sun-healthier. But along with the ups come the little seasonal downs: blisters, bumps and bruises. Don't rely on guesswork to treat even minor mishaps. Clip these tips from the American Red Cross First Aid and Personal Safety Handbook: • Bee sting or bug bite? Remove stinger, if there is one. Ease swelling and irritation with cold compresses, then apply soothing lotion like calamine or one of the newer, over-the-counter cortisone preparations. • Cut your foot on a sharp pebble or seashell? Apply pressure to control bleeding. Elevate foot; cleanse with soap, water. Cover wound lightly with sterile gauze pad; secure with adhesive tape. • Nasty blister from new sneakers, sandals? Best left unbroken if you can stay off it until surrounding tissue absorbs fluid. If you can't, cleanse area with soap, water; puncture blister gently at the base with needle sterilized in match flame or alcohol. Cover with adhesive strip. Do not attempt to lance blister yourself if fluid lies deep in sole of foot. If blister is already broken, treat as wound; watch for infection. • Twist an ankle or smash a finger? Signs of sprain: swelling, tenderness, pain, bruising. Best advice—keep off injury. Elevate for 24 hours. Use cold, wet pack (bag of crushed ice) but protect skin with towel. • Barbecue burn? Treat minor burns with cold water; bandage if necessary. • Did something fly in your eye? Don't rub. Wash hands, gently pull down on lower lid. If you can see irritant, use corner of tissue or handkerchief (not cotton ball) to remove. If under upper lid, grasp lashes and pull lid down carefully over lower lid. Roll eye around; release lid.

Bracelet in Bloom



Capture a look of charming innocence by winding fresh flowers around your wrist. Absolutely beguiling—you can make this bit of romance at a moment's notice. Snip about 20 inches of bright ribbon. Attach a daisy (or any other pretty bloom) by catching a small gold safety pin through its stem. Petals will hide pins; trim stem if necessary. Have a friend tie it around your wrist. Variations: • Experiment with a mixed bouquet of flowers. • Cut a longer ribbon and use as a headband, tying it so some blossoms fall behind one ear. • Find a wider piece of ribbon and single larger flower—a gardenia perhaps—and slip it around your waist over a simple dress. • Pin tinier buds like violets on a thin ribbon to wear as a choker—alluring with a bare neckline.

Innovations

Some new wonders—to update your beauty regimen. • Twist control. A mascara that lets you apply just the right amount—from a light flick to lush covering. Waterproof, 3 colors. Dial-A-Lash by Maybelline, $3.25. • On the go? Tote along a skin care plan—travel-size cleanser, toner, moisturizer—all in handy clear pouch. For 3 skin types. Skincare Regimen Kits by Almay, $5.95. • Mission possible—ten perfect nails. Simple nail-wrap kit with self-adhesive nail tape covers problem nails. "Flawless 10" by Revlon, $8.50. • Capture today's high-volume look with a soft body wave that adds fullness without frizzies. Body Only by Rave, $6.50 (includes 34 rollers). • Hair raising experience. New flat (lollipop-shape) blow-dryer made just for curly tops (natural or permed). Uses precision quartz heat to dry gently but fast. Lightweight. Clairol Kindness Quartz Dryer for Curly Hair, $37.

Exercise of the Month

For short shorts and clingy skirts, nothing's sexier than a firm derriere. To tighten and tone, try Donkey Kicks (great for legs and tummy, too): Support your weight evenly on hands and knees, head up. Bring left knee in and round back, lowering head so chin comes close to knee (as illustrated). Bring head up as you extend left leg straight back, as high as you can (illustrated). Do 10 times. Repeat with right leg. Aim for a goal of 20 with each leg.



Illustrations by Thea Kliros. Border by George


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Light 120 that
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
1.1 mg. tar, 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report (Jan '00)



Mothering

By Geraldine Carro

All By Myself

Teaching Your Child to Be Independent

One of our most important jobs as parents is knowing when to hold the reins and when to let go. Experts explain how to encourage your child's self-reliance.

"Bye Mommy. Bye," my seven year old said, her voice pitched with excitement. As she headed down the block, on this her first solo flight to the grocery store, she looked back a couple of times, smiling, to make sure I was watching her.

Children, as they strike out on their own, need us to witness their triumphs, and to be there to lean upon when necessary. Achieving independence is complicated business for them—and us. The truth is that we parents enjoy being leaned on a little, although our children's reliance sometimes makes us nervous. Is he too dependent? Will he learn to stand on his own two feet? Are we being "overprotective" (that word which plants self-doubt in us all)?

Unfortunately there are no fast rules about when a child is ready to go buy a quart of milk by herself. Perhaps my daughter was ready at age six, as she tried to persuade me. (Living in a busy city, I said no, then.)

As parents, one of our most important tasks is knowing when to hold the reins and when to let go. The difficulty, of course, is that we have to keep shifting gears as our children grow. Effective techniques to promote independence, psychologists say, vary according to the age of your child.

For babies, the best way to build independence, paradoxically, is to let them be as dependent as they like. "Studies show that the more dependent and close you permit children to be in the first year or two of life," says New York psychologist Louise J. Kaplan, "the less anxious they are likely to be as they move into the world at two, three and four."

When they reach toddlerhood, the real battle for independence begins. Once babies are literally able to stand on their own two feet, they begin to assert the fact that they're people in their own right—sometimes with a vengeance. This stage, which sets in at roughly 18 months, is better known as "the Terrible Twos," a term the psychologist thinks is unfair.

Toddlers aren't terrible, says Dr. Kaplan, author of *Oneness and Separateness* (Touchstone Books, 1979), they're just confused. "Part of them wants to go back to being a baby. The dawning recognition by a child that he is a separate person from mother is exhilarating, but frightening. He begins to feel alone and vulnerable at times."

Assertive or willful?

During this classic tug of war with parents, children learn whether it's okay to assert themselves. Discovering that expressing themselves is permissible, at this formative stage, gives children a healthy start toward independence.

During this period parents shouldn't worry overly about willful behavior. Assertiveness is a healthy sign. If your child has a temper tantrum in the supermarket, correct his misbehavior. Do let him know he can't grab the chocolate cookies off the shelf, but don't feel that his foot stomping is a personal affront to your dignity. Dr. Kaplan offers advice on how to cope with this trying age without stifling your baby's burgeoning sense of self:

- **Learn when to say no.** Toddlers need to be directed, not restricted. There's no point in trying to keep a rambunctious child under control all the time, but do be firm when it matters. Children are frightened by the absence of boundaries. If it's important to say "no," stick to your guns. Don't let your toddler wreck the record player or decapitate the daffodils.
- **Permit your child to say "no" sometimes, too.** Give your youngster a little leeway to be angry. Even small children have the right to an opinion sometimes. If he really can't stand Brussels sprouts but is willing to eat other food on his plate, so be it. Not all people like Brussels sprouts.
- **Don't expect your toddler to act like an adult.** Insisting on model behavior at the toddler stage is likely to produce overly compliant children, especially in the case of little girls, who are generally easier to civilize than little boys. Parents, without realizing it, are more likely to discourage natural aggression in girls while permitting this behavior in boys.

Once past toddlerhood, a youngster's struggle for independence usually becomes less exhausting for all parties. By this juncture, ideally children have learned that Mommy and Daddy will still love them even if they assert themselves. And, at least, we can begin to explain to them why it's so dangerous to cross the street when a car is coming.

Of course, there continue to be pressing new issues to resolve. Is an eight year old ready for summer camp? Are we ready to let him go? *(continued)*

GIVE YOUR CLOTHES A FRESH START



Get rid of that dingy gray look with Fresh Start Laundry Detergent. It's so concentrated, just ¼ cup helps clean away the gray even the leading detergent can leave behind. All your clothes will look so much cleaner, fresher, brighter—you'll feel great about the way you look. What a beautiful way to start the day!

GET A FRESH START EVERY DAY.

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Mothering

continued

Dr. Ruth Formanek, a Great Neck, New York, psychologist, highlights some of the important issues parents and children face as together they chart the uncertain course to separate lives:

- **Overprotective parents.** "Some parents have an exaggerated view of life's dangers and overprotect their kids," says Dr. Formanek, author with Anita Gurian of *Why? Children's Questions* (Houghton-Mifflin, 1980). "There are parents who won't let their children ride to a birthday party in someone else's car or worry obsessively about Strontium 90 in milk. We all know that practically everything we do is dangerous," says Dr. Formanek. "But if we worry too much we can't function. Most of us get by denying dangers to some extent."
- **Age-appropriate responsibilities.** Let your child know you have confidence in him by increasing his responsibilities as he grows older. But don't just throw out the line and let him sink. Teach your child techniques to help him cope with each new circumstance. If you decide that he is old enough to start staying home alone, discuss, for example, what to do in an emergency—if a burglar came or something caught on fire. Explain what to do if your youngster's accosted by a stranger. You have to teach children to be cautious in this world.
- **Experience making decisions.** You might let a six year old pick a birthday present for his friend but help him, at the same time, to make a good choice. You might ask, "Do you know if Jimmy already has that game?"
- **Learning to make mistakes.** Don't hover over your child's every move. You can't protect children completely. You try to make their environment as safe as possible and then trust that they'll fall back on your teachings and know what to do.
- **Overcoming fears.** Gradually int duce children to situations that are pote tially dangerous or might create anxi for them. Teach what is involved and t kinds of cautions that should be observe If you're showing your child how to cr the street, take him to one street th not busy and let him practice. Later, h be ready to take on a busy intersection

What about children who remain fe ful in a situation, no matter how enco aging you are? "If a child is anxio accept his feelings. Let him know that sometimes okay to be afraid," says Formanek. Offer to help, but recogn that you sometimes have to bow to ir tional fears. Some children, like so adults, are more fearful than others.

"Everyone," she points out, "is afr of something. A child who has no fe who is over-courageous and doesn't s obstacles is probably emotionally tr bled. Anxiety, on the other hand, is sign that a child is intelligent enough perceive danger." **E**

QUILT

continued from page 88

pictured on pages 88–89

SIZE: 96" × 81"

Diagram shows one fourth of quilt pattern. Reverse for full layout.

MATERIALS: *Backing*—6 yds. 45" wide cotton fabric in small floral print to harmonize with quilt face. *Binding*—10 yds. 2½" wide bias strips cut from contrasting striped fabric. *Interlining*—Any quilt padding in weight desired cut to finished size. *Quilt Top*—Select variety of cotton fabrics in small overall floral patterns plus several coordinating solid colors. Here, 24 different floral patterns with dark backgrounds have been used with 6 related solids. Amounts needed will vary from about ¼ yd. per color for squares near center of quilt to ¾ yd. for squares near outer edges. Scrap fabrics or other fabrics of choice may also be used.

Quilt is made of 2" squares cut on the straight grain and sewn into strips with ¼" seam allowance. Finished size of each square is 1½".

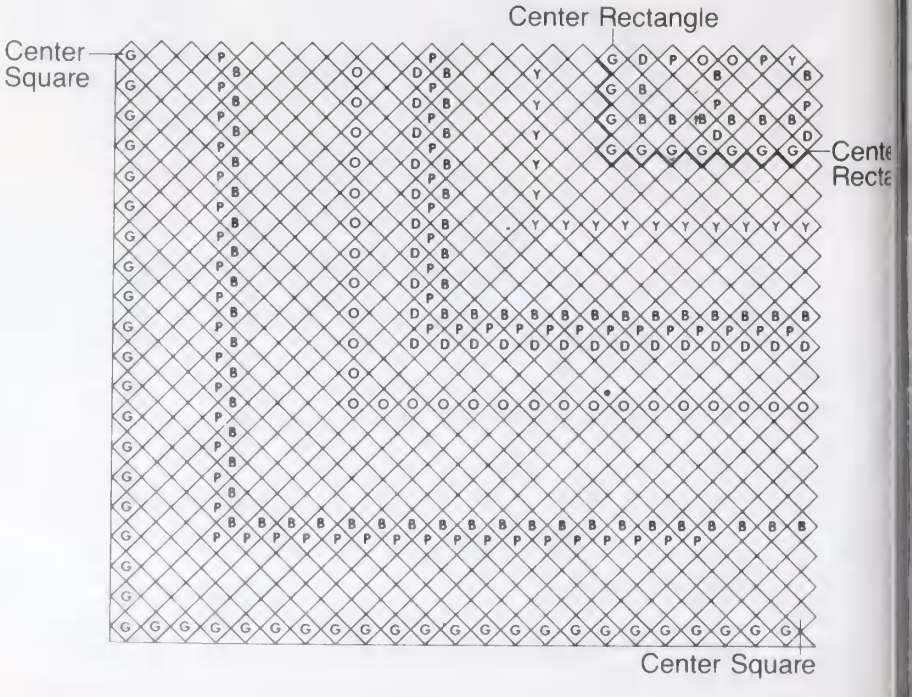
To Cut: Be sure fabric is on straight grain. On wrong side, with pencil, lightly draw 2" squares. This is more accurate than using a pattern template. Cut with sharp shears on pencil lines.

To Assemble: Machine stitch (10 sts/inch) squares together to form center rectangle to first Green row. Follow chart and photograph to assemble remaining strips. Sew strips together and to center rectangle. Outside edge will be finished with 1 row of black squares cut in half to form straight edge. Complete corners with small triangles.

Cut backing fabric into 3-yd. pieces and sew together lengthwise. Press se open.

To Finish: Press quilt top, keepi seams flat and all going in one directi Place wrong side down over interlini Quilt top will be slightly smaller. Pin place then position both layers over q backing. Repin. Hand quilt through thicknesses by taking small runni stitches in contrasting (black) thre along edges of squares, on opposite si to seam allowances in both directio Stitches form part of pattern.

Trim edges as needed. To make bi ing, sew bias strips together. Turn und ½" seam allowance on both sides. Fold half and press. Enclose raw edges quilt, mitering corners. Hand or machi stitch in place. **E**



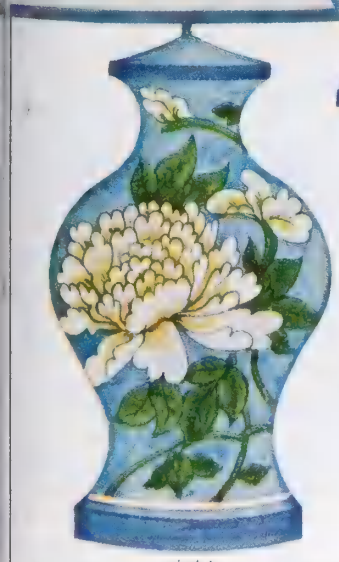
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Y - YELLOW
B - BLACK
P - PALE PINK
D - CORAL PINK
G - GREEN
O - ORANGE



HOME JOURNAL



wrong



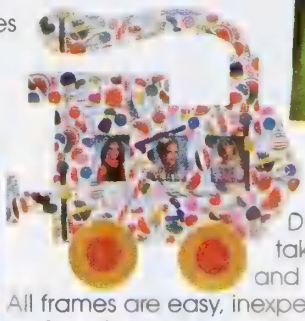
right

Pick a Perfect Shade

Be a smart matchmaker—know what it takes to pair a perfect lampshade and base. Here, some tips for harmonious go-withs: • In general, let your eye and sense of proportion guide you. Shades should echo the shape of the base. For example: team up round shades with cylinder bases, square shades atop tea-canister bases. Broader, rounder bases look best with slanted empire shades (illustrated, bottom left), *not* straight-sided drum shades (top left). Match drum shades with taller, slimmer bases. • Watch out for lopsided looks—don't top a short, squatty base with a long, delicate shade. • If you want to replace a shade with the exact same type, make sure to measure the old one carefully. Take top and bottom dimensions. Measure height from the inside by placing shade on tabletop. • When shopping for a new shade shape, it's a good idea to take the base along so you can "try on" shades. Most department stores offer a selection of shapes in white, off-white, cream and ecru. For special shapes, colors or fabrics, you may want to have shades custom-made.



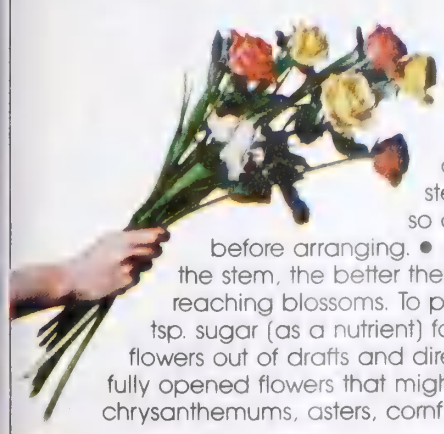






Make a Frame Change

Dust off the family photo album, take out your favorite snapshots and display them with a difference! All frames are easy, inexpensive to make. From bottom left: • Store-bought frame trimmed with felt. • Cardboard "choo-choo" covered with Hallmark wrapping paper. • Pleated satin wrapped around plain frame. • Felt flowers accent plastic box frame. • How to's, page 148.



Flower Power

Did you ever wonder why cut roses get droopy necks and die? They're fainting from air bubbles that stop the water from reaching the flower head. Here's how to avoid this and other common cut-flower fatalities. • Cut flowers in early morning or late evening when stems are filled with water. • Let tap water stand 10 minutes before adding flowers so air bubbles evaporate. • Put cut flowers in a large pail of water for a few hours before arranging. • Remove leaves from lower part of stem and cut stem on a diagonal. The shorter the stem, the better the flower can absorb water. • Tiny air bubbles in the stem can prevent water from reaching blossoms. To prevent: prick with a pin just below the bloom. • Never crowd flowers. • Add 1 tsp. sugar (as a nutrient) for each quart of water. A lump of charcoal will keep water crystal clear. • Keep flowers out of drafts and direct sunlight. • When buying flowers, avoid tight buds that may never open or fully opened flowers that might drop their petals immediately. Best: half opened flowers. Exceptions are chrysanthemums, asters, cornflowers, marigolds, which are cut in almost full bloom.

You and Your Money

The truth about average family income in the last decade; how to judge the worth of door-to-door salesmen; liter vs. gallon equivalencies.

By Sylvia Porter

We have just moved to a remote rural area, and I find I'm relying more on door-to-door salespeople. How do I tell honest peddlers from the crooks?
Before you permit any salesperson past the chain lock on your door, ask for his or her identification (name, address, business telephone number); get the details on the firm the salesperson is representing, the products or services being sold, and take the time to check the truth of all claims. If you are satisfied, you may permit the salesperson to enter your house, or walk outside and continue the conversation. Find out how the product or service works. How do you get repairs and what will they cost? What are the terms of the warranty? If you are buying on credit, be sure you fully understand the finance charges and insist on having the contract left with you so you can have it reviewed by your lawyer.

With the interest rate on new U.S. Savings Bonds increased to nine percent, would it make sense for me to cash in the bonds accumulated at much lower interest rates during the 1960s and 1970s to purchase the new ones?
No. The interest rate on *all* outstanding U.S. Savings and Notes that have not reached final maturity has been boosted to nine percent. Just stay as you are, if your only concern is earning the higher rate.

Gas station owners in my neighborhood have decided to convert pricing of gasoline from gallons to liters. They've promised to continue posting the price per gallon next to the price per liter for a few months. But most of us feel we're being pushed into a giant rip-off and we're terribly confused. Can you help?
You cannot halt the move to metric throughout the world. What you can (and should) do is try to familiarize yourself with the metric system and the use of metric conversion charts. There are 3.785 liters in a U.S. gallon. Meanwhile, since your gas station has switched to liters (and thousands of others from coast to coast are), the following chart will be helpful. Cost per liter is on the left; equivalent cost per gallon on the right.

31¢	$1.173
32¢	$1.211
33¢	$1.249
34¢	$1.287
35¢	$1.325
36¢	$1.363
37¢	$1.401
38¢	$1.438
39¢	$1.476

Is it true that the average income for a family of four has more than doubled in the past 10 years? If it is, why are there so many loud complaints about how "poor" Americans have become? I know the cost of living has gone way up, but it hasn't more than doubled. What are the facts?
For a family of four, the average income jumped from $9,750 to $19,950 between 1970 and 1980, slightly more than double. But at the same time, Federal income taxes also rose sharply from $964 in 1970 to $2,028 in 1980 for a two-adult, two-child family. Social Security taxes skyrocketed, actually *TRIPLED* in the decade of the 1970s, from $374 to $1,223 for that family. Average income minus Federal income and Social Security taxes, then, came to $8,412 in 1970 and $16,699 in 1980. Add in the burden of inflation, however, and in those same 10 years, a family's buying power decreased by 8 percent.

Most Americans can't tell you the figures, but they can tell you how "the figures" feel.

I'm cleaning out my closets in preparation for winter, and I have amassed a load of used clothing and other castoffs to give to my favorite charities this Christmas. I know these gifts qualify as charitable deductions, but how do I estimate their value?
Nail down the amount of your deduction by getting an appraisal of your gifts from the charities—*in writing*. Most charities will be happy to give you a statement. And be sure to keep a list of each item you donate should the IRS ask.

Our entire family has agreed to watch our utility bills to see how much, if anything, we are saving on electricity and gas. But I find reading our electric and gas meters very hard. Where can I get help?
Write for a copy of "How to Understand Your Utility Bill" to the Department of Energy, Technical Information Center, P.O. Box 62, Oak Ridge, Tenn. 37830. It's free.

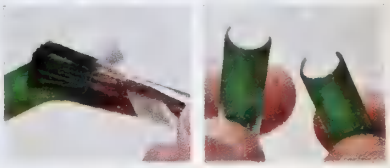


I've gone into the stock market for the first time and I'm just becoming aware of the tax angles. How can I handle my transactions to best advantage?
The following are your basic tax strategies: If you want to sell stocks or bonds on which you have a profit, try to pick those which you have held for more than one year. These are called long-term capital gains, and generally your tax on the profit will be less than that on profit from the sale of securities held for one year or less. On the other hand, if you expect to sell stock that will result in a loss, your general goal is to sell before you hold it over one year. That will generally give you the best tax results. **End**

Colgate protection doesn't fall asleep when she does.



Awake, asleep, at school or at play, Colgate® keeps fighting cavities. That's because, with regular brushing, Colgate's MFP® fluoride actually joins tooth enamel, to build up extra strength against cavities.

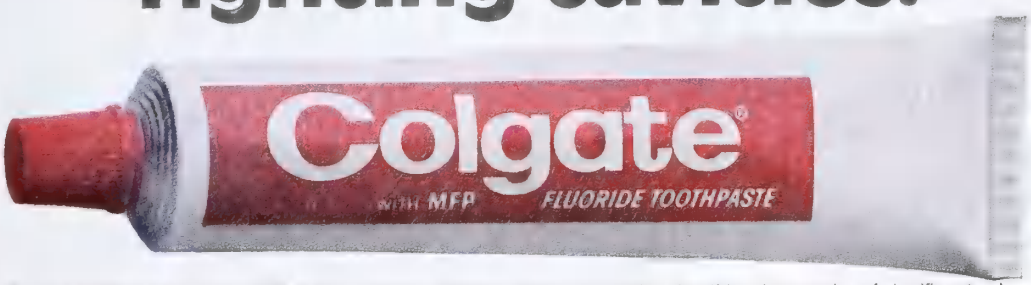


The Penetration Principle: Painting a piece of chalk with colored liquid illustrates how, with regular brushing, Colgate's fluoride joins the surface of tooth enamel to strengthen it against cavities.

And while Colgate gives kids the fluoride protection they need, it gives you a fresh, clean taste that's rated #1 among fluoride toothpastes by parents all over America. So for unbeaten fluoride protection and great taste, get Colgate today!

Colgate helps stop cavities before they start.

It stays wide awake fighting cavities.



Accepted Council on Dental Therapeutics American Dental Association

"Colgate® with MFP® fluoride has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association.

See your dentist, limit sweet snacks, brush regularly with Colgate.

© 1980, Colgate-Palmolive Company.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

country crochet

Make a pillow in the Americana tradition–from a complete kit. Easy-to-crochet, with plump red cherries on a snowy white background. Choose classic squares (left) or center sprig motif (right). Or make the pair and save!

By Ann B. Bradley, Crafts Editor



Kits contain all necessary materials except filling: Old-fashioned floral sprig backing fabric, red top fabric, all crochet threads and yarns, easy instructions. Order #8226 Cherry Squares (left) or #8227 Cherry Center (right), each $12.95 plus $2 p & h. Or save $6 by ordering the pair for $19.95 plus $4 p & h. Print name and address for shipping, and mail with check or money order to: Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. 262, 1419 West Fifth Street, Wilton, Iowa, 52778. New York and Iowa residents add applicable sales tax. American Express, Mastercard or Visa customers include card number, expiration date and signature.

hotograph by Bradley Olman. Setting and Ohio Amish Quilt: "Made in America," N.Y.C.

Kelvinator thinks being a good parent takes enough of your time. We want to give you some back.

When you're raising a family, there always seem to be thirty hours of work to get done every day.

We design and build our appliances with one thing in mind. You. We figure our appliances should put in a full day's work, so you can work less. And have more time for the more important things in life.

Like our new combination electric range with self-cleaning oven and full microwave capability. With every feature you could think of. (Imagine a beautifully-browned 25 pound turkey done to juicy perfection in just two hours.) It lets you choose from five different ways to cook. And cleans up after itself.

Before you buy any range or oven, you owe it to yourself to look into this one. We think you'll like what you see.

Kelvinator. A complete line of electric and gas ranges and microwave ovens of the highest quality and dependability for your home. They work so you don't have to.



Kelvinator.

The family of appliances you can believe in.

REFRIGERATORS, FREEZERS, WASHERS & DRYERS, ELECTRIC & GAS RANGES, MICROWAVE OVENS, ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS, DISHWASHERS, DISPOSERS, COMPACTORS AND DEHUMIDIFIERS

Happy Families

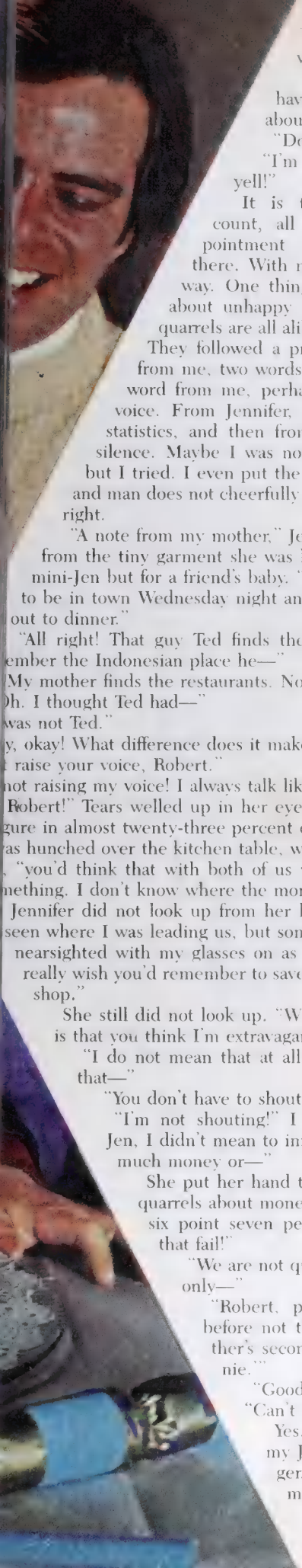
continued from page 50

"Not to worry, Jen, I'll get them tomorrow." I put my arms around her. "And speaking of little things, love, if I get that raise next month, what do you say we get started on our family? Remember, the girl who looks like you and the boy who looks like—who looks like you, too."

"Children!" She was as shocked as if I had suggested that we add a couple of aardvarks to our family. "When we don't even know yet if our marriage will last?"

"Look, Jen, there is no earthly reason why we should ever, repeat, ever get a divorce. And we both want kids, so—"

"Oh, Robert!" She looked stricken. "I just remembered, arguments over children figure



in twenty-eight percent of American divorces!"

"Jen, we don't even have any children to argue about!"

"Don't yell, Robert."

"I'm not yelling! I never yell!"

It is the little things that count, all right. A little disappointment here, a little anger there. With no laughter to ease the way. One thing Tolstoy forgot to say about unhappy families was that their quarrels are all alike. Ours were, at least. They followed a precise pattern. A word from me, two words from Jennifer, another word from me, perhaps in a slightly raised voice. From Jennifer, a quotation of divorce statistics, and then from both of us, ice-cold silence. Maybe I was not the soul of patience, but I tried. I even put the cap on the toothpaste, and man does not cheerfully relinquish a hereditary right.

"A note from my mother," Jennifer said, looking up from the tiny garment she was knitting, alas, not for a mini-Jen but for a friend's baby. "She and Ted are going to be in town Wednesday night and they want to take us out to dinner."

"All right! That guy Ted finds the best restaurants! Remember the Indonesian place he—"

"My mother finds the restaurants. Not Ted."

"Oh. I thought Ted had—"

"Was not Ted."

"Hey, okay! What difference does it make?"

"I raise your voice, Robert."

"Not raising my voice! I always talk like this!"

"Robert!" Tears welled up in her eyes. "Arguments over income figure in almost twenty-three percent of American divorces!"

I was hunched over the kitchen table, writing checks. "Gee," I said, "you'd think that with both of us working we could save something. I don't know where the money goes."

Jennifer did not look up from her knitting. I should have seen where I was leading us, but sometimes I think I am as nearsighted with my glasses on as with them off. "Jen, I really wish you'd remember to save the receipts when you shop."

She still did not look up. "What you mean, Robert, is that you think I'm extravagant."

"I do not mean that at all! I merely commented that—"

"You don't have to shout."

"I'm not shouting!" I caught myself. "Now, Jen, I didn't mean to imply that you spend too much money or—"

She put her hand to her mouth. "Robert, quarrels about money are involved in forty-six point seven percent of the marriages that fail!"

"We are not quarreling, Jennie, I was only—"

"Robert, please. I've asked you before not to call me that. My father's second wife called me 'Jennie.'"

"Good heavens!" I yelled. "Can't I do anything right?"

Yes. I yelled at Jennifer. At my Jen. It was not from anger, but from fear. Our marriage was crumbling away, quarrel by quarrel, and there was nothing in Jen's books to tell us how to glue it back together. But how could I live without Jennifer? There would be no love in my life, no love at all. And never again would there be any laughter.

And then came that Tuesday night. I was in a foul mood, a condition that was becoming chronic. I slammed in through the back door at the same instant that Jennifer slammed in through the front door. It appeared that her day, also, had been something less than halcyon. We gave each other a quick peck that was closer to an attack than a kiss.

"What's for dinner?" I said.

"How would I know? It's your night to cook."

"Oh, no, it isn't."

"Is so," she said. "Remember, we went out for pizza last night, on your night, so it's your turn tonight."

"Ha! Do you remember when we had dinner with your mother and Ted? You wouldn't cook the next night because you said it would mess up our schedule!" And then I, in my shortsighted way, hit below the belt. "Don't forget, Jennifer, arguments about cooking figure in eighty-three point seven percent of American divorces." When I saw her face I was sorry. I was very sorry. "What's the difference, love, let's go out to eat. We can put it on the charge card."

"Oh, sure, Robert. And when the bill comes in you can gripe about my extravagance. No way!"

"Suit yourself, then. I'm going out!"

"Thank you very much, Robert. I will suit myself!"

She slammed out the back door at the same instant that I slammed out the front. I went for Chinese food, which I loved and Jennifer hated, but that night I hated Chinese food because I loved Jennifer. What would happen to us?

I slunk in the back door just as Jen slunk in the front. I wanted to make up. Oh, how I wanted to kiss and make up. I suspected that Jen wanted it as badly as I, but neither of us was able to cross that vast uncharted desert, that eight feet of living room rug that lay between us.

We sat down, her with her tiny garment and me with a book, but after ten minutes of silence as solid as a block of ice, I switched on the television. Cops bashed robbers and vice versa and a thundering voice told a lady how to clear her kitchen drains, but nothing touched me. I was wrapped in a layer of misery with an R-19 insulating factor.

Jennifer put down her knitting. "I am going to bed now," she said formally.

"Me, too."

It is hard to maintain a vast desert between two people in a double bed, but we did it. A bleak desert where cold winds howled. I had expected to lie awake all night, but the next thing I knew someone was shaking me vigorously. Jennifer. I squinted so I could see the digital alarm clock: 3:32 A.M.

"Robert! Wake up! Wake up, darling!"

That "darling" brought me awake as quickly as if she had thrown ice water over me. Warm, loving ice water.

"Jen!" I cried, but she was turning on the bedside lamp.

"Robert, put on your glasses! Quick, so you can hear me!"

Right. Glasses on. Her features swam into focus. Her eyes were sparkling.

"Robert! Did I ever tell you about my grandfather's garden?"

I wondered what percentage of divorces resulted from one marriage partner waking the other at 3:32 A.M. to discuss her grandfather's garden, but for once I kept my mouth shut.

"When I was five, Robert, my grandfather let me plant some carrot seeds in his garden. I would go to his house every morning, first thing, to see how my carrots were doing. In fact, I had one favorite plant that I would dig up every day so that I could see if it had grown any new roots. Well, you can guess what happened. The other plants were fine, but that poor little carrot just withered away. My grandfather told me why. 'When you plant a carrot seed,' he said, 'you want to give it plenty of water and keep it free of weeds. It will get beat down by the rain sometimes, and baked by the hot sun, but *(continued)*

"When You Reach Out To A Child, You'll Know The Joy Of Being Needed."

"This is my daughter, Samantha, and the day she was born was one of the happiest of my life. Reaching out to her is something that just comes naturally. But how about reaching out to a needy child somewhere far away? That's a question I can answer very easily.

"Before I had Samantha, there was another little girl in my life, and she's still there. Her name is Marites, she lives in the Philippines and I've been her sponsor since 1975. The love I'm sharing with her is contagious. Now I want to help more children have the chance for a happier life.

"I've also started caring for two little boys. They're a five-year-old named Damiano in Uganda and David, who is six and lives in Bolivia. Neither of these children has had enough to eat and both are suffering from poor health. But with my help, that will change. I know how much my love and support will do for each child. Because I know what it's doing for Marites.

"If you'll send your love and support to at least one child, you, too, can know that special joy of being needed. For just $18 a month, you can help provide a child with nourishing meals, decent clothing, proper medical care, a chance to go to school, or whatever is needed most.

"You don't have to send any money right away. But please mail in the coupon below. Christian Children's Fund will send you a child's photograph and family background information.

"You'll learn how the child will be helped and how you can write and receive letters in return. There's no language barrier because the field office in your sponsored child's country will translate all correspondence.

"Please send in the coupon today. Find out more about Christian Children's Fund and the special child who is waiting for your love.

"If you'll reach out to a child today, you really can help give hope for tomorrow."



Photo by Grant Edwards

Send Your Love Around The World.

Dr. James MacCracken OLHJ80
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I wish to sponsor a boy ☐ girl ☐ any child ☐ who needs my help. Please send my information package today.
☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $18 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.
☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $18.
☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute $ _____.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
In the U.S.: CCF, Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261
Calif. Residents Only: CCF, Worldway Center, Box 92800, Los Angeles, CA 90009
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Gifts are tax deductible. Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

Happy Families

continued

that's all right. A carrot is tough. Jennifer, you dig that plant up ju count the roots and it's going to c you every time. A carrot needs peace, honey. It needs time to grow

Jennifer looked at me expectantl I suppose I just looked conf "Robert, don't you understand? I've so worried about divorce that I've all my time counting roots! I've given our marriage any peace, any to grow! I don't want our marria wither away!"

When next I squinted at the cl was 5:12 but I, for one, did not regr loss of sleep. I heard a sound from side of the bed: a sleepy giggle.

"Robert?" she said.

"Yes, Jen. Yes, love."

"Robert? Can this carrot be saved

From that night our marriage thr We gave it plenty of love and lau and when weeds came up we p them right away, before they grew to to handle. Nobody, for instance, mentioned the fact that leaving th off of the toothpaste figures in 17.6 cent of American divorces. Instea bought Jennifer a private tube of t paste, which she keeps capped times, by hereditary right, of course

But I will say no more. As T implied, stories about healthy marr are not really all that interesting. H families, thank goodness, are all They are happy.

AUGUST RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue incl those from the Journal kitchen and advertisements. Al been tested by our home economists.

APPETIZERS
Ham Mousse p. 102
Hummus (Chick Pea-Sesame Dip) p. 102
Shrimp Butter p. 102

DESSERTS
Banana Pops p. 108
Blueberry Cheese Tart p. 104
Blueberry Grunt p. 106
Blueberry Kirsch Sorbet p. 106
Creamy Lemon Cheese Cake p. 27
Ice Cream Bombe p. 28
Ice Cream Sundae Pie p. 69
Lemon Cheese Bars p. 27
Lemon Dream Pie p. 61
Mock Lemon Meringue Cake p. 27
Nectarine Delight p. 100

ENTREES
Bean 'n Cheese Crescents p. 101
Fish Fantasia p. 28
Hot Veggie Sandwich p. 104
Linguine with Broccoli Cream p. 102
Speedy Stir-Fry p. 28

MISCELLANEOUS
Blueberry Muffins p. 104
Blueberry Pancakes p. 104
Blueberry Streusel Coffee Cake p. 106
Frosty Coffee Float p. 21
Squash Alla Parma p. 102

SALADS
Blueberry Salad p. 106
California Summer Fruit Salad with Peachy Creamy Dressing p. 107
Cobb Salad p. 100

SOUPS
Cold Beet-Cucumber Soup p. 100
Cold Blueberry Soup p. 104

If you hate mosquitoes, but love people.

You want two things in an insect repellent. A repellent that repels insects. And a repellent that doesn't repel people.

Cutter Evergreen gives you both.

Wherever people do heavy hiking and backpacking, you'll find Cutter. We think that's as strong a recommendation as there is.

And it's just as effective, just as pleasant to use, right in your own back yard.

Look for Cutter Evergreen, in spray, lotion, or convenient stick, even if you have to look a little harder.

It's worth it. Cutter Evergreen.



Best Smeller.

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"You" just started a revolution.

The first real change in underwear in 40 years.



These new panties are called "You."®
Because they breathe like you.
And that's revolutionary. Here's why.



Nylon traps moisture. Nylon panties with cotton linings double-trap moisture.

"You" breathes and lets moisture evaporate.

"You" can breathe, thanks to LYCRA®, an incredible new fabric made of 100% Olefin. It actually breathes like skin. So moisture evaporates, and you stay cool at all times.

"You" can be very sexy. You will be absolutely knocked out by this new light, sexy-looking fabric. It's airy, silky and soft. And it comes with matching bras, in colors that would make a rainbow jealous. Colors don't wash away or fade away. And they're stain-resistant. They're almost too fashionable, too colorful, too sexy to be so smart.

No other panty breathes like "You."

FORMFIT
Your body is always on our mind

We recommend Woolite® cold water wash

Home Portrait

continued from page 80

hat I hadn't counted on were the disturbing letters Nan home. "College is the pits," she wrote yesterday. Her nic chemistry professor was an ogre. Calculus was incal- ble. Her lab partner had no personality. (He wore blank T- s.) The list was endless.

tween letters I hoped. Nan had passionately wanted to be terinarian since before she learned how to pronounce the l. Whenever there was an injured animal around the se, Nan was the one who thought to carpet its box with needles, knew where a clean eye-dropper was and how to e a creature feel like a guest—not a hostage. But such wledge was not of much use in solving the mysteries of nic chemistry, which was a required course in the pre- rinary program.

ortunately my work keeps me busy, and the rather nomadic tence Steve's job imposes on us doesn't interfere with it. I t portraits of houses—a specialty that has developed hap- rdly over the years since I graduated from art school where eamed of becoming another Matisse. I paint the portraits sell them, at good prices to the owners of the houses. Now inner parties when someone asks what I "do," identifying elf as a house painter invariably generates more interest simply answering, "I paint." But unlike the average house ter, my clients don't invite me back every few years to put ther coat or two on my work. A new neighborhood is an antage.

Michael thinks so too. He considers living in a sort of ghost n a wonderful adventure. It doesn't bother him that at ight there are no lights in neighboring windows or cars ked in nearby driveways. The fact that our brown-shingled, torian gargoyle of a house is the only inhabited house on the k makes it all the more fascinating.

The townspeople are determined to make us feel included, sometimes I find the sense of isolation *(continued)*



"Hi Alice. Would you mind if I plugged this in somewhere in your house? Fred is on an economy kick."



Enjoy smoking longer without smoking more.



Low tar Saratoga 120's

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15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Home Portrait

continued

difficult to shake. Like this afternoon when I was sketching the Turner place out at Fiddler's Point, where the only companionship is the occasional squawk of the gulls. Mrs. Turner is a recent widow who has gone to live with her daughter. A 'For Sale' sign now blooms among the flowers in her garden. The house resembles Mrs. Turner. It is neat, compact and, like her, has grown frail with the years. "This is where we spent our happiest times together," she said when she showed me the small, well-tended garden. I knew by the bittersweet look in her soft, gray eyes that the portrait I painted would be looked at, and turned to and valued. To me, that was no small thing. I wanted it to be right.

But after three frustrating hours I came home defeated by the aura of abandonment that seemed to have settled over the cottage like a shroud. I had tried working from the jetty and from the bank of a sheltered cove, but neither succeeded. My mind pictured billowing curtains flaring out toward the straight, pink hollyhocks while my pencil caught the sag of the window frame, the dent in the downspout.

At dinner I was still mulling over what I should do about the sketches, when Steve observed over the hum of the refrigerator, "Seems awfully quiet around here; must have been Nan who did all the talking."

"There does seem to be something missing without her."

"Seem to be?" Steve's eyebrows arched. "I told you, she took the gooseneck lamp, the pocket calculator. . . ."

"My Styx album," Michael contributed.

"The whole bottle of snowberry nail polish," Maggie said petulantly.

Good. I hoped it was Maggie's entire supply. I had given up discouraging her from painting her nails. It had helped her to stop biting them, which I guess is a plus.

The phone rang. Everybody else was too busy taking inventory to answer it, so I did.

It was Nan (collect from New Hampshire). "Mom, could you and Dad drive up here this weekend? I want to come home." Her words came quickly in a taut, high-pitched voice, tenuous and thin as the telephone wire, and then she breathed the words that took my breath away. "I want to come home and never come back here."

Her letters should have prepared me, but I wasn't prepared to hear what I was hearing. She'd always been such a good student.

"I can't handle it," she said. "No matter how hard I work I'm never caught up. It just isn't worth it."

Isn't worth it? From the window I watched a turtle lumbering across the road. If Nan were here, she'd have to put down the phone and carry him to safety even though there were few cars on the road at this time of year. Becoming a vet seemed so right for her. But how do you tell a daughter you love not to come home, especially a daughter whose voice wavered and faded the way Nan's did?

"Look, Nan, don't bother about packing. Just get yourself on the bus Friday afternoon. Come home and talk things over with your father and me before you burn any bridges." She protested at first, but finally, reluctantly agreed, and that was the way we left it.

"What's this about burning bridges?" Steve wanted to know.

When I told him, he seemed surprised but not particularly concerned. "She'll be all right," he said, already opening his briefcase and unfolding the blueprint for the new causeway. "She's not going to give up this quickly." And then, his eyes on the intricate plans before him, he added, "Glad you told her not to burn any bridges though."

But Steve hadn't talked to Nan, hadn't heard the near panic in her voice.

In the morning Maggie waited until the school bus was honking outside to remember she was supposed to bring a signed permission slip for next week's field trip.

"I must have left it in school. Could you write a note?" she cried, her feet planted stolidly in the doorway.

Michael squeezed past her. "Mrs. Duncan's going to frown at you. She's going to squinch up her nose like Tillie and frown at you," he prophesied cheerfully as he left.

There was no time to write a note. "Tomorrow," I promised.

"Today. Mrs. Duncan said today," Maggie repeated, her voice quavering.

But Mrs. Duncan was outnumbered. The school bus honked again, and I took Maggie firmly by the hand and propelled her to the end of the driveway. "Tomorrow will be all right." I called as I watched her slump into her seat as though she were riding off in a tumbrel left over from the French Revolution rather than the familiar, orange school bus. I stood smiling brightly until the bus was out of sight, but it was Mrs. Duncan's smile that Maggie cared about.

I could have waved the bus on, written the note and then driven Maggie to school, of course, but that wouldn't have done much to teach Maggie to be independent. It would have made her happy though, I reflected as I drove out to the solitude of Fiddler's Point. Nan had already reached an age where it was no longer in my power to make her happy. Would it have hurt so much to run interference for Maggie this morni
Yes, it would, I told myself. Everyth
in me wanted to say to Nan, "Hang
there until you become a vet, beca
when you do, you'll be doing work y
love." But that decision wasn't up to n
it was up to Nan. "It isn't worth it," sh
said. I thought it was, because I loved
own work. But how could I explain t
to her? Wasn't that just the sort of th
that got lost in translation between
generations?

I tried seeing myself through Na
eyes. What I did was hardly glamorous
wore old clothes, worked crazy hours u
der weird conditions, and as likely as
smelled faintly of linseed oil. Even
studio had always been makeshift—h
an attic here, an enclosed porch the
any place there was enough light. Whil
fondly thought of myself as a professio
artist, maybe the reality was closer
professional juggler—not exactly t
most impressive role model. By the ti
I arrived at the Turners', the self-portr
I'd created was so depressing, it was
relief to have a different subject.

This morning I took Talbot along f
company and set up shop on the hood
my car. The autumn night had left th
garden slightly frayed except for the h
lyhocks, which were Mrs. Turner's prid
Yet color was sifting daily out of the lan
scape. In an effort to capture it before
disappeared, I decided to do a few col
sketches, but by noontime I gave up th
idea as a bad job. Instead of concentra
ing on what I was doing, I'd been thin
ing of Nan and it showed. My paintin
was as muddy as my thoughts.

The November sunshine's deceptive
summery warmth felt good on my arm
glinted on the rocks at the edge of th
bay. Even the house seemed *(continued*

Journal Shopping Center

FOOD JOURNAL: FRUIT GADGETS
PAGE 28: La Culinaire Flavorizer by J. M. Clark Ltd., P.O. Box 30637, Santa Barbara, Ca. 93105, $7.00, available at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Apple Slicer by Westmark, West Germany, $7.99, available at Bazaar de la Cuisine, 1003 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Cherry and Olive Pitter, Hoan Products Ltd., Ramsey, N.J. 07446, $1.75, at Bloomingdale's. Citrus Peeler by Hoan Products Ltd., $1.50, available at Bloomingdale's. Grape Shears by Rowoco, Mamaroneck, N.Y. 10543, $13.00, available at Bazaar de la Cuisine. Pocket Citrus Peeler by Rowoco, $1.75, available at Bloomingdale's. Core All by Hoan Products Ltd., $1.25 at Bloomingdale's. Add sales tax for all items.

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Home Portrait

continued

to stand taller in its light as I reached for my pencil. Once more with feeling, I commanded myself, figuring I had two hours to catch the lines of the house while the illusion lasted. I worked steadily, using strong, smooth strokes. By the time I felt the familiar ache in my back that meant I'd been too absorbed to move, I was satisfied with my sketch. On the way home I picked up a London broil for dinner. If I served that instead of the complicated casserole I'd planned, I could steal a much needed hour in my workroom.

There turned out to be another condition. I agreed to let Maggie paint her nails hotshot pink. (Nan had taken all the snowberry.) After all, Maggie did remember to bring the permission slip home today, and she'd survived Mrs. Duncan's frown. It had been a hard day for Maggie.

She settled herself on the window seat of the turreted alcove at the top of the house, my current workroom. Michael and a friend were practicing basketball shots in the driveway. I'd just scraped a patch of sky—not enough cobalt—and was mixing a different color combination when I heard the crunch of tires on the gravel road below. Maggie stopped her polishing. "Nan's home," she shrieked.

Downstairs, Talbot had already skidded to the door, ready to hurl himself at Nan. Her face looked pinched and tired. She moved like a person whose feet hurt, or as though her arms and legs didn't quite fit. "What a bus ride," she said, burying her face in Talbot's short wiry coat as though it were thick fur, luxuriating in his non-judgmental joy in seeing her.

"You should get some sleep," I told her. "We'll talk later."

But Nan wanted to talk now, needed to talk now I saw as she sat on our old blue chair, not leaning all the way back. I remembered her sitting that way as a little girl in the principal's office of a new school. "I had to get out of there," she said, and handed me a sheaf of papers from her suitcase. "Here's my organic chemistry paper. Look."

Professor Carlisle marked his papers in hotshot red. He had a lot of negative things to say: insufficient sources, illogical conclusions, improperly developed thesis. Professor Carlisle would be lethal even in pastels!

Mom, I lived like a mole while I was working on that paper, really like a mole. I practically tunneled from my room to class, to chem lab, to the library, to the dining hall and back to my room without ever seeing the light of day." She took a quick breath, but it was a place holder, not a pause; she wasn't nearly finished. "Everybody else in pre-vet lived like a mole, too. Gemma, my roommate, stopped wearing matching socks. Every time a train went by, the kid beside me in calculus said he didn't care where it was going, he just wished he could be on it. And the formaldehyde! No matter how many showers you take, you can't wash that stuff off." She stopped abruptly, like a wind-up toy with a drained battery.

"Must be worse than linseed oil," I said lightly.

"Linseed oil isn't so bad," she said magnanimously, then indicating the chemistry paper, "Dr. Carlisle refused to accept it, told me I'd have to do it over. That's when I left."

"Maybe he thinks you can do better."

"I did the best I could. I'm not doing it over."

I thought it was exhaustion that made Nan so adamant, but three days later she still felt the same way. Then there was the afternoon I got home from Fiddler's Point and she announced she'd gotten a job as a salesperson at Simpson's bakery. "I don't plan to make a career out of it," she said, "but it'll do well enough while I'm stopping out."

"Stopping out?" Steve asked.

"I want to stop going to college until I figure out what I really want to do," she explained.

Steve blanched slightly when she said that. I knew he was disappointed but he only nodded and said, "I'll try to think of it as gaining a gooseneck lamp, a pocket calculator. . . ."

"That reminds me," I said to Nan. "We have some unfinished business at the college—like packing up your things there, like a conference with the Dean. You can't just run away." I'd deliberately put the trip off, hoping Nan would reconsider. We decided to go the following Saturday if Steve got back from a business trip early enough Friday night.

The day before we planned to leave the campus, I awoke to a rain-dimmed morning. It promised to be a slow, restless day if I couldn't work. At noontime I packed up my canvas carrier and my sketch box and drove out to Fiddler's Point. It wasn't the first time I'd turned the hatchback into a studio on wheels. As I worked I couldn't help thinking that Matisse in this situation would have made the car window part of his composition and produced a brilliant frame within the frame. The idea appealed to me, but it was too late for that now. Anyway, I couldn't quite envision Matisse working crouched in a rain-splattered hatchback. During the afternoon I noticed some other ways in which I didn't resemble Matisse, yet by the time I put away my palette knife, Mrs. Turner's garden blosssomed beside the little cottage on my canvas. It was almost finished—and quite good.

"Except for the hollyhocks," I complained to Nan as I set the painting on the easel in my workroom. Silken hollyhocks could be seen along any roadside on the island. Why was it that in the portrait they came out thick and woolly, or flat and papery? Sometimes the more ordinary something was, the more elusive it became on canvas.

Maggie was doing her nails again on the window seat. She always knew when I was working intensively and *(continued)*



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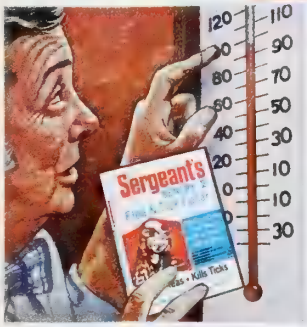
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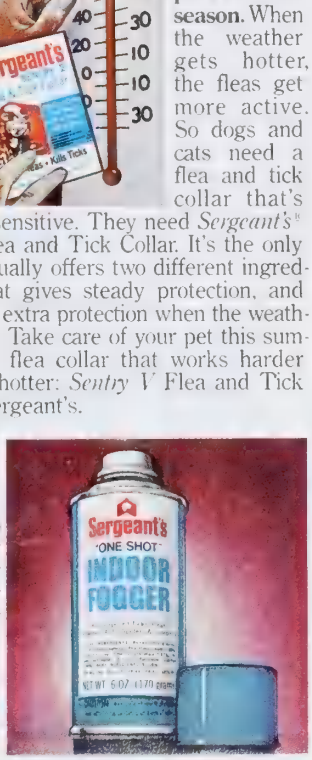
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Home Portrait

continued

made the most of it. At least she was back to snowberry. "You're not going to change your mind and want to stay tomorrow, are you?" she asked Nan.

"Nope, not a chance," Nan answered without even a pause.

Maggie jumped to her feet, clapping her hands in delight. Then her little mouth opened wide in horror as the bottle of nail polish arced in one direction and the brush in another. The bottle bounced against the canvas, then hit the floor, leaving a scarlet splotch of polish that trailed down the canvas like raindrops on a windowpane.

Matisse would have handled it differently. So would Mrs. Duncan. Perhaps another mother would have discovered Maggie's latent artistic talent.

I simply stared in disbelief for one terribly immobile moment, taking in the snowberried roof, the snowberried garden. Then I sprang at the painting even though I knew it was ruined. I scraped at the polish, trying to salvage my work, but succeeding in smearing it more. Michael and Talbot arrived on the scene. There must have been some commotion, but I couldn't have said what for sure. Tillie had taken refuge between two huge clay flowerpots in the corner.

I looked at Maggie. Her eyes were as deep and sad and solemn as Talbot's. He was rubbing up against her now as though the catastrophe had suddenly transformed him into a cat. Maggie's lip quivered, and Nan stretched a protective arm around her shoulder.

Michael entered the silence. "Mom knows you didn't mean it," he said.

They all looked worried. What did they think I was going to do? Shake Maggie until her teeth rattled?

"Of course I know you didn't mean it," I said to Maggie, giving her the best smile I could manage. "Besides, I have a better idea how it should be done next time."

Color flowed back into Maggie's face. Even a smile from Mrs. Duncan couldn't have lighted those sad, dark eyes the way mine did now.

Nan's expression puzzled me. She wore an inward, searching look, and when her eyes met mine, it was as though what had happened hadn't so much horrified as surprised her. That was it, she looked surprised, as though she had reached into what she thought was an empty drawer and come up with a lost treasure. When she spoke, her words puzzled me even more.

"You're lucky," she whispered.

All eyes turned to her. Everybody wanted to know how she figured that.

"You're lucky to be able to spend your time doing something you care about that much." She turned to the scarred painting. Her voice grew stronger, surer, the power of her discovery conferring certainty. "Even if things go wrong, it's worth it just to have something in your life every day that you really love doing."

And then she stopped, perhaps considering the implications of all that she was telling me. There would be Professor Carlisle and calculus and formaldehyde to deal with, and much, much more. She could do it if she wanted it enough. I had absolutely no doubt of that. And now she wanted it enough.

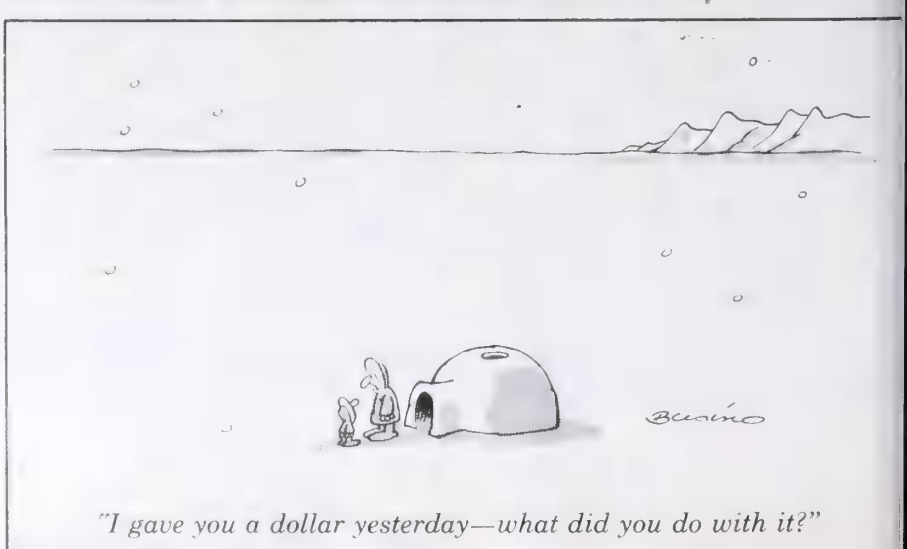
"Thank you for reminding me," I said to Nan.

I gave Maggie a kiss and a bottle of polish remover. "No more painted fingernails," I told her gently and started planning a frame within a frame. Mrs. Turner would love it.

As for Nan, she'd taken a fancy to the polish-spattered painting. "Would you give it to me for my room at school?" she asked. "I could use a reminder too."

For her room at school? The way I felt then, that sounded as good as the Louvre. "It's yours," I told her. I couldn't wait to see it there.

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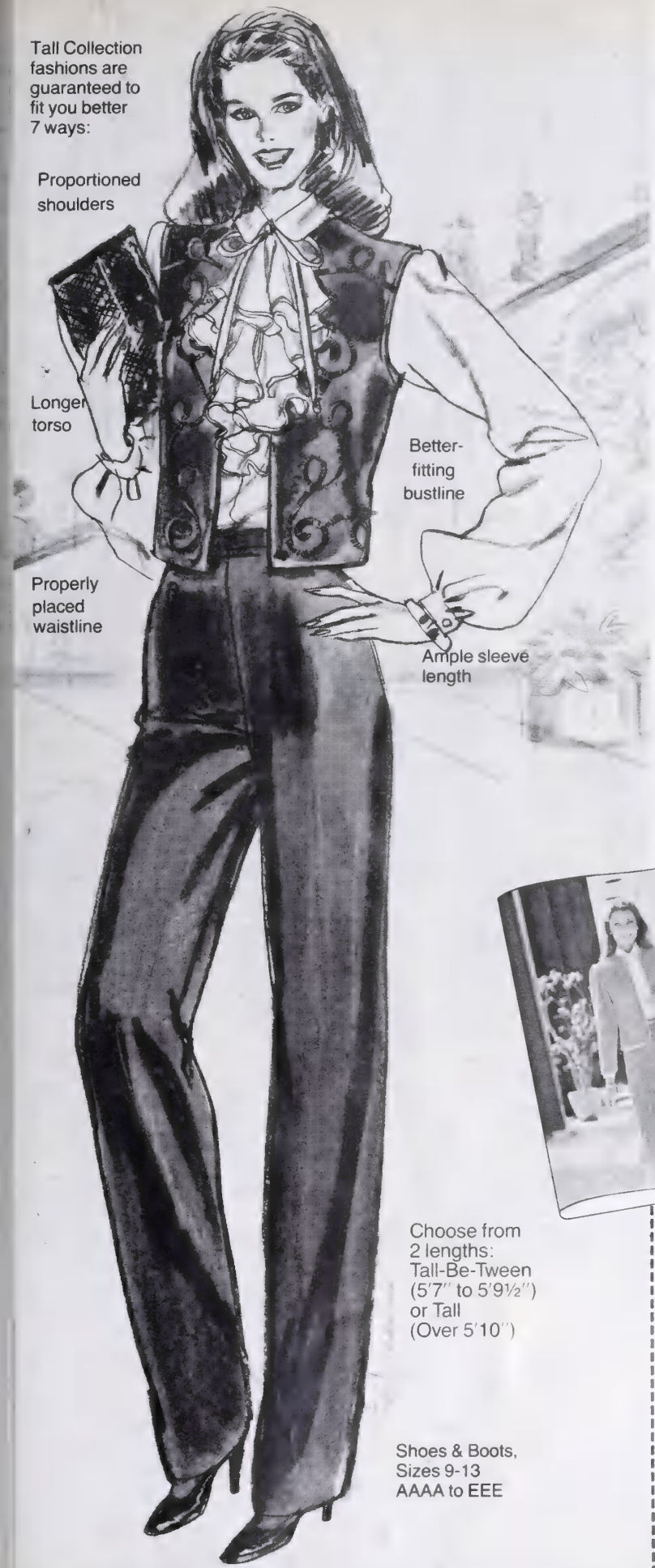
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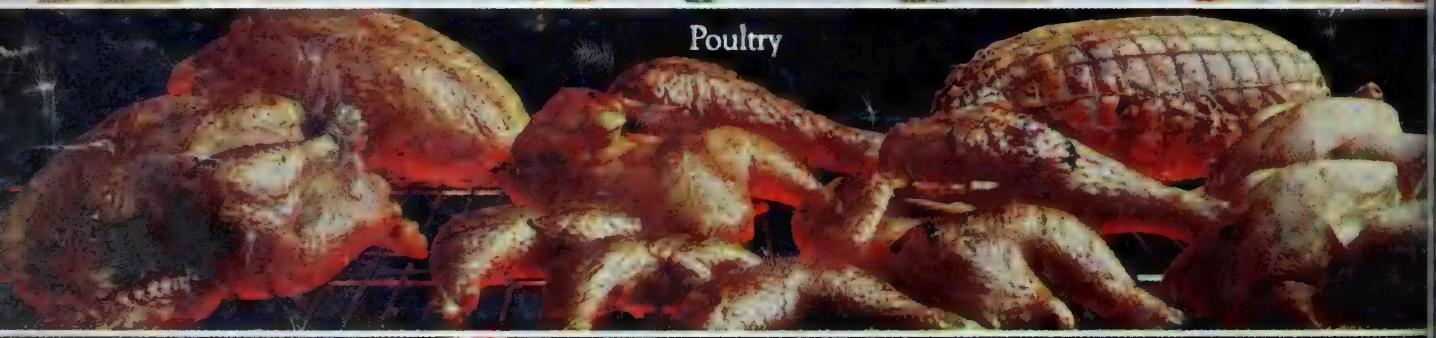
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Elizabeth Taylor

continued from page 79

coffin, she whispered good-bye to her sband and stumbled to her limousine. en she cried out, "Mike, Mike. My rling. I can't leave you here. I can't ve you here."

In the car she collapsed on her other's shoulder. The mob surged forrd, screaming Elizabeth's name and rusting pieces of paper toward her for tographs.

"For God's sake, get this car moving," e shrieked.

Lulled by sedatives, Elizabeth flew ck to Los Angeles. She felt great guilt er the accident, feeling that she should ve been on the plane, too. She had yed home because she had had a cold. Rex Kennamer, her doctor, was alys there, giving her pills to sleep, pills get up, pills to stop crying, pills to m down. She was overcome by depresn and remained in bed for days. Realng how desperately Elizabeth needed lp, Rabbi Max Nussbaum of Temple ael in Hollywood visited her every day. "I have seldom seen the death of a sband make such an impact on a wife," e rabbi said. "For many weeks no one ld penetrate her sorrow. She wanted make an end to her career. She said, y life has no value now.'"

After the funeral, Elizabeth became se to the singer who had been her sband's best friend. Mike Todd had en Eddie Fisher's idol—his surrogate her. Eddie, then married to Debbie ynolds, America's sweetheart, admired ld to the point of trying to emulate n by smoking cigars and gambling klessly. His son, born three weeks bele Todd's death, was named for the wman.

Eddie as bereft as Elizabeth

Mike Todd's death left Eddie as bereft Elizabeth, and it was only natural that y console each other. They spent long rs alone together at the beach. On die's 30th birthday, Elizabeth gave him engraved money clip she had given ke. Two weeks later Eddie invited zabeth to join him for the Labor Day ekend at a Catskill Mountain, New k, resort, where he had married Deb- Reynolds three years earlier. Elizth not only accepted the invitation, afterward returned to New York with die for four days, where they closeted mselves in Elizabeth's hotel room.

t was during the weekend in New k that Mike Todd's secretary remems saying to Liz, "Please cool it with die. You really don't need this right v. You really don't." But Liz didn't en. She wanted Eddie Fisher and that s that.

"Liz was the one who pursued Eddie," said his former publicist. "He didn't pursue her."

Publicly, Elizabeth said, "I've felt happier and more like a human being than I have since Mike died."

Before long, the Liz-Eddie-Debbie headlines dominated the country's newspapers, with most Americans cheering Debbie, booing Eddie and scorning Elizabeth. As the sweet and innocent victim, Debbie Reynolds watched her career soar, while Eddie Fisher, cast as the villain, saw his fan clubs turn against him, his record sales wane and his television show canceled.

Publicly denounced as a "homewrecker," Elizabeth suddenly went from an object of sympathy to a target of contempt. "The facts seem to me to prove she has been aggressive in her romances, ruthless in her disregard for the feelings of those who have stood in her path, and indifferent to the wreckage she has left behind her," wrote Elsa Maxwell.

Savaged by the press and scorned by her friends, Elizabeth turned to a Hollywood rabbi for comfort, declaring that she wanted to convert to Judaism, the religion of Mike Todd and Eddie Fisher. After six months of study—and after an acrimonious Fisher-Reynolds divorce settlement—Eddie and Elizabeth were married in a Jewish ceremony at Temple Beth Shalom of Las Vegas.

"I'm so happy, so very happy," she said. "Eddie and I are going to be on our honeymoon for thirty or forty years. And as soon as my contracts run out I want to retire and devote my life to being a wife and mother."

The next day columnist Robert Ruark published his opinion of the wedding. It was the result, he said, of an illicit love affair only five months after Mike Todd's death. "This monument to busting up other people's homes, this solid statue to the ignoring of the ordinary tenets of widowhood and girls' marriages—especially when great female friendships were involved—seemed a little gamey for a temple," he wrote.

In the *New York Post* Max Lerner defended the marriage: "I like the fact that . . . they are quite frank about their feelings for each other. This is a case where a joyous candor is far better than a hypocritical show of virtue. Where so many people have been desensitized in our world, I welcome this forthright celebration of the life of the senses."

Touched by his words, Elizabeth and Eddie arranged to meet the columnist. [The meeting triggered a love affair between the 57-year-old columnist and academic and Elizabeth, which continued intermittently until 1961. And it was at an early meeting with the columnist that she confided that her new marriage was already shaky. "I thought I could keep Mike's memory alive that way, but I have only his ghost," she told Lerner.]

Though at the time Elizabeth was the highest paid actress in the world, she could not retire. Both she and Eddie had to work to maintain their extravagant lifestyle. "I really haven't any money," she told Truman Capote. "Eddie doesn't either. Debbie Reynolds—if you'll pardon the expression—got it all."

MGM had Elizabeth cast for the lead role in *Butterfield 8*, and it was during its filming that Elizabeth began discussing the details of her million-dollar *Cleopatra* contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. She insisted on two penthouse suites in the Dorchester *(continued)*



Elizabeth Taylor

continued

Hotel, plus a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud limousine to drive her to and from the studio. In addition to her salary—a million dollars for 64 days of work—she demanded $3,000 a week for living expenses, plus $1,500 a week for Eddie, whose job would be getting her to work on time. She insisted on first-class, round-trip transportation from Los Angeles to London for herself, her husband, her three children and her agent. Then she said she wanted the studio to abandon CinemaScope and shoot the film in Todd-AO (a process of Mike Todd's production company) from which she would derive royalties. Since shooting was scheduled to begin in less than two months, her demands were met.

On the first day of shooting, the director received a phone call saying that Elizabeth was not reporting to work because of a sore throat. The next day she had a cold. The following day she had a 100° fever, complicated by hysteria touched off by Eddie's decision to return to New York for a few days.

Intensive

Soon, the Fishers' fashionable penthouse suite looked like an intensive care unit as Elizabeth lay close to death in a transparent oxygen tent. She had been suffering from the Asian flu, which steadily worsened until one morning she was gasping for breath and turning blue.

Grabbing a phone, Eddie, now back in London, summoned a doctor who arrived at the penthouse to find Elizabeth unconscious.

"There has been a sudden collapse," he said, "and she doesn't have more than fifteen minutes to live." The doctor told Eddie that the only chance his wife had to live was with an immediate tracheotomy. "The surgery," he said, "would leave a scar that could possibly be concealed later with plastic surgery."

Unconscious and with a temperature of 103°, Elizabeth was wheeled into surgery where an incision was made above her breastbone for the insertion of a plastic tube connected to a respirator. Suffering from acute staphylococcus pneumonia and weakened by anemia, she was now listed in critical condition. The world was on alert that Elizabeth Taylor might die. Outside, the streets were jammed with sobbing fans holding rosary beads and prayer books.

For the next four days and nights Eddie never left Elizabeth's side. Occasionally she regained consciousness, once scribbling a note: "Am I still dying?"

Elizabeth's will to live pulled her back from the brink of death—and by the fourth day she was breathing normally. The next day she was out of danger.

Her experience touched off worldwide sympathy, and Elizabeth basked in the public's affection for the first time since Mike Todd's death.

"Elizabeth was convalescing from her tracheotomy at the Beverly Hills Hotel when we resumed our affair," recalled Max Lerner. "I think she was a little tired of Eddie at this point, and I began seeing a lot of her. I was writing articles and working in one corner of her room while she entertained her friends in another corner. She always introduced me as 'My Professor.' She was proud of my professional standing. She said I was her intellectual Mike Todd."

The affair between a 59-year-old professor and the world's most beautiful movie star was complicated by the fact that both were married. But this did not stop them from seeing each other privately as well as publicly.

"Elizabeth was very important in giving me the feeling that the world was mine," said the columnist. "If a woman like this—the most beautiful and sought after in the world—could fall in love with me, then anything was possible."

In return, Max Lerner gave Elizabeth the same thing Arthur Miller gave Marilyn Monroe—the feeling of being elevated by the love of an intellectual man whose professional accomplishments and scholarly credentials transcended the tawdry box office. It was the perfect complement of the Brain and the Body, melding of the cerebral and the sexual.

Serious discussions of marriage ensued between Lerner and Elizabeth. But Max was warned by Rex Kennamer, Elizabeth's doctor, not to marry the actress.

"'Max,' he said, 'you must not marry her. She's a bad bet. She's tried suicide three times and drugs of every kind.'

"He warned me because he cared about me. Still, it was a terrible decision and I went through great agony about it. There was a crisis in my marriage over Elizabeth because I was very much in love with her. In the end, though, I realized I could not marry her because I figured that she would use me the way a beautiful woman uses an older man—as a front while she goes to bed with everything in sight. Elizabeth was quite adventurous sexually and, while I could have loved her completely in that way, it might not have been enough for her."

The romance ended abruptly and d



GENE SHALIT AT THE MOVIES

What to See & What to Flee

FROM MAO TO MOZART. Isaac Stern, master violinist and world personality, is the star of this breathtaking documentary filmed in China. You'll be astonished by eight to 11 year olds who are virtuoso instrumentalists; by leaping gymnasts, demonic Ping-Pong players, a Chinese orchestra tootling "Oh, Susanna," Peking vaudeville and enough glorious music to melt every heart. What a treat!

BREAKER MORANT. A taut and tingly courtroom drama based on an infamous court-martial. The odd name of this outstanding film refers to an army lieutenant named Morant, famous for breaking wild horses.

ATLANTIC CITY. Burt Lancaster and Susan Sarandon are compelling in this somber story of a woman who wants a new beginning, and an older man who dreams of a past that never was and a future that will never be. Outstanding adult drama.

EXCALIBUR. King Arthur and his Round Table return in this spectacle of stomach-turning violence. The clangorous battles are so confusing that you can't tell knight from prey, which knight is falling, or whose son is rising. *Excalibur:* a myth that misses by a mile.

LION OF THE DESERT. Anthony Quinn is the lion—Omar Mukhtar—the Libyan Bedouin who led the Arabs against their Italian conquerers from 1911 into the 1930s. Oliver Reed is the relentless Fascist general in this sprawling saga whose bloody battle butche and civilian hangings (including women) a up-close graphic.

"I SENT A LETTER TO MY LOVE." Simo Signoret at her best. A lovely, lonely love sto

OUTLAND. Sean Connery as a marshal in outer space western that could have be billed as Hopalong Connery in *High Noon*.

THE HAND. Palms off Michael Caine in soporific spook story.

THE FOUR SEASONS. Alan Alda, eve body's favorite, and Carol Burnett in a roma tic comedy about three couples—a m human comedy that's enormously enjoyable.

THE FAN. Too close for comfort: A Broadw star (Lauren Bacall) is stalked by an obsess and murderous fan. Unsettling and violent, flails—then fails.

SECOND HAND HEARTS. Barbara Har and Robert Blake in an incomprehensible p ture concocted by writers who ran out nothing to say.

DIRTY TRICKS. Elliott Gould is a profess and Kate Jackson is a TV newswoman in movie that has something to do with a let from George Washington. I cannot tell a lie: is awful.

POLYESTER. A female impersonator, a d who commits suicide and Tab Hunter. Unqu tionably one of *the* worst movies ever made.

CAVEMAN. Ugh.

ot mellow into a friendship for many ears. Lerner remained with his wife and lizabeth returned to Eddie Fisher. The silly little affair," she told Eddie, meant othing to her and certainly had nothing o do with her passion for him. Still, lizabeth was frightened that Eddie ight leave her. She reassured him of her ve by reciting the inscription she had ad engraved on his anniversary present wo years before: "I love and need you ith my life for the rest of time."

Though the role of mothering was not lizabeth's forte, she sought to adopt a aby to cement her marriage to Eddie. ince her tubal ligation prevented child-irth, the couple began searching for a aby to adopt. "She likes babies, puppies nd kittens," said one friend, "and she oesn't always differentiate among them. hey're all pets to her." Elizabeth even-ually adopted a baby girl through a oreign adoption agency in Munich, Ger-any. The child was called Maria.

By September 25, 1961, worldwide at-ention was focused on the production of *leopatra*, which had already suffered even million dollars worth of setbacks nd the near-death of its star. A new cast ad been assembled, plus a new director nd 60 new sets. Naturally, the first day f shooting the epic film was an interna-onal news event.

"I hope you realize that Elizabeth will let all the publicity on that picture," said ichard Burton's press agent. "You must atch out for yourself."

"Don't worry," replied Burton, "I can ke care of myself."

He dismissed Elizabeth Taylor as a "fat ttle tart."

Then, with remarkable mimicry, he im-ated Elizabeth's voice and spewed forth bscenities, convulsing his audience.

"Be careful, Richie," laughed a friend. She just might ensnare you yet."

"No, luv," said Burton. "She's dark . . . ark—I think she probably shaves."

Rex Harrison and Richard Burton were ready in costume and waiting with the irector when Elizabeth swept onto the oundstage, trailed by her husband, her ecretary, her hairdresser, her chauffeur, er wardrobe lady and her three chil-ren. The crew all but bowed to her as ie entered.

Burton was still talking with Rex Harri-on when he cast a sidelong glance at his ading lady, who was spilling out of her ostume. As the members of the cast oved to their places on the set, he alked over to Elizabeth and whispered her ear.

"You're much too fat, luv, but you do ave a pretty little face."

Elizabeth laughed, walked quickly to er chair and plopped down on Eddie isher's lap. She was awed by Burton's putation as a Shakespearean actor hose performances were highly ac-claimed. But she was not impressed by his reputation as a womanizer. That, she said, she intended to steer clear of.

Despite his acne-pitted face, Burton was irresistible to women. Physically vir-ile, with astonishingly broad shoulders, he still had enough of the motherless child about him to appear vulnerable.

"He has that marvelous quality of mak-ing a woman feel as if she's the only one in the world worth talking to, and it's bliss," said actress Lee Remick.

"He's a born male coquette," agreed producer Frank Ross.

Burton acknowledged his vaunted sex appeal while charmingly disparaging it. "Really, luv," he said, "I'm more frog than prince."

Although he had been married to his Welsh wife, Sybil, for more than 12 years, he blatantly carried on love affairs with such leading ladies as Jean Simmons, Claire Bloom and Susan Strasberg. Ro-mancing them, he told more stories than Scheherazade. He recited the poetry of Dylan Thomas in his chiffon-and-cut glass Oxford accent. He spoke Shakespeare with ringing felicity.

Sybil was not worried about Burton's being on the set with Elizabeth. She had lived through her husband's affairs and understood how desperately he needed sexual conquest to prove himself. Be-sides, she had the security of knowing that once the dalliance was over, Richard always came home.

Before *Cleopatra*, Burton had dis-missed Elizabeth. Despite her Academy Award in 1960 for *Butterfield 8*, he judged her acting ability as "quite pathe-tic, really, on a par with her education, I'd say." Roddy McDowall, who knew that Burton had never seen one of Eliz-abeth's movies, defended his childhood friend. He said that Elizabeth was an amazingly good actress.

"Good at getting sick and getting mar-ried," Burton said.

"You just wait until you see her through the camera," Roddy replied.

Surprises

After seeing the first rushes, Burton began to change his mind. "She surprises the devil out of you," he said. "If you don't know her, and you watch her re-hearse, you say, 'Oh, dear, here comes nothing.' She goes through rehearsals sort of like a sleepwalker. 'Is this the way I should walk? Is that the way you want me to talk?' But when that camera starts whirring, she turns it on, the magic, and you can't believe your eyes."

The admiration was mutual, for Eliz-abeth was just as fascinated by this man, who spoke so articulately about the the-ater, as he was by her screen artistry. His moods were as mercurial as her own. One minute he was refined; the next he was savage. She also sensed the violent rages and melancholic depressions lurking be-neath his charming surface. "He is a de-vious snakepit of ramifications," she said. "If a prefrontal lobotomy was performed on his skull, out would fly snakes, frogs, worms, tadpoles and bats!"

In this one man seemed to be all the men she had ever loved. As rich as Nicky Hilton, Richard Burton possessed Michael Wilding's quicksilver humor and Mike Todd's energy and command. "I get excited just listening to that voice of his," she confided on the *Cleopatra* set.

"They say that this movie will cost over twenty million dollars, but it will still make a fortune," Richard said one day. "For Liz is absolutely marvelous."

Despite Richard's public enthusiasm for his leading lady, Sybil remained un-concerned, and Eddie joked that he was jealous of the lines that the director was writing for Burton to say to Cleopatra. Elizabeth was as affectionate as ever to-ward her husband and together they re-joiced in their newly adopted baby girl. Only the director who worked with Eliz-abeth and Richard every day knew they were no longer just reading the lines of Antony and Cleopatra.

Within a few weeks the rest of the world felt the first shocks of that combus-tion as the romance became front page news. "Liz and Eddie to Split" headlined newspapers as reporters flocked to Rome from all over the continent.

"I've had affairs before," Burton said, "but how did I know the woman was so famous? She knocks Khrushchev off the front page."

Reveling in his new notoriety, Burton bragged about his conquest of the most famous woman in the world. Then Roddy McDowall appeared at the studio to tell Richard that Sybil was packing to leave for New York. Burton paled and immediately took Elizabeth aside. As much as he loved her, he told her, the romance was over. He could not further jeopardize his marriage and risk losing his wife and two children. Elizabeth became hysterical.

Alarmed by Elizabeth's rapid emotional deterioration—and panicked over the fate of Cleopatra*—studio heads rushed to Liz's bedside, only to find her heavily sedated on an overdose of sleeping pills. The suicide attempt frightened Burton, and he immediately tried to spike rumors by denying that the romance ever oc-curred. "I'm a selfish man," he said. "I don't want anything to interfere with my acting career. I'm happy with Sybil, who I know will help me in my career..." Eddie Fisher rushed to the rescue with a $250,000 emerald necklace for his wife. "One thing I learned with Elizabeth was the value of gifts," he said.*

The Fisher-Taylor marriage survived the first Burton episode, with Liz cajoling Eddie, calling him her "wondrous love," and Eddie soothing Liz on her 30th birth-day with an antique mirror and a large diamond ring. But this reconciliation wouldn't last. *(continued)*

Elizabeth Taylor

continued

"Le Scandale," as Burton now called it, dominated headlines around the world. Finally, the Holy See could no longer tolerate the illicit romance taking place within its sacred borders. The Vatican Radio censured the "caprices of adult children." The Vatican City weekly accused Taylor of "erotic vagrancy," condemned her as a mother and berated the German agency that had allowed the adoption of Maria.

"Don't these institutions think before handing children to somebody?" it asked. "Don't they request moral references? Was it not better to entrust this girl to an honest bricklayer and modest housewife rather than to you, my dear lady, and to your fourth ex-husband? . . . They would have made sacrifices for their child. You, instead, have other things to do."

Wracked with guilt and drinking around the clock, Burton began going back and forth from Elizabeth to his home with Sybil and his children. "If it was possible for a man to have two wives, I believe that would have been Richard's solution," said his brother Graham.

Wanting to be Mrs. Richard Burton more than anything else, Elizabeth held tightly to her lover. She never left his side and tried desperately to ingratiate herself with the few friends still speaking to him. She bought him a $257,000 Van Gogh landscape to hang over the fireplace in his hotel suite. She ordered him a custom-made library of 500 leather-bound books for $10,000. She accompanied him on his rounds of pubs and bars and drank with him through the night. She indulged his black, melancholy moods, which she called his "Welsh hours," and doted on him as Sybil once had done, cutting his hair, selecting his clothes, reviewing his movie scripts. She also consecrated herself to his career.

Finally Burton announced: "I want to marry Elizabeth and I will marry her. No ifs. No buts . . ." Conceding defeat, Sybil divorced Burton on the grounds of abandonment and cruel and inhuman treatment. Elizabeth said it was the best Christmas present she ever got.

On his wedding day the 38-year-old groom, drunk but standing, waited in the bridal suite of the Ritz Carlton for his 32-year-old bride. The Presbyterian Welshman and his converted Jewish fiancée were to be married by a Unitarian minister, the only clergyman they could find who did not object to the four divorces which preceeded this marriage.

True to the tradition of her past weddings, Elizabeth was more than 45 minutes late, causing Burton to bellow: "Isn't that fat little tart here yet? I swear to you she'll be late for the last judgment!"

Finally she floated into the room wearing $600 worth of Italian hairpieces, which were entwined with Roman hyacinths that trailed down her back. She was unattended and unescorted.

"Elizabeth Burton and I are very, very happy," the groom announced after the ten-minute service.

"Oh, God, yes," gasped Elizabeth. "I'm so happy you can't believe it. This marriage will last forever."

Role of mother the hardest

The role of mother was harder than any movie part Elizabeth Taylor ever played. She loved her children, but her love for Richard Burton was more consuming. The demands of their marriage and their film work sapped her emotional energies.

Young Michael and Christopher Wilding were having to adjust to their mother's third marriage since their father, and they had been shifted in and out of so many classrooms around the world that they were behind in their school work. Seven-year-old Liza, who had never finished the first grade, still could not read, and the adopted child, four-year-old Maria, could speak no English. Yet, rather than enroll the older children in boarding schools while she and Richard were abroad, Elizabeth decided to take the children with her and hire a tutor to travel with them from New York to Mexico to California to France to Switzerland and finally to England and Ireland, where Richard Burton would film *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, in 1965.

"I tried to tell her that I thought it was a bad idea to drag the kids around the world like that," said the tutor, Paul Neshamkin. "I told her that they needed to be with other children their own age, but Elizabeth insisted. She had fantastic dreams about spending time with them."

With good intentions, Elizabeth had ordered reading primers the year before so Liza could be tutored during the filming of *The Night of the Iguana*. The primers soon took a back seat to bar-hopping with Burton. A member of the film company remembered how Elizabeth tried to drag Richard away from one of his marathon drinking bouts by reminding him that they had promised Liza to be home by three o'clock that afternoon and they were already two hours late. "He just looked at her and ordered what must have been his twenty-second tequila," the woman said.

"In all fairness, Richard knows he drinks too much and tries every now and then to cut down," said Jim Bacon, a Hollywood columnist who was with them at the time. "But Elizabeth never lets up. And she could be a barracuda at times. She can outdrink any man I have ever known, including Burton."

He recalled one evening when everyone but Burton was drinking. "Richard, take a drink," Elizabeth told him. "You are so Goddamn dull when you're not drinking."

She had hit him where he was mos vulnerable.

"That was the night I saw him drin twenty-three shots of tequila with a fe bottles of beer as chasers," said Baco "It's a wonder it didn't kill him."

A critical turning point in the Burton marriage came with the signing of costa ring roles in *Who's Afraid of Virgini Woolf*. The couple could not have know the bizarre effect the movie would hav on their life together.

MAKE A FRAME CHANGE

All pictured on page 129

WOODEN FRAME WITH FELT MAT

MATERIALS: 1 store-bought wooden frame, bright colored, if possible; Elmer's white glue; scraps Pellon's "Phun Phelt" (here Fire Red, Lime Ricke Sunny Yellow and Turquoise were used); shirt car board for patterns.

Cut all felt shapes for design, as desired. (Here, on corners of frame were covered, to give the appearan of a mat.) Arrange felt on top of glass, and glue place. Remove any stray glue with water.

CHILD'S FANTASY FRAME

MATERIALS: Heavy-weight mat board 24" x 30" enough for desired project, mat knife, rubber c ment, masking tape, gift wrap paper of desired pa tern (Hallmark paper used here).

Determine shape for frame—here a train was use with space for three pictures (the size of "schoo pictures). Cut *two* frame shapes from cardboard. C two pieces of gift wrap paper, each larger than fram shape. Coat front of one frame shape with rubb cement and attach gift wrap paper. Cut around p rimeter of paper, leaving 1" excess to fold over to ba of frame. Clip curves to make neat folds. Repeat f other cardboard frame shape, covering it on opposit side. Insert pictures behind openings; tape in plac Glue frame shapes together with rubber cement.

To hang frame, make small loop from ribbo string, etc., and attach to back with masking tape.

PLEATED SATIN FRAME

MATERIALS: 1 store-bought inexpensive fram (which loads picture from back), 1½ yds. satin fabr (36" wide), polyester batting, 2 rolls Talon's Bastin Tape, white glue, masking tape, heavy-weight m board, mat knife, pins.

Cut 3" wide frame shape from mat board to fit ov purchased frame so that it extends outside frame b 2" all around and inside by 1" all around. Make m board frame even, lines parallel, edges clean-cut.

With white glue, attach double-thick layer of ba ting to front of mat board frame. Cut four pieces satin, each 18" square. (Save remaining half yard f backing frame.) Pleat each square with four 1" pleat each ½" apart, starting 5" from edge. Use pins to ho in place; press. "Sew" pleats with basting tape. Pre very lightly again, on low-heat setting.

Arrange pleated satin on frame over batting, on piece for each side, overlapping as shown. Make ne hospital corners on back of frame on outside corner On interior corners, cut diagonally into corner so th fabric turns back easily. Secure well with maskin tape on back.

Cover back of frame with four strips cut fro leftover fabric, using small amount of white glue.

Place over center of purchased frame, as directe in Step #1, and secure with white glue. Allow to d overnight.

PLASTIC "DAX-STYLE" FRAME WITH FELT MAT

MATERIALS: 1 store-bought plastic box fram Elmer's white glue, Pellon's "Phun Phelt" (here, on 9" x 12" sheet each of Electric Pink, Petal Pin Turquoise, Lime Rickey, Emerald Green and Sunn Yellow), shirt cardboard for patterns.

Determine design for outside frame and cut all fe shapes necessary. We used a simple flower and le design. Glue shapes in place. Remove any stray glu with water. **En**

While Elizabeth transformed herself into a hard, lewd, castrating wife, Richard slipped into character as the passive, repressed, henpecked husband. "I'm convinced that somewhere within this man is someone who wants to be lacerated," said the producer.

After battling each other in character during the day, Richard and Elizabeth could not shrug off Edward Albee's bitter story at night. People around them remember drunken evenings after work when he would call her lewd names and, still in her role, she would scream at him, "For Chrissakes, shut your ?!?! mouth. I'm not finished talking yet." Some of the violence toward each other on screen spilled over to their marriage, but most of it was already there.

The pressure of playing George and Martha was getting to them. Elizabeth, especially, went in and out of her harridan role when she was angry or drunk, bellowing profanities and hurling invectives at her husband. Many years later she explained their divorce to a friend, saying, "I just got damn sick and tired of playing Virginia Woolf."

Box-office appeal dwindles

At this time in her life, Elizabeth was suddenly faced with the fact that her box-office appeal was beginning to dwindle. For 20 years she had been typecast as the most beautiful woman in the world, playing pretty, rich girl roles for MGM. But she had eaten herself up to 155 pounds to look like the 45-year-old Martha in *Virginia Woolf*, and developed a new persona. From that time on she became the cinema's quintessential shrew, cursing and castrating her way across the screen in a series of unsuccessful movies.

Once Richard went so far as to describe her as nothing more than a short peasant girl. "All this stuff about Elizabeth being the most beautiful woman in the world is absolute nonsense," he said. "She's pretty enough and her eyes are nice but she has an insipid double chin, big feet, stumpy legs, a pot-belly and she's as pouty-breasted as a pigeon."

She toppled from the list of the top ten box office stars in 1968 and then tried to slash her way back to the top. But, as Rex Reed observed: "The disintegration of Elizabeth Taylor has been a very sad thing to stand by helplessly and watch, but something ghastly has happened over the course of her last four or five films. She has become a hideous parody of herself—a fat, sloppy, yelling, screeching banshee . . ."

At first Elizabeth did not seem to comprehend her dwindling box office appeal. When she suggested herself for the role of Anne Boleyn opposite Burton in *Anne of the Thousand Days*, Burton turned to her, patted her hand and said, "Sorry, luv, you're too long in the tooth."

At the age of 36, Elizabeth had to watch the extraordinary role go to an unknown young actress by the name of Genevieve Bujold, whose youthful beauty captivated her husband.

"Oh, God, was that a terrible time," recalled a member of the entourage. "Elizabeth nearly went berserk over that girl." Threatened and insecure, she telephoned the set constantly, checking up on Richard. She sent her chauffeur out to find him whenever she suspected he was with the young actress.

Richard did not deny the rumors of a romantic involvement with his co-star. Instead, he indicated that his romantic attraction to other women had nothing to do with his marriage.

Totally unprepared to face Richard's romantic escapades, his wife screamed at him, slugged him and publicly threatened him every time he started toward his co-star. "Watch it, Buster, or you'll be singing soprano soon," she warned. Later, Bujold's words, as she accepted her Academy Award for her performance in *Anne of the Thousand Days* would send Elizabeth into a rage.

"I owe my performance all to Richard Burton," Bujold said.

"That one cost Burton a boatload," laughed a friend of Richard's. "I think Richie had to apologize by giving Elizabeth another whopping diamond."

"He gave me fabulous gifts and all the world knew about them," Elizabeth said later. "But he also gave me other gifts for no apparent reason and asked me not to tell the press about them. And while he was giving me these gifts he looked at me as if to beg my pardon for some things he didn't tell me."

Burton made his spectacular purchase of the 33-carat Krupp diamond in 1968, the same year that Elizabeth began slipping at the box office. The stone, displayed in New York's Cartier window, attracted thousands of people and prompted editorial outrage from *The New York Times*: "In this Age of Vulgarity marked by such minor matters as war and poverty, it gets harder every day to scale the heights of true vulgarity. But given some loose millions, it can be done—and worse, admired."

"Richard benefited as much as Elizabeth from those jewels," said a friend. "With the Krupp diamond he got the pleasure of finally topping Mike Todd's twenty-seven carat engagement ring. Elizabeth's mania about acquiring jewels was matched by his obsession with buying and publicizing them. Those behemoth gems allowed Richard to look like one of the richest men in the world, and that was important to him."

Driven to hold on to his phenomenal status, Burton felt a sense of urgency to make as much money as possible as fast as possible. Consequently he refused to stop working, but Elizabeth finally did quit. She retired for two years because there were no more million-dollar offers coming her way.

The cataclysmic fights between the Burtons shook the walls and sent the animals and entourage scurrying for cover. When Richard's volcanic temper erupted, Elizabeth's piercing shrieks threatened to shatter the windows. Then came the physical blows. "I used to belt him a lot and he hated it," she confided. "Finally he belted me one back and my eardrum did not function correctly for some time."

The worst fights started over his drinking or his other women. One occurred when he forgot her name and introduced her as someone else. "I have the most appalling memory for names," he said afterwards. "When I said, 'This is my wife, er, Phyllis,' that meant she didn't speak to me for four weeks because she wanted to know who Phyllis was."

After their fights they made up with demonstrative affection followed by public embraces and exhibitionistic statements to the press, each participant proclaiming undying love for the other.

Richard enjoyed telling reporters that his wife once called him to say: "It's extraordinary when you are away. I wandered round the bedroom last night and found a pair of your socks the dogs had been chewing, and I mooned over them."

"I was very flattered," Burton reported. "I told everyone that Elizabeth goes to bed with my socks when she is on her own.

"The truth is we live out for the benefit of the mob the sort of idiocies they've come to expect," he said. "We will often pitch a battle purely for the exercise. I will accuse her of being ugly. She will accuse me of being a talentless son of a ??!! and this sort of thing frightens people."

Drinking was fun

In the beginning of the marriage Elizabeth kept up with Richard drink for drink. The drinking then was fun, sociable, entertaining; and the voluble Burton entertained and educated his wife. She was his best audience. "He is the ocean," she said. "He is the sunset. . . . He is such a vast person."

Occasionally, though, when the drinking got out of hand, she tried to pull Richard away from the bar before he sank into one of his black depressions. She dreaded those "death moods," as she called them, knowing that if Richard gulped down more than two quarts of vodka he might turn from a charming raconteur to a churlish nuisance. It had happened so many times before. At a formal dinner party in London he drank all evening and then sprang on the guest of honor. "You bore me!" he snarled.

The next day Elizabeth sent flowers and insisted that Richard apologize in person for his behavior.

"Okay, Tubby, I guess I overdid it again, didn't I!" he said contritely.

"I'll say you did, Boozy."

One night in Beverly Hills *(continued)*

Elizabeth Taylor

continued

he became so sodden that he turned on Elizabeth in front of everyone and referred to her as "Elizabeth the Fat."

"I've had enough of this and I've had enough of this drunk," she screamed. "I'm leaving."

She streaked for the Burtons' rented limousine and raced to the Beverly Hills Hotel. Richard stumbled to their suite minutes later but Elizabeth would not let him in.

"You're not coming in here," she shouted. "I don't want to sleep with a drunk."

"The hell with you," roared Burton, nearly breaking down the door. "I'm sleeping in this bungalow tonight."

Later she accused her husband of being an alcoholic. He said he wasn't. She bet him that he could not go without a drink for three months.

"Of course I can," he replied.

"All right, start now."

Richard accepted the dare. He went on the wagon, and Elizabeth automatically cut down on her own drinking.

At about this time, Burton began having considerable difficulties with then 15-year-old Michael Wilding, Jr. "Let's face it," he said, "our son is a hippie. His hair lies on his shoulders and we can't keep him in school. I tell Elizabeth that we should do one of two things—ignore him or kick the living daylights out of him. It bothers Elizabeth, too, but she goes around sermonizing, 'He has the right to wear his hair any length he wants; it's his right as an individual.'"

Bouncing around the world, the Burtons continued to leave the care and discipline of their children to others. Michael had no high school diploma, no job and no professional training. But Elizabeth was delighted when, at 17, he announced that he would marry Beth Clutter, 19. She said that a wife might settle him down. She insisted that the young couple be married at Caxton Hall in London, where she had married Michael's father.

"I think that was the event that caused Richard to fall off the wagon," said a friend. "He must have needed a few stiff ones to stand up as best man for a boy who wore a maroon velvet caftan and had hair as long as a girl."

Weeks later Beth Wilding announced her pregnancy.

Elizabeth's baby granddaughter, Leyla, was born into a commune that Beth and Michael Wilding had joined. Rejecting the materialistic values and lifestyle of the Burtons, the young couple kept baby Leyla away from her grandparents. Hurt and rejected, Liz blurted to her daughter-in-law, "I'll never help you again."

Months later, Richard learned his brother Ivor had died. Ivor had been a father figure to Richard and the news crushed him. Once again, he turned to drinking to blot out his bleakness and rage.

It was a loathsome time for Elizabeth, who could no longer control her husband's drinking or keep him exclusively to herself. Desperate, she stayed in her hotel, practically imprisoned by her entourage, while Burton continued courting his co-stars. Finally, in defiance, Elizabeth struck back by going out with the only man who could possibly make him jealous. She called Aristotle Onassis in Rome and arranged to meet him for dinner. The evening was ruined when police created an uproar by evicting 27 paparazzi who stormed the restaurant to photograph Jacqueline Kennedy's husband and Richard Burton's wife dining with friends but without their spouses.

Elizabeth returned to her hotel alone, and phoned Richard at five in the morning. "Get that woman out of my bed," she screamed.

Burton marveled at his wife's clairvoyance. "How did she know?" he asked.

Filled with rage toward her husband, Elizabeth flew to California alone so that she would not inadvertently set off the detonator and blow their marriage to bits.

"Women have always surrendered to Richard Burton without condition, without so much as a bloody whimper," said Elizabeth at one point. "Not me. He has no rights over me, none at all."

Declaration of independence

Yet when Burton called—days later—to say that he did not want to join her as planned, she immediately flew back east to stay with him. Fortified by a day's drinking, Richard met her at the airport in a chauffeured limousine. But by the time they reached their destination he had told her to leave, to get as far away from him as she possibly could. In tears, Elizabeth obeyed. From the Regency Hotel in New York she called her publicist and on July 4, 1973, announced her own declaration of independence.

"I am convinced it would be a good and constructive idea if Richard and I are separated for a while," read her proclamation. "Maybe we loved each other too much—I never believed such a thing was possible. . . . I believe with all my heart that the separation will ultimately bring us back to where we should be—and that's together. I think in a few days' time I shall return to California because my mother is there, and I have old and true friends there. Friends are there to help each other, aren't they? And if anybody reads anything lascivious into that last statement, all I can say is it must be in the mind of the reader, not in mine or my friends' or my husband's. Wish us well during this difficult time. Pray for us."

Sitting with a glass in one hand and a bottle of vodka in front of him, Burton held court for the press and seemed to be amused by his wife's melodramatic exodus.

"It was jolly well bound to happen," he said. "Perhaps my indifference to Elizabeth's personal problems triggered off this situation," he said. "I have only twenty-four hours a day. I read and write and film. Elizabeth is constantly seeking problems of one kind or another. She worries about her figure, about her family, about the color of her teeth. She expects that I drop everything to devote myself to these problems. I cannot. . .

"Maybe it was something else. I don't know. Women are strange creatures. She is a splendid child and I am very fond of the lady. But who knows what goes on in the feminine secret mind. I haven't spoken to her since her extraordinary statement. The frightful thing is I'm amused by all this. I find the situation wildly fascinating."

Terrified by the alcoholism now dominating his life, Burton finally consulted a New York internist and began a detoxification program to dry out.

After two weeks on the wagon, Richard had his lawyer announce that the Burtons' difficulties had been resolved. "He has not been drinking, and his intention is not to drink," the lawyer said.

Reassured of her husband's sobriety, Elizabeth immediately made plans to meet him in Rome. "They're very happy to be together again," announced their publicist. "They will have absolute privacy. There will be no phone calls and they will make it clear that the separation was not serious but just one of those things."

Nine days later, however, the reconciliation faltered. Elizabeth again left in tears and both Burtons placed separate phone calls to their lawyers to begin divorce proceedings.

"I don't approve of divorce as a blank thing," declared Richard Burton, "but if two people are absolutely sick of each other, or the sight of one another bores them, then they should get divorced or separated as soon as possible. That is certain. Otherwise life becomes intolerable—sort of waking morning after morning and having to have breakfast with the same miserable face."

"I have had one sad day in my life and that was when Mike Todd, my husband, was killed," said Elizabeth Taylor. "I never thought I would have another. I was wrong. Today is the second sad day in my life. I am desolate." **End of Part II**

COMING NEXT MONTH

The Burton obsession; Liz's second try with the man she couldn't live with, couldn't live without. Plus, the secrets of her past, which she tried to keep from her current husband, Senator John Warner.

RECOVERY OF A KIDNAPPED CHILD

continued from page 87

creams, shaking her husband awake, and crying, "It's him. It's him. I *knew* something was wrong."

The photograph of James Kennedy is unmistakably a younger version of a troubled little boy she knew in school as Jimmy. Only he never smiled, never laughed, never had friends.

The next day, before any school officials can order her not to get involved, she calls Child Find, a search and support group for victims of child snatching, and finds out how to reach Pat.

Their first phone conversation is hopeful, but disconcerting. Physically, there's no question that James and Jimmy are the same child. But their personalities don't match at all.

"He was a very outgoing boy," Pat recalls.

"Well, he's not now," says the teacher, who won't use her name because she's afraid of James's father. "He's very quiet and very much in a shell."

April 1981—Pat Kennedy sees the child through a glass partition at a Pennsylvania courthouse. He is covered with dirt, wearing layers of tattered shirts and a green cap, and looking—she suddenly realizes with a burst of fear—much too old to be her son.

"Could they have made a mistake? Is it the wrong boy? Must she start the search again?" Her mind races irrationally, until the child is brought into the room and her eyes meet his and she sees how he's trembling.

She stares . . . longing to hold him, to touch him, to kiss him, as she had longed to for every one of the 814 days he was gone. "I wanted just to have him with me. To hold him in my arms, just like when he was a baby, but we were both totally numb. I asked him if it was all right if I hugged him, and so he let me put my arms around him, but he didn't react at all."

Even in the back seat of the car on the way back to New York, he seemed to be in a state of shock—huddled against the window as his mother sat anxiously several feet away. It wasn't until later that he began to move closer. Then, suddenly, his arms were wrapped around Pat and he was hugging her, holding on tight. "I always knew you would come to get me, Mommy," he whispered. "I knew you wouldn't forget."

It was a happy story. A victory for Child Find . . . for Pat's security consultant . . . for *Ladies' Home Journal* . . . for the teacher who had the courage to get involved. The good feelings were spread all around.

But for James and Pat the story has not yet ended. The damage of being snatched is not alleviated by the rescue. Rarely are children—or parents—spared long-lasting psychological injuries. Rarely can they escape the unrelenting fear of being snatched again.

In some ways, the Kennedys' readjustment to life together has been swift. On Mother's Day, James presented Pat with a white rose and a card signed "Double Love." When he walks into the room, he hugs her, and when she hears him laugh, her whole face brightens.

Only sometimes does a shadow descend—in the dark night when she has to sit with him so he can fall asleep. Or in the afternoon, when he wants to go out and play, and she shakes her head. "Not alone," she says. "If he wants to go out to play, I have to go with him. He can't go out alone like he did before."

And no one can give back the two and a half years that mother and son were separated. Or take back the painful things that happened during that time.

"I was robbed," says Pat grimly. "There were two years of his growth and development that I was not a part of." James left singing and enjoying childish songs, and came back with a pimple on his cheek, and talking about Dolly Parton. "And I don't have all his baby teeth . . . well, that may sound insignificant, but I was saving them," Pat says, almost defensively. "James is my child. The only child I have left."

For the mother, those years were empty and devastating, almost worse than the readjustment period that followed her older son's death. "Not knowing was the terrible part," she says now. "If someone dies, you adjust your life and go on, but when a child is missing, that's impossible. On *every* level I had concern for his safety."

Faith kept her going

What kept her going was her faith that he would be back, and her desire to do everything she could to help. She contacted local newspapers, joined Child Find, talked frequently and at length to the Dutchess County Sheriff's Office, hired investigator Mike Benvie (though her financial resources were very limited) and later Lev Fedyniak, a security consultant who worked without a fee.

There wasn't a day that she didn't think about her children—the one who had been taken from her by death, the other who had vanished. On Mother's Day, 1979, she sat alone, her eyes averted from the crooked paper octopus that Joseph made before he died and the baby pictures of James on the living room wall. "A little girl in the neighborhood brought lilacs to me that year," Pat remembers. "She said, 'We'll take care of you Mrs. Kennedy, because James isn't here anymore.'"

And where *was* James?

Those two and a half years are still largely a mystery. Pat knows that James lived in Florida, Massachusetts, Tennessee, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and stayed for short times in Vermont and New Hampshire. He was enrolled in five or six schools at least, and at one point was left for several months with one of his father's acquaintances.

On his absence, James is, for the most part, silent.

"You've seen a lot of the United States, haven't you?"

He shrugs.

"Where did you think your Mommy was?"

His eyes fill with tears and he changes the subject.

"He was obviously a very lonely little boy, very forlorn," says the teacher who called Pat from Pennsylvania. "Once I saw his father carrying him through a crowded hallway in school by the back of his collar and belt, and he just flung Jimmy into the classroom so that he landed on the floor. The boy was crying pretty hard, and I just knew there was something wrong with the way things were at home.

"One day I said to him, 'Look, Jimmy. If you ever have a problem or need a friend, I'm here.' He looked up at me, as if to say, 'Oh, God, I need somebody,' and his eyes got a little teary, but he wouldn't respond."

Information slips out

When asked now why he never tried to find his mother, James responds cryptically: "My dad . . . Kabamm." Other bits of information slip out occasionally. "My dad accidentally tried to dye my hair black, but I wouldn't let him," he told psychologist Cindy Sheehan, who traveled to Gettysburg with Pat when James was recovered. Another time he told Dr. Sheehan: "This is very confusing, but I'm so glad to be with my mom. My dad just doesn't understand."

In some ways, James was in much better shape emotionally and psychologically than either Dr. Sheehan or Pat expected. But he *was* terribly confused and disoriented. On the trip back to New York, he was afraid even to go to the men's room because he was afraid to be alone. "This is like a dream," he said at one point, holding his head in his hands and shaking it. "You know? I had dreams about you, Mom, for a long time after you left."

Says Dr. Sheehan: "This would be traumatic for any child, but I was particularly concerned for a boy like James. When his brother died, he had not wanted to go to school, or to leave his home or his mother. He was still recovering from that loss psychologically when he was taken by his father."

Because they didn't know what shape James would be in, Pat and Dr. Sheehan mapped out routes to hospitals and mental health facilities in case the boy needed more help than they could *(continued)*

Next month in the LADIES' HOME Journal®

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OH! SISTER
"Dear Abby" sounds off on marriage, morals and her twin, Ann Landers

BACK-TO-SCHOOL BOOK
Special section on how to make this your children's best year yet

RECOVERY OF A KIDNAPPED CHILD

continued

provide on the trip from Pennsylvania. In other ways, they and Fedyniak were also well prepared for the recovery. They came to Pennsylvania with all custody papers in order, and copies of the *Journal* article to help explain the story. "We had all the paperwork together and all the legal documentation, and did everything above board," explains Fedyniak. "We had cooperation from local principals, the state police and the district attorney. James's best interest was uppermost in everybody's mind."

The idea of including Dr. Sheehan, a former camp counselor who had worked with James after his brother's illness and death, was particularly sound in retrospect. She knew James well, knew a great deal about separation loss and emotional trauma, and knew ways to help him cope. Now, weeks later, he is back in Poughkeepsie, enrolled in school, meeting old friends and happy at home.

For a reporter, it was easy to think of James as an example, part of a statistic; one fuzzy photo among many that showed the frozen smiles of missing children before they disappeared. Back home again, James is a very real little boy—tilting back precariously on a wooden chair, laughing uproariously at a Road Runner cartoon, showing off his bubblegum cards, his bus, his truck, his room, his *Star Wars* book, his new fuzzy pencils, his stickers . . .

He seems a normal, endearing little boy—except that even now his life is f from normal. You can tell from the w he jumps when he hears a noise outsi that the fear is still there . . . the fear being snatched again. E

In our April story, "Child Snatching the Cruelest Crime," we told how ar estimated 100,000 children are snatched by mothers and fathers each year. It said that only one fifth will ever be found.

And what of the other children? A new law to discourage child snatching was signed by President Carter last December, but so far advocates are highly disappointed with the way it's working—particularly with the FBI's continued reluctance to get involved.

What about schools? Do they often admit children without *any* records, as they did for James Kennedy? Or blindly believe the tale of one parent about his absent spouse? What about the courts? Again, in James's situation, his father was subpoened in January, 1979, after he failed to bring the boy back from his weekend visit. He appeared in court without James, was ordered to produce the boy, and then was let go, *without any supervision, even though he had already violated three other court orders*.

For her son's lost two years, Pat Kennedy is still filled with fury. "It's difficult for me to understand how this can happen all the time. If the ordinary person was more aware of the problem, and if all law enforcement officials did their job, children like my son might not be hurt like this."



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Editor's Journal
By Myrna Blyth





Even though January marks the start of the calendar year, September feels like a new beginning as well. It's back to school and work and there's a feeling of energy, excitement and change in the air. That's why it seems appropriate that my first issue as editor of *Ladies' Home Journal* should be a September one.

Since I hope this is just the first of many months and many issues we'll be sharing, let me tell you a little about myself. I'm a wife, a mother and have been a writer and editor for women's magazines for almost 20 years. My family is pictured above: My husband, Jeffrey, is a journalist who reports the American scene for British radio, newspapers and magazines; my son Jonathan, 14, is off to high school this month, and Graham, 11, is entering the big-boy world of sixth grade. Our cat, Tabitha, is the quietest member of the family.

My greatest wish for my editorship is that LHJ remain a magazine you really love, chock-full of information, ideas and good reading. By the way, I've found top journalists and authors prefer writing for LHJ because of its great tradition and its enlightened readers. I want the *Journal* we're going to share to be the most complete, exciting and important magazine for women today.

Some of the many highlights in this issue, I think, are the excerpt from Gail Sheehy's marvelous new sure-to-be-best-seller *Pathfinders*; an important report on rape that every woman *must* read; a look at the fall's best beauty and fashion bargains and tips; some great quick-meal suggestions as well as a slew of special reader-contributed prizewinning recipes.

New York's mayor, Ed Koch, goes around asking the citizens: "How am I doing?" Perhaps because he has listened to their answers, he's been endorsed by both the Democratic and Republican party in his bid for re-election this fall.

Well, like Mayor Koch, I'm going to keep asking, "How am I doing?" and I want to hear your replies. I know how busy you are but if you take the time to write to me about what you like or don't like in the *Journal*, I'll take the time to answer. Of course, a new editor is important to a magazine but no one is more important than you—the reader.

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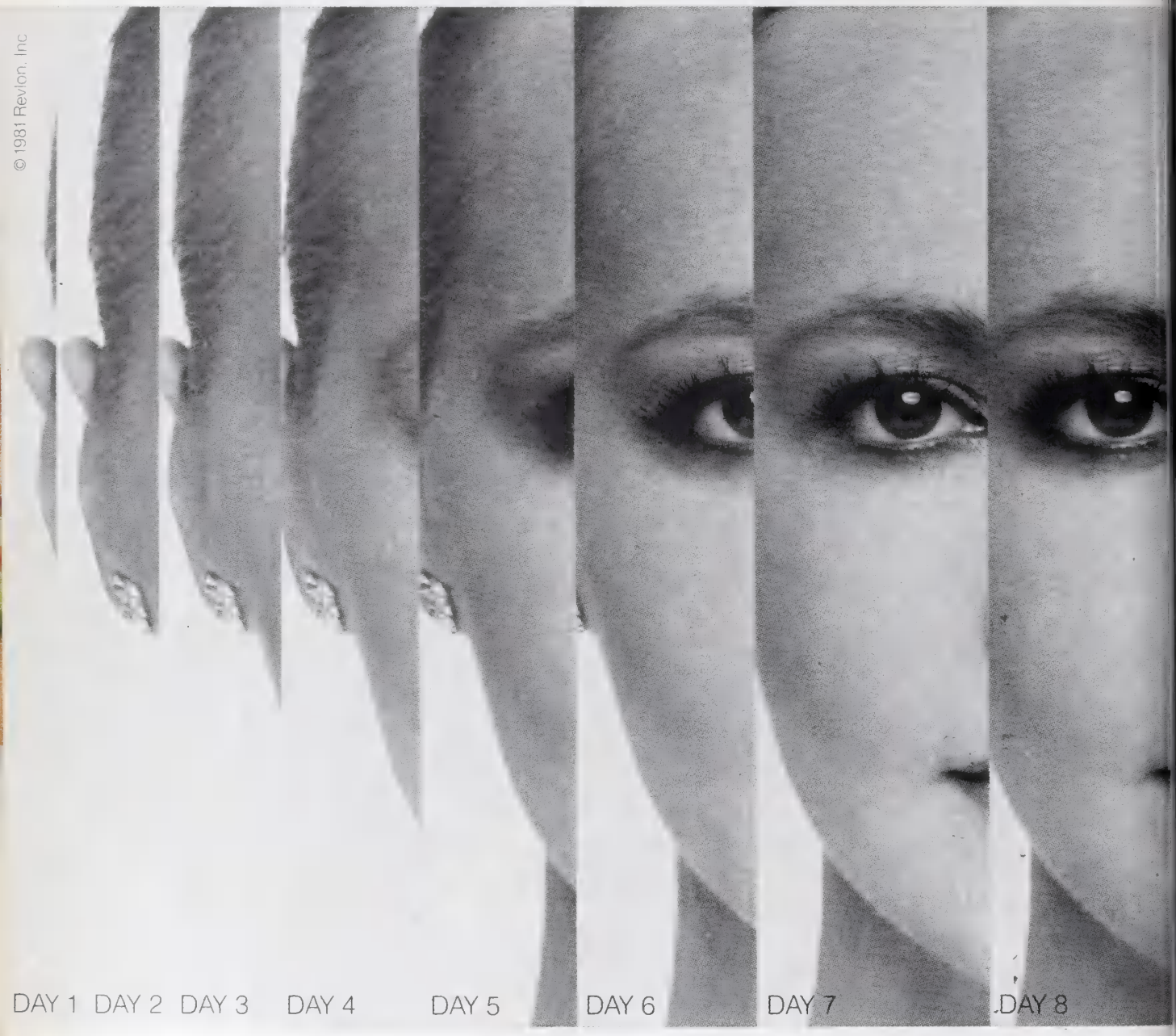
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LADIES' HOME
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Journal
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Articles

4 **Editor's Journal**

12 **Can This Marriage Be Saved?**
"Inflation Is Ruining Our Marriage"
By Dorothy Cameron Disney

36 **"Dear Abby" Speaks Out on Marriage, Success and "Ann Landers"**
By Cliff Jahr
Abigail Van Buren talks about her problems—and gives her views on some of today's controversial issues

42 **"Help Me, I'm Shot"**
By Rose Hall as told to Katherine Barrett
Rose Hall shares her memories of the day she was shot in the assassination attempt on Pope John Paul II

45 **How to Get the Job You Deserve**
By Janet Bailey

56 **Circle of Hope**
By Sharon Waller
A courageous family's struggle to save their child from cancer

64 ***Childhood Cancer: The Rising Rate of Cure***
By Dodi Schultz

76 **You and Your Money**
By Sylvia Porter
What every wife should know about being a widow

82 **"Is It Serious?"**
A Doctor's Manual of Symptoms that Worry Women
By Phyllis Leppert, M.D.

140 **September Morn**
Take time out for these things as the seasons change...

Special features

96 **REPORT ON RAPE**
Every woman must read this important feature

The Latest Facts About Rape
By Dorothy Glasser

New Safe Ways to Protect Yourself
By Frances E. Ruffin

How Rape Affects Women
By Dr. Ellen Frank

One Victim's Story
By Katherine Barrett

119 **Back-to-School Book**
By Hester Mundis
Special tear-out section: How to make this your children's best year ever

Book Excerpts

18 **The Last Star**
Elizabeth Taylor



By Kitty Kelley
Liz's new life with John Warner. Concluding installment of the year's blockbuster biography

85 **Pathfinders**
By Gail Sheehy
From the author of Passages, *a new book on getting through life's crises and finding true well-being*

Fiction

68 **Someone with a Heart**
By Marlene Fanta Shyer
A warm story about two people, a dog and the unleashing of love

At Home

98 **Wallpaper Works Wonders**
By Joan Tully
The fast, foolproof way to decorate a room—tips on the new looks, how-to's

138 **Home Journal**
How to wallpaper like a pro

144 **Terrific Totes to Make**
By Ann B. Bradley
Pre-cut kits for easy-sew totes

Food

94 **Super Quick Meals:**
Easy as 1-2-3
By Sue B. Huffman
Start with four basics and create fast, varied menus

102 **Prizewinning Recipes**
The 25 winners in our family heritage recipe contest

127 **Recipe Index**

Good Looks

80 **Beauty Journal**

88 **How to Look Great This Fall**
By Maureen Lynch
Beauty and fashion tips, trends and bargains to help you move easily into fall

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"Inflation Is Ruining Our Marriage"

Hobey blamed Martha's extravagance for their money problems and she accused him of poor management. Can bad economic times undermine a good relationship?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

This case is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations, a nonprofit, educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. The true story reported here is drawn from the counselor's reports of interviews. Names and other details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor this month was Dorothy Clapp, Director of the Institute's South Bay Branch in Redondo Beach, California.



MARTHA'S TURN

"Our financial plight is shattering my dreams of a happy, contented home," said 32-year-old Martha, a plump, five-foot blonde. "My husband, Hobart, and I used to get along beautifully. Now we argue all the time about money.

"Although Hobey and I earn about $45,000 a year, we're living from paycheck to paycheck. So meeting monthly bills is a constant juggling act. I once thought I'd be able to stay home with my children—a three-year-old daughter and a nineteen-month-old son—but we just can't afford for me to quit work.

"A few years ago, our income would have seemed like a fortune. These days every penny we earn is swallowed up by taxes, furniture and car installments, mortgage payments and child support to Hobey's first wife. We spend $90 a week on day care, and Hobey averages $80 a month on prescriptions for his asthma.

"We have no stocks, bonds or savings of any kind. Our only asset is our home, which is in an okay neighborhood and has two rental units. The property, however, is badly in need of repair. Since we can't afford to hire professional help, Hobey has to do the work in his spare time. I think we should raise the rents to cover the repairs. Hobey agrees, but he says nothing to the tenants, and we stay broke.

"In the last two years, I've worked like a slave and received three salary advances. Considering gas allowances, I probably net more than Hobey, but I'm not sure. We don't keep track of our finances that closely, although I know we should. Hobey just won't do it. He avoids figures like the plague. I have to balance our joint checking account every month, a maddening assignment.

"In my opinion, Hobey is supposed to be the head of the family and should do the household bookkeeping. He admits he took charge of everything in his first marriage. Last January, I insisted he pay the bills for at least six months. While looking through his briefcase for a stamp one day in mid-March, I ran across the unopened bills, every single one. We had to pay late penalties on all our January charge accounts. Hobey apologized, saying he had completely forgotten about it. Consequently, I began paying the bills again, but his casual attitude galled me.

"Hobey seems totally unlike the man I married. When we met, he was supervisor of personnel in a big aeronautics company. I was a lowly, pea-in-the-pod stenographer. He picked me to head the stenographic pool, and I was thrilled. He told me I was the brightest, most efficient lady he had ever met—and bing! I fell in love with him.

"At that time, we were both in the process of divorce. His wife, a spoiled rich girl, had grabbed their baby daughter and run back to her parents, leaving him with a pile of debts. I was ending a two-year struggle to make something of my ex, a mama's boy and pseudo-college student who never cracked a book while I cooked, cleaned and supported us. Compared to him, Hobey struck me as the greatest guy on earth.

"For a long while, I regarded Hobey not only as a husband but as a mentor. When *(continued)*

Photograph by Ted Kaufman

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THIS MARRIAGE
continued

he suggested that the aeronautics company didn't offer me sufficient scope, I transferred to my present job with a small public relations firm.

"Hobey, on the other hand, has been stuck in the same personnel slot at the aeronautics company for ten years. He can count on an annual raise, but no bonuses, nothing extra. Even though he knows how badly we've been hit by inflation, he freezes when I urge him to change jobs. I listened to Hobey. Why can't he listen to me?

"I'm beginning to feel that a lot of things are unfair in our relationship. Hobey works a regular nine-to-five shift while I often put in ten- or twelve-hour days. Nevertheless, the children are considered *my* job. I bring them to the pediatrician, the dentist and their sitters every morning. The other night, I was busy on the phone with a dissatisfied client, so he gave them their baths. Afterward, I meekly thanked him because he expected it.

"All Hobey ever does is criticize me for being extravagant. I did go overboard at Christmas, but so did he. He gave his father a $300 camera and he bought the children twice as many toys as I did. Yet he has the nerve to complain that I spend too much on their clothes. I admit I buy them nice outfits but they look so darling, and I'm so proud of them I can't resist.

"I really try to be thrifty, but Hobey doesn't appreciate my efforts. Not long ago I drove a few miles out of my way to buy a month's supply of diapers at $2.87 a box instead of $3.15. Hobey called me 'Mrs. Pennypincher,' spoiling all my pleasure in the saving. Later that evening, he told me I should clip grocery coupons to economize, although that requires hours of time. Well, I got mad. I handed him a pair of scissors and pointed to a pile of newspapers in the basement where he was working. Furious, he threw the scissors on the floor and cursed me. Afterward, I was ashamed of the way we were acting.

"I think we're both under too much pressure. We can't afford to do anything that's relaxing or fun. Recently, Hobey made plans for us to spend a weekend in San Francisco. When I discovered the cheapest hotel accommodations were $75 a night, I canceled the trip. Up until the last minute, I hoped Hobey would talk me into going, but he didn't.

"Nowadays, we don't even have sex much. I'm only in the mood when I wake up at dawn. The other morning, I felt so warm and loving, I kissed Hobey awake. He kissed me back and then promptly fell asleep again. That evening, he was of a different mind, but I was too beat to be responsive. When he put his arms around me, I pushed him off, expecting him to press me the way he usually does. Instead, he turned away without a word, and I had a dreadful feeling that he was losing interest altogether.

"I'm terrified that our constant bickering over finances is wrecking our relationship. I don't want our marriage to fall apart because of inflation."

HOBART'S TURN

"I admit our financial situation isn't ideal, but Martha's worries are ridiculous," said 38-year-old Hobart, a tall, thin man with curly red hair. "Our marriage is secure. I just wish my wife would stop acting so childishly.

"When I first knew her, Martha seemed so extraordinarily capable, I thought she would be a helpmate. Some of the time she carries more than her share of the load, while other times she shrugs off responsibility like a six year old. By insisting that I pay the bills, for example, she's trying to protect herself from the appalling total—specifically her contributions.

"One time I opened a bill from an exclusive children's shop and discovered my wife had blown seven hundred dollars in one afternoon. She bought our year-old son a handmade, imported cowboy outfit—a four-hundred-dollar purchase he outgrew in two months. Our three-year-old daughter received six pairs of designer jeans at fifty dollars a crack—six pairs, Martha explained, so she wouldn't waste her time laundering toddler fashion jeans every day.

"I flew into a yelling match with her I still regret. Then and there, I quit doing the family bookkeeping. She is just as efficient as I am; indeed, she is more so. Our credit is still A-1, thanks to her expert installment juggling.

"Inflation has forced us, like most other people, to readjust our plans. I doubt, however, that Martha ever seriously intended to stay home with the kids. She loves her job and detests housework. She is considerably more career-oriented than I am and is always at me to get ahead.

"Naturally, I would prefer a fatter paycheck, but my job has advantages that Martha overlooks. I'm out by five o'clock so I can work on the house, and I have job security—a vital consideration for a man with children to support. Also, I have no wish to get caught in the upper-management rat race and wind up with an ulcer. My asthma is enough of a health problem.

"Although I'm told I came into the world wheezing, I blame my breathing difficulties on the tensions of growing up with my father, a hard-nosed Army colonel. He was constantly pushing me, his only son, *(continued)*


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1 cup shredded Swiss cheese (4 oz.)
1/2 cup sliced green onion
3 eggs
1 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1/2 cup milk

Pierce pastry thoroughly with fork. Bake in 375°F oven 10 min.; remove. In large bowl, toss together next 3 ingredients, spoon into pastry. In bowl, stir together remaining ingredients. Slowly pour over tuna mixture. Bake 50 min. or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Serves 8.



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to be an athlete. He coached me in football, baseball, wrestling and track, but I never made the team. To add to my humiliation, the Colonel always predicted I would fail at everything as an adult. Last Christmas, his eyes popped when I gave him a $300 camera while his gift to us was a singing tea kettle from the PX.

"Martha and I are doing a lot better than my old man on his Army pension. We have substantial equity in our home, a valuable property that impresses the hell out of my father. When I eventually complete the repairs, the place will be worth about two-hundred thousand—double what it cost two years ago.

"I wish we could afford to hire professional help to speed up the renovation. The bathrooms in both rental units are disasters, and the tenants are long overdue the showers I promised them. As soon as I can pay a plumber—those guys demand cash—I'll be able to raise the low rents.

"The messy repair work is hard on Martha, but she should remember that it's not easy on me either. The minute supper dishes are finished, she and the kids sack out while my job as all-purpose handyman is just beginning. She doesn't appreciate the labor and sweat involved.

"I try to be patient with Martha, and I think she ought to be understanding toward me. I'm so busy at night painting and plastering that I usually don't get to bed until after midnight. So when Martha wakes up at the crack of dawn wanting sex, I'm too exhausted to open an eye. The next evening, I'm myself again, but she's tired and cross and I'm left frustrated.

"Martha and I are going through a tough time now, but tough times pass. I'm confident our marriage will outlast the bad economy."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Nowadays, a majority of couples are complaining about the effects of inflation on their marriages," said the counselor. "In the case of Martha and Hobey, however, the economy was a scapegoat for their real problem: disappointment in each other.

"Martha and Hobey married, the second time around for both, with false impressions. Freed of the mama's boy who depended on her, Martha wanted a strong man who would take care of her. Since Hobey had babied his first wife, Martha thought, he would surely lighten her burdens. Hobey, however, was also in search of a change. Soured by the dependence of his rich-girl wife, he fell in love with Martha for her competence.

"For several years, they had two good salaries to spend on themselves, and they got along well. When the children were born, the couple faced a big jump in living costs plus double-digit inflation. At that point, the hidden differences in their personalities emerged. They argued over money: where, what and how to spend. Both felt disillusioned and put-upon.

"Martha thought her husband should help her with the children as a matter of course, while Hobey, the colonel's son, regarded child-rearing as woman's work. He never volunteered to help, and she was too proud to ask except in extreme emergencies. With an equal lack of logic, Martha regarded painting, plastering and carpentry as his domain.

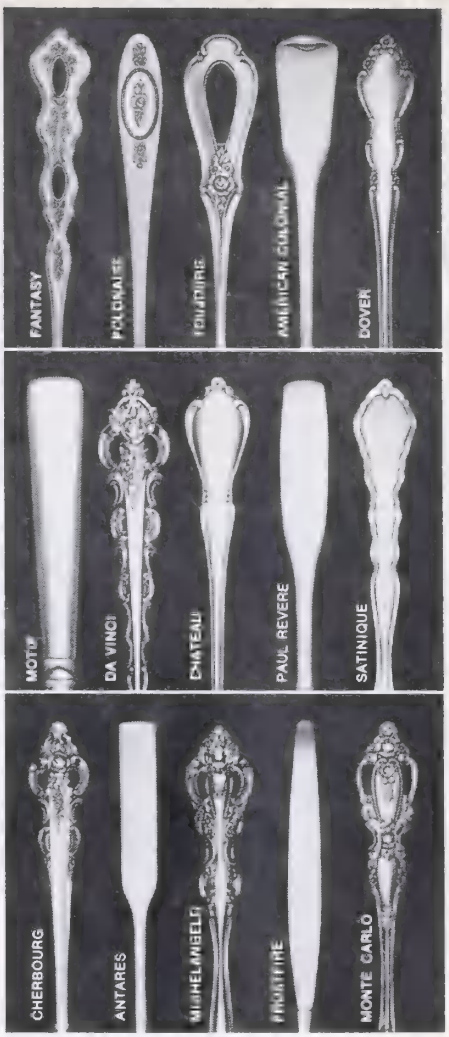
"Early on in counseling, they agreed to strike a balance. If Martha wants help with the children, she now asks Hobey without apologies. When Hobey needs assistance with the renovation, she is pleased to cooperate. Martha has also learned to delegate some of her responsibilities at the office and no longer puts in such long hours. This has helped their out-of-sync sex life—a problem commonly known as the 'A.M.-P.M. syndrome.' Martha has more energy for occasional lovemaking in the evenings and in return Hobey tries to be more affectionate in the mornings. They also agreed to set aside time for themselves on weekends.

"They both make an effort not to argue over trifling differences. She no longer nags him to seek career advancement and he keeps quiet about her spending habits. Consequently, Martha has become less extravagant.

"Despite these improvements, the couple still needed financial help. I suggested that every evening for three months they make a list of what they spent that day. Three months, we decided, was long enough to cover large expenses and emergencies. Once they knew what their expenses were, they went to a financial adviser at their bank. He assisted them in drawing up a budget tailored to their needs. A major feature of the plan was a weekly personal allowance of twenty-five dollars each. They don't account to each other or even to themselves for that 'free money.'

"The nearly completed renovation of their home has helped ease tensions. To Hobey's relief, Martha struck a bargain with an experienced plumber to install the showers in the rental units. She also asked the tenants for sizable rent increases.

"The added income and the strict budget have improved the couple's finances. Even more important, the two assure me they are in control of the emotional problems stirred up by inflation." **End**



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The Last Star
Elizabeth Taylor



Rejected by Richard Burton, Elizabeth was at her loneliest. Then, Henry Kissinger invited the unhappy star to Washington, D.C., where she accepted a blind date with John Warner and began, once again, a whole new life.

By Kitty Kelley (author of Jackie Oh

While still married to Eddie Fisher, Elizabeth Taylor defied world opinion to launch one of show biz's most volatile love stories. The Taylor-Burton obsession inspired front page headlines with news of drunken brawls, followed by public declarations of eternal love. Marriage didn't slow the Burtons' self-destructive merry-go-round . . . but misery finally cooled their passion and led to a bitter separation.

Liz's story (last of three installments) continues as she tries to recapture Richard Burton, the man she couldn't live with—and couldn't live without. Now read on.







Far left: Liz lived with Henry Wynberg between marriages to Richard Burton. Center: Henry Kissinger with Liz at a Washington, D.C., gala. Above and near left: Liz today in her new roles as Broadway star and senator/farmer's wife.

"I don't want to be that much in love ever again," said Elizabeth. "I gave everything away—my soul, my being, everything. I was bruised and hurt . . . and now, like a snail, I'm retreating. . . ."

Aware of Elizabeth's tormented emotional state at the time was Henry Wynberg, the 40-year-old, used-car salesman she had met through actor Peter Lawford weeks earlier. When Wynberg phoned to see how she was, she invited him to her suite for drinks. From then on they were inseparable.

Hating to be alone, Elizabeth began a very public love affair with the attractive Dutchman, clinging to him for comfort and security. "Let's just say that our friendship is a very friendly one," he told reporters.

But it was to Burton, not Wynberg, that Elizabeth turned when actor Laurence Harvey died. By this time she had survived the deaths of Mike Todd, Montgomery Clift, her father, her beloved assistant, Dick Hanley . . . and now, in 1973, her friend Laurence Harvey. Bereft, she called Burton in Italy, where he was making a new film.

"Please," she begged. "Can I come back home?"

Burton, who had passed six miserable months indulging in what he called "cathartic infidelities," was pleased to hear her voice. "I had told her to go. 'Get out,' I said. 'Get out.' And to my *(continued)*

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A proud wife with the newly elected senator, John Warner.



Broadway star greets fans.



Liz with Nancy Reagan at the Republican National Convention.

astonishment she went. Time went by. Six months of torture, agony. And then the telephone rings. And there is this strange woman, very strong, very odd, very perverse, who says, 'Can I come back home?' And I said, 'Oh, sure.'"

However much he wanted his wife back, Burton was still smarting over Elizabeth's public love affair with a used-car salesman nine years his junior. "I'll be happy to have my wife back," he told reporters. "I love her very much. But I can't desert the film I'm making here to be with her. And I'm not going to do any chasing."

The next day Elizabeth was operated on for a bleeding cyst. "Thank God, it wasn't cancer," he later told Sophia Loren, his co-star in the current film. The following weekend he flew from Italy to California and walked into Elizabeth's hospital room.

"Hello, Lumpy," he said. "How are you feeling?"

"Hi, Pockface," she smiled.

Burton then ordered Henry Wynberg out and told the nurses to bring in another bed so he could spend the night alongside his wife.

But now the betrayals cut both ways. Although Burton denied it, Elizabeth accused him of having had, as she phrased it, "a go with Sophia Loren." Privately, he indicated that his relationship with Loren was other than platonic.

"I was working on a film with him at the time," recalled a colleague, "and I remember him moaning, 'What to do about these two women? Oh, what to do!' He intimated that he was [carrying on] with both of them."

The relationship between Elizabeth Taylor and Sophia Loren was understandably strained. They were civil to each other, but just barely. Both were renowned international beauties, but with little else in common except, perhaps, their phenomenal jewelry collections, although rivalry was evident there as well. Sophia had once discussed Elizabeth's 69.4-carat diamond in an American magazine. "The stone had been offered to Carlo before the Burtons bought it," she said. "He appraised it and decided that it was not worth the price. And I assure you, Carlo knows the value of jewelry."

Elizabeth refused to be insulted by the remark. She later told friends that she thought Sophia was "too ?*!!-elegant for words." She said Sophia spent hours applying her makeup and never got her hair wet when swimming. Elizabeth's secretary, Raymond Vignale, pointed out that Liz wore only blue jeans, a T-shirt and assorted gold chains when first introduced to the Italian movie queen. "That is the way she dressed to meet Sophia," he said. "Madame Ponti wore a Dior suit and matching handbag and shoes."

After filming in Italy, the Burtons flew to Puerto Vallarta to celebrate Elizabeth's 42nd birthday. Then she accompanied *(continued)*



Liz in Love

Elizabeth Taylor vowed that each of her marriages would be the last. Here's how she promised to love each one "forever"—at her seven weddings to her six husbands.

Conrad Nicholson Hilton
"Your heart knows when you meet the right man. There is no doubt that Nicky is the one I want to spend my life with."—May 6, 1950.

Michael Wilding
"I just want to be with Michael, to be his wife. This is, for me, the beginning of a happy end."—February 21, 1952

Mike Todd (who was killed just 13 months after their wedding)
"I have given him my eternal love. . . . This marriage will last forever. For me it will be third time lucky."—February 2, 1957

Eddie Fisher
"I have never been happier in my life. . . . We will be on our honeymoon for thirty or forty years."—May 12, 1959

Richard Burton
"I'm so happy you can't believe it. . . . I love him enough to stand by him, no matter what he might do, and I would wait."—March 15, 1964

Richard Burton
"There will be bloody no more marriages or divorces. We are stuck like chicken feathers to tar—for lovely always."—October 10, 1975

John Warner
"John is the best lover I've ever had. . . . I want to spend the rest of my life with him and I want to be buried with him."—December 4, 1976

"I feel like this outfit was made just for me."



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Richard to California where he began work with Lee Marvin in *The Klansman*. But by the time they arrived, Richard's renewed passion for his wife had again been replaced by alcohol. He drank continually and recklessly—including tumblers of vodka martinis before breakfast—and stumbled through the days with bloodshot eyes and trembling hands. Elizabeth, too, was drinking, starting each day with champagne, but by the time she got high he was insensate. As a result, the two of them quarreled violently.

"A woman will try to dominate a man," Elizabeth explained. "She will try to get away with it. But really, inside herself, she wants to be dominated . . . . She wants a man to take her. And she wants to lean on him—not have him lean on her. If he does lean on her, everything goes slightly off-key, like a bad chord. She hopes the guy will come through. When he doesn't, she begins to needle him. If nothing happens, she goes on needling—until he stops listening. At that moment, she becomes bitter and he goes deaf. Finally, there is no more dialogue, and they have no rapport."

And that's the way it was in this gaudy marriage. The 48-year-old husband, out of control, publicly humiliated his wife by giving a ruby-and-diamond ring to an 18-year-old waitress, amid rumors of their romantic involvement.

"A sweet, lovely child," he said. "Reminds me of my oldest daughter, Kate." When he ordered the director to give the young woman a role in *The Klansman*, Elizabeth departed in rage. The real threat to her marriage, she finally realized, was not younger women, but her husband's overwhelming love for his own pain.

"Richard was a terribly sick man," recalled the director Terence Young. "When I saw how bad it was, I got a doctor down here and he said, 'This man is dying. He'll be dead in three weeks.'"

"I nearly killed myself," said Burton after weeks of detoxification in the hospital. "But that's all over now. Never again."

Promises no longer mattered

That promise, made so many times before, no longer mattered to Elizabeth. Having instructed her attorney to file for divorce in Switzerland on the grounds of irreconcilable differences, she was already back in the arms of her used-car salesman. After the divorce was final, Elizabeth flew straight back to Henry Wynberg and moved in with him.

At that time, Max Lerner wrote a magazine article entitled, "Elizabeth Taylor: Survivor." Although the piece was loving, Elizabeth nearly tore him to shreds after reading it.

"She called me in a rage," he said years later. "I had written that she was a legend but that Marilyn Monroe was a myth—perhaps *the* American embodiment of a love goddess—and Elizabeth really let me have it for that. 'You son of a !??!,' she screamed. 'You have a nerve saying that Marilyn was a myth and I'm just a lousy legend! I'm much more beautiful than Marilyn Monroe ever was and I'm certainly a much better actress! What the hell do I have to do to be a myth? Die young and by my own hand?'"

Elizabeth's days with Henry Wynberg were spent around the pool, sunning and eating and drinking; but as easy as the days with him were, Richard Burton still cast his long shadow over Elizabeth's life, especially in October 1974, when he announced his engagement to Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia. Days later Elizabeth suffered a crippling back spasm and was put into traction. Her friends flocked to her side, worried about the 20-pound weight pulling at her spine. No one doubted her pain, but all assumed *(continued)*

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that it was linked to the 38-year-old princess. Yet Elizabeth was indignant when anyone suggested a psychosomatic connection between her back pain and Burton's new love.

Gritting her teeth, she called her former husband in London to wish him and the second Elizabeth happiness, but she hung up feeling dejected.

Soon, phone calls between Elizabeth and Richard became more frequent. With the approach of Christmas, her mood toward him had softened enough for her to suggest that their adopted child, Maria, spend the holidays with him and his princess in Switzerland.

A few days later Elizabeth left California with Henry Wynberg, 2,800 pounds of luggage, her male secretary, a maid, her hairdresser, two Shih Tzu dogs and one Siamese cat to begin filming *The Bluebird*, in Russia.

They headed first for her chalet in Gstaad, Switzerland. En route they got the news that Princess Elizabeth had found Richard Burton romping around Nice, France, with Jeanne Bell, a young black woman who had been a *Playboy* centerfold model. The princess immediately broke their engagement and returned to London. "I didn't realize it takes more than a woman to make a man sober," she told friends. "I thought I could do it, but I failed."

Shortly afterward Elizabeth began making secret phone calls to Burton, who was now drying out in Switzerland and living with his centerfold friend. Elizabeth always made sure that Henry Wynberg was not around when she placed her calls, and Richard never called her back for fear Wynberg would answer the phone.

"I believe Henry had no idea of what was about to take place," recalled Peter Lawford. "It was a bombshell for him—and for me."

It was also a surprise for the Burtons' children, especially their adopted 14-year-old daughter, Maria, who was the first person to be informed of the planned reconciliation.

"For how long?" she asked.

"Forever," promised Richard.

The next day Elizabeth walked into her Swiss lawyer's office to meet her former husband. That night they had dinner together at a friend's villa. He arrived without his *Playboy* playmate and she came without her used-car salesman.

Richard toasted her with orange juice and Liz sipped a glass of milk. Caught up in their own melodrama, they both wept a bit. The next morning, Jeanne Bell moved out of Richard's villa, Henry Wynberg flew to London and the Burtons' publicist announced to the world that his famous clients were once again reunited.

It took Elizabeth approximately six weeks to convince Burton to marry her. Rationally, he knew it was the worst thing possible for either of them, but emotionally he could not resist. Finally he agreed to marry her on an African river bank—"in the bush, among our kind," as Elizabeth had put it. On October 10, 1975, the day of the wedding, Burton took his first drink in weeks and drank himself sodden by noon.

The following day, the *Boston Globe* reported: "Sturm has remarried Drang and all is right with the world."

A dreadful mistake

Richard knew, almost immediately, that he had made a dreadful mistake in remarrying Elizabeth. Already they were fighting bitterly. He soon confided to friends that he could not believe what he had done.

By the time the Burtons reached Gstaad for Christmas, Richard wanted to put as much distance as possible between himself and his clinging wife, who was almost frantic in her desperation to hold on to him. To get away from her, he went off on a skiing trip, where he met a gorgeous blonde called Suzy Hunt.

"Instinctively, Elizabeth recognized that Susan was special," said Burton. "From the very beginning, she sensed a worthy adversary. I can't imagine how women know these things but I assure you, they do. Now Elizabeth was aware the chips were down."

Rather than celebrate a 44th birthday in the wake of her husband's public rejection, Elizabeth returned to California and remained secluded in the Beverly Hills Hotel. She then moved to a rented house in Los Angeles with Henry Wynberg.

"Susan saved my life," said Burton. "I met her just as I was putting my hand up for help for the last time. And she's rejuvenated me with her enthusiasm and interest. Now I enjoy things I never did before."

Bitterly, Elizabeth read the interviews in which her husband said that he had given up alcohol in order to live for his new love. Asked about Elizabeth, Richard smiled indulgently. "I'm very fond of the old girl . . . . It's just that I was never really the man who bestrode the narrow world like a colossus, and she was never a real-life Cleopatra." Then he added: "I worry about Elizabeth. Financially she has no problems. But emotionally . . . I worry that some idiot will get hold of her. She is surprisingly vulnerable."

On the arm of Henry Wynberg, Elizabeth finally emerged from her self-imposed exile to accept a dinner invitation with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and his wife, Nancy, whom she had met in 1975 when she and Richard had visited Israel. The Secretary of State, who had enjoyed meeting Burton, was just as charming toward his stand-in, although he felt the used-car salesman did not measure up to the Welsh actor. A few weeks later Kissinger called Elizabeth, knowing how miserable she was, and invited her to Washington to attend a fund-raising gala at the Iranian embassy, to be hosted by the dazzling bachelor ambassador Ardeshir Zahedi.

"She swept into Washington like Cleopatra into Alexandria," gasped one newspaper, giving extravagant details of the estimated one million dollars worth of jewelry she had on that evening.

At the embassy Elizabeth nuzzled the Iranian ambassador on the dance floor as they moved slowly to the music. Soon a new love affair for Elizabeth was in full swing.

In Ardeshir Zahedi, Elizabeth found a sophisticated, 48-year-old man accustomed to wealth and opulence. Since his divorce in 1964 from the Shah's eldest daughter, the ambassador had enjoyed a luxurious lifestyle as one of America's most sought-after bachelors. Invitations to his embassy parties were coveted as a mark of social acceptance in Washington.

Photographs of the ambassador kissing the movie star began appearing hours after Elizabeth's arrival. For the next two weeks the couple was inseparable, clutching hands tightly in public and causing high-society gossip around the world.

Shah forbade the marriage

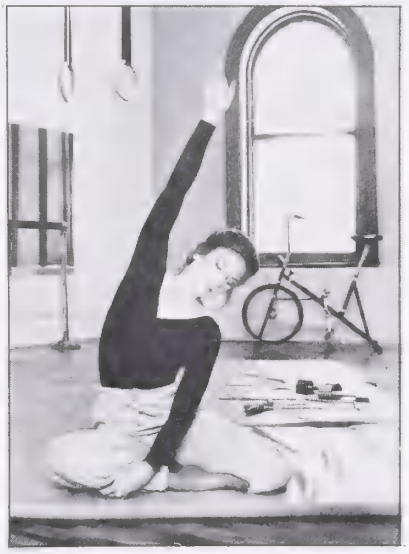
"When I fall in love, I fall in love," Elizabeth told a Washington socialite who later added, "And when she wants something she moves fast . . . . I found out later that she wanted to marry Ardeshir but the Shah had forbidden it. He informed Ardeshir that he could not remarry during the Shah's lifetime, and he certainly couldn't marry a commoner converted to Judaism and make her the stepmother of the Shah's grandchildren."

Publicly, the ambassador denied that he was having a love affair with Elizabeth, while privately explaining to her the difficulties he faced in remarriage. The relationship ended shortly thereafter.

By the time Elizabeth returned to California, her romance with Henry Wynberg was obviously crumbling. Still, she did not expect to be thrown out of the house for which she was paying the rent; but, after an acrid argument, that's exactly what happened. Henry remained in the house for several months, enjoying the use o

(continued on page 29)

Have You Been Too Busy To Look Younger?



It took a little doing but you finally have life organized. The children keep their rooms neat without being nagged . . . or you shut the door firmly on the mess. Your husband cheerfully makes the coffee (well, most mornings) while you're out jogging and everyone pitches in to do some of the household chores. At long last you seem to have enough time and energy to handle your job or community activities without short-changing family life. There are even certain private times each week when you do exactly what you want on your own . . . go to exercise class, sketch in the park or attend an adult education course. You can't remember feeling so vibrant and young in years. Now you wish you looked as young as you feel. But a quick check in the mirror reveals that you've begun to look older than you like. Perhaps even older than you are.

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The difference you see in your mirror day after day is noticeable to other people too. Will anyone mention that you look terrific? Perhaps your husband will give you an extra-warm hug as he helps unpack the weekend groceries. Or you may hear a new pride in your children's voices when they introduce you to friends. But most of all there's the wonderful feeling of confidence that comes from knowing you look your absolute best. And that renewed confidence spills over into your life in sometimes small, sometimes significant ways. You may find yourself thinking about running for the school board or merely insist (politely, but ever so firmly) that the dishwasher repair man come, not next week, but *today*.

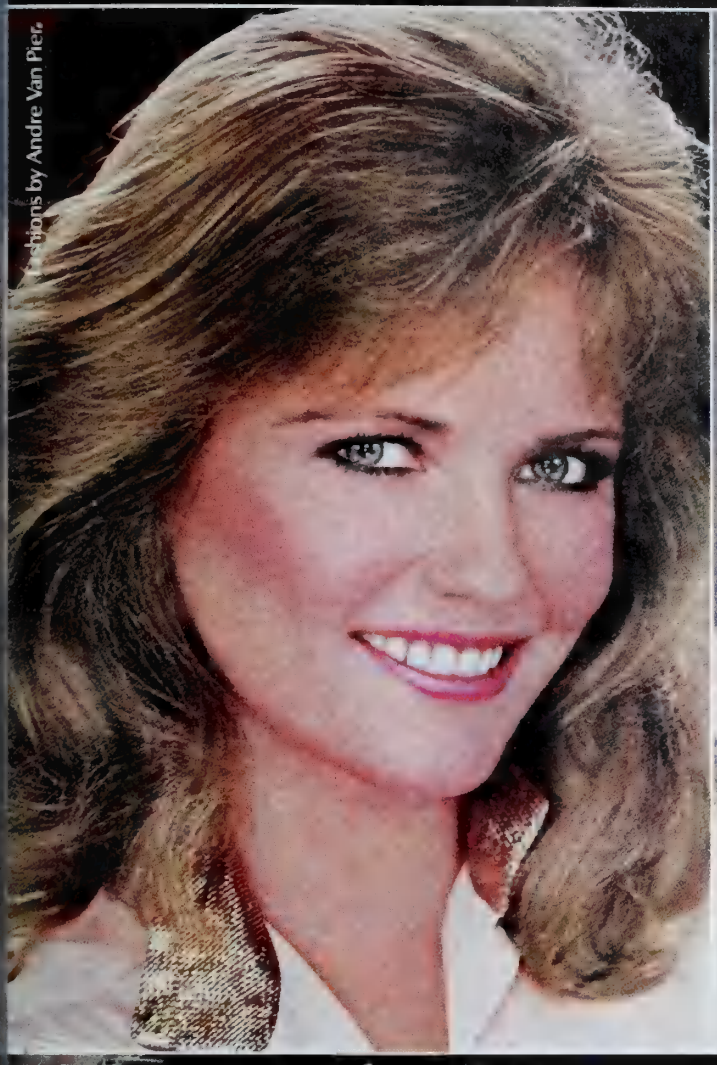
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Elizabeth's green Rolls-Royce until a letter from attorney Aaron Frosch asked him to return it.

Peripatetic and restless, Elizabeth began flying back and forth between California and the East Coast. On one New York stop she swept into a Democratic fund-raiser to endorse Jimmy Carter for president.

Some weeks later, she was invited to a dinner at the British embassy that Queen Elizabeth was giving for the President of the United States to celebrate the American Bicentennial. Lacking a husband or lover, Elizabeth decided to rely on her Hollywood hairdresser as an escort for the evening. But the British ambassador explained that this simply would not be appropriate for such a formal affair. He offered to provide her a more acceptable date and contacted John W. Warner, the 49-year-old former Secretary of the Navy. "Stick to her like a leech," said the ambassador. "She can be quite willful. Keep a tight hold on her because I don't want anyone to detract from the Queen or the President."

That evening Warner appeared at the Madison Hotel to pick up his blind date. When he rang Elizabeth's room, she sent Chen Sam, her private secretary, to the lobby to see what he looked like.

"Hey, he's not bad looking," reported the secretary. "He's pretty dishy."

"And so I went down," Elizabeth recalled. "He had his back to me and all I saw was that marvelous silver hair. I gathered this was my escort, since he was the only one in white tie in the lobby. He turned around. 'Ah, Miss Taylor.' And I thought, WOW!"

Rugged and handsome, John Warner was an impressive sight in white tie and tails. He had not concealed from friends how thrilled he was to escort the most famous movie star in the world. Since his 1973 divorce from Catherine Mellon, the daughter of multimillionaire philanthropist Paul Mellon, Warner seemed interested only in dating rich and famous women like television personality Barbara Walters, to whom he had proposed.

Following the ambassador's instructions, John Warner remained at Elizabeth's side all Saturday evening and basked in her limelight. Afterward, he took her to a private club where they drank and danced until five in the morning, when he took her back to the Madison Hotel. Hours later, he picked her up again to drive to "Atoka," the 2,700-acre, $750,000 farm in Middleburg, Virginia, that his former father-in-law had given to him as part of his divorce settlement from Catherine Mellon.

"Just a country farmer"

"I'm just an old country farmer," Warner said as he drove up to his magnificent estate set amidst the richly manicured fields of Middleburg, an hour's drive from his home in Washington. A long, winding stone and tar road bordered by blossoming fruit trees led to a 20-room fieldstone house that was built in 1816.

"When she saw the farm I won her heart," he said later.

That first Sunday they spent the night at the farm. On Monday John Warner, a workaholic who had not taken a day off in 18 months, called in sick to his office. Tuesday he canceled all his appointments. He finally stumbled back to work on Wednesday.

Warner invited Elizabeth to lunch with him in Washington later in the week. Looking forward to showing her off, he was embarrassed when she appeared wearing a flowing, black silk pajama outfit with a low-cut neckline. Still, her outrageous taste in clothes did not prevent his proposing marriage a few days later while at the farm.

"It just happened," he said.

"We both decided at the same time *(continued)*





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without really saying anything," she said. "We had taken a picnic and gone in a Jeep to watch the sunset high on a hill. There was a rainstorm all around us, and we sat there surrounded by thunder and lightning. The storm circled around us, and finally the skies opened in a torrential downpour. We just lay back in the grass, hugged each other, soaked by the rain but in love. It was a magic moment."

"Instead of complaining and screaming that she wanted to go home," said Warner, "Liz wanted to sit on the hill and watch the lightning. I thought she was special after that."

Elizabeth's political impact

For years John Warner had wanted to run for the office of United States Senator from Virginia. A vacancy was opening when Senator William Lloyd Scott's term was over in 1979. Warner desperately wanted the seat, and for someone with his political ambitions the choice of wife was very important. He later admitted that he did not ignore the political impact of Elizabeth's six marriages and five divorces. He also claimed that political leaders had warned him about marrying Elizabeth. Other people insisted that Warner knew marriage to Elizabeth Taylor would instantly confer on him the first basic in politics—name recognition. "With Elizabeth Taylor beside him," said one Virginia politician, "people would remember his name, and they would also turn out in droves to suffer through whatever he had to say so long as they could see her."

Desperate to be securely married, Elizabeth promised to accommodate herself to his life. "If John wants to campaign as a candidate, I'll be with him all the way, side by side," she said. "I love Washington and Virginia. I am not intimidated by politics. I think it's fascinating."

"All those days of big jewelry are over," he warned. "It's not my bag."

Elizabeth reassured him that her behemoth jewels meant nothing to her compared to the peace and serenity she felt being with him down on the farm. They agreed to premarital contracts securing their individual assets for their children rather than sharing in each other's estates.

When the engagement was announced Warner drew a few dubious looks for his pious declaration that he was marrying Elizabeth "because my children need a mother."

Most friends, though, wished the couple well. "I think their marriage will last," said Barbara Walters. "He is a genuinely nice man, devoted to his children. Each has something to give the other. He will be very good to he He is not a man who is with or woman and looks for another. And H doesn't drink."

Commented one friend: "Warn might be dull as dishwater but he look good on paper compared Richard."

The wedding took place at the Vi ginia farm on December 4, 197 around five P.M. Shortly before suns the bride appeared in gray suec boots, a lavender-gray cashmere dre and a matching coat trimmed wit huge flounces of silver-fox fur. Joh walked toward her and then startle everyone by loudly summoning h herd of cattle with shouts of "Hoo-e Hoo-ee!" The curious cows meandere over to the grassy hill as Elizabet grabbed his arm and squeezed tightl promising to love, honor and obey un til parted by death.

For a wedding present the farme gave his wife a corn silo on which h drew a heart saying, "John Loves Eli abeth." The farmer's wife gave he husband two cows and one bull.

For a woman who smoked an drank, cursed freely and talke frankly about her private life, the rol of political wife was going to be difficult one. By the end of 1977 Eliz abeth had broken all the rules. Sh sipped bourbon as she shook hands i receiving lines. She screamed at pho tographers trying to shoot her fron uncomplimentary angles. She use profane language and even insulte potential voters.

Most political wives would neve have risked open disagreement wit their husbands on any subject, bu Elizabeth frequently chided hers fo not supporting the Equal Right Amendment.

Generated excitement

Still, none of this wrangling seeme to make any difference in Virginia Wherever Elizabeth went she gener ated excitement that bordered on hys teria among admirers.

Many women who thronged to he appearances went away feeling bette once they saw for themselves that th woman heralded as the most beautifu in the world was now so plump she could no longer camouflage herself i tunics, caftans and capes.

"All our lives we have wanted to look like Elizabeth Taylor and now—God help us—we do," moaned a middle-aged woman.

Elizabeth tried to make light of her extra poundage and the jokes people made about it. "It's happy fat," she maintained. "I eat because I'm so happy."

"She can take it off," added her husband, who had nicknamed *(continued)*



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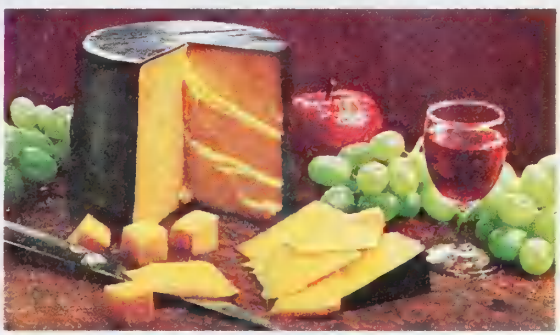
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her "Chicken Fat" and called her "my little heifer."

"I have lived every second of my forty-five years," she said. "I am proud of my age. It is nothing to hide. I am happy. I am content. I don't want to starve myself because my looks don't matter that much to me. John is interested in having a happy human being, not a model-type beauty."

"I can say she is prettier inside than she is outside," interjected Warner.

"Why thank you, John," she said.

Later, however, Elizabeth became enraged at the public reaction to her weight gain. "If I want to eat fried chicken six times a day and can still function, that's up to me!"

In 1978, John Warner became Virginia's Republican nominee for senator after his rival, Richard D. Obenshain was killed in a plane crash near Richmond. For Elizabeth, the event was sobering: "I feel empathy for Helen Obenshain. Having your husband burnt to death is something that gives you nightmares for the rest of your life. I know."

Tromping through Virginia's small towns, Elizabeth campaigned for her husband in synagogues, churches, hospitals, infirmaries, homes for the aged and shopping centers. Though there were only 59,360 Jews in Virginia—1.1 percent of the state's population—Elizabeth had endeared herself to each one when Simcha Dinitz, the Israeli ambassador to the United States, revealed that she had offered to go to Uganda in 1976 to negotiate with dictator Idi Amin for the release of the passengers held hostage by pro-Palestinian guerrillas at the Entebbe airport.

On election day, November 7, John Warner went to the polls to vote for himself, while Liz went to eat fried chicken with Governor and Mrs. John Dalton and watch the returns in the executive mansion.

"I felt such a marvelous sense of relief," she said later. When Governor Dalton introduced John and used the term "Senator" for the first time publicly, she squeezed his arm affectionately. "I'm so excited and so very proud," she said, her eyes brimming with tears.

With the campaign over, reporters continued to dog Elizabeth at every appearance and flashbulbs popped wherever she went.

She grew increasingly hostile toward the press as she saw herself described as "overripe," "matronly" and "Rubenesque." "Other people worry about my weight," she said. "I don't. My husband doesn't worry about my weight either. He seems to like the way I look."

Actually, John Warner was quite concerned about his wife's weight. He encouraged her to diet while her secretary discreetly checked out various beauty spas where she might go for a few weeks to reduce. Finally a friend recommended The Spa at Palm-Aire in Pompano Beach, Florida.

Elizabeth weighed nearly 175 pounds by the time she went to Palm-Aire. "I felt so sorry for her," said one employee. "She looked like a big violet-eyed balloon when she rolled in here. You could tell she hated herself for being that fat."

By the end of her stay Liz had lost 20 pounds and looked years younger and happier. "She's prettier than I've ever seen her in the three years since we married," Warner told spa personnel. "She's the Liz I used to know." But Liz would soon gain back much of the weight she lost.

"Oh, my God!" gasped one woman. "She makes Nancy look anorexic."

In July 1980, every woman in Detroit's Joe Louis Arena strained to catch a glimpse of Elizabeth Taylor Warner as she made her grand entrance into the Republican National Convention.

Beside her sat another former MGM actress, once known as Nancy Davis, who was now on her way to becoming the First Lady of the land.

Turning to Elizabeth, the future First Lady whispered, "Did you ever think that you and I would be sitting here tonight?" While reporters took notes on Elizabeth's flashy diamonds and Nancy's conservative pearls, the two former MGM girls giggled and chatted through the convention speeches. . . .

Though her husband was firmly in the Reagan camp, Elizabeth did not much feel like hitting the campaign trail after having undergone extensive dental surgery, three weeks of hospitalization for a salivary gland infection and plastic surgery after the removal of a small facial skin cancer. She made a few public appearances for Ronald Reagan and then secretly crept off to a fat farm for a week of diet and exercise.

Always wanted to go onstage

Upon her return she attended the premiere of *Brigadoon* at Washington's National Theater, where she told producer Zev Bufman that she had always wanted to be a stage actress.

Since her cinema stock-in-trade had been the bitchy Southern belle, the role of Regina Giddens in *The Little Foxes* seemed most appropriate. Announced in *The New York Times*, the news of Elizabeth Taylor's theatrical debut left many people gasping. "Yo watch," said one man who had worke with her in the past. "She'll never g through with it. She'll get a chicke bone stuck in her throat a week befor the opening and have to be hosp talized."

But the publicity generated by he stage debut resulted in sellouts. Th night after an ad for the play ap peared, a line began forming outsid the Martin Beck Theater in New York By the end of the week nearly $1 mil lion worth of tickets had been sold.

Liz Taylor: an institution

"Elizabeth is the hottest draw I've ever seen in my twenty-two years as producer," marveled Zev Bufman. H now realized that people would go t see Elizabeth Taylor the way the would go to see the Washington Monu ment. She was an institution.

During the pre-Broadway opening while in Fort Lauderdale, Bufman hired a Florida policeman to serve as Elizabeth's bodyguard and drive her to the theater every night in a $100,000 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. He had her dressing room carpeted in white, papered in lavender and filled with tanks of the exotic fish that she loved. He also hired a publicist who was instructed to bar any reporter likely to write something less than favorable.

Having been warned to expect trouble from the always-late, accident-prone star, the producer also protected himself by spending $125,000 for a six-month insurance contract.

By the time the company arrived in Washington, Elizabeth had lost 40 pounds and looked spectacular.

Elizabeth received good reviews from almost all the critics in Washington and New York, and adoration from her faithful fans. It is true that the audience could not for a moment forget they were watching Elizabeth Taylor onstage, but that was precisely the reason they were there: to see the renaissance of the last movie star. They cheered her effort and applauded her audacity and took pleasure in the fact that she finally cared enough about herself to try to look like their old fantasies of her.

And when, in the last act of *The Little Foxes*, the actress turns to her dying stage husband and says, "I'm lucky, Horace. I've always been lucky. I'll be lucky again," the audience experiences a sudden rush, and in an unconscious reverie of her life, they remember her escapes from death, from suicide attempts, from sickness, from scandal.

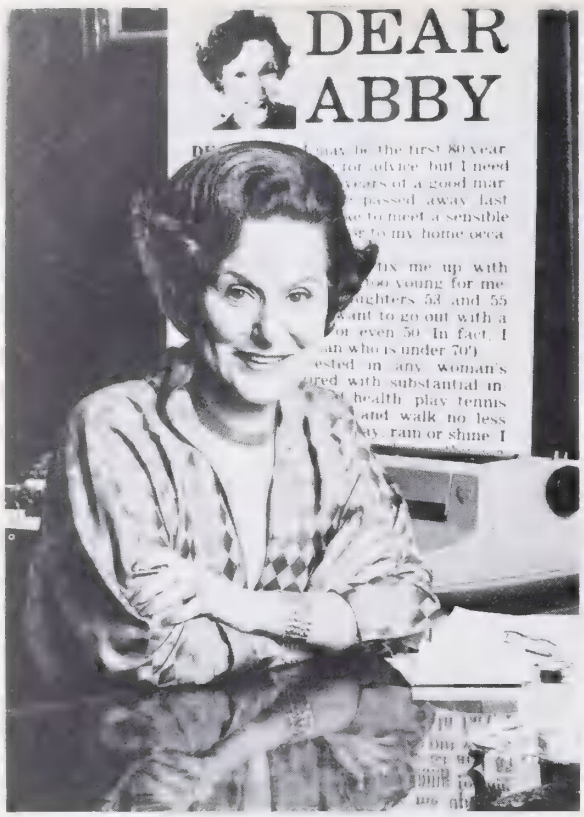
They remembered that, through it all, this woman refused to succumb. And, surviving as she did, Elizabeth Taylor brought her special magic to millions. **End**

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"DEAR ABBY" Speaks Out on Marriage, Success and "Ann Landers"

Does Abigail Van Buren have problems of her own? Here, the advice-giver to millions tells all about her own marriage and her love/hate relationship with her twin sister and greatest rival, Ann Landers. By Cliff Jahr

If you think advice columnist "Dear Abby," in private life, is just a well-organized mom who types the column on her lap between rinse cycles, think again.

Abby Van Buren—Dear Abby—is really Mrs. Pauline Phillips, a glamorous, 63-year-old Beverly Hills grandma who is rich, attractive, fashionable and happily married these 42 years to the same millionaire businessman. Her syndicated column, which just toasted its 25th birthday, offers daily tonic for life's little problems to every fourth person in America. And while she is indeed a successful wife, mother and career woman, even Dear Abby's private life, like everyone else's, can dip into soap opera.

Abby also happens to be half of the most famous twins in the world. Her identical sister is Ann Landers, her arch rival in the advice business. Their combined readership, in 2,100 papers worldwide, tops 140 million and doubtless makes them the most influential twins in history. But according to experts, as split halves of a single egg, identical twins tend to have feelings of love and hate for each other that are more intense than those of other siblings. And since people always compare them, twins can be strongly competitive, one twin often tending to dominate the other. Such traits may apply with the Misses Landers and Van Buren. . . .

The ten-foot-high front door of Abby's salmon-brick mansion swings wide to reveal the columnist herself—petite, pretty and neatly coiffed, a smiling woman in diamonds and black jersey whose fresh skin and clear blue eyes suggest a woman of, oh, say 52.

"Aw, shucks, it's just a little knock-down two-bedroom shack," Abby kids, showing her guest through rooms filled with antiques, opera-house chandeliers and modern art of museum quality. Her sunny bedroom, which is done in lace and palest mauve, opens onto a swimming pool. Her office is a high-ceilinged anteroom off the entrance hall, walls paneled in mustard-yellow velvet and tidy as a pin except for wire baskets of sorted mail lined up at the typewriter.

For a person who advises everyday folk, isn't this all rather Marie Antoinette-ish? "Almost indecent," agrees Abby with a chuckle, "when many people can't even pay the rent. So how do I keep the common touch? Well, I hear from hundreds of regular people every day and I'm *into* their lives. I greatly feel for them. Yes, certain letters have even made me cry, but I don't go off the deep end. I'm not a marshmallow. Neither am I a tough lady. To help them, I use my noodle."

Abby's Los Angeles office receives 12,000 "Dear Abby" letters every week, which are sorted by eight secretaries. All non-prank letters with return addresses are answered.

Back in 1956, her flip, funny, straight-from-the-shoulder approach changed the style of advice columns, which previously had tended toward *(continued)*

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Carlton claims to be lowest in tar. And in fact, Carlton and Now share the distinction of being the lowest 80s Box. And the lowest 85s Soft Pack, regular or menthol.

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NUMBERS DON'T LIE. NOW 100s ARE LOWER THAN CARLTON 100s.

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NOW	2mg	2mg	Less than 0.01mg
CARLTON	5mg	5mg	1mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method

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The lowest in tar of all brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

sentimental hedging. Her overnight success owes a lot to one much-quoted letter that made America chuckle:

"Dear Abby, My boyfriend took me out on my twenty-first birthday and wanted to show me a special time. I usually don't go in much for drinking but I had three martinis. During dinner we split a bottle of wine. After dinner we had two brandies. Did I do wrong? [signed] Blondie."

"Dear Blondie, Probably."

Overall, Abby finds that readers' questions haven't changed much in 25 years. No problems have gone away, although two in particular are improving. She's encouraged by what she sees as society's better education for the job of parenting ("twenty-five years ago they thought all you did was have a kid and that's it"), and the fairer treatment of gays. Some of her own attitudes have moved with the times; for instance, she has become a feminist and a believer in premarital teen sex, depending on the maturity of the individual. (Turn to page 41 for Abby's views on controversial issues.)

Abby has collected 25 years worth of advice and letters ("the cream") in a new book, titled *The Best of Dear Abby*, by Abigail Van Buren (Andrews and McMeel, $9.95), which will be out next month.

Both were bright and popular

Abby was born like a belated firecracker on the fourth of July, 1918—17 minutes after her twin. Pauline Esther (Abby) and Esther Pauline (Ann) were the youngest of four daughters born to Abe and Becky Friedman of Sioux City, Iowa. They were dressed and treated alike and, indeed, both were bright, popular extroverts, eager to please and show off.

With nearly identical tastes, however, they sometimes vied for the same thing. One afternoon at the hairdresser's, someone pointed out to them a young man in a brown velvet suit in the barber shop next door. "Oh, that's for me," sighed Ann, ogling the handsome stranger. "Uh-uh," elbowed Abby, "that's for *me*."

Abby and the handsome stranger, Morton Phillips, were married three years later in a double wedding ceremony with Ann and her groom, which was followed by a double honeymoon.

Only weeks before, Ann had been engaged to someone else, but when she and Abby shopped for wedding veils, Ann was smitten by the store's new millinery salesman, Jules Lederer, and promptly broke off her other engagement. The twins dropped out of the journalism course at nearby Morningside College (from which they've since received honorary degrees) to be married two days before their 21st birthday.

After the war, both couples settled in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, where Ann's husband worked for Abby's at his family-owned firm, the Presto Company (pressure cooker manufacturers).

Busy wife and mother

For 17 years, Abby (and Ann, too) was a busy wife, mother, political fund-raiser and tireless hospital volunteer with the Red Cross. Then, one day, sister Ann authored her first "Ann Landers" in the Chicago *Sun-Times*, an established column then syndicated in 26 papers.

No one has known how Abby's column could follow so soon after Ann's—but it did, just 85 days later.

Borrowing from the Bible ("And David said to Abigail . . . 'Blessed be thy advice'") and Van Buren from President Martin Van Buren ("for its aristocratic ring"), Abby authored her first "Dear Abby" in San Francisco's *Chronicle*, January 9, 1956. The press soon picked up the resulting feud.

Ann sniffed to *Time* magazine that she found Abby "very imitative." Even 22 years later, in my last year's *Ladies' Home Journal* profile, Ann explained, "It was not all that bitter. There was a problem at first—she [Abby] didn't tell me and I was surprised and disappointed—but I soon forgot about it."

While Abby has always dismissed questions about the feud, she found her sister's remarks in the *Journal* "improper—indeed, upsetting."

According to Abby, what really happened was that she was ghost writer for many of the initial Ann Landers columns. "Sis [Ann's nickname] got that job and shot those letters to me," she explains. "I provided the sharp answers. I'd say, 'You're writing too long (she still does), and this is the way I'd say it.' My stuff was published—and it looked awfully good in print. I guess she felt threatened because she said, 'I'm not sending any more letters; my editors don't want me to,' and she yanked them away. So I thought, *I can do this*."

Abby wrangled a five-minute interview with the San Francisco *Chronicle's* managing editor, and won an audition. Within three hours, she knocked out sample columns on a typewriter at her husband's nearby office, and, by day's end, landed the job. "When I told Ann," she continues, "she said, 'That's okay as long as you're not syndicated outside San Francisco.' I said, 'Don't worry, who'd want me?'"

In a few weeks, however, when she had a tempting syndication offer from the old New York *Daily Mirror*, Abby sought advice from her husband. Recalling the moment, her eyes gliste with satisfaction. "Mort said to m 'Go for the big spot, honey.'"

The Dear Abby/Ann Landers feu lasted eight years and sparked endles sniggering feature stories in the pres Their infrequent contacts at family a fairs were "not warm," and their hus bands, who once were best friends, n longer spoke at all. Abby even maile an olive branch to Ann as a peac offering, but to no avail. Ann fe wronged. Period.

"Those were very, very tough years, Abby recalls wistfully. We have le her house now and are dining wit wine and candlelight in a private roo of a chic Rodeo Drive restaurant. "M new book will tell how I wrote beggin letters to her. 'This is not that impor tant. Forget all this nonsense. Can we be friends?' Our family also begge her to forgive her sister. Stony si lence—stony, stony, stony. She kep that chip on her shoulder for eigh years. Simply didn't know what for giveness was. She really gave me heck of a beating and what for? Fo *what*?"

Abby's pitch is rising. Uncon sciously, one clenched, perfectly man icured hand rhythmically slaps th table. "I didn't hurt her. I *helped* her. didn't set out to compete. I simply took the opportunity. She may think that i it were not for Dear Abby, she could have had the whole world!"

A thaw came in May 1964 when Ann phoned to suggest the Phillipses and Lederers take a second honeymoon together, an annual trip they had shared in better days. The foursome reunited joyfully in Bermuda on their 25th wedding anniversary.

"From then on, it's been just great," says Abby, brightening. "We are each other's best friend. I'd fight like a tiger for my sister and she'd do the same for me. When she's in Los Angeles or I'm in Chicago, we still sleep together in the same bed. We curl up in each other's arms like two spoons, always touching. We're both very huggy, kissy people. When we were thirteen, our parents got us twin beds. Know what we did? We put a violin case in her bed, covered it up, and the two of us slept in mine. By fifteen it got doggone crowded in there."

Sounding boards

Today, the twins exchange long, gossipy letters almost every day. "And we sometimes use each other for sounding boards," says Abby. "I think I'd take her opinion in many cases before anybody else's because she has good, sound judgment."

Why has Abby gone uncredited for helping Ann get started? "She should have given me credit, but she didn't," says Abby, resignedly, *(continued)*

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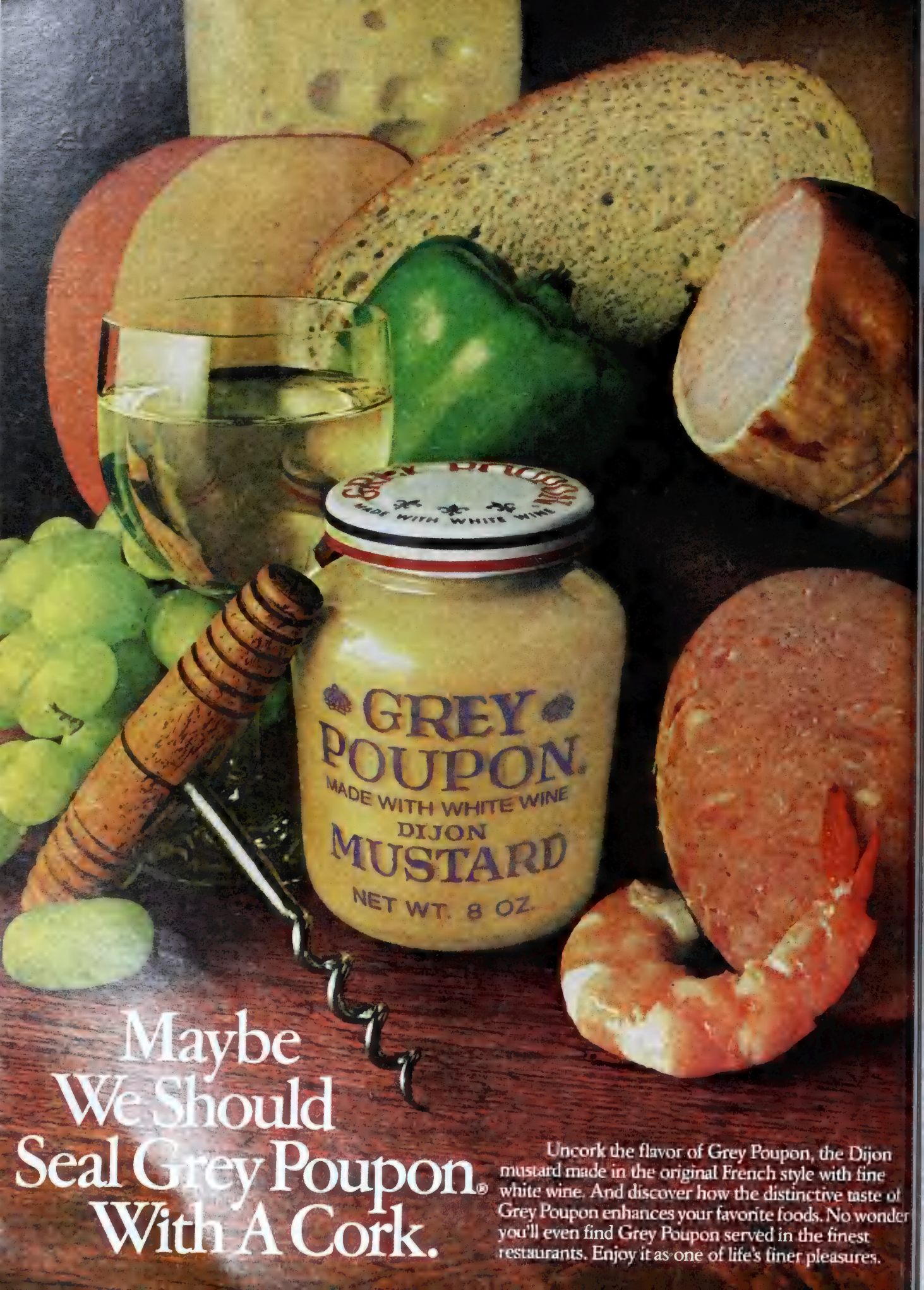
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DEAR ABBY
continued

'and I understand her wanting to forget. All this competition began a long, long time ago. A psychiatrist could have a field day with this. You see, our values are a little bit different. She was going to marry for money and I was going to marry for love. Well, I married for both and she married a heck of a nice guy, but he didn't have a quarter. In Eau Claire she had a little tiny place, while I lived in a lovely home with loads of help. Her husband worked for mine. I drove a luxury car; she drove a lower-priced model. And that had to hurt. Look, she needs a lot of reinforcement."

She pauses and her voice is suddenly a softer murmur. "You see, I always got what Sis wanted. She has been hurt more in her life than I and she suffered a heck of a lot. If she looked old, if she needed a face-lift, believe me, it's because she needed it. I'm quite opposed to chopping myself up but it was her right. Why not? When you cry a lot, it's got to show."

Abby is referring to her sister's shattering and career-threatening divorce from Jules Lederer in 1975 after 36 years of marriage.

"She called me that first night, when Jules revealed there was another woman," says Abby. "On the phone she said [her voice drops to a hoarse whimper], 'Come . . . come Pussy, I nee-e-e-d you.' She calls me Pussy Cat. I said, 'I'm getting the next plane.' When I got there, she was red-eyed.

"You know, Sis had a good marriage. When it fell apart, it just fell apart. That night was not all that big a shock. She really lost him a long time before. Honey, she was so busy with her job that Jules had a lot of time on his hands and spent more and more of it in London."

(Interviewing Abby is both a journalist's dream-come-true and a screaming nightmare. On the one hand she can speak with a drop-dead candor into the tape recorder about sensitive matters with no hesitation. On the other hand, she tends unconvincingly to request—often after the fact—that most everything she said be swept from the record. What is printed here is a fraction of Abby's revelations, and in most cases, items she retold three and four times.)

"Jules is not a woman chaser," Abby continues, "but he got tired of being 'Mr. Landers,' and he found someone who thought he was great. He had been really crazy about Ann, and she was nuts about him, and I think she still is. The reason she's not married now is that she's looking for a man with Jules's spark and she ain't going to find him. You know, it's very difficult for a man of stature to be married to a celebrity.

"But there is nobody more loving than my sister," she adds. "There's a bond between us. Oh, we have our differences—the anger, the hostility, the competition—but no one could ever come between us. She is so dear and we have such great fun together."

How has Abby avoided the pitfalls of celebrity in her own marriage? "It has not been easy for Mort," she admits, "but I don't go places where he's 'Mr. Van Buren.' I turn down a lot of invitations that say, 'and bring your husband.' It takes a pretty strong guy to handle me, but Mort's tremendously successful in his own right, a financier with offices in Nevada and Minnesota. Anyway, my husband comes before my career. Honey, this is not my *life*! 'Dear Abby' just happened.

"Mort is so low-key and generous, in a quiet way, that people don't know what a prince he is. He's sensitive and stylish and meticulous. Why, he folds his socks before dropping them in the hamper. He's gentle-gentle and that's the way he is in bed. Considerate. Very sensual. Completely loving. How could you not love a man like that and give him everything you have? We're always touching each other and people ask, 'Are you two newlyweds?' I never get tired of seeing his note on a card, 'All my love, all my life. . .'"

Plans for the future

What are Abby's plans for the future? "People ask if I ever think of retiring," she laughs, "and I want to *hit* 'em. I feel twenty-eight and I really don't consider myself a working woman anyway. 'Dear Abby' is a privilege. It's still a tremendous thrill to open that mail every day and know that what I'm doing is serious.

"But nothing's forever, of course, and one of these days I better start thinking about perpetuating the column. Somebody's got to carry on and I couldn't bear the thought of anybody doing a bad job of it." Abby shrugs off the thought, then gives a long, contented sigh.

"I'm really quite an ordinary person, you know, who's had extraordinary good luck. Right time. Right place. That's a cliché, but I don't have any illusions about myself. I've led a charmed life, I'm so happy and I haven't missed a thing. Plee-e-ease, if I go tomorrow—" She breaks off, smiles enigmatically and clinks glasses. "Nobody cry for me." **End**

DEAR ABBY: What She Has to Say About . . .

Premarital Teen Sex: "Look at the maturity of the child—the whole picture—to know if he or she is on dangerous ground. There's a big difference between 15-year-old kids fooling around in the back seat of a car, risking pregnancy, disease, lowered self-esteem and, let's say, a 19-year-old kid, sensible, discreet, popular, a good student, who has a meaningful exclusive relationship with someone. That's not evil or wrong. A person's sexuality cannot and should not be denied, and kids very, very rarely give up sex once they've started.

"The best thing parents can do then is to give them all the help they need against venereal disease or an unwanted pregnancy. And start early to develop rapport so they'll share their feelings. Some people say that's condoning it, but it's better than wondering what the heck they're up to.

"As for kids 21, well, if by then she or he had no interest in sex, I would worry."

Loneliness in Old Age: "It sounds cruel to say, but many people earn their loneliness by not giving of themselves and not investing in friendship when they were younger. The answer is to get busy helping somebody else. It makes you feel great."

Parenting: "The most important thing is to listen to your kids. And try to be there when *they* have time for you."

Sex Education: "Kids can't know too much. If he or she is too young to absorb it, it'll be water off a duck's back. You're not arousing a child by giving him information. It's only natural that they're curious, and what they don't know *can* hurt them."

Homosexuality: "People have suffered such guilt and misery over this, it makes me weep. Gays are just as normal as heterosexuals. Just as normal. The most common letter I get reads, 'My son or daughter is through hiding. It's breaking our hearts and we can't accept this.' I write and say, 'You better accept this, if you don't want to lose your son or daughter.' And please get in touch with a group called Parents of Gays (Box 553, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021, tel: 914-793-5198)."

Marriage: "It's not for everyone. Some people do much better without. They need that open end, that freedom. They're not compelled to love one partner. Wasn't it Balzac who said the burden of the weight of love is so heavy it takes two and sometimes three to carry it?"

Pornography: "Adults should be able to read and look at anything they want. Kids should be protected, but censorship is very unhealthy. Who am I to say what's dirty and what's not?"

Pot: "That's a tough one. I flip-flop on the issue of legalizing marijuana, though at least that would take it out of the hands of underground characters who might sell you something else. However, the American Psychiatric Association just came out saying that pot's not all that harmless.

"Youngsters are very wise these days, and if it hasn't come up naturally in conversation by the time your child is nine, initiate the subject—but don't lecture. I'd say, 'Someone might offer you a funny cigarette and it looks harmless, but it really isn't. It may make you feel good for a while, but eventually, instead of facing a problem, all you might want to do is escape, which is a cop-out. It can be habit-forming in a psychological way and that's what's wrong with it. I'd stay away from it.'"

Sexual No-no's: "I don't know of any. What's agreeable between two people is hunky-dory with me." **End**

"Help Me, I'm Shot"

A young woman's dream vacation became a nightmare when she was shot in the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II. Here, for the first time, Rose Hall shares the painful memories of that fateful day. By Rose Hall as told to Katherine Barrett.

My mother and I could hardly believe it. We were in St. Peter's Square in Rome in the midst of a cheering crowd, at the end of what seemed like a perfect day. The churches we had visited in the morning had been beautiful and the Vatican's Sistine Chapel, where we had spent the early afternoon, gave both of us a sense of history and peace. Now, we had what amounted to front row seats to see Pope John Paul II give a public audience. Although we're not Catholic, it was thrilling for us to see such an important world leader up close.

For Mom, this first trip to Rome was like a dream come true. For me . . . well, besides the pleasure of sight-seeing, I was happy watching her enjoy herself so much.

As we waited, I made friends with a little boy named Peter, who jumped up and down trying to be the first to sight the Pope's Jeep as it entered the huge square. There were hundreds of people of all nationalities in the crowd, cheering, talking, clutching rosaries and crosses for the Pope to bless. The excitement was contagious and as the Pope's Jeep came into view, I jumped up onto my chair just like a kid and started snapping pictures. I even managed to click the shutter just as the Pope shook hands with my Mom.



Newlyweds Ken and Rose Hall enjoy a quiet evening before her encounter with violence in Rome.

Then moments later, slam—something hit my arm with such force that I was knocked to the ground. I couldn't understand what was happening. All I knew was pain, the most intense pain I've ever felt in my life. My hand went numb. I couldn't feel anything except the burning. I couldn't see. Couldn't hear. Couldn't understand. . . . All I knew was blinding pain. And fear. I've never been *so* afraid.

"Mom, I think I'm shot. Help me, I'm shot," I screamed. Then I started praying. Over and over. "Dear Jesus, please help. Oh dear Lord, please help me."

I didn't learn until later that I was wounded in an assassination attempt on the Pope. In those moments when I fell to the ground, he and another American woman also were struck by bullets from a 9-millimeter Browning automatic pistol, fired by a Turkish terrorist.

But in the square, I was thinking of little but my own pain, and fighting back the fear that I would lose my arm. Around me, it was chaos, people were shrieking, pushing, yelling. But I couldn't understand what they were saying. Then I was lifted, and I screamed as someone grabbed my left elbow, where I had been shot. They couldn't help it . . . they were trying to carry me over the gate to the police car, but it hurt so much. . . . I wanted only to be unconscious and out of my pain.

My mother told me afterwards that at first she couldn't believe what had happened. I was raised in Shirley, Massachusetts, a small, peaceful town. The worst things that have ever happened to me were having my wisdom teeth pulled out . . . and now. We had come to Rome for a spring holiday. I was looking forward to celebrating my first wedding anniversary two weeks later. Why would anyone shoot me?

Lying on a stretcher in the emergency room of that hospital in Rome, I felt like I was in one of those nightmares where you can't scream or talk. People were touching my shattered arm, scraping away the chips of bone, stitching the wound, and all the while I begged for painkillers. The doctors kept saying, "It's okay," in English to reassure me. But they couldn't understand what I was saying. No one gave me a painkiller that day—in fact, none was given until the operation to pin my elbow three days later.

While I was going through this horror, my husband Ken was living through another kind of torture. I'm really proud of Ken. Last year, about six months after our marriage, he became director of the Christian Servicemen Center for American servicemen in Würzburg, Germany. He was in the middle of a service at the military chapel there when he heard the news on the radio *(continued)*

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that two American women had been shot with the Pope. He says now that he remembers thinking, "How sad," but he wasn't worried about my mother or me.

Then, as the evening wore on, confusing little pieces of news started adding up. One woman was identified as Rose Hill, then Rose Hall from Jamaica. Ken grew increasingly concerned as the hours passed and the description started sounding more and more like me. Later, an Army colonel confirmed what Ken feared was true.

He tried desperately to get in touch, but he was blocked by tight security, the language barrier and an inadequate phone system . . . and we had absolutely no contact until he arrived in Rome Friday night, two days after I was shot. I was so worried about him because I had no idea what he had heard, and I knew how frightened he would be.

I was in the hospital for 13 days—in a room with Ann Odre, from Buffalo, New York, who had been shot in the chest and whose condition was more serious than mine. Often, the Pope would send his greetings and good wishes to us through a Vatican official and he let us know that he was praying for us. I was praying for him and Ann too, both almost 40 years older than I, and both in great pain.

The hardest times for all three of us, I just knew, were at night, because often I couldn't sleep because of the pain, and the hours stretched on forever. Ann and I prayed together and we really lifted each other up this way. And we both really appreciated that even with all his own pain, the Pope was praying for us, too.

It was at nights, too, that I kept thinking about Peter, the little boy who had been next to me in the square. He had been standing so close to my elbow, the bullet had missed his head by inches. It could so easily have hit him, and yet he had been spared. . . .

I was released from the hospital on my first wedding anniversary, May 24. This wasn't the way we planned to celebrate our anniversary, but the day became a special one when the Pope unexpectedly invited my husband, my mother and me to his hospital room.

He looked so terribly weak it was heartbreaking. So much smaller, somehow, than he did in St. Peter's Square. He was propped up in an armchair and he looked so pale, so fragile, and very vulnerable in his ordinary bathrobe instead of his religious robes.

"I've been praying for you," I told him, and he said he'd been praying for me too, but he had trouble speaking.

We were there about five minutes and as we left, I delivered a messa to him from Ann Odre.

I said, "Sto Lat," a Polish sayi meaning "May you live to a hundred The Pope smiled at that.

Of course, I wonder why this ha pened to me. What could have bee the purpose? But I've grown up a l since the shooting, and I've become lot closer to the Lord. There we times when the pain was so bad, m husband could only hold my hand, b the Lord could minister to me an touch the pain and make it bearable

Since I was 15, I've known that wanted to devote my life to the Lor and I've never wavered. Neither ha my husband, Ken, whom I met church in Ayer, Massachusetts.

We moved to Germany last Octobe because we both felt a calling to wor with the military and help people Now, I feel even more strongly abou this than ever. I hope people will se the strength and sense of purpose I'v been given by the Lord during thi experience and trust in Him, too.

Plague of terrorism

I *am*, however, very scared of terror ists. They talk about the plague o terrorism more in Europe than in th States. People fear unthinking vio lence because it seems to happen mor here with kidnappings and bomb at tacks and hijackings, as well as as sassination attempts.

I've also learned no gunshot wound is ever minor. No matter how they make it look on television, it is a terrible experience, and it's going to be a very long time before I recover. I'll have to have therapy to regain the use of my left arm and do all kinds of exercises, and even now I feel very weak much of the time.

But while I recuperate, I keep learning how wonderful people are. I even received a get-well letter from little Peter. He wrote, "I keep thinking about how close I came to getting shot in the head. . . . I'm glad that the use of your arm will be recovered very soon."

It breaks my heart that an 11 year old should have such memories, but I'd like to tell him that even out of my frightening experience good has come.

What I'd really like to do is give a special thank you to all the people from all around the world who prayed for me . . . and to the nuns in Rome who took care of me and my family. . . and to the people who have sent cards and flowers and food and who keep offering their help to Ken and me in all sorts of ways.

I met a lot of people and made many friends because of this. And we never said, "Hey, I'm Protestant and you're Catholic," but just prayed together. They have helped me to see how much more goodness there is in the world than evil. **End**



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Northern Spain: High on Adventure, Low on the Budget



Can't afford Europe, you say? It isn't so. Northern Spain is rich with old-world pleasures, plus excitement—at easy-on-your-pocket prices. By Lys Margold

A favorite pastime for travelers these days is trading the latest shock stories about Europe's skyrocketing prices. "Can you believe $28 for a B-L-T in Cannes?" "Well, we shelled out $128 in London for a closet-sized room overlooking a brick wall!" Luckily, there is a readily accessible place still left where you can live like a king in historic, converted castles and monasteries at budget-conscious prices: northern Spain.

Rugged, undiscovered and little documented, a winding climb of tiny hill towns, flourishing olive groves, fields of bright yellow mustard, rosemary and thyme, it remains a European haven. At your fingertips, too, is Spain's Rioja wine country, dotted with old, family vineyards that welcome tourists and tasters.

The most fascinating route around this remote region follows the early pilgrimages—from the Pyrenees through the vineyards of Rioja to the shrine of Santiago de Compostela, Spain's patron saint. Plan to spend delightful nights in the historic *paradores*—"resting places"—along the way. Paradores, operated by the Spanish government, are converted castles, monasteries and convents, ideal for long stays—or good takeoff points for short expeditions through the surrounding areas. They offer low prices (about $40 a night for a double room with breakfast), authentic regional cuisine and many touches reminiscent of old Spain. Some are even equipped with facilities for tennis, golf, fishing, skiing and sailing.

Starting from Madrid, head northeast about 100 miles (past Guadalajara) to Siguenza, a bustling town dominated by a parador that was once a mammoth, fifth-century fortress. You will find the 58-room Parador Castillo de Siguenza humming with activity—blue-aproned women damp-mopping the cobblestones of the open courtyard or collecting armfuls of mimosa. Be sure to sample at least one from the plateful of *churros* (deep-fried crullers) you will be offered at breakfast—they are wonderful! If you love mountain vistas—snow-covered ones, at that—hovering over a lovely, "un-tourist-y" town, head directly north from Siguenza to Soria. There you can stay at the high-perched Parador Antonio Machado with mountain views from every window. Set out from there to wander through the town's shopping district, where you can buy essence-of-lavender soaps and sealed plastic bags of garlic-y green Spanish olives, both good for inexpensive take-home presents. (Olive vendors in the towns of northern Spain, by the way, are as popular as hot dog vendors in the States.)

The rough terrain of Soria smooths down into a fertile plain, centered by a small town called Olite. It was here that the kings of Navarre (now the modern province of Navarra) built a castle in the early 15th century, perfectly proportioned with crenellated towers and turrets. Today, visitors pay a small fee to wander through its corridors, dungeons and golden-stoned staircases. One wing of the medieval castle has been turned into a parador, Principe de Viana. If you stay, take an afternoon's jaunt through the town's charming Renaissance square, where you will see clusters of swarthy, rough-hewn men in Basque berets playing cards and sipping "Pacharon," the ruby red, anisette-flavored drink of the district. Be sure to taste it before you leave.

One of the most fascinating stops is Sos del Rey Catolico, birthplace of King Fernando de Aragon. Carved out of a craggy hill, centuries-old rock houses lean precariously into narrow passageways. The parador here is one of the new Spanish missionary-style buildings with clay-tiled floors, white-washed stucco walls. The rooms are furnished with lacy black metal beds brightened by handmade throws. After an exploratory climb through the cobblestoned streets and archways (try to see the little church of San Esteban with its 14th-century frescoes), you can enjoy a hearty dinner in the parador's top-floor restaurant.

In late September-early October, visitors to Rioja will feel the electricity in the region's tiny villages as the grape harvest begins. The towns come to life with ritual celebrations of a bountiful harvest.

For an extensive tour of the region's wineries, write to The Rioja Wine Information Bureau, 770 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021; they will supply information on worthy tasting stops in the area.

For travel information and full details on the paradores of northern Spain, car rentals, bus excursions and flight information, write to Marketing Ahead, 515 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 or to the Spanish National Tourist Office, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. **End**


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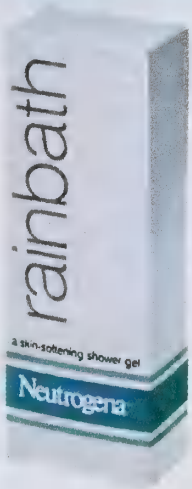


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Recycling Great Old Houses

Sam and Mary Weir made a million dollars by renovating and reselling dilapidated houses and mansions. This is how they did it. By Emily Van Ness



Sam and Mary Weir on the lawn of their very own "White House."

When Sam and Mary Weir scraped together the down payment on a dilapidated, $4,500 fisherman's row house, everyone—family, friends and neighbors—thought they'd lost their minds. It wasn't just that the high tide occasionally crept into the living room or that it was slated for demolition—there was no heat, insulation or plumbing either, and neither Sam nor Mary knew *anything* about home repair, let alone construction. "We had simply had it with apartment living," explains Sam, who was working as a chemist at the time, "and we just assumed that if you stare at anything long enough you can figure it out."

Figure it out they did, and in little more than ten years, the Weirs have bought, renovated and sold 35 derelict houses on or near the New Jersey shore. The houses range from ramshackle cottages to abandoned-but-magnificent 40-room mansions designed by such famous architects as Stanford White.

Not that there weren't many mistakes and problems along the way. In that first house, Sam hooked the hot water up to the toilet. Mary, an interior designer, tiled the bathroom, then poured the excess cement down the new bathtub drain Sam had just installed—permanently clogging it.

But gradually, both of the Weirs became more proficient. Mary (who weighs about 100 pounds) taught herself masonry and laid the cinderblocks for the new foundation. Both learned to transform other people's junk into usable material for shelves, stairways and furniture.

Working nights and weekends, the Weirs labored two years to convert the row house into two furnished apartments, which they then rented for an annual income of $3,000.

But when all the work was finally finished, they were ready for more. All along the New Jersey coast, great old houses were being demolished. If they could fix a second house . . . and a third . . . and a fourth . . . They saw a fortune staring them in the face, and plunged ahead, signing a contract on a 20-room, $17,000 "cottage" on the ocean. It was in worse shape than their first purchase, and the realtor, a personal friend, pleaded with them not to buy it. Four years later, they sold it for $106,000.

At that point Sam, who used to look forward to going to work every day because it gave him a chance to sit down, quit his job, and the couple became full-time recyclers. They had one clear goal: to restore and sell (at a substantial profit) great old houses. And they had one cardinal rule: *Buy the worst house they could find—in the best neighborhood.* Experience had taught them that, when recycled, such houses would take on at least the value of the houses around them.

For the next six years, life was a blur of buying, moving in, taking risks and selling—always at a profit. Finally, in 1974, the Weirs chose a 35-room, Georgian-style mansion for their permanent home. Now grandly dubbed "the White House" by neighbors, it too looked dreadful when the family bought it for $80,000. The lawn was overgrown with weeds, the windows broken and the interior vandalized. "Nothing had been done to the house since it was built," says Mary. "The original rugs, some in tatters, still lay on the floors. The original curtains hung in shreds on the rods."

The Weirs, authors of *How We Made a Million Dollars Recycling Old Houses* (Contemporary Books, $12.95), are careful to point out that luck played a part in their success, and that recycling is not for everyone. "It can be very tiring, even tedious," says Sam. "You have to see it as a creative challenge and you have to like working with your hands." **End**





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TABU BY DANA

Home Improvement:

An Investment You Can Live With

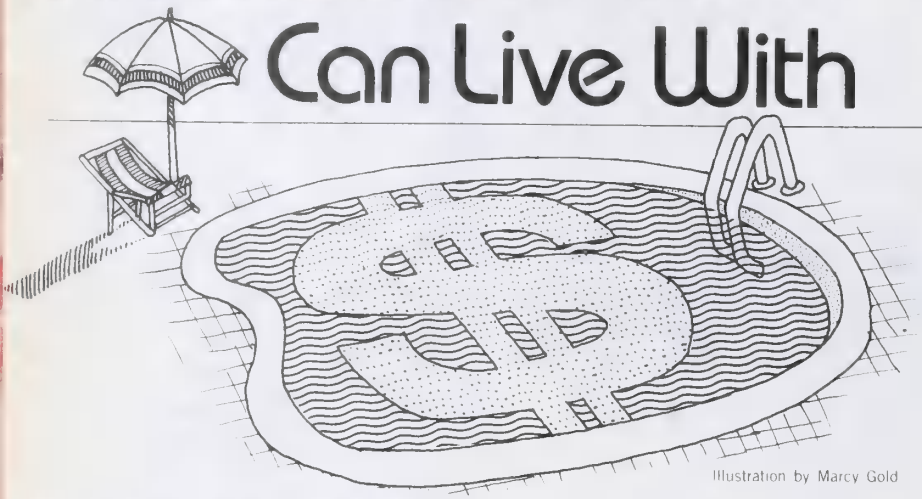


Illustration by Marcy Gold

You might not be able to transform your home into a castle, but with the right repairs and improvements you can add thousands of dollars to its value. Here's how. By Richard Greene

Most home improvements are made for the enjoyment and pleasure of the homeowner. People don't put in swimming pools unless they swim, and they don't add on extra rooms just when the children are moving out. Still, changes and additions to a home can serve *two* purposes: to make the house a nicer place to live and to increase its value.

There are two basic rules to home improvement for profit:

1. Make sure the changes you make will appeal to a large number of potential buyers. For example, a pool can be a hazardous investment because it may actually turn away buyers who don't swim or who have small children. Furthermore, a pool that costs $10,000 will rarely add more than $5,000 to the selling price of a house, unless the house is in a place like southern California, where pools are almost obligatory.

2. Don't improve your house so much that it doesn't fit in with the neighborhood. As a real estate maxim goes: "There are only three things of importance in selling a building—location, location and location."

Here, then, is some advice from the experts on what alterations will make your house more valuable:

• *Improve energy efficiency.* Says William Ellingsworth of the National Association of Realtors: "People now ask two questions when they're buying a house: 'How much is it?' and 'How much does it cost to heat and cool?' With heating oil over $1.30 a gallon and electricity out of sight, people want to see the homeowner's utility bills before they buy."

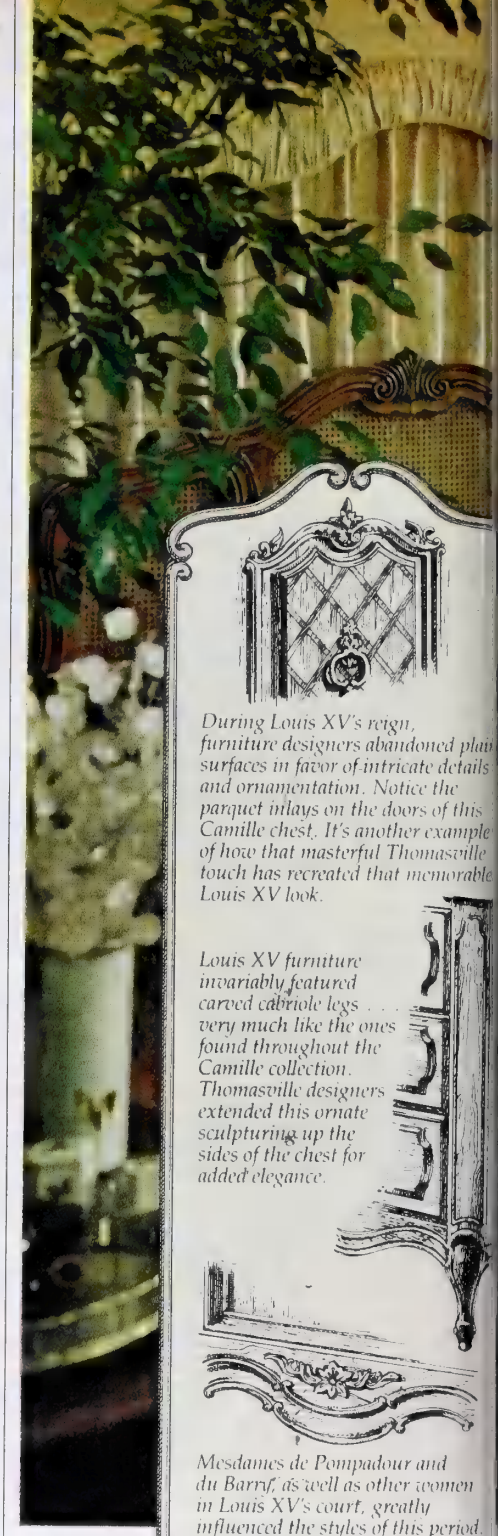
You can cut down on those bills in several ways: Put in good insulation; make sure your heating and cooling ducts are properly wrapped; have storm doors that fit snugly and tightly caulked door jambs; and replace an inefficient heating system.

• *Update the kitchen.* "The kitchen is the most important room," write Jerry Pennington and Fred Schultz, authors of *How to Sell Your House for More Than It's Worth* (Playboy Paperbacks, $1.95). "An unattractive kitchen can kill a potential sale even before the buyer inspects the rest of the house."

How much can you safely spend? A good rule of thumb is ten percent of the value of the whole house—a sum that you can expect to get back when you sell. In other words, if your house is worth $50,000 and you spend $5,000 on kitchen remodeling you'll definitely have a home worth at least $55,000, probably more.

• *Add a bathroom.* If you have only one bathroom, think about turning, say, an unused closet into a second bathroom. This addition can cost more than $5,000, but it's likely you'll get back the full investment when you sell. And if you can put the new room close to existing plumbing lines, the installation will cost less.

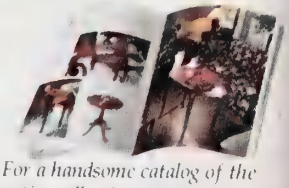
One word of caution: Adding a third bathroom is a less certain investment. According to Pennington and Schultz, it will add to your house . . . *(continued)*



During Louis XV's reign, furniture designers abandoned plain surfaces in favor of intricate details and ornamentation. Notice the parquet inlays on the doors of this Camille chest. It's another example of how that masterful Thomasville touch has recreated that memorable Louis XV look.

Louis XV furniture invariably featured carved cabriole legs . . . very much like the ones found throughout the Camille collection. Thomasville designers extended this ornate sculpturing up the sides of the chest for added elegance.

Mesdames de Pompadour and du Barry, as well as other women in Louis XV's court, greatly influenced the styles of this period. As a result, furniture became more delicate, more feminine and was often adorned with flowery carvings like the ones on our triple dresser.



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That masterful Thomasville touch in that memorable Louis XV look.

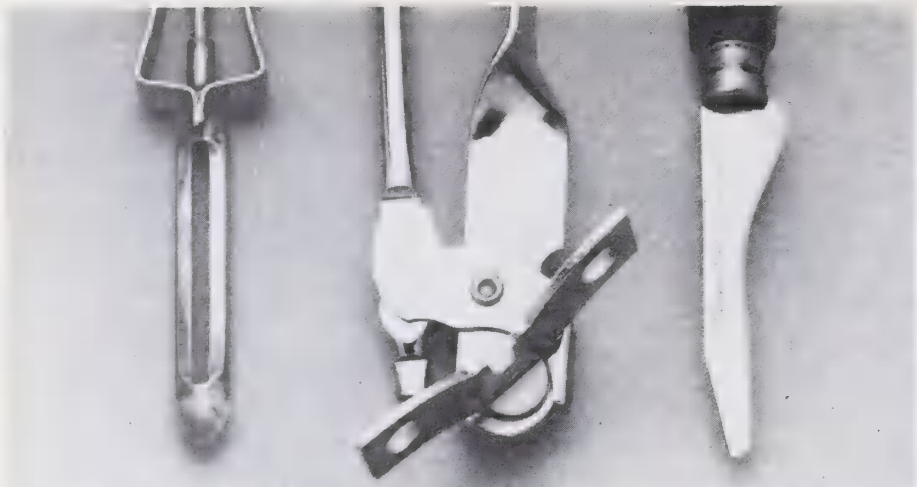
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GENE SHALIT AT THE MOVIES

What to See & What to Flee

THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER. One of the happiest, most charming, altogether joyful movies of the year. Kermit has never been more self-assured, Miss Piggy more alluring yet vulnerable, and the whole Muppet crowd more exuberant. No member of the family should miss this one.

THE HAUNTING OF JULIA. Mia Farrow in a . . . in a *what*? If you know what this movie is about, please tell me.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK. A headlong, funny, action-packed spoof of the old Saturday morning serials. One of the biggest hits of the summer, *but this is a warning*—it will give nightmares to young children. Its *PG* rating is a disgrace. Not recommended for those under 14.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I. Mel Brooks' comedy is filled with bathroom humor. There are some wildly funny moments, but many moviegoers will find this offensive. A must for Mel Brooks fans, a must-*miss* for those offended by biological and theological jokes.

SUPERMAN II. Christopher Reeve sails through the air in true comic book form. An aggressive, destructive, violent movie, in high camp. If you don't mind the mindless mauling, maiming and mayhem you'll have a featherbrained summer diversion.

CLASH OF THE TITANS. The wreckage of ancient Greek mythology strewn on screen with Laurence Olivier as Zeus and a camera trick as Pegasus, the flying horse. This has all the class of 1950s Sunday morning kiddie television.

THE SEA WOLVES. What a wonderful old-fashioned movie! David Niven, Gregory Peck, Roger Moore and Trevor Howard head a first-rate cast that knows how to *act* in a script by Reginald Rose, who knows how to write. The setting is India during World War II. The kind of comfortable, satisfying film they don't make any more—except, apparently, they do.

BREAKER MORANT. A taut and tingly courtroom drama based on an infamous court-martial. The odd name of this outstanding film refers to an army lieutenant named Morant, famous for breaking wild horses.

EXCALIBUR. King Arthur and his Round Table return in this spectacle of stomach-turning violence. The clangorous battles are so confusing that you can't tell knight from prey, which knight is falling, or whose son is rising. A myth that misses by a mile.

THE FOUR SEASONS. Alan Alda, everybody's favorite, and Carol Burnett in a romantic comedy about three couples—a most human comedy that's enormously enjoyable.

THE FAN. Too close for comfort: A Broadway star (Lauren Bacall) is stalked by an obsessed and murderous fan. Unsettling and violent, it flails—then fails.

HOME IMPROVEMENT
continued

price only 80 percent of the cost of installation.

- *Turn an attic into an extra room.* Generally, turning an attic into living space requires improvements in ventilation, accessibility, floor and wall covering, and adding electrical outlets.

The whole project can run into thousands of dollars, but it can also be a real money-maker. Turning a two-bedroom home into a three-bedroom can add $10,000 to its value.

- *Keep the roof in good shape.* For small problems (under $100) do-it-yourself repairs are a relatively easy matter. All you need are the shingles (make sure they match), some adhesive tar, a tall ladder and sure feet.

Bigger problems—a badly leaking roof, for instance—can cost you as much as $2,000 to repair, but remember that an educated home buyer will be paying special attention to the roof's condition.

- *Add siding.* This can add to the value of your home in three significant ways: It can increase its attractiveness, save on maintenance by eliminating the need for regular painting and help to insulate the house. The cost of siding will vary widely, but a reasonable starting price for a medium-sized house might be around $4,000—money that you'll probably get back when you sell.
- *Keep your basement dry.* A leaky basement can not only deduct thousands from the value of your house, but—in extreme cases—can make it difficult to sell.

The expense of materials for drying out a wet basement is generally minimal, but the labor involved in filling in cracks can be extensive. If all else fails, there's always a sump pump, which will cost more than $300, plus another $100 for installation. The pump should be a last resort, however, as it, too, can be a turnoff to buyers.

- *Improve your security system.* Another worthwhile home investment is a security system. An alarm system covering two doors and ten windows runs from $1,000 to $2,000—adding that amount to the value of your home as well as providing peace of mind.
- *General upkeep.* Sometimes the best investments are the least expensive. Door hinges that squeak or stick can create a bad impression, yet using a little oil won't cost much. Touching up chipped and cracking paint on the outside also can help with that important first impression.

The key, of course, to keeping a house in good repair is regular maintenance. That's one of the best ways to spend your money—if you want to get it back with interest some day. **End**

Clean your bathroom tile with sandpaper?





Be Your Own Contractor

Headaches may be inevitable, but the rewards are enormous if you cut out the middleman and supervise renovations yourself. Here's how several women—including the author—cut costs by being their own general contractors. By Lynn Skzynear

If you're remodeling a bathroom, adding a family room or even renovating that adorable but deteriorating farmhouse, you can save money by becoming your own general contractor. It won't be easy, but it *is* worth every frayed nerve and exasperating second, as Judith Reynolds, a Washington, D.C., real estate appraiser, well knows. She has transformed two abused row houses into a lovely combination home/office/rental apartment, saving more than $100,000 in the process.

Here is her formula for success:

• Buy inexpensively by going where the tradesmen go. For example, buy your kitchen sink from a plumbing supply house; buy your kitchen cabinets from a lumberyard or a mill.

• Bargain. Says Reynolds: "When dealing with suppliers, make a direct approach right off the bat. Tell them that you plan on doing a lot of business with them and therefore expect a discount." If a discount is not offered to you, take your business elsewhere.



• Schedule carefully. Kitchen cabinets and some appliances take six to eight weeks for delivery. One missing item can hold up your entire project. It's important to know the sequence of construction and how to schedule your workers.

• Hire competitively. Get at least three bids for each job. And be a tough employer. Before hiring anyone, see if they are licensed and insured and have no complaints against them at the Better Business Bureau.

• Be organized. Clean up and haul trash regularly and avoid waste.

• Supervise closely. Reynolds meets with workers every morning to set out the day's tasks; she frequently lends a hand during the day. Dora Scher, another Washington contractor, gives each tradesman a daily checklist and reviews his work each night "to make sure he followed it to the letter." She emphasizes that you should "never let a workman change your blueprints unless they are signed by you and him. If both sets of initials aren't there, the change was unauthorized."

All projects are subject to local building codes and zoning regulations. Check them all as well as the need for building permits.

To find good workers, you must rely on word of mouth, says Inette Miller-Conte, a former city dweller who moved to a rambling old West Virginia farmhouse that needed *(continued)*

Illustration by Marcy Gold

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BE YOUR OWN CONTRACTOR
continued

everything. Her secret was to befriend a respected contractor who knew the strengths and weaknesses of local workers.

She also learned to shop via catalogs, opened a special bank checking account under the name of "Miller-Conte Construction" (to gain credibility) and learned the techniques of old-fashioned bargaining.

Are all the headaches worthwhile? Miller-Conte says, "On the one hand, it's difficult because you're so emotionally involved with every aspect of construction. On the other, being in control of what is happening to your home is the point of being your own general contractor."

CONTRACTING: WHAT'S INVOLVED?

If you act as your own contractor, here's what you'll probably do:

- Obtain architectural plans and building permits.
- Hire, supervise and sometimes fire individual tradesmen and laborers.
- Get bids from several subcontractors for each specialty—for example, plumbing or carpentry.
- Arrange work schedules and order supplies.
- Establish building credit accounts and open a separate checking account solely to pay for supplies and labor.
- Monitor costs as you go along and be *on the job* every day.

CURE FOR CONSUMER HEADACHES

In many large cities, complaints against home-improvement contractors represent the number-one consumer problem. And, according to a recent study by the Consumer Federation of America, home repairs—a $40-billion-a-year business—also can be the most costly of all problems.

But there *are* ways of protecting yourself. For instance, if you hire a general contractor, make sure he is licensed (ask your local department of consumer affairs). Check with the Better Business Bureau to ensure that you're picking someone with a good reputation. Ask for references from the contractor and check them carefully, and make written rather than oral agreements.

Other points: (1) Don't sign completion certificates until the job is finished to your satisfaction; (2) pay in installments as the work progresses; (3) check carefully on the terms of the contractor's warranty and on the cancellation penalties in the contract; (4) itemize the cost of services and materials before a job is started and certainly before any down payment is made; and (5) take time to read your contract very, very carefully. **End**

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Popeye Patties

1 lb. ground beef
1 jar (4½ oz.) GERBER STRAINED CREAMED SPINACH
1 egg
¼ cup dry bread crumbs
3 tablespoons onion, finely chopped
½ teaspoon garlic salt
½ tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
a dash of pepper

In a medium-size bowl, combine all ingredients together and mix well. Shape into 3-inch patties. Arrange on a shallow, ungreased baking pan. Bake at 400°F for 15-20 minutes or until done. Yield: 4-5 patties.

Sunshine Sipper

1 jar (4½ oz.) chilled GERBER STRAINED CARROTS
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Combine ingredients, mix well and serve.
Yield: 2 servings.

Carrot Muffin Cakes

½ cup sugar
2 cups flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
½ cup flaked coconut
½ cup maple syrup



Vegetable recipes for vegetable haters.

½ cup vegetable oil
eggs
jar (7½ oz.) GERBER JUNIOR CARROTS
teaspoon vanilla

Blend together sugar, flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices. Stir in coconut. Set aside. Beat together syrup, oil, eggs, carrots and vanilla. Stir in flour mixture. Spoon batter into 2½-inch greased or papered muffin tins, filling half full. Bake in preheated 350°F oven for approximately 20 minutes. Test with toothpick to see if done. Yield: 18 muffins.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

6 medium baking potatoes
¼ cup margarine or butter
1 jar (4¾ oz.) GERBER STRAINED SWEET POTATOES
4 oz. shredded Cheddar cheese
salt and pepper to taste

Bake potatoes at 400°F for 1 hour. Cut potatoes in half lengthwise, then scoop out potato from skins and mash. Add margarine/butter and stir until melted. Stir in sweet potatoes, salt and pepper. Mix well. Spoon mixture back into potato skins and top with cheese. Bake at 400°F for 15-20 minutes, until cheese is golden and potatoes are heated through. Yield: 6 servings.



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Medinews

Exciting new discoveries are being made every day in the field of medicine. This column will help keep you up to date, so you and your family can stay their healthiest.
By Maury Breecher

It's Official: Marijuana Is a Dangerous Drug

How much do your teenagers really know about the effects of smoking pot? Do they know, for instance, that the American Medical Association recently officially labeled marijuana a "dangerous drug"? More and more evidence shows that it has negative effects on behavior, performance and the functioning of many parts of the body.

Specifically, the AMA cited evidence that marijuana lowers testosterone levels in men (possibly affecting fertility), and that in women chronic use of the drug may cause abnormal menstruation (including failure to ovulate) and danger to an unborn child.

Researchers at the University of Ottawa in Canada found that marijuana may have serious implications for pregnant women. Expectant mothers who smoked five or more marijuana cigarettes per week during pregnancy tended to have babies who were less alert and aware than normal newborns. According to the researchers, the babies had "visual abnormalities, exaggerated tremors and startle reflexes" and were "poor self-quieters."

Dieting Togetherness

The behavior of your spouse may affect you more than you know.

An experiment at California's Stanford University revealed that if your mate helps you with your diet, you are more likely to succeed. In the study, one member of each couple went on a diet, while the other was designated the helper. Each dieter chose his or her own diet, and the helpers were told to do whatever they could to be supportive. The results: impressive! More than 75 percent of the dieters were slimmer and healthier after the yearlong experiment was over.

Women and Cancer: Two New Early-Detection Tests

In many cases of cancer, diagnosing the disease early is the key to a cure. Two new tests, not yet in general use, promise to increase the accuracy of early detection.

Fabergé, the cosmetics firm, plans to market a breast cancer-detecting device that fits into a woman's bra. After 10 to 15 minutes the device, a chemical heat sensor, registers changes in skin temperature that may indicate cancer. Studies have shown the device to be as effective as a combined physical exam and mammography in detecting abnormalities.

The latest test for cancer of the cervix—to supplement the Pap smear—is called cervicography. Cervicography involves taking a microscopic color photograph of the cervix and then interpreting it like an X-ray. The test was developed at the Medical College of Wisconsin in Milwaukee, and is now being used at trial centers around the country.

In the meantime, despite the controversy over how often a woman should have a Pap smear, the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists still recommends that all women have a Pap smear annually. Cervical cancer is curable in 97 percent of all cases if discovered early, and the Pap smear is a simple and inexpensive test. "There's no reason why any woman in the U.S. should die of cervical cancer," says Dr. Ralph Richart, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York.

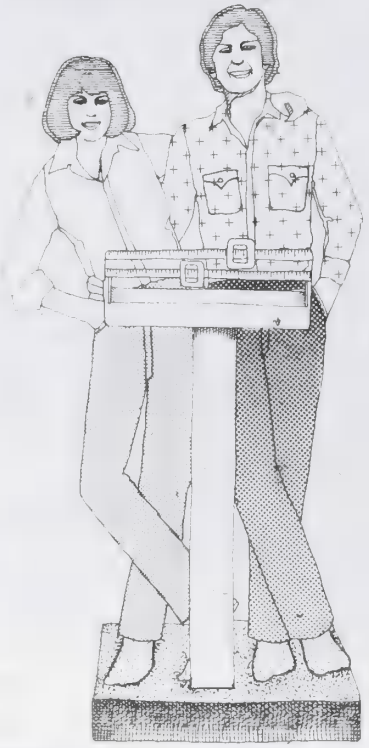


Illustration by Marcy Gold

"Make Measles a Memory"

With a little cooperation from parents, measles may be eliminated in this country by 1982. The Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta have launched a campaign called "Make Measles a Memory" to encourage parents to have their children inoculated. If your child was vaccinated for measles before he was a year old, he may need revaccination.

While many people still dismiss measles as "just a childhood disease," it is actually a serious disease for adults and can result in deafness, pneumonia and encephalitis.

With school starting, make sure your children have been inoculated for other infectious diseases like polio, mumps, rubella, diphtheria, tetanus and pertussis. All public schools in the U.S. now require proof of vaccination.



Allergic to Penicillin? Perhaps Not

If you were told as a child that you were allergic to penicillin based on a skin rash that developed while taking the drug, you might not be allergic to it after all. The rash may have been caused by the illness that required the antibiotic, or your allergy may have faded. According to the *Harvard Medical School Health Letter*, 300 children who had been labeled allergic to penicillin were re-tested and only 19 percent reacted positively. If you were once allergic to the drug, you can be re-tested, too.

The ABC's and Triple E's of healthy feet.



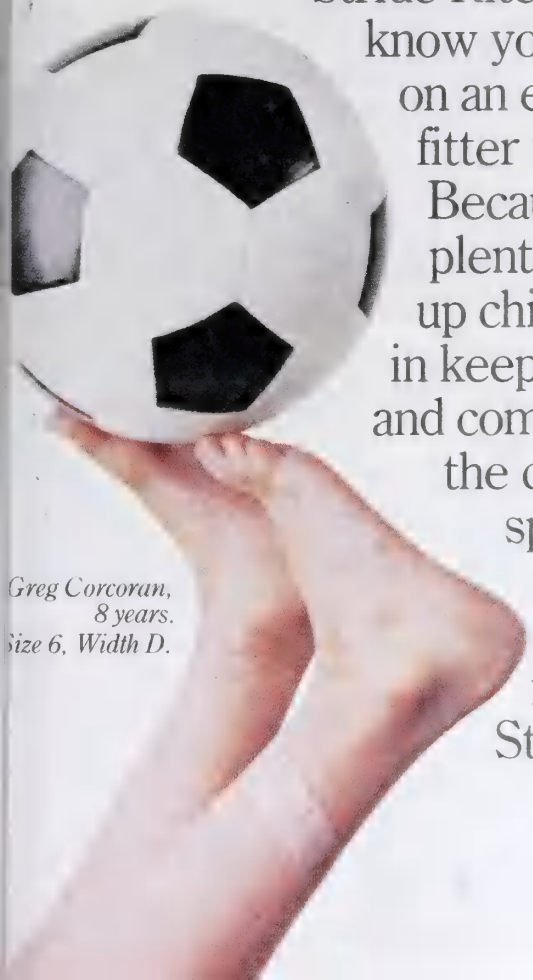
Rose Fortuna, 18 months. Size 4, Width EE.

Ten toes. Two heels. Two soles. From there on, the resemblance ends. The fact is, no two pairs of kids' feet are alike. And there's no such thing as a "regular" size kid's shoe.

That's why it's important to know the Stride Rite® Alphabet. Because somewhere in our broad selection is a size and width to fit your child properly. In addition, when you walk into a Stride Rite store you know you can depend on an experienced shoe fitter to give your child the right fit. Because every Stride Rite Specialist has plenty of training and experience in sizing up children's feet. So if you're interested in keeping your child's feet healthy and comfortable, remember the company that specializes in high quality, properly fitting shoes. Stride Rite.



Courtney Lane, 4 years. Size 1½, Width B.

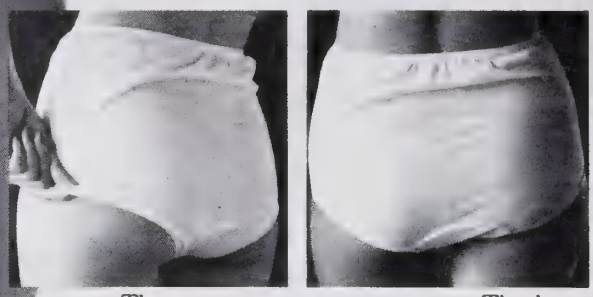


Greg Corcoran, 8 years. Size 6, Width D.



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Panties with "Lycra" respond* gently
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So you feel freer, look better.
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At fine stores everywhere.

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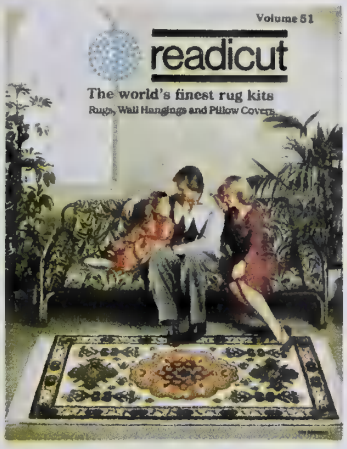
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HOW TO GET THE JOB YOU DESERVE

You don't have to settle for just-a-job. Herewith, a five-point game plan to get you into a career you can love.

By Janet Bailey

Whether you're looking for your first job, returning to the work force or trying to find a more challenging position, don't sell yourself short! Going after the spot that's just right takes time and planning, but the effort will pay off. We went to the experts for job-hunting tips, and here are their step-by-step strategies.

1

Know Yourself—Jean Clarkson, Director of Resource Networks at Catalyst, a national organization that works to expand career options for women:

- Figure out what your skills are—what you can do and, even more important, what you *like* to do. So you can't teach chemistry or operate heavy machinery. Maybe you're a whiz at convincing people to carry out unpleasant tasks ("managing"), at explaining confusing ideas in a clear way ("organizing and imparting information"), at attending to detail or working with your hands.
- Do an exercise to pinpoint your skills: Jot down the accomplishments you're proudest of and activities you've most enjoyed over the last few years—anything from setting up your husband's home office to working on craft projects. Describe each pursuit in a few paragraphs, then consult a skills list such as the one in Howard Figler's *The Complete Job Search Handbook* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1979) to identify the abilities you used. Example: While running a PTA fund-raising drive, you thought up money-earning events, wrote press releases, talked to reporters. Skills included conceptualizing ideas and putting them into action, communicating orally and in writing—all useful in many careers.
- Find out if your community college, Y, high school adult education program or local women's center offers a career development workshop. These groups can help you with decision-making, are terrific confidence builders and provide valuable feedback both from trained counselors and other workshop participants. Or put together a self-help group with a few friends and report to each other weekly on your progress.
- Consult one or more of the excellent books on career planning available at your bookstore or local library. In addition to those by our experts, we highly recommend the following sources: *Career Satisfaction and Success: A Guide to Job Freedom* by Bernard Haldane (AMACOM, 1978); *Go Hire Yourself an Employer* by Richard Irish (Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1978); *Guerilla Tactics in the Job Market* by Tom Jackson (Bantam, 1978). All provide a good overview of the job hunt and contain helpful self-assessment exercises. You can also write to Catalyst, 14 E. 60th St., New York, N.Y. 10022, for a list of publications geared to the special needs of women in the job market.

2

Interview for Information—Richard N. Bolles, author of *What Color Is Your Parachute? A Practical Manual for Job Hunters & Career Changers* (Ten Speed Press, 1981):

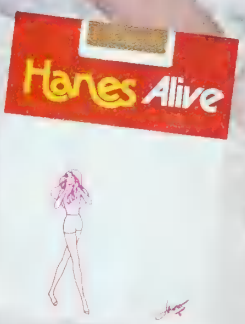
- Locate people who do work that interests you and talk to them about what they do—by far the best way to see how your skills fit into the marketplace. This "informational interview"—not to be confused with interviewing for a specific job—has a threefold purpose: to help you find out the types of jobs your skills point to and what those jobs are called; to learn about organizations in which those job titles are found; and to get the names of people in those organizations who have power to hire.
- Where do you find people with whom you can talk? Ask everyone you know, from your hairdresser to your kids' friends' parents, for leads; pull names out of the Yellow Pages; clip news articles about people with jobs that appeal to you. Call and say, "I'm trying to

(continued on page 50)

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HYDRO LIGHT BALANCING CLEANSER with MMC* thoroughly, but gently, removes resistant make-up and soil from the skin's surface and pores. Warm water rinses it all away leaving skin looking and feeling clean, yet moist and supple.

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HYDRO LIGHT DAYTIME RENEWING LOTION with MMC* provides skin with daily moisture and protein reinforcement, when used alone or under

LIGHT by Dorothy Gray

skin from looking old before its time

nake-up. It helps skin attract and retain natural noisture while it helps protect against drying elements in the environment.

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mg. tar
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5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

find out more about the field of jo nalism (accounting, arts administ tion), and I wonder if I might talk w you for no more than twenty minu about the work you do." Keep in mi that you're not yet at the intervie for-hiring stage. Since at this time y aren't asking for a job, you won't putting anyone on the spot, and ma people will be willing to help o Really!

- At your information-gathering int views, start with the following fi questions: How did you get into th type of work? What do you like mo about your job? What do you like lea about your job? What qualities do y think are necessary for success in th field, and why? With whom else can talk to learn more about this kind work?

You'll get more specific as your r search progresses. Other issues to i quire about: working conditions, sa ary range, paths for promotion, r quired training.

- Make as many contacts as you ca You'll get a comprehensive knowled of the industries you're exploring, an these insights will set you apart fro the crowd when you actually start a plying for positions.
- A major advantage of this techniqu is that even before you're looking for specific job, you come across peop who know about openings. (Did yo know that some 80 percent of jobs a never advertised, but are filled in more informal way?) Don't cut th stage short, though, until you're sati fied that you've identified the type work you'd love to do. A good respons to an offer: "I'm flattered and want t think seriously about this opportunit but I'll need some time to finish m research."
- Once you've settled on your caree field, don't hesitate to approach you sources again and ask whom yo might contact to learn of actual jo openings. Time-consuming thoug this process might seem, it's highl effective. You zero in on the decision makers without putting yoursel through the screening-out process o many personnel departments.

3. **Cinch the Job Interview**—Rober O. Snelling, President and Chairma of the Board of Snelling and Snelling Inc., an employment service with fran chises nationwide:

- Put together a snappy résumé—a one-page summary of your skills goals and experience. Don't discoun volunteer positions, especially those involving leadership. Many excellent sources can help you with this step including *Marketing* *(continued*

.ook for Selby Shoes in any of these fine stores:

ALASKA
Anchorage: Craigs Family Footwear
Lamonts Department Store
Nordstroms

CALIFORNIA
Carmel: Village Shoe Tree
Concord: Kushin's Shoes
Corte Madera: Kramar's Shoes
Cupertino: Kushin's Shoes
El Cerrito: Kushin's Shoes
Fresno: Kushin's Shoes
Queen's Shoes
Hayward: Kushin's Shoes
Lafayette: Suttons Shoes
Modesto: Dunlap's
Mt. View: Kramar's Shoes
Napa: Kramar's Shoes
Oakland: Kushin's Shoes
Palo Alto: Byron's Shoes
Joyce-Selby Shoes—
Stanford Shopping Ctr.
Rapp's Shoes
Pleasanton: Kushin's Shoes
Richmond: Joyce-Selby Shoes—
Hilltop Shp. Ctr.
Sacramento: Jerry Sham Shoes
Joyce-Selby Shoes—
Florin Mall
Salinas: Kushin's Shoes
San Carlos: Laurel Shoes
San Francisco: Byron's Shoes
Joyce-Selby Shoes—
Embarcardaro Ctr.
Kushin's Shoes
McB'S Hard to Find
Sizes
San Jose: Kushin's Shoes
San Leandro: Joyce-Selby Shoes—
Bayfair Shopping Ctr.
San Mateo: Byron's Shoes
Stockton: Gary's Shoetique
Queen's Shoes
Sunnyvale: Joyce-Selby Shoes—
Town Center
Vallejo: Higgins Shoes
Visalia: Brown's Shoe Fit
Walnut Creek: Kushin's Shoes
Watsonville: John's Shoe Store

HAWAII
Honolulu: Joyce-Selby Shoes—
Ala Moana Ctr.

NEVADA
Reno: Joyce-Selby Shoes—
Meadowood Mall
Kushin's Shoes

OREGON
Eugene: Burchs Fine Footwear
Nelson Footwear
Portland: Alex Volchok Boot Shop
Nordstroms—Lloyd Ctr.
Norstroms—Clackamus
Nordstroms—Downtown
Roseburg: Gimres
The Shoe Tree
Salem: Shoe Box

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen: Adamore Shoe Co.
Bremerton: Christensens Shoes
Evert: Chaffee
Lynnwood: Joyce-Selby Shoes—
328 Alderwood Mall
Mt. Vernon: Lloyds Shoes
Seattle: LaMonts Department Stores
Nordstroms
Spokane: Naglers
Nordstroms
Tacoma: Nordstroms
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Walla Walla: Seils Shoe Shop
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Superb style, lasting comfort and enduring quality in every pair.





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Yourself: The Catalyst Women's Guide to Successful Resumes and Interviews (Putnam, 1980).

- Scout the company beforehand—scan annual reports, write-ups in trade journals, and business directories available in your public library—to get acquainted with management philosophy.
- Dress neatly, on the conservative side, and keep makeup understated.
- Arrive for your appointment half an hour early. If the employer requires an application form in addition to a résumé, you'll have plenty of time to fill it out.
- Make an effort to act composed, even if you're quaking inside. Look the interviewer in the eye, shake hands firmly and avoid nervous mannerisms—don't chew gum, drum your fingers on the table or smoke even if the employer offers you a cigarette. And stay away from loaded subjects like politics or religion.
- Be pleasant. In the final analysis, people hire other people because they *like* them. Friendliness and enthusiasm count.
- Be prepared to talk intelligently about your qualifications—don't stop with a simple "yes" or "no." If you're asked, "Have you done any selling?" you could reply, "I worked in Women's Apparel at Smith's during Christmas rush, their heaviest sales period. I approached customers, helped them coordinate outfits, ordered out-of-stock items from other branches and received a special commendation for skill in customer relations from the department supervisor."
- Turn "negative" questions to your advantage. Interviewers are prohibited by law from inquiring about age, marital status, plans to have children and other aspects of your personal life. But retorting, "You're not supposed to ask that question," will only make you seem like a troublemaker. Instead, keep answers brief and positive. "I have three children, and I've worked out an efficient child-care arrangement for them." Or, "I'm mature enough to be a steady, responsible employee." If you have reason to believe that you lost a job prospect because of your answer to an illegal question, you have the right to seek recourse. Contact your local office of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.
- When the interviewer asks what *you'd* like to know about the company, it's *not* the time to inquire about sick leave, paid holidays or other issues that will make you seem less than eager to produce on the job. Better: "I want to do the best work for you that I can. Are there training programs that could prepare me to take on additional responsibilities?"
- Never bring up the issue of salary—that's the interviewer's role. If your research has given you a good idea of the pay someone with your background could expect, then state a range when asked; otherwise, let the employer name the first figure. Remember, too, that it's smarter to take a lower-paying job with growth potential than one that pays more initially but doesn't lead anywhere.
- Prime yourself. Throughout the session every thought, move and statement should be geared toward making the employer offer you the job. Remember—you can always turn an offer down!

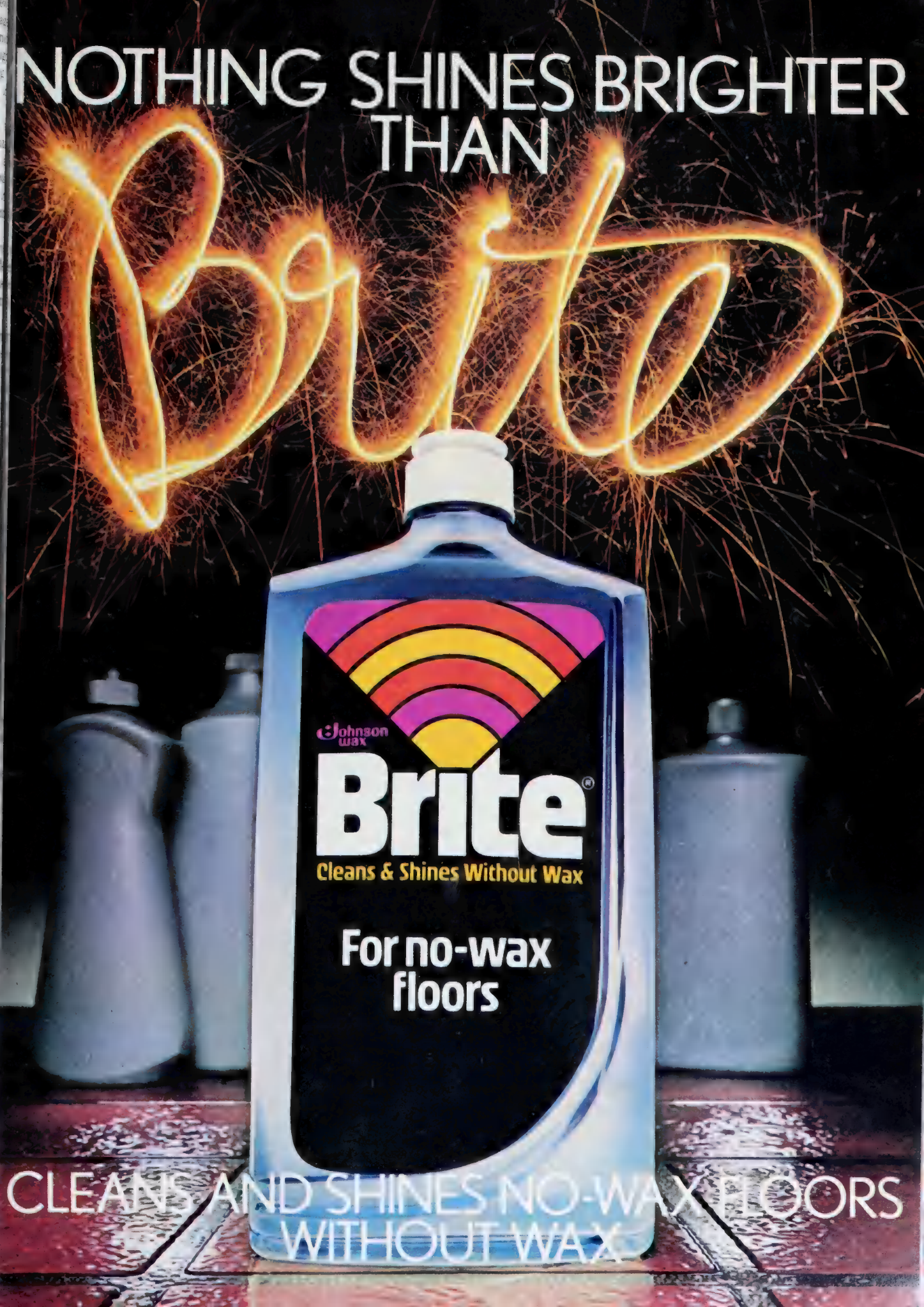
4. On the Job, Act Like a Pro—Janet Nelson, Vice President in charge of Manpower Planning, Chase Manhattan Bank:

- Accept that the environment of the workplace is different from that of your personal life. Office demeanor is formal, requiring good posture, proper English, emotional restraint.
- Observe others on the job to get a feel for company "style." Model yourself—in everything from dress to work habits—after the most successful employees.
- Never lose sight of business priorities. The primary goal in private industry is to increase company profits; in the nonprofit sector, to provide service. No matter what the level of your job, your task is to contribute toward that goal by getting your assignments done in the most timely, efficient way possible. Not that you can't enjoy yourself or make friends on the job—but don't give priority to social aspects of work.
- Leave personal problems at home. Although co-workers may sympathize with a difficult family situation, discussing the dilemma in the workplace or letting it affect your on-the-job performance will hurt you in the long run. Stay cheerful.
- Align yourself with management—don't think of them as the enemy. You're a far better candidate for promotion if you're seen as someone who supports management goals.

5. Moving Up, Moving On—Margaret V. Higginson and Thomas L. Quick, co-authors of *The Ambitious Woman's Guide to a Successful Career* (AMACOM, 1980):

- Keep in mind that the person who sits in a corner and waits to be noticed usually winds up waiting forever. You have to "promote" yourself.
- Use the old sales technique, "Keep your name in front of the prospect"—in this case, management. Look for reasons to write memos. Clip a newspaper mention of a senior manager and send it on with a friendly note ("Nice write-up—I thought you might like another copy"), or pass along a magazine article that could be of interest to a colleague.
- Join professional associations to build contacts outside the organization. "Networking," outside as well as inside the company, is a valuable way to learn what's happening in the industry *before* official announcements are made.
- Attend meetings whenever you can—few other opportunities offer such visibility. Read up on the issues to be discussed so that you can participate intelligently.
- Ask for ever-increasing responsibility. The right way to do so: Describe goals clearly and thoughtfully to your boss and support with evidence. "I notice the company is expanding its marketing staff, and I'd like to grow into that area. I'm handling my current workload well, and I think I could develop strength in sales. Can we discuss some marketing-related tasks I might take on?"
- Know when it's time to move out. Danger signs: You're not learning much anymore and your supervisor resists giving you more challenging duties; you've been passed over for promotion more than once; you harbor negative "gut feelings" that won't go away. If those problems can't be dealt with on the job, go back to your outside contacts—discreetly—and begin interviewing again.
- Try not to quit your present position until you've found a new one. You're more "saleable" while employed. Conducting a job search while working nine to five isn't easy, but if you explain the situation to potential employers, they may be willing to arrange lunchtime meetings. Otherwise, you might have to plead "doctor's appointments" from time to time.
- Exit gracefully—it's both ethical and good for your reputation. Whether or not your boss knows you've been looking, give notice as soon as you land a new position. Explain that though you need to move on, you've enjoyed your work, are grateful for the training you've received and are willing to stay on for a reasonable length of time (two weeks to a month or more, depending on your level of responsibility) so that someone can be found to take your place.

There you have it . . . a point-by-point approach to finding and making the best of that just-right job. Up to half your waking hours will be spent at work—why not use that time doing something you can put your heart into? Happy hunting! **End**

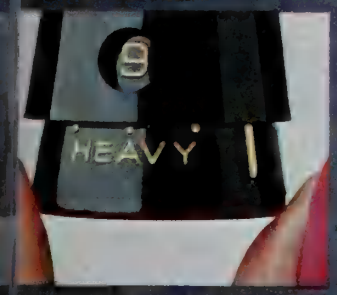

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nes. Spin the dial for day-
e looks. Nighttime looks.
orty. Dressy. Dynamic.
t Dial-a-Lash.

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New Waterproof Mascara
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Circle of Hope

By Sharon Waller





Above: Jobi at eight, just before tragedy struck. Everyone called her "Sunshine." Right: After her leg was amputated, Jobi's parents took her on a "last chance" visit to Disneyland.



Photograph, upper right, by Ralph Pabst, Camera 5.

Alive and lovely today, Jobi skis, dances, will study medicine.

When Jobi Halper was eight years old her parents were told she had bone cancer and would die, perhaps within the year. Here is the inspiring story of how one courageous family fought the medical establishment to save their cherished child's life.

I still have a vision of Jobi in her eighth summer. She's barefoot—her toes just peeking out from under a white dress of fine soft cotton so thin it floats. Her hair is streaked by the sun, pulled off her golden forehead and hanging nearly to her hips. She twirls in my big, round flower garden, dancing to music no one else can hear.

Fall came and life grew darker. One night I stood at the kitchen counter tearing lettuce for dinner. I looked up and saw Jobi standing there, her face a shadow.

"Something wrong?"

She shrugged and her eyes didn't meet mine. Strange reticence from the usual chatterbox.

"A boy kicked me in the knee," she said. The child solemnly pulled up the hem of her red, pleated skirt and thrust out her still-suntanned leg. There was no mark.

"I think you're gonna live." I smiled as I pronounced the parental inanity.

Two weeks later, Jobi not only still had a pain in her knee, but a bad cold as well. She limped noticeably.

Even my husband, David, who was not one to use doctors unless absolutely necessary, agreed I should take Jobi to see Dr. Josephine Parrish,* our pediatrician. I said it was because of the cold, but deep inside, a little prickle of fear went through me.

The doctor prescribed a decongestant for Jobi's cold and X-rays for her knee. The phone rang shortly after we got home. I reached for the receiver.

"This is Josephine Parrish."

How can I describe what it feels like when your heart stops for an instant? When movement around you freezes and life hangs suspended?

"The X-rays were unclear. They'd like you to bring Jobi back."

"Okay. What time tomorrow?"

"Tonight."

"Oh," I said lightly. "Shall I bring pajamas or can she come right home?"

"Why not bring the pajamas?"

St. Anthony Hospital. Blood was drawn and X-rays taken. Jobi was assigned a room in pediatrics.

Dr. Parrish came in, followed by a man in a business suit, and introduced us with a nervous smile. "This is Dr. Pelletier, an orthopedic surgeon." I couldn't hold back a soft gasp.

"The X-rays show something is definitely there," the surgeon said.

"What? What's there?" I shouted.

"What are you planning to do?" asked David stiffly.

The doctor said, "A biopsy tomorrow morning."

"What exactly does that mean?" I had trouble speaking.

"We're going to do surgery. If we find an infection, we'll treat it; if it's a benign tumor, we'll remove it."

"If it's . . . something else?"

Dr. Pelletier hesitated. "We'll talk about that then."

The next morning, Dr. Pelletier, in his green scrub suit, told us, "It's cancer—a very rare cancer, called osteogenic sarcoma. We'll have to amputate her leg." David's mouth opened, but nothing came out. Then David was screaming, and I was screaming too.

We saw Dr. Pelletier several hours later. "I wish I could have left more," he said. "I removed the leg four inches above the knee. I feel reasonably sure I got all of the tumor. But the chances are still slim." *(continued)*

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*While the above story is true, the only doctor who is identified or identifiable is Dr. Jordan Wilbur of the Children's Hospital at Stanford

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"Chances! Chances of what?" I stood up.

"The chances that she'll live."

I wanted to kill him. Kill myself.

"I think you'd better explain that," David said calmly.

"Osteogenic sarcoma travels and reappears in the lung in ninety-seven to ninety-nine percent of the patients who have it," Dr. Pelletier said.

"You're telling us our child has only a one to three percent chance of living?" David gasped these words out.

"That's right. There is no treatment that has proven successful."

I murmured inanely, "We were going to take her to Disneyland."

Dr. Pelletier's rifle-shot reply was, "Do it. It's probably the last chance she'll get to see it."

"How long?" asked David.

"Six months to a year, until the tumor metastasizes in a lung."

Later, after the first numbing moments with Dr. Pelletier, David began to rebel, refusing to accept the death sentence passed on his daughter. Without telling me, he called his sister Diane and asked, "Isn't there a cancer research center somewhere near you, in Maryland?" She supplied him with a name, Bethesda, and the number listed.

David called the hospital hoping to speak to one of the doctors involved in cancer research.

The switchboard operator snapped, "And who may I say is calling?"

David could tell that he didn't stand a chance of reaching one of the great medical deities if he were plain old David Nobody of Minneapolis. He chose a mild subterfuge.

Dropping his voice to what seemed like an official, commanding tone, he said, "This is David Halper calling from Minnesota." He hoped Minnesota would summon a connection with the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. "I have a patient here with a rare case of osteogenic sarcoma. Now, young woman, are you going to connect me with the proper person or not?"

The cool voice became ingratiating. "Oh, of course, Doctor Halper. I'll put you through to Dr. Bearing at once."

Dr. Bearing came to the phone. He told "Doctor" Halper that while not much was being done at Bethesda on osteo, his best bet was to get the patient into a protocol study.

David didn't want Dr. Bearing to know he hadn't the foggiest notion what "protocol study" meant, but he quickly asked, "Do you know where there's such a study at present?"

If there was anything amiss, Dr. Bearing appeared not to notice. He answered, "Well, no one has very many osteo cases. But Roswell Park in New York State is dealing in something similar, Stanford comes to mind, and M.D. Anderson at Houston is always into something."

David decided to push his luck all the way and ask Dr. Bearing for specific names to contact in the various medical centers. Bearing supplied the information readily, and David decided to quit while he was ahead. But Dr. Bearing said, "I take it you fellows at Mayo are still using mainly cobalt."

"Uh—yes. Cobalt."

"Well, I'll be honest. I don't think it's worth much. But then, no one has an answer for sure, do they?"

"No, I guess not. Thank you for your help, Dr. Bearing."

"That's all right. And good luck."

David put the receiver down and leaned back in his chair. He had bluffed his way through the call. And he knew he would do it again. He would call every name on the list.

Chose to say nothing

David chose not to say anything to me or anyone else about his sleuthing until he had all the information required. In the meantime, I rarely left Jobi's bedside. One afternoon at the hospital, Dr. Parrish introduced me to Dr. Charles McMillan. I liked the boyish-looking man immediately.

"Dr. McMillan is a pediatric oncologist," said Dr. Parrish.

"Oncologist?"

"I'm a doctor for kids and I specialize in taking care of those with cancer," he said gently but firmly. "And that's the last time we'll use the word cancer because no one likes it much."

I felt the lump rising in my throat and chest. He could say that again.

"Sharon, I asked Dr. McMillan to discuss possible further treatment with you," said Dr. Parrish.

"Further treatment?" I said falteringly. Instant visions of giant machines shooting deadly rays into my daughter . . . pictures of vile drugs being injected into her body.

"I've studied Jobi's case," he said, "and I don't feel chemotherapy or radiation are called for at this time."

I looked at him with relief. He chose his words carefully. "She should be watched very closely, of course. But chemotherapy and radiation therapy just aren't effective in cases like this, so why put her through it?"

"I'm so glad to hear you say that," I babbled, tears overflowing my eyes. "She's been through so much already."

"Listen, you're welcome to get another opinion."

"No," I blubbered, "I want you."

As soon as David arrived in Jobi's room that day, I spirited him out to the hall and eagerly told him about my meeting with Dr. McMillan. David felt his heart sink. He wondered how he was going to fight my reluctance to subject Jobi to further treatment if I was fortified by a professional.

Weeks passed. Jobi came home, learned to use her crutches and started back to school. A chest X-ray showed nothing wrong, and I was cheered. Then one night, abruptly, David said, "I think we should get another opinion." He still had said nothing to me about his research. He had collected an incredible amount of medical data, for a layman—15 or 20 file cards bearing the names of doctors, medical centers and drugs.

"Another opinion about what?" I asked.

"You know about what," David said.

"Well," I sighed, "Dr. McMillan did offer to bring in someone else."

"All right then," David jumped on my first sign of surrender. "Even Dr. McMillan knows the value of a consultation." He told me he'd heard of a Dr. Scott Nelson, a highly respected pediatric oncologist. The doctor enjoyed a reputation for skilled medicine and liberal ideas.

I looked at David. "If you think it's the right thing to do, then okay."

Another opinion

A week later, David and I were seated in Scott Nelson's office. He told us, "I concur with Dr. McMillan. If Jobi were my patient, I'd do nothing."

I could see David stiffen with anger. "Just do nothing," he said, repeating the doctor's words bitterly.

"Until such time as treatment becomes necessary because the tumor recurs," continued Dr. Nelson. He looked at us with compassion. "I know you want me to be honest with you." David and I nodded, David with tightly compressed lips; I, sadly, but with relief.

"We've tried every method we know to prevent this disease from recurring. Nothing has ever worked. That's why I counsel you to wait. If and when the malignancy returns, then we'll treat it as aggressively as we can."

"All right," David spat the words out. "And 'if and when' it returns, what is the likelihood of saving her?"

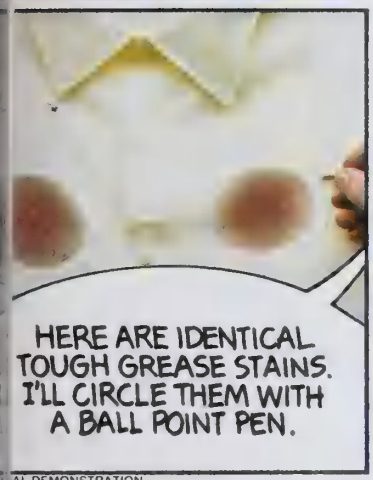
Scott Nelson looked him directly in the eye and shook his head. Before we could respond, he said quickly, "But maybe something new will come up by then. We make progress every day."

I wiped my eyes and rose to leave. But David wasn't quite finished.

"Doctor, what's your opinion of methotrexate?"

Dr. Nelson stared at him. "We haven't seen any noticeable results with it." *(continued on page 62)*









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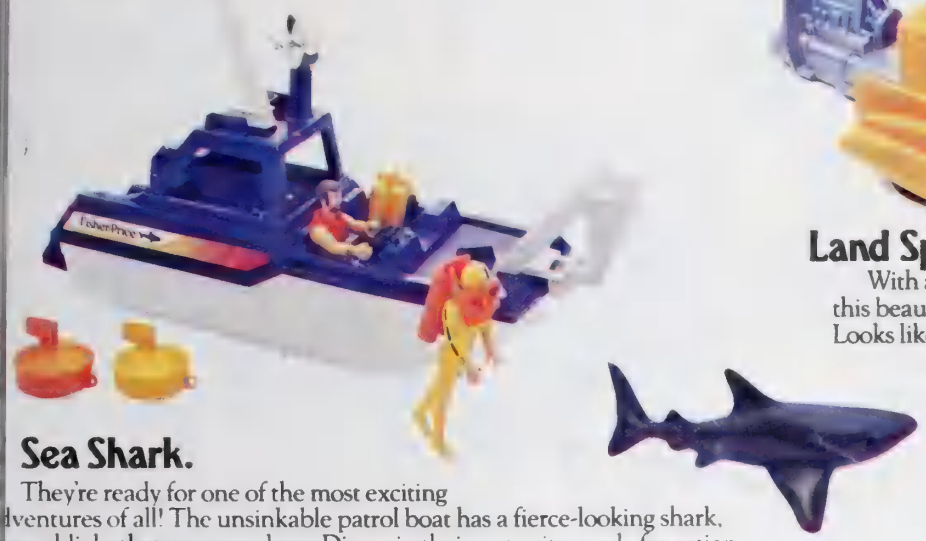
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Actual laboratory demonstration

Tears trickled down my cheeks, and David's eyes were red and watery. I reached for his hand. "Will you let me think about it?"

"Of course," he breathed.

That night I couldn't sleep. Finally, I made my way down the steps without turning on a light and sat in the kitchen. The room was faintly illuminated by reflections from the snow through the patio doors. I looked out and little pictures flickered across the ghostly yard.

In the apple tree, Jobi danced with the Park Petites—a junior dance team that had performed at a Viking game one summer. And there, in the rock garden, Jobi wore her long pink formal. She was a finalist in the St. Louis Park Junior Queen pageant. She looked like an angel in the parade, riding the float like topping on a cake.

Jobi.

In the morning I told David I agreed we must find a doctor who would try.

Now we had to talk to Drs. Parrish and McMillan. We needed their help. McMillan would have to make the actual arrangements for Jobi's appointment with Dr. Jordan Wilbur of Houston, the oncologist we wanted to treat Jobi. Dr. McMillan had agreed to the meeting, but not to the plan.

The meeting was cool. "Mr. Halper, anything that can be done, could be done right here."

David shook his head. "Really, doctor? Can you get Adriamycin?" Everyone in the room knew that he couldn't. Dr. McMillan's face became thunderous. David felt the heat in his own face as he pushed harder. "Dr. Wilbur can get Adriamycin. In fact, he's the only one in the country who has it."

"That may be, Mr. Halper. But I don't agree that Adriamycin will make any difference." *(continued)*

CIRCLE OF HOPE

continued from page 58

"Cytoxan? Vincristine?" David spattered drug names like bullets from a machine gun. Dr. Nelson kept shaking his head.

"What about Adriamycin?"

"Adriamycin—how did you hear about that?"

"Is it effective?" David persisted.

"Not in my opinion. It's brand-new. Besides, no one can get it. There's a—"

"I know," David broke in. "There's a strike in Italy."

Dr. Nelson held up his hands in surrender to David's obvious store of information. He was silent a moment, then, "The fact of the matter is, no one has an answer for you. Lots of people may tell you many different things. Your own judgment is probably as good as anyone else's. It boils down to your own philosophy of life. If it were my little girl—I wouldn't use any treatment."

"Thank you for your time, Dr. Nelson," David said crisply and ushered me from the office. I had been staring at him while he name-dropped drugs. That night he explained it all to me.

"I've been speaking to medical centers all over the country," he said.

"But why, David? Why?"

"Because I cannot just sit here and wait for Jobi to die. That's why," he shouted at me. I burst into tears, his words tearing into me like a knife. "Listen to me," David ordered, shaking me gently. "There are people out there who have different answers from the ones we've been getting—better answers. Sharon, sweetheart, we've got to give her a chance. We'll never forgive ourselves if we don't even try. We'll wonder for the rest of our lives if we could have saved her and didn't."

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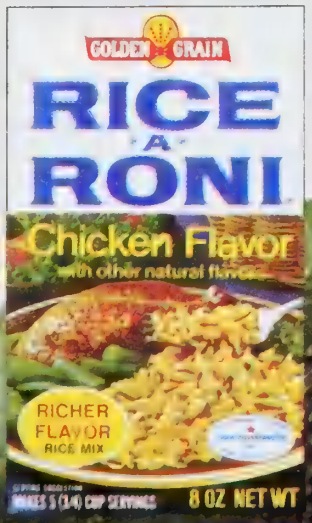


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with California Avocados and Rice-A-Roni

Slice into cool, golden-green California Avocados. Pile the glistening half-shells high with Rice-A-Roni—savory Chicken Rice-A-Roni with real chicken flavor. Mix in diced chicken, sliced salami, tomatoes and onion. Now, pour on the light, lemony dressing! You couldn't wish for an easier dish.



Easy Livin' Salad

- 3 California Avocados, halved, pitted, peeled
- 1 (8 oz.) pkg. Chicken Flavor Rice-A-Roni, cooked, chilled
- 2 cups cooked, diced chicken
- 1 (3 oz.) pkg. sliced dry salami
- 3 tomatoes, diced
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 cup chopped fresh parsley
- 1/2 cup vegetable oil
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. each garlic salt and dry mustard

Toss together in large bowl the Rice-A-Roni, chicken, dry salami, tomatoes, onion and parsley. Measure vegetable oil, lemon juice, garlic salt and dry mustard into small mixing bowl. Beat with wire whisk until well combined and creamy. Pour evenly over salad. Toss lightly. Serve on Avocado halves over lettuce. Serves 6.

Love Food From California

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Rice-A-Roni

"The San Francisco Treat"

CIRCLE OF HOPE
continued

The room was electric. Dr. Parrish and I watched helplessly as David took a step closer to Dr. McMillan. His eyes narrowed. His fists clenched.

"Dr. McMillan." Now his words were like bee stings. "I don't care whether you agree or disagree. I'm not even interested in your opinion."

"David. . ." I rose to try to halt David's bitter flow of words, but he was lost in anger. All he could see was this man standing in the way of his attempt to save Jobi's life.

"What I need you for," David continued through clenched teeth, "is to make the arrangements. Period."

Anger glittered from McMillan's eyes.

"All right—just hold everything." Josephine Parrish stepped between the two men. "Chuck, I feel as you do, that this trip to Houston isn't necessary. But, if that's what they want, we have to help them do it."

David and Dr. McMillan stared at her for a moment. Then McMillan looked at my face, tears rolling down my cheeks. He smiled slightly. "All right. If that's the way they want it."

David let his breath out slowly.

As David started through the door, Dr. McMillan gave a parting thrust. "Mr. Halper. . . you're not going to see Wilbur in Houston."

David whirled, about to explode.

McMillan chuckled. "Wilbur moved his whole operation to the San Francisco area. . . the Children's Hospital at Stanford, to be exact."

We took Jobi to Disneyland for three days of dreaming, and then flew to San Francisco and returned to the nightmare. Jobi waited in the hospital lobby while David and I talked with Dr. Wilbur. She looked up apprehensively when I came out of his office. David had gone to make a phone call. Jobi and I sat down on a little couch, and I took her hand.

"Jobi, you know you had a tumor, a bad lump, growing in your leg; that's why they had to amputate."

Jobi nodded solemnly. I knew the intuitive little girl could see that I didn't really want to say these words. Jobi stroked my arm comfortingly with her free hand. She didn't like her mother to be sad.

I continued softly. "The doctors in Minneapolis told us the tumor might come back somewhere else in your body. But the doctor here has some special new medicine that could keep the tumor from ever coming back. That's why we came. This building is the hospital where Dr. Wilbur takes care of children with. . . problems."

Jobi looked out the window. It was raining. "I saw a girl with no hair."

My voice sounded funny. "The medicines sometimes make people lose their hair. But it always grows back."

"Do the medicines taste icky?" Jobi turned back to look at my face.

"Some of them might taste bad, and some of them are shots."

Now Jobi put her hand on her tummy—I knew it was starting to hurt. Her neck grew damp.

"Sunshine," I said gently. "You're a little girl, but this is a very grown-up thing we're talking about. I want you to think about this and be part of the decision whether to take the medicines. I won't force you."

Tears began to plop onto Jobi's cheeks.

"Mom. . ."

"Yes, love."

"I don't think I have any choice."

On my lap I held her very close. The child nestled her wet face against my neck and our tears mingled. Then I rocked her gently even though there was no rocking chair.

A year is a lifetime. This was the first day of the year Jobi would spend as part of an experimental drug program sponsored by the state of California. Every three weeks, for one year, by injection or pill, Jobi would receive one of the four drugs to be used in her treatment. Cytoxan with vincristine; high-dose methotrexate; Adriamycin. The names drummed in my head like the names of the ten plagues my family recites on the holiday of Passover. If the cancer didn't get her, the drugs might. But if she beat them both, she would live.

Dr. Wilbur had explained how things worked in his wing at the Children's Hospital. "We feel that personal involvement is as much a part of the treatment as the medical program. The child and his relatives became part of the community of children, family and staff. We form a circle of hope, love and protection around each child. Everyone helps each other and we try to become invincible."

"And *are* you invincible?" David asked.

"No," Dr. Wilbur replied honestly, if sadly. The fierce determination shone from his gray eyes. "But we never give up. There's always hope. And our track record is higher than most." *(continued)*

CHILDHOOD CANCER
The Rising Rate of Cure
By Dodi Schultz

Cancers in children are both rare and special, differing in kind and frequency from those likely to affect adults. Cancer strikes one adult in four, yet the rate in children is only one in 10,000.

The major types of pediatric cancer, accounting for about 75 percent of all childhood malignancies, are: leukemias, cancers of the blood-forming organs (more than 40 percent); brain tumors (about 10 percent); lymphomas, cancers of the lymph nodes and channels (about nine percent); neuroblastoma, a tumor arising from embryonic nerve cells (nine percent); bone cancers (seven percent).

Osteogenic sarcoma, the disease from which Jobi Halper suffered, is a rare type of bone cancer. Ten years ago, only one percent of the afflicted could be expected to live—but today the chance of survival is as high as 80 percent. The odds have changed similarly for most of the other childhood cancers. Once, no child with acute lymphocytic leukemia could be expected to live a year; now the five-year survival rate is over 50 percent, and hundreds have already survived two or three times as long. In the lymphomas, the probability of a normal lifespan is now over 70 percent; in Hodgkin's disease, it is 80 percent.

Certainly, new and more effective drugs have played an important part in the dramatically reversed outlook. Dr. Denis Miller, chairman of the department of pediatrics at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York, points out that, "This heartening improvement is also due to better diagnostic techniques." But perhaps the most vital factor has been the establishment of the Children's Cancer Study Group, under the aegis of the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland. This is a network of 35 pediatric cancer centers from coast to coast, which cooperate in an exchange of the most up-to-date information.

Dr. G. Denman Hammond, of the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, the group's chairman, says, "Twenty years ago, it mattered little where, or by whom, a child with cancer was diagnosed and treated. At present, such a decision is often of crucial importance and can mean the difference between survival and death."

Dr. Miller concurs: "Sometimes, despite all the advances of recent years, our results are not good, because a child is not referred to us until he or she has been inadequately treated elsewhere. There is no reason why every child can't be promptly referred to a major center; the American Cancer Society has programs offering reimbursement for necessary travel."

For further information, or help in locating a pediatric cancer center that specializes in a particular form of the disease, write The Office of Cancer Communications, National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland 20205, or phone the Cancer Information Service, toll-free at (800) 638-6694. **End**

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CIRCLE OF HOPE
continued

But David was a numbers man through and through. "What are her chances on chemotherapy?"

Dr. Wilbur smiled tolerantly. "Frankly, the experimental program on this disease has been in effect such a short time, we can't state precise odds with any accuracy. But if you must have a number, my educated stab in the dark would be ten percent."

"Ten percent is better than one," David said firmly, "even in Las Vegas."

The year that followed was a crushingly difficult one, but through it all, Jobi's own sunny nature and refusal to give up buoyed us all. The drugs, of course, made her violently ill, but after days of retching, with only small snatches of sleep in between bouts, she seemed less exhausted—relieved, and ready for a few peaceful weeks before the next stage of therapy. Whenever possible she and I would fly home. I became convinced that she got over the nausea more quickly there. Finally, I asked to be taught how to insert the intravenous drip, and with the help of our local hospital, we completed some of the therapy without having to shuttle back and forth to California.

There were highs and lows as we struggled on. Like most chemotherapy patients, Jobi lost her hair, and we all wept. But in time she was happily wearing not only a wig, but a prosthesis—a skillfully crafted artificial leg. To everyone's amazement, she was soon cheerfully riding her bicycle, roller-skating, dancing and bouncing on the trampoline at school.

A year later

And then it was November. It had been 24 hours since Jobi's chest X-rays had been taken, and I still didn't know the results. Jobi wasn't home from school yet. I watched the wind blow some dead leaves around. You'd think after a year of torturous waits for X-ray results, I'd be used to them. But I wasn't. . . especially not on November 15.

Exactly one year earlier, Dr. Eugene Pelletier had told me there would be a tumor in Jobi's lung within one year. And then she would die. The doctor's prognosis had been brief and to the point. There was no room for comfort; there was no space for hope.

The phone rang and I jumped.

"This is Jane from Dr. McMillan's office. Jobi's X-rays look fine."

Sudden tears welled in my eyes. "Well, now what are you crying about?" I asked myself. "Because I almost listened to them," I answered.

I meant all the doctors who were so generous with the bitter truth and so stingy with a touch of hope. What good does it do to give up? What battle can be won without a fight?

I put my head down on my arms and cried as I saw Dr. Pelletier's face, heard him saying, "Osteogenic sarcoma reappears in the lung. . . there is no treatment. . . her chances are slim." Then I saw Dr. Jordan Wilbur and listened to him say, "We never give up. . .we form a circle of hope, love and protection around each child."

I closed my eyes. "Thank God," I whispered. "We opted for the hope and had the strength to pursue it." I reached for the phone to give David the glad news.

What saved Jobi? Was it David's perseverance? Was it Dr. Wilbur's medicine? Was it my refusal to let her go? Was it Jobi's will to live? I'm not sure. It may have been all those things and more. All I know is that my blood runs cold when I hear of doctors who tell their patients that there is no hope for them, and I feel infinite pity for people who give up before they even fight. **End**

Epilogue: Today, Jobi is a happy, healthy, energetic teenager who plans to become a doctor.

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- 2 tablespoons Fleischmann's® Margarine
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 egg white

Mix 1½ cups flour, 3 tbsp. sugar, 1 tbsp. salt and yeast.

Heat 1½ cups water and margarine to 120°-130°F. Add to dry ingredients; beat 2 min. at medium speed. Add ½ cup flour; beat at high speed 2 min. Stir in more flour to make a stiff dough. On floured board, knead 8-10 min. Set in greased bowl; turn to grease top. Cover; let rise in warm, draft-free place 1 hour.

Punch dough down. Cover; let rest 15 min. In a large skillet heat 1-inch water over medium low heat to a simmer; add remaining sugar and salt.

Divide dough into 12 pieces; shape 3 pieces into smooth balls. With floured finger, poke a 1-inch hole in each. Drop bagels into simmering water. Cook 3 min. Turn and cook 2 min. Turn again; cook 1 min. more. Drain on towels. Repeat shaping and cooking rest of dough.

Place on greased baking sheet. Mix egg white and 1 tbsp. water; brush on bagels. Sprinkle with coarse salt, sesame, caraway or poppy seed if desired. Bake at 375°F. 20-25 min. Remove from sheets. Cool.

For more variations like whole wheat, bran, raisin, and others, send for your free "Bake a Bagel" recipe booklet. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Bagel Recipes, Box 645, Dept. B1, Madison Square Station, New York, New York 10010.

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SOMEONE WITH A HEART



Love me, love my dog. Or is it *your* dog? An irresistible short story about the unleashing of love. By Marlene Fanta Shyer

On the first day of the transit strike in New York City, Leslie put on her sneakers, pushed her high heels into a shopping bag and began the 40-block walk to work. Briskly. Walking fast stopped her from thinking.

When she'd walked nine blocks, she slowed her pace and that's when she spotted Daphne. She was sitting smack in the middle of a second floor window looking down right into Leslie's face.

Daphne was Leslie's dog, the most lovable and disobedient Brand X animal in New York. For 11 months, Daphne had been missing.

Leslie stood frozen on the sidewalk, staring up into that familiar, fuzzy complexion and liquidy, barfly eyes. She was overjoyed to see Daphne again, but scared too. All along, Leslie was certain someone had stolen her. New York was full of thieves, dog and *(continued)*

Illustration by Tom Gala

LET US DO YOUR DIRTY WORK.



Let the Scrubbing Bubbles in Dow Bathroom Cleaner make short work of your toughest job.

Let them scrub your tub, foam your chrome and make your tile smile.

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...with swiss cheese!

When you put Triscuit Wafers and Chicken in a Biskit snack crackers together in a bowl, you've got a crisp, chickeny wheat treat. Add Swiss Cheese and you have a mild blend of nutty, chicken flavor with a whole wheat crunch.

TWO NABISCO SNACK CRACKERS TASTE EVEN BETTER THAN ONE!

Leslie took Daphne to obedience class but dropped out when Daphne refused to learn commands. Daphne was meant to wag her tail at burglars and to steal cheese from the tray when Leslie was having guests. Daphne was meant to sleep on the upholstered chair so that she could give it her lived-in seal of approval. Her real talent was to shed her light hair on the dark furniture and her dark hair on the light ones. What Daphne did best was always to look remorseful and to love Leslie with an unquestioning and unselfish love, and to charm the wits out of people who had hated dogs all their lives.

By the time Leslie could not bear to be separated from Daphne for even a weekend, Daphne disappeared. Leslie and Daphne had been walking downtown. All of a sudden Daphne spotted a Schnauzer down the street, slipped out of her collar and took off. Leslie sharply shouted every obedience-school command she could remember, but Daphne, true to form, ignored them all and zipped around a corner. Leslie chased after her, but it was too late. Daphne was gone.

Leslie spent weeks looking for her, retracing their steps, and stopping in stores to ask if anyone had seen a little dog with gray/black/brown and white fur who answered to the name of Daphne, but only if she were in the mood. She even called Spence at his office for advice. He said he didn't think he could be of much help. It seemed a hopeless case, despite a week of expensive ads in the newspaper, visits to the animal shelter and phone calls to four police precincts.

Until now.

To the doorman, Leslie said, "I have no time now, but I'll be back at five-thirty tonight." She scrawled her name on a piece of paper and pushed it into the man's not-too-receptive hand. "Please give this to the people who live in

SOMEONE WITH A HEART
continued

otherwise, and Daphne was no ordinary dog. It was easy to imagine someone weak enough to turn dognapper on seeing her crazy little face.

Leslie proceeded with caution and approached the doorman, who was not young and did not speak English very well. "Whose dog is that?" Leslie began, pointing at the window. The doorman took in Leslie's sneakers, raincoat and shopping bag. He shook his head and shrugged.

"Who lives in that apartment?" Leslie asked.

By the look on the doorman's face it was clear he considered this classified information.

Leslie glanced at her watch. Transit strike or not, Mr. Dressler had a low threshold of tolerance for lateness, for women and for people who didn't hail from New England. Leslie had just been passed over for promotion in favor of a new man who lived around the corner from the office and arrived at his desk as the night cleaning crew were leaving, and who hailed from Portland, Maine.

It was unfair. New York was unfair. The striking subway engineers, the walked-off bus drivers, the landlord who said Leslie's rent would now go up $45 a month—everyone was heartless. Leslie had been lonely since Daphne's disappearance—and since Spence's.

Spence had given Daphne to Leslie as a thoughtful parting gift. It was his way of saying he was sorry. He was sorry he'd said he was divorced when he was actually only separated. He was sorry he'd had to leave Leslie after a year and a half of a beautiful love affair; he was sorry that his wife needed him and he was sure that Daphne would help fill the void when he went back to New Jersey. He'd picked her off death row in the pound and knew Leslie would learn to love her.

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Mmmm... Bacon Thins and Sociables snack crackers together give you one great crisp, bacony taste. Add Cheddar Cheese and you have a great bacon and cheese flavor with a savory crunch.

TWO NABISCO SNACK CRACKERS TASTE EVEN BETTER THAN ONE!



building. This morning's doorman had been replaced by the night man. He was having coffee from a paper cup when Leslie approached him. "I spoke to the man who was on duty this morning. Someone in this building has my dog," she explained. "They live in that apartment"—she stepped back and pointed to the window where Daphne had been —"right there, on the second floor."

"I'm sorry," said the doorman crisply. "Must be a mistake. We don't allow dogs at the Park East."

Leslie felt as if she might go reeling with shock. She had jotted the building's address on a piece of scrap paper, now buried in her wallet.

Leslie's eyes narrowed. "Whose apartment is that up there?" she asked. She was trembling.

He made his mouth into an uncommunicative line. "It's against the building's policy to reveal tenants' names," he said. Then added, "Under certain circumstances—"

Leslie knew in a shot that the little postscript was the verbalization of the "outstretched palm." She dug into her pocketbook and pulled out the ten precious dollars with which she intended to have her hair trimmed. "I'd really appreciate your letting me talk to the people who live in that apartment," she said, very sweetly.

"Mrs. Richland, 2G," the doorman said. "Just a minute and I'll ring up."

Leslie smiled a bitter thank you while he spoke through the intercom. Then he turned back to Leslie and said, "If you wait here, someone will be right down."

The someone turned out to be a balding young man wearing a pin-striped suit, silk tie and the same kind of sneakers as Leslie's.

"I'm Tony Richland, Mrs. Richland's nephew," he said, extending his hand.

"Mrs. Richland's nephew?" Leslie asked, shaking it. Perhaps the doorman had gotten the *(continued)*

that apartment and tell them they have my dog and I intend to come by later to talk to them." Then Leslie waved at Daphne, threw her a kiss and, feeling really lighthearted for the first time in months, flew to work.

Mr. Dressler was breathing fire because he had arranged a car pool all the way from Riverdale and had arrived *on the dot,* but half the office was straggling in late. "The transit strike may go on for two years," he muttered as he spotted Leslie running to her desk, "so you all better get bicycles or a helicopter, but be here on time!"

"I found my dog," Leslie said, but he shrugged, and asked if she would mind staying for "a minute or two after five, with the rest of the staff, to make up the lost time."

Unfeeling. His "minute or two after five" always stretched into an hour. To Mr. Dressler, Leslie was a functional commodity, no more valuable than an air conditioner or coffee machine.

"I was going to pick up my dog immediately after work, Mr. Dressler," she said, rather pleased to hear herself speaking up. If she were going to survive, she would have to show her own strength.

"Is a dog more important than Tech-Electric?" Mr. Dressler wanted to know. Leslie surprised herself by saying, "Yes." Then she added, "I'll stay tomorrow, but I can't stay tonight," in a square-shouldered voice, and watched Mr. Dressler's eyebrows rise.

"I'm afraid tomorrow is out. I have to leave for Boston in the morning," he answered, and the cords on his neck stood out, two on each side.

Leslie had made her decision. She had told the doorman five-thirty and she intended to be there *on the dot.* "I'm sorry," she said, and Mr. Dressler did not speak to her the rest of the day.

At five twenty-five, Leslie appeared in front of Daphne's



purpose of her mission mixed up. "I'm just here about my dog. I saw her in the window . . ."

"I know," the young man said. "My aunt's window. When she got your note, she called me to come right over after work. In fact, I ran right over—" he pointed to his sneakers.

"Me too," Leslie said, pointing to hers. She smiled. He seemed pleasant. A nice change from the people Leslie had been dealing with lately.

"But Sweeney is not your dog," the young man said.

"Believe me, Mr. Richland, I know my dog," she said. "There's not another one like her in New York."

"I mean, Sweeney's not your dog *anymore*. She's *my* dog."

Leslie had thought him pleasant. She could feel her checks getting hot.

"Her name is not Sweeney! Her name is Daphne and I got her two years ago from a friend—!" Friend was not exactly the right term to describe Spence, but it just came out.

The young man lowered his voice, glanced at the doorman to see if he was listening. He was. "The thing is," he whispered, "I just can't part with her." He looked embarrassed.

Leslie's mouth opened in amazement. "But she lives with your aunt?"

"My aunt is Sweeney's day-care center. I have to work and the dog got lonely by herself all day. Since my uncle died, my aunt is lonely, too. So I drop Sweeney off every morning and I pick her up here every night."

Leslie softened a bit. "Daphne. Her name is Daphne," she said.

"And now my aunt is crazy about her, too," the young man said. "I didn't know her name was Daphne. Sweeney was the name of my first grade teacher. She had the same eyes."

Although Leslie was not immune to charm, she was not swayed by it now. She'd thought about Daphne every day for 11 months, and just seeing her this morning had filled her with joy. "Mr. Richland," she said, "I'm sorry, but she's mine and I want her back."

The young man took Leslie by the arm and led her to a lobby sofa out of the doorman's hearing. "Look here," he said, "I found Sweeney almost a year ago. I ran in front of a taxi to save her life. The guy driving the cab couldn't see her, but the taxi did a job on me instead." He pulled up his pants leg to show Leslie a fading purple scar.

Leslie felt immediate remorse. And gratitude. "Oh, I'm sorry—" she said. "How wonderful of you."

"Tore my suit and broke my glasses, too," he said.

"But Daphne—she wasn't hit?"

"I'm afraid she twisted her left hindquarter a bit. Nothing serious. I have a friend who's a vet and he strapped her up. I said I'd pay him when I could. See, I'd just lost my job and it was a bad time for me. Everything was going wrong. I began to lose my hair, no kidding. Look." He lowered his head to show Leslie his bald spot.

"Hardly noticeable," she said. It was almost true.

"Thank you," he said. He had a nice smile that more than made up for his lack of hair. "But I lost my self-confidence. I was seeing a girl I liked pretty well and suddenly I discovered she was seeing one of my good friends, too. He had a job, a car and no bald spot. I felt as if someone was pulling the world out from under my feet. Then I found Sweeney. What I really needed was a shrink, not a dog, but one look at her and I was hooked."

Compassion and gratitude bubbled up in Leslie's voice. "I know exactly how you feel," she said.

"I knew you would," he said, and he took Leslie's hand and looked into her eyes. He had deep-set eyes with good, expressive eyebrows.

"But I want my dog back!"

He dropped her hand.

"You *couldn't* take her away from me now," he cried.

"I'm sorry," Leslie said.

"*You're* sorry," he said.

"My life has not been the same without her," Leslie explained, trying to be gentle, trying not to seem callous. "I searched, I advertised in . . ."

"I couldn't even read my own mail without my glasses! She had no collar and I thought she was a stray."

"Surely you can find another dog in the city of New York!" Leslie cried.

"But why can't *you*?"

They looked at each other for a long moment. Another adversary. He had saved Daphne's life and Leslie would be grateful to him for the rest of hers, but he was asking too much.

"I'd like to take her home right now, if you don't mind," Leslie said. Stay firm and steely, she reminded herself. "Of course, I'll reimburse you for the vet and your glasses and suit. And I'm very grateful."

"Come on upstairs with me then," the young man said. He looked defeated, depressed and tired, as did Leslie. . .until the young man opened the door to his aunt's apartment, and she saw Daphne.

"Daphne!" she cried, and the dog came flying, wagging and leaping off the couch for an unruly, wild reunion.

While Leslie was busy hugging and kissing her, the young man's aunt appeared in the kitchen door. She was an old lady with white hair that swirled around her head like cotton candy.

"This is Sweeney's owner," the young man shouted at her. To Leslie he said, "My aunt is hard of hearing. You'll have to speak up."

Leslie said, "Thank you so much for keeping Daphne. You've both been wonderful," and the old lady nodded. She was trying to smile but wasn't successful. "She's good company," she said in her little-old-woman's voice, and Leslie could not help noticing dog hairs on her sweater.

"I'll get Sweeney's leash," her nephew said then, and Daphne jumped out of Leslie's arms and ran to his side to lick his hand. "An equal-opportunity best friend," he said smiling, and he threw out a couple of "Down, Sweeneys." Daphne kept leaping and even barked a wildly happy bark.

"I never could teach her a thing," Tony Richland said.

"Neither could I," Leslie admitted and for a moment they stood awkwardly looking at each other. He set cans of dog food and her dish down, and then fell to his knees and threw his arms around the dog's neck. "I'll miss you, Sween," he said. His eyes gleamed.

So did Leslie's. "You can visit her any time," she said.

That night in her apartment, Leslie prepared a gourmet dish for Daphne. It was a celebration dinner of leftovers.

Leslie was overjoyed to have Daphne home with her again, to see her curled in her favorite upholstered chair, to see those wonderful eyes following her. Leslie was truly happy for the first time in almost a year.

Until the next morning.

After she'd walked Daphne, given her a fresh bowl of water, pulled up the shade so she could look out of the window, Leslie felt suddenly downhearted. She looked at Daphne and Daphne looked at her. Uncomplainingly. Unselfishly. Devotedly.

"I have to leave early. There's a transit strike," Leslie said. She put her high heels into her paper bag. Daphne wagged her tail. She loved conversation directed at her. "But I'll be back tonight as early as I can," Leslie said.

Daphne blinked.

"I love you," she said, and she left.

Mr. Dressler had left a paper bag on Leslie's desk. In it were dog biscuits and a note that said, "I had to go to Boston to see my daughter, who is ill. I apologize for yesterday but things have been piling up for me. Give these to Fido."

She could hardly work. She could hardly wait until five o'clock. She had thought Mr. Dressler selfish, the city heartless. Now she saw herself as a combination of both. *(continued)*



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SOMEONE WITH A HEART
continued

hen had she really thought about
nyone else but herself? Didn't every-
ody have problems, a bit of personal
nguish? One just had to be a little more
nsitive, had to look a bit deeper.

Leslie opened her apartment door
nd called Daphne's name, but there
as no answer. She looked for her, but
ne dog was gone. Gone! Leslie did not
ait for the elevator; she ran down
ur flights and practically threw her-
lf at the doorman, Elmo. "My dog is
issing! Did you see her?"

Elmo stammered. The guilt crept
ross his face. "A young man came by.
e said you had given him permission
take the dog for a walk."

"So you let him take the dog from
y apartment!" Leslie cried.

"He said he'd be right back," Elmo
umbled.

"When? When did he leave?"

"Just a while ago, Miss," Elmo said.
ust then, Tony appeared with
aphne on the end of a leash. "I was
st passing by," he said. "I'm sorry. I
gured she'd been alone all day."

"How much did you have to slip
lmo?" Leslie whispered, hugging
aphne.

"Just a few dollars."

"I gave your aunt's doorman ten."

"It's okay. He was wounded in Brit-
any and gives everything to the Red
ross. It's for a good cause."

"I should have known. Elmo has a
ad back and he goes to a chiropractor
n Queens. Also a good cause."

Tony nodded. "I've thought about
weeney all day."

"Me too," Leslie said. She looked
nto Tony's unselfish eyes. "I'm going
o let you have her," she said.

He looked as if he'd known it all
long. "You're a nice lady," he said.
It's not easy to find someone with a
eart in this city."

"That's what I used to think," Leslie
aid meaningfully. Tony's beautifully
xpressive eyebrows went up. His nose
nd mouth weren't bad either. "Maybe
ve could take Sweeney out weekends
ogether," he suggested.

Spence had clearly given Leslie much
more than he'd ever intended. "Sort of
oint custody?" she asked. It was a
novelty to let fly with a really big
smile. It felt wonderful.

"Joint custody and unlimited visita-
ion rights. Starting now. Will you and
Sweeney join me for dinner?" Tony
asked.

"If you give me a minute to slip out
of my sneakers," Leslie answered. **End**

Marlene Shyer is the author of two novels, several children's books and many magazine stories.



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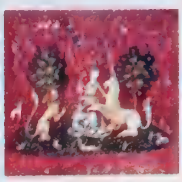
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You and Your Money by Sylvia Porter

Our renowned money expert tells what every wife should know about being a widow.

No matter what your emotional reaction to the realities of contemporary life, the odds are overwhelming that, if you are an American wife today, you will one day become a widow.

Females have a life expectancy seven years longer than males in our society. So, if you are five years younger than your husband, a typical age difference, the chances are three out of four that you will outlive him. If you are the same age as your husband, the chances are two out of three that you'll be a widow.

There's no point in being unnecessarily grim about any of this and it's true you may defy the odds in your own life. But if you don't, make sure that under any and all circumstances you will know how to handle your financial affairs properly.

To do this, start right now by having a frank discussion with your husband about practical matters. Ask him if he has a will. (He should, and you should, too! Writing a simple will is inexpensive and well worth the price.) Also find out where his will is kept: A copy should be placed in a safe deposit box, the original in your lawyer's office.

Every woman should also have a list of insurance policies (and the name of the insurance agent who sold them to your family), as well as pertinent information about bank accounts and stocks. You should know the whereabouts of family records such as your marriage certificate, the deed to your home and the names of your lawyer and your accountant. Remember, acquiring such information isn't morbid; it's plain good sense.

Now, if you must cope with the difficulties of widowhood, here are some specific guidelines to help you handle the biggest problems.

Early widowhood: Your first investment

Realize you have gone through a traumatic experience, so strengthen yourself both physically and mentally.

Take care of yourself at this trying time and invest in improving yourself as much as you can. Though it is hard to think so, doing this is as important and as sensible as any financial investment you could make.

If you have been employed all along, you may want or need to consider adding to your skills so you can get a better job and gain a new circle of acquaintances and friends. If you have been concentrating on homemaking, you may need to train yourself to enter the marketplace. This could be the best of all the investments you'll ever make.

Check your life insurance benefits

Ask your insurance agent (or the company) what information you must supply to back up your claims. If your husband did not make specific payment provisions covering your settlement, you have several options. Think them through before making a decision:

- You may take a lump-sum settlement if you need all the cash you can get quickly.
- You may arrange to receive fixed installments on set dates over an agreed period of time. Discuss the advantages and disadvantages of this option with an informed, trustworthy person—perhaps a lawyer or the insurance agent.
- You may leave the insurance money with the company and draw interest on it—provided you may withdraw as much as you want whenever you wish.
- Don't accept any payment schedule casually: Life insurance is a major part of your inheritance.

What Social Security benefits to expect

Young widows with very young children are eligible for eye-popping benefits that can, under today's Social Security laws, run into hundreds of thousands of dollars over the span in which benefits are payable. And it is improbable that any amendments Congress accepts in the near future will touch these widow's benefits.

Under current law, Social Security also pays a lump-sum benefit to any widow covered by the system and living with the worker at the time of his death.

There are other categories of benefits, too, that may apply to the widow or children. The only way for a widow to be sure she has received her rightful benefits is to contact the local Social Security office as soon as possible after the death of her husband.

No Social Security benefit payment is automatically yours. You must apply—and if you delay in applying, you may lose valuable benefits. When you go to the Social Security office in your area, take with you:

- A certified copy of the death certificate.
- Your husband's Social Security number.
- A record of your husband's approximate earnings in the year preceding his death and his employer's name. (A copy of the W-2 form that is always attached to the federal income tax return is adequate for both.)
- Your marriage certificate.
- Your Social Security number and those of your dependent children.
- Proof of your age and the ages of any dependent children under age 23.

Don't ignore Medicare

If your husband was in the Medicare age bracket, make sure you have not missed any Medicare reimbursement to which he was entitled: Apply for any benefits that might have been due him. These would include reimbursement for hospital or doctor bills he paid before he died but for which he did not apply for Medicare coverage.

The services of a lawyer or an accountant in matters of this kind may turn out to be invaluable to you.

Additional sources of benefits

Many widows' benefits go unclaimed every year, and are usually forfeited by those who need them most.

Some trade unions and fraternal *(continued)*



"Mom said it was from my fairy godmother. I thought, 'Could it be?' Oh yes! I love 'em. I've been begging for heels just forever. Yes. Yes. They fit. They're just like the ones I wanted. Oh, Mom told you, didn't she? They'll really go with my new dress for the dance. I feel like Cinderella already! Thanks, Aunt Connie."

Though family and friends move far apart, you can continue to grow together. Just reach out and walk back into each other's lives.

Bell System

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organizations provide payments for he families of members—for example, surviving family members of a railroad employee may be entitled to benefits. Benefits provided for veterans should be checked out at any Veterans Administration office or veterans' service organization. There may be Automobile Club insurance, and some auto insurance policies carry death benefits. If occupational factors were involved in the death, Workers' Compensation benefits may apply.

Investigate every angle on benefits with utmost care. If you cannot handle this, a trusted adviser can do it for you. And if a small fee is involved, pay it with grace and gratitude.

You may be entitled to other funds

If your husband worked for a private corporation or had his own business, it is probable that he had group life insurance, and perhaps he was also covered by a pension or profit-sharing plan. Your husband's employer (or the accountant handling his business affairs) will most likely get in touch with you to notify you about the benefits to which you are entitled. If not, you must take the initiative.

Find out about: accrued vacation and sick pay, terminal pay allowances, disability income, credit union balance, unpaid commissions, service recognition awards. There may be a long list of benefits that you will not receive unless you inquire about them. Ask, too, whether you and your children are eligible for coverage under your husband's hospital, surgical and disability plan and, if so, for how long.

Beware! Traps for the surviving family

Among the most vicious of all swindlers are those who specialize in victimizing widows. And you are vulnerable even if you count yourself among the most sophisticated of working women with a top-notch job and a wide circle of friends.

The crooks will appear friendly and honest, and they always have a believable story. But they are neither friendly nor honest; they're crooks.

One favorite trick is to inform the survivor of a life insurance policy (non-existent, of course) on which a final premium must be paid before benefits can be collected. Another version is the "valuable asset" the survivor can collect if a final payment is made. The victim makes the payment—and that's the end of that.

Another favorite is for the crook to deliver merchandise that was never ordered and request payment.

Still a third—the swindler calls to collect a debt allegedly owed by the deceased and threatens (if necessary) nasty publicity if the debt is not paid. You may assume there was no debt.

Go slow. Be cautious. Ask the guidance of a close adviser before you do anything. Certainly, neither pay any debt with which you are unfamiliar nor sign any document before thorough investigation.

Guard your securities portfolios

At this time, a widow (again, even the most worldly) is a prime target for bad investment advice and for members of the racketeering fringe that can besmirch the reputation of any occupation. Representatives of even the most reputable brokerage firms have been known to recommend switching securities in an investment portfolio merely to profit from the commissions involved.

Best advice: Do nothing until you have regained your balance. No matter how alluring a financial proposition may seem, turn your head. And, until you have had ample time to get the counsel of competent advisers whose only concern is *your* welfare, don't:

- Buy or sell securities.
- Lend money.
- Convert your insurance policies. **End**



Beauty Journal



September brings good news for your senses: how to find the perfect fragrance, see better through brand-new contact lenses, shape up to a sleeker body.

Seeing Is Believing

Good news for the nearsighted! The FDA has recently approved an "extended wear" soft contact lens that can remain safely in the eye for two weeks—through sleeping, showering, even swimming. ▪ How do they work? Made of a very soft material with a high water content, the lenses allow oxygen to pass through to the surface of the eye. Recommended drops keep lenses lubricated during wear; at intervals you remove, clean with a chemical solution and re-insert. ▪ A boon for those who have trouble with daily insertion/removal of lenses or for those on the go—for instance, new moms who rush to a crying baby in the middle of the night. "If you've worn contacts previously," says Dr. Frank Fontana of the American Optometric Association, "you'll probably be able to adapt more quickly to the new lens because your eyes have already adjusted to a foreign body." ▪ Lens notes: Cost is about 1/3 more than regular soft lenses. ▪ Be sure price includes follow-up visits, to check for any signs of trouble. ▪ Sometimes extra-sensitive eyes reject lenses; most reliable ophthamologists will refund some portion of the fee. ▪ Be aware of the replacement cost—these lenses deteriorate more quickly. ▪ More good news—a lens for farsighted people is being developed, too.

Fall Finds

For the new season, a bevy of beauty boosters. ▪ Win the breakout battle. Twice a day, smooth on a lotion with 10% benzoyl peroxide, a strong pimple fighter. 12 Hour Acne Medicine by Noxema, 1 fl. oz., $3.29. ▪ Toting around a ton of makeup? Carry instead a handy kit containing all you need to go from plain to pretty. In 8 color-coded shades for eyes, cheeks and lips. The Face Kit by Aziza, $13.50. ▪ Saving grace. A rounded cake of rich cheek-color comes tucked in a protective "well." Swirl on one of 7 shades with its own little puff. The Rouge by Revlon, $5. ▪ Water, water everywhere. Skin thrives on moisture and this system helps retain it. Hydro Light with MMC (Maximum Moisture Complex) in cleanser, toner, renewing lotion and cream by Dorothy Gray, each $6 to $8.

Scent Shopping

To breeze through cooler days ahead, discover a new-for-you fragrance. Make a point of strolling by department/drug store counters and sampling tester bottles. To help decide: ▪ Try only two scents at a time, one on each wrist. Wait until dry before you sniff—to get the "top notes" or first impression. Amelia Bassin, fragrance authority, suggests you "wait at least an hour for the full notes to bloom on your skin." ▪ *Don't* evaluate a scent by inhaling directly from the bottle—you'll just get a big whiff of alcohol. If you don't want to test on skin (after all, you may not like it), next best is to spray scent into the air or on a cotton ball or tissue. Don't judge by what a friend wears; the same fragrance can smell differently on you, due to skin chemistry. ▪ It may be pure fantasy, but it's fun to follow your moods when selecting scents. One fragrance may surround you with a sexy, sultry aura . . . another evokes free-spirited fun.

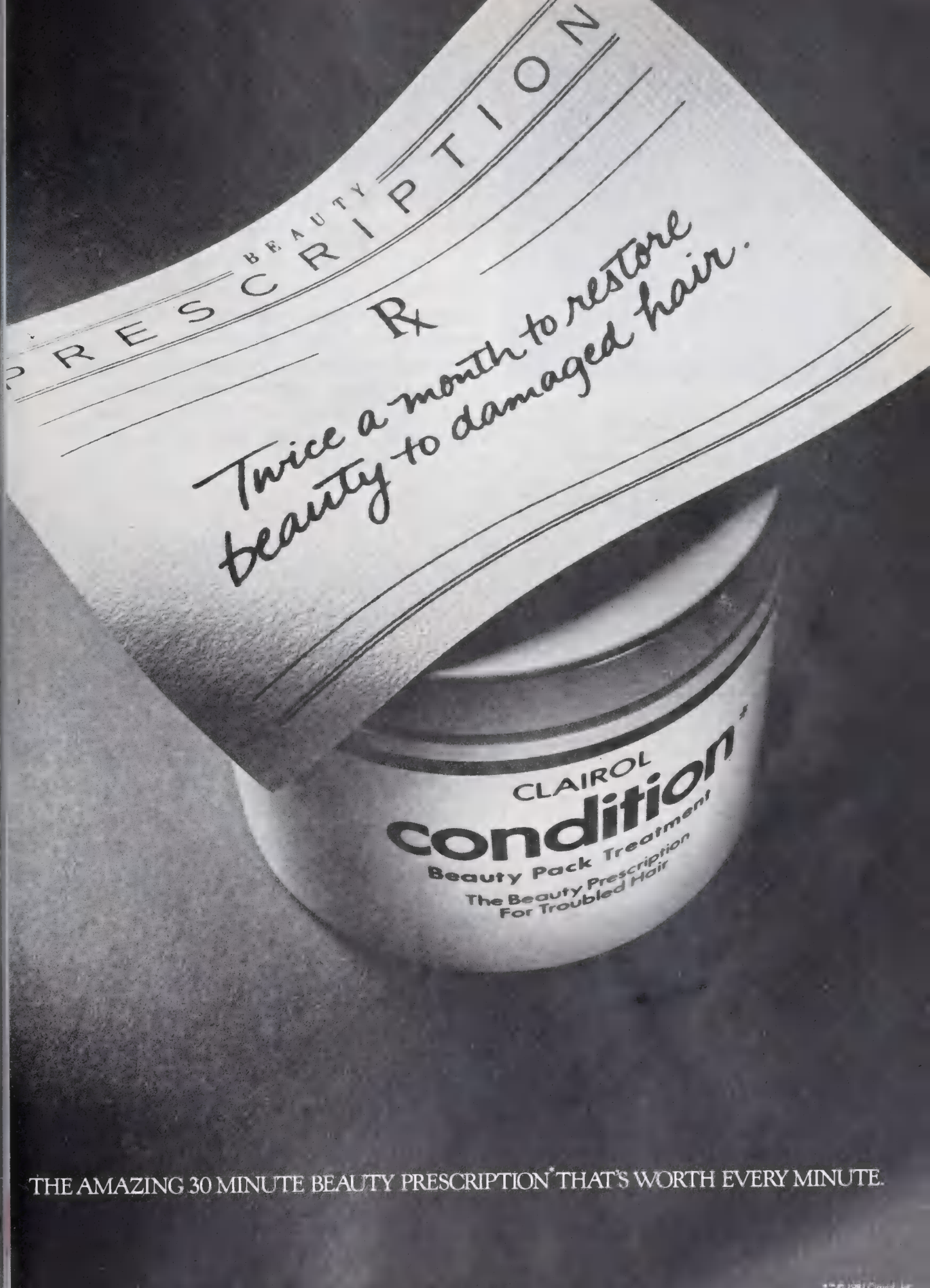
Exercise of the Month

Q. *I'd love to wear some of the new, belted skirts for fall, but my waistline's too thick. How can I get rid of a little roll?—T.L., Albany, N.Y.*

A. *"You have to strengthen those muscles running diagonally across the stomach, from rib cage to pelvis, to produce a smaller, trimmer waist," advises Penny Kroll, sports medicine physical therapist at the Hospital for Joint Diseases Orthopedic Institute. Here's how to do it: Lie on your back, hands clasped behind head, knees bent (as illustrated). Roll up, exhaling and bringing left elbow to right knee. Roll back, inhaling. Repeat 5 times for each side. Increase gradually. If you have any lower back problems check with your doctor first.*



Illustration by Thea Kliros. Border by George Angelini.



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"IS IT SERIOUS?" A Doctor's Manual of Symptoms that Worry Women

By Phyllis Leppert, M.D.

When you experience pain, sores or irregular bleeding, you need to know whether the condition is truly threatening. Here's a guide to the most common gynecological problems that may require emergency treatment, an office visit—or maybe nothing at all.

Dr. Leppert is an assistant professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. She has been published in a number of medical and lay journals.

No Cause for Alarm

These are normal occurrences that don't need a physician's care:

1 **Pain on one side that may last for a day or two in the middle of the menstrual cycle.**
May be *Mittelschmerz* ("middle pain"), which sometimes occurs during ovulation when the egg erupts from the ovary.

2 **A soft lump in the breast before a period.**
Probably a harmless cyst. Many women tend to develop small premenstrual breast lumps. If it doesn't disappear a week or so after the start of the period, see a doctor.

3 **Pimple in the pubic region.**
Often caused by a small irritation around a hair follicle. Use a mirror to look at it, but don't poke or squeeze. Keep the area clean by soaking in a warm bath for about 20 minutes. A pimple close to the vaginal opening may be a cyst; consult a doctor.

4 **Brown menstrual flow, commonly at the beginning or end of a period.**
Uterine lining (tissue mixed with blood) is being shed. A normal variation.

5 **Clots in menstrual blood.**
A common occurrence during a heavy period. Normally, an anticoagulant in the menstrual blood keeps it from clotting, but the blood may be flowing too fast for the anticoagulant to work. If the clotting continues and weakness or other symptoms develop, see a doctor.

6 **Brown spotting while taking birth control pills, especially during the first cycle.**
Common with the new low-dosage estrogen pills. Continue use but mention symptoms to the doctor during your regular checkup.

7 **White, clear mucous from the vagina.**
Most women have a discharge when they ovulate, usually in the middle of their menstrual cycle.

8 **Soreness with intercourse.**
If discomfort occurs occasionally, you may be having intercourse before you're fully aroused. During stimulation, the vaginal walls secrete a lubrication that eases the entry of the penis. Delay intercourse or try using a lubricating jelly. If the soreness recurs with every lovemaking session, see a doctor.

9 **Difficulty dislodging a tampon or diaphragm.**
You're probably too panicky. The tampon or diaphragm can't get lost or stuck. Relax and keep trying.

See a Doctor, Not an Emergency

Call your physician, describe your symptoms and arrange for a prompt appointment:

1 **Breast lumps that are hard, don't move with the tissue and persist through the menstrual cycle.**
These lumps are frequently benign, but should be checked by a doctor as soon as possible. Breast cancer, if diagnosed early, has a high rate of cure. For early detection, examine your breasts every month, preferably about seven to ten days after the start

(continued on page 116)

"Dove gave us softer, smoother skin in just 7 days."

Lou Ann Harkleroad, age 38, Chamblee, Ga.

Virginia B. Miller, age 31, Excelsior, Minn.

Kim M. Maviglia, age 34, Hillsdale, N.J.

Donna-Rae Lang, age 38, Littleton, Colo.

Barbara Medica, age 29, Canoga Park, Calif.

Janet C. Uthemann, age 35, Denver, Colo.

Betty Wyche, age 32, Plymouth, Minn.

Marsha Bayly, age 27, Ringwood, N.J.

Judy M. Olson, age 41, Minneapolis, Minn.

Georgina Kennedy, age 37, Waldwick, N.J.

Suzanne F. Neslund, age 32, Long Lake, Minn.

Junell Wingate, age 45, Wayzata, Minn.

Tracy Jenkins, age 33, Alpharetta, Ga.

Lynne San Phillip, age 36, Ridgewood, N.J.

Suzanne A. Hungerford, age 34, Encino, Calif.

Jane M. Grove, age 39, Wayzata, Minn.

Pamela Cohen, age 33, Van Nuys, Calif.

Rhona Klawans, age 31, Denver, Colo.

Mary Porter, age 30, Marietta, Ga.

Nicki Windsperger, age 30, Robbinsdale, Minn.

Shirley Scott, age 37, Van Nuys, Calif.

Connie Lee Glaholt, age 28, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dale Aiken, age 29, Atlanta, Ga.

These are the names of real women. Just a few of the hundreds of real women across America who took a real test: They stopped using soap and washed their faces with Dove® instead. To a woman, they reported that after seven days of Dove, their skin was noticeably softer and smoother. Sound miraculous? No, it's just that the Dove ¼ moisturizing cream formula really does work. Dove isn't soap. So it can't dry your skin or strip away its natural moisture like soap can.

Try it. Put your soap aside and use Dove for seven days. Your name could make the next list.



It's new. It's beige.

More Lights 100s



It's more you.

8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BY GAIL SHEEHY

In her landmark best seller, *Passages*, the author showed us that there are stages of emotional development throughout our lives. Now, in this exclusive excerpt from her new blockbuster, she shares her insights on how we can successfully make our way through life's inevitable crises, and find the path that leads to a true sense of well-being.

PATHFINDERS

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
—"The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost

All of us have stood at a point where two roads diverged and doubted our wisdom to choose. Many of us have chosen by refusing to risk moving at all; others have made a choice by default or even been unaware that they stood at a crossroads. But some among us have recognized that crossroads and seen in it the path to another beginning, an opportunity to make themselves more. What can such people teach us about the process of finding and choosing paths to expansion in our lives, about avoiding the ruts into which most lives eventually fall, the meagerness of lives spent on a safe and narrow track, the blind alleys, the bitterness and breakdown of nerve that overcome people who hit the bumps unaware?

Our personalities do not stop developing at the end of adolescence. Each time we move from one stage of our lives to the next we face a transition, what some have called a "psychosocial crisis" and I have termed a "passage." To know that such passages occur throughout our lives, however, does not give us any clues about how to navigate them, how to move forward rather than backward in growth. As I traveled the country after I finished *Passages*, I heard the same question in one variation after another:

"Help! I'm stuck between the twenties and the thirties—how do I avoid the old traps?"

"Maybe I am in a midlife crisis. You can talk all you want about what causes it. When is someone going to tell me what to do about it?"

It was good old American pragmatism: *Okay, here's a new problem. Now, what's the solution*? I determined to continue the work on which I had embarked. But how?

Few data existed except for other life-cycle theories that also tracked the tasks and obstacles common to different stages of adult life. Biographies of the celebrated and sainted were not particularly applicable. There was nothing about ordinary people engaged in the normal struggles of life, nothing to explain why certain people navigate a critical passage in an expanding, self-renewing way, while so many others slip backward, blame others, go to sleep, attempt frantic escapes.

Undoubtedly, we would all like to be people of high well-being. They radiate enthusiasm for life; they seem to feel good; they make us feel good. What are their secrets?

Like the dance of brilliant reflections on a clear pond, well-being is a shimmer that accumulates from many important life choices made over the years by a mind that is not often muddied by pretense or ignorance and a heart that is open enough to sense people in their depths and to intuit the meaning of most situations. It would be enlightening, I thought, to *(continued)*

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"The same goals held up across the board as most important to Americans: A comfortable life, family security and a sense of accomplishment. Yet the most satisfied people are the least willing to jeopardize their family lives for professional success."

PATHF



compare the experiences of people who felt exceptionally good about themselves, and especially to explore the qualities of mind and heart they emphasize in themselves and call upon at important crossroads. This was the task that excited me.

But first, the elusive concept of well-being itself would have to be more precisely defined. It is more than happiness. In its narrow sense, as Freud defined it, happiness generally conveys relief from pent-up frustration or deprivation of pleasure. Although the need may have reached great intensity, its satisfaction is most often instantaneous. By definition, then, happiness is fleeting.

Well-being registers deep in our unconscious. It is an accumulated attitude, a sustained background tone of equanimity behind the more intense contrasts of daily events, behind even periods of unhappiness. I developed a Life History Questionnaire to probe the self-perceptions, values, goals, coping styles and experiences at each stage of life of adults between the ages of 18 and 80. Within the questionnaire was a complex instrument for measuring life satisfaction: It would identify the people who find the keenest contentment in the many dimensions of a full life.

The 25 items of the well-being scale asked both directly and indirectly how satisfied a person had been during the previous several months with work, love, children, success, finances and health. People were queried, too, about how pleased they were with their personal growth and development, their spiritual life and sex life, their friends and social life. They were asked how their spouse's or lover's life was going, how they felt about their own physical attractiveness and fitness and about the degree to which they were making a contribution to others. The questionnaire measured the balance they believed they had forged among job, family, leisure activities and home responsibilities as well as how satisfied they were with life as a whole. The level of boredom and the degree of control and responsibility a person felt over his or her life rounded out the scale.

The final score on the well-being scale was based not only on how pleased people reported themselves to be within each of these spheres, but also



n how they compared with all he other respondents in their eer group.

Casting lines into many ifferent ponds during 1978 and 979, I gathered Life History Questionnaires from many varied conomic and occupational roups. I also published the uestionnaire in two mass-circulation magazines, *Esquire* and HJ's sister publication, *Redook*. In addition, I conducted ooperative research workshops vith a dozen large professional rganizations. Altogether the research process took three years nd yielded 60,000 questionaires. Although that does not onstitute a statistician's random ample, it greatly enlarges the lata pool on which life-cycle theries have drawn up to now.

What emerged from the urveys and interviews was an utline of that enviable creature—the person enjoying optimum well-being. He or she is est characterized by the ten tatements of self-description hat follow—the apparent endroducts of life passages well nade—which are also clues to egin mapping a path to our own rilliant beginnings.

The Ten Hallmarks of Well-Being

1. *"My Life Has Meaning and Direction."*

This is the characteristic hat correlates most closely with ptimum life satisfaction. People of high well-being find meaning in an involvement with something beyond themselves: a work, an idea, other people, a social objective.

If such a commitment gives their lives meaning, it appears to be their long-range vision of the future that gives high-satisfaction people direction. That vision, it is important to note, is a power that can be cultivated.

You should not take this to mean there are people who actually go around saying, "Hi there. I have meaning and direction in my life." Most of us would probably cross the street to avoid someone like that. The statements you're reading were never actually spoken; they are simply the best way I have of dramatizing dry data. The first five characteristics discussed here rank in order of the strength with which they correlate with high overall well-being.

2. *"I Have Experienced One or More Important Transitions in My Adult Years, and I Have Handled These Transitions in an Unusual, Personal or Creative Way."*

People of high well-being are not insulated from difficult passages. On the contrary, they were the *most* likely to report having made at least one important passage or transition and having made a major change in their outlook, values, personal affiliations or career. This contradicts the widespread assumption that a consistent life, with no great changes, is the most rewarding. Far from it.

Coming up with creative solutions to common life crises registered clearly in every sample as characteristic of adults

(continued on page 130)

Passages of a Pathfinder

After bearing her third daughter, Delia Barnes began to sleep 12 hours a day. From her torpor she tried without success to recall the wiry, energetic, highly responsible woman she had been for 28 years. They gave her thyroid pills. Still, she was unable to sit down without floating off to sleep in the chair. She gave up on trying to conceive the son she wanted to give her husband as an heir to his contracting business.

It was suggested that she see a psychiatrist. "I want to keep people happy," she told the doctor, "so I never confront them. Pleasing people is a big thing in my life."

What the psychiatrist said then had never occurred to her. "You've been trying too long to please everyone else. Now you've got to start doing something for yourself."

Should she condescend to the clichés common to women in her circle? Wait until her skin shriveled and the lighted tinder in her heart went out? Truth was, she had never felt fire in her loins. She pretended. She pleased.

It is at such a crossroads that so many people freeze up, fearing to drop masks they have discovered to work or identities that suit other people's expectations. There is a locking of feeling, a giving up on the attempt to fit conflicting needs together, until a comforting sort of capsule firms up around them, making it possible to tread water, avoid the risk of changing and kill time—although the time they are killing is their own.

Delia's first depression was vague, characteristic of the transition from the 20s to the 30s when the choices we have made early in our life begin to pinch. It grew worse before it got better. Alarmed, her husband said he would "allow" her to go horseback riding or take some courses. And so, with no specific goal beyond occupying her mind, she began working on an advanced degree in education. That was the only field she knew. Her parents, who had wanted her to be a teacher, would be pleased.

(continued on page 136)

How to Look Great This Fall

Here's everything you need to know right now: Pages of fashion and beauty trends... unbeatable bargains ...plus tips on how to make it all work for you. By Maureen Lynch, Beauty and Fashion Director.



The Look This is the suit that says it all. A little peplum jacket that hugs the body; with wide shoulders, a well-defined waist. Add the flare of a softer, swingy skirt. And the best accessory to own this fall; a dashing shawl. Jacket, $130; skirt, $84; both, Ellen Tracy. Madcaps shawl; Robin Kahn belt; Nickels boots. His outfit: Perry Ellis; Peeples boots.

Fashion forecast: What to shop for now.

1 The mood this year—bolder, richer, fuller. A sense of luxury, contrast of textures, mixture of patterns.
2 Patterns are everywhere: plaids, paisleys, stripes, tweeds.
3 Colors. Straight out of Sherwood Forest. Fir greens, rusts, golden oaks. Wines from rosé to burgundy.
4 Say it's for warmth, say it's for fashion—shawls and huge capes get flung over all.
5 Romance abounds. Rounded (not square) shoulders. Ruffly blouses with lacy collars, full sleeves.
6 Waists are cinched with belts of all widths. Surefire addition: the sheen of metallics.
7 Hemlines are not an issue: They hover around the knee or drop to mid-calf.
8 Balance the more voluminous looks with high boots or mid-heel pumps. Pair narrower shapes with sporty flats.

Photographs by Richard Blinkoff; hair by André Tavernise of Bumble & Bumble; makeup by Stan Place.

The big news in hair for fall: Fullness. No matter if your hair is long or short, thick or thin, go for more volume to balance the new flowing shapes in fashion.





Lips. The key word is matte. Gone is the high shine. Color can be intense but still sheer. Apply carefully with lip liner (in same shade). Blot; re-apply to last.



Eyes. Softly pretty. Missing: harsh liner on the upper lid. Now, gently blended colors: violets, pale plums, touches of teal. Smidge of color goes under lower lashes.



Nails. Surprise! Nails make a strong statement. Paint them dark, definite. All the deep berry tones: blackberry, black currant, black raspberry. With plenty of shine.

Beauty Forecast: More softness in makeup. No hard edges. Colors have shifted from cool blues, bright fuchsias to warmer, earthier tones. Mushrooms, golden ambers and moss greens for eyes. Wild roses for cheeks, lips. Everything works in harmony...with no one feature played up. Eyebrows are pale, natural and neat.

How to Make the Look Work for You

Checklist: If you buy only four things this fall, here are good examples of what to invest in...
A jacket that's not a blazer. Find one with soft shaping, like this wool cardigan–to wear belted or not. Note the easy width through the shoulders.
A plaid skirt, full and circular, with lots of movement. Or, reverse the order: pick a plaid jacket and tweedy skirt.
A blouse with an air of adventure. Loose buccaneer sleeves, a face-framing high collar.
A shawl to wear with nonchalance, at right. It pulls the whole look together, adds instant glamour.







All dressed...and ready to go. Around town, to work, anywhere. Shetland wool jacket, $135. Plaid circle skirt in wool/ polyester, $96. Both, Frank Smith for Evan Picone. High-ruffled blouse, in polyester. By Ellen Tracy, $64. Wine shawl, 60" wool blend. By Madcaps, $33.

Hair Today: How to Turn the Volume Up

Fullness counts. Slick and sleek are out. Hair has to hold its own with the bigger, bolder fashions. Essential to this look, a good haircut with controlled *volume*. Other methods for fuller, fluffier hair: layering, perming, braiding, setting on rollers or blowing dry with setting lotion (spray on hair for body). One more trick: "teasing" is back. In case you've never done it (or forgotten how), here's the way to backcomb correctly: Take a small section, hold it straight up. Place comb at center of strand, push down to scalp–once only. Do anywhere volume is needed. To smooth out, start at center, carefully comb, a little at a time.



Short and curly, left. Whether naturally tousled or permed (good way to add texture to thin hair), the new fullness should come at the top. Keep sides close. Spray on setting lotion, fluff dry with fingers, "spot-tease" on top.

Fashion by Bis.

Fine and straight, right. A softer, fuller look for one-length hair. Use setting lotion and blow-dry freely–not rolling around brush. Spot backcomb for a glorious frame. Check out in full-length mirror!

Fashion by Liz Claiborne.



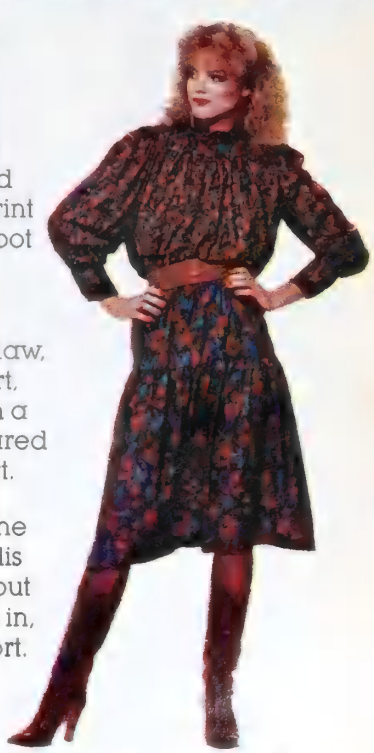
Fitting Your Figure



Ten pounds too many? Look trimmer, far left, in a rich cotton velvet jacket with gently pleated shoulders, a nipped waist, $134. Print challis skirt, in rayon, $58; lacy jabot blouse with sheer stripes, $72. All, Ellen Tracy.

Too hippy? Camouflage your figure flaw, near left, with a solid-color wool skirt, neatened by flat pleats, $64. Top with a cropped wool jacket, $110; ruffle-collared rayon blouse, $52. All, Gregge Sport.

Tall and full-figured? A fine choice: the split image, right, of a two-piece challis dress. Same colors (brick, teal blue) but slight shift in pattern. Tunic top to tuck in, $54; torso skirt, $50. Both, Gregge Sport.



Accessory information on page 134.

Best Fall Bargains!

A roundup of finds to perk up your fall wardrobe without breaking your piggy bank. Some are basics you'll live in...other accessories that add flash or dash.

Hot Flash. Designer color at rock-bottom price. Maybelline's Moisture Whip lipstick in "Chinese Coral."



$2

$14

Top Priority. The shawl; handsome wool challis, self-fringed. To make: Simplicity #5210 (cost varies with fabric).



$22

Racy Ruffles. Very trendy–freewheeling red plaid with flirty ruffle front. By Stuffed Shirt, in polyester/cotton.

$29

Cool Culottes. Just the right kind of casual–khaki-green corduroy with tummy yoke, easy pleats. By Landlubber.

Autumn Leaves. Bronze leafy earrings–to wear as a pair or solo. By Stephanie Frank.



$8

For accessory and yardage information, see page 134. All prices approximate.

$1.40
Wine-dark Nails. A call to attention—one fabulous color for small change. "Spiced Plum" by Cover Girl.



$39
Warming Wonder. Unbelievable! A thick, body-warming cape that's a half-circle of mohair. Easy to run up, from Simplicity #5210.



$27
Stepping Out in Style. Sleek, sporty designer look in leather. By Qualicraft Shoes at Baker/Leeds.



$5
Bangles, Jangles. A trio of cuff bracelets with the all-important metallic gleam. Wild patterning: tiger stripes, leopard spots. By Stephanie Frank, $5 each.



$22, $17
Soft Tailoring. A pair of good-lookers: striped shirt with high-ruffled neck, floppy tie. By Stuffed Shirt. Over it, a relaxed sweater vest. By Garland, in acrylic.

$5, $7
Small Shawl. Real find! Acrylic lightweight shawl that you can toss over practically anything. By Baar & Beards
Precious Metal. Eye-catching coppery belt, for day or night. By The Leather Shop.

$26
Classic with Dazzle. Rich raspberry argyle sweater patterned with a streak of golden threads. By Genesis in acrylic/Lurex



Super Quick Meals

Easy as 1-2-3

Who doesn't need speedy new dinner ideas? Today everyone wants deliciously different ways to serve family foods—so that no one groans, "Not this again!" In answer, we've taken 4 standbys (pork chops, noodles, peas and pound cake) and come up with three terrific recipes for each. Clip our chart and keep it handy—to make complete meals (for 4) with endless variations. All under 30 minutes! By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.



Super Quick Meals

Easyas...1 2 3

	1	2	3
Pork Chops	**Herbal Chops,** shown. Mix in small bowl: 2 T. olive oil, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. garlic powder, dash each: pepper, crushed rosemary.	Brush mixture on both sides of 4 pork loin chops.	Broil chops (about 6" from heat) for 5–7 minutes on each side or until cooked through.
	Cranberry Chops. Combine 14-oz. jar cranberry/orange relish, 1 T. lemon juice, ½ tsp. salt, dash each: pepper, ground cinnamon.	Heat 1 T. salad oil in a skillet, brown 4 pork loin chops on both sides. Drain off fat.	Add cranberry mixture. Cover and simmer 20-25 minutes or until chops are cooked through.
	Pork Pizziola. Heat 1 T. salad oil in skillet; brown 4 pork loin chops on both sides. Drain off all but 1 T. fat.	Thinly slice one green pepper and one onion; add to skillet. Sauté 3–5 minutes.	Stir in 2 cups Italian-style cooking sauce. Cover, simmer 15–20 minutes or until chops are cooked through.
Egg Noodles	**Parmesan Noodles,** shown. Cook 3 cups medium egg noodles according to package directions. Drain.	Heat ¼ cup half and half cream with 1 T. butter. Toss with noodles.	Add ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 1 T. chopped parsley, ¼ tsp. freshly ground black pepper. Toss again.
	Dutch Noodles. Cook 3 cups medium egg noodles according to package directions, but add 1 T. salad oil to water. Drain.	Toss hot noodles with ½ cup sour cream or plain yogurt and ½ tsp. poppy seeds.	Garnish with ½ cup canned French-fried onions.
	Caraway Noodles. Cook 3 cups medium egg noodles according to package directions. Drain.	Melt 1 T. butter in large pan. Add ½ tsp. caraway seed, 1 cup red cabbage (from jar). Heat.	Add noodles and toss all together.
Frozen Peas	**Peas Niçoise,** shown. Cook a 10-oz. package frozen peas according to package directions.	Shred 1½ cups iceberg lettuce. Mince 3 T. salami (we used the Genoa variety).	Drain peas. Add shredded lettuce, salami and ⅛ tsp. oregano. Toss.
	Peas à l'Orange. Cook a 10-oz. package frozen peas according to package directions.	Stir in 2 T. orange marmalade and 1 T. butter or margarine.	Top with 2 T. sliced almonds.
	German Pea Salad. Thaw a 10-oz. package frozen peas under cold running water.	Combine ¼ cup sour cream, 1 T. bacon bits, 1 chopped green onion, ¼ tsp. salt and dash of pepper.	Add peas. Serve chilled or at room temperature.
Pound Cake	**Cassata Torte,** shown. Combine one cup ricotta cheese with ¼ cup chocolate bits and 3 T. sugar.	Slice pound cake into 3 horizontal layers. Divide filling into thirds—and spread on each layer.	Stack the three layers. Cut into 8 slices, for dessert and seconds—or for snacks the next day.
	Saucy Fruit Cake. Thaw a 10-oz. package frozen mixed fruit. Combine in bowl with 2 T. brandy.	Cut half the pound cake into 4 slices (freeze rest). Toast the slices until golden brown.	Top each slice with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. Spoon on brandied fruit sauce.
	Viennese Torte. Combine ½ cup sour cream, 1 T. confectioners' sugar and ½ tsp. vanilla extract in small bowl.	Cut pound cake into 4 horizontal layers. Spread each layer with 1½ T. raspberry jam; stack layers.	Lavish sour cream mixture on top. Serve 4 generous slices; save leftovers for snacks.

Here is what you must know about the crime every woman fears

The Latest Facts About Rape

Rape. For an alarming number of us, the word calls up an automatic image: the dark street with its darker alleyways . . . the sinister stranger waiting to trap his victim, a pretty woman in provocative clothes walking home alone late at night . . . the horrible assault, when, at gunpoint, the rapist orders her to "cooperate—or else."

Contrary to this often-imagined scenario—and the popular but false belief that "she asked for it"—rape can happen to anyone, anywhere, anytime. From 1975 to 1979, reported rapes rose by 35 percent. And according to the latest available FBI crime statistics, in 1979 over 76,000 forcible rapes were reported to the police—one every nine minutes. Surveys conducted by the Department of Justice, however, indicate that the number of actual incidents may be twice as high. And some experts believe the number of actual rapes may realistically be ten times the FBI estimate, 760,000 rapes per year—or one every 42 seconds.

Shock, humiliation and fear of social stigma keep the majority of rape victims from ever reporting the crime. And even when the assault is reported the assailant is rarely arrested or punished. In a study conducted by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration of the Department of Justice, the prosecution rate for reported rapes was found to be five percent and the conviction rate a low two percent.

Experts agree that the persistent myths about rape must be dispelled to improve the record. The following facts about rape need to be emphasized:

- Rape is a crime of violence—not an act of sexual passion.
- A woman can be raped at any time of her life, from infancy to old age.
- Women are often raped by men they know, including their husbands.
- A woman can be raped in her home.
- Virtuous women *are* raped.

"There are still legal cretins in the system who don't consider a rape a rape unless the victim has been mutilated or tortured," explains George Huntington, *(continued on page 146)*

New Safe Ways to Protect Yourself

It may not be possible for any woman to avoid being assaulted, given the wrong set of circumstances. Yet it *is* possible to minimize the risk and to make yourself less vulnerable to attack. There are several important new studies that show how women can improve their chances of escaping rape and injury. All emphasize the importance of assertiveness.

Here's what experts advise:

• Be on the offensive. "Never give the impression that you're going to be a good victim," says Janet O'Hare, a counselor with New York Women Against Rape. "We all have very good instincts that let us know when we are in danger. Trust them."

• "Understand and use your body language wisely," recommends Nancy Lanoue, cofounder of New York's Safety and Fitness Exchange. She suggests that women stand and walk tall, with a brisk, purposeful stride.

• Contrary to what you might have thought, it's wise to make some eye contact with suspicious strangers. If you find yourself walking past someone who makes you feel uneasy, don't look down or avert your glance. Make *brief* eye contact to let the person know that you see him and are not afraid. Be careful not to stare or prolong your glance; you don't want your confidence to be mistaken for provocation.

• In an unfamiliar or isolated location, keep walking and don't break your stride if a stranger approaches to ask for the time or a handout. Don't look at your watch or open your purse.

• If you must stop, keep several ***(continued on page 150)***

Report on Rape

How Rape Affects Women

By Dr. Ellen Frank

Does a rape victim ever really get over the experience? Is she haunted by fears? Can she have a normal sex life? What exactly *are* the effects of rape on women? The results of a three-year, in-depth study of more than 90 rape victims, undertaken by my colleagues and me at the Western Psychiatric Institute in Pittsburgh, challenged some long-held assumptions not only about rape itself, but also about how women cope with this ordeal.

We set out, first of all, to take a more systematic look at rape. Prior to our investigation, articles in both scholarly journals and the popular press had merely described the effects of rape on individual women, without attempting to measure those effects or to compare the reactions. We also wanted to look at the process of recovery to find out why some women seemed better able than others to deal with the emotional trauma of rape.

Let's look at the experiences of three of the women we studied and assess their reactions.

Beth,* a 32-year-old suburban housewife, home alone with her three children, was raped at knifepoint the night before she was to join her husband in their new house in a neighboring town.

As soon as her assailant had gone, Beth called her parents, who lived nearby. She and the children went to stay at their house that night, and Beth didn't object when they told her husband, George, that she was too emotionally fragile to move.

For weeks she remained secluded at her parents' home. When she did venture out a month later, she couldn't even make conversation with those around her. How typical is Beth's reaction to rape?

Joni, a 27-year-old nurse, was brutally and repeatedly raped by two men who forced her into their car at gunpoint. When Joni got home, she sat down on the bed and stared at the wall. For three days, she did nothing: She didn't eat, sleep or cry. Her husband and her mother, sensing her need to be alone, did not intrude. On the fourth day, she got up, took a shower, dressed and went back to work. That night she and her husband made love, gently and ten-

(continued on page 146)

**Details in these case histories have been changed to protect the identity of the rape victims in our study.*

One Victim's Story

It was late September when Joan Williams* first had the eerie sensation she was being watched. She was painting a new swing set for her two sons, three-year-old Tommy and five-year-old John . . . and she couldn't understand why she felt so uncomfortable. "You're being silly," she told herself repeatedly, and kept working.

At midnight, two nights later, Joan, a 36-year-old divorcée, walked down the dark stairway of her rustic home. As she entered the dining room, hands grabbed her head and pushed it down.

"Don't try to look at me," the intruder yelled. "Don't fight or I'll kill both your children."

Joan froze with fear. Through the darkness, she saw the hunting knife clenched in his hand, the rope hanging from his jacket pocket, the stocking stretched over his distorted face.

Upstairs, in the lower bunk bed of the children's room, Tommy was awakened by the sound of a strange male voice and began screaming, "Mommy, Mommy. Where are you? I need you." As the attacker taped her eyes and tied her hands behind her, she called out to Tommy, trying to mask the panic in her voice and reassure him.

"If you just let me go to him, I know I can get him back to sleep," Joan pleaded with the attacker. She was terrified that Tommy would wake his older brother and John would come downstairs.

(continued on page 153)



Photograph by Paccione



WALLPAPER WORKS WONDERS

As a decorating tool, nothing works like wallpaper. It's a fast, foolproof way to pull a room together—at reasonable expense. Here, the new coordinated looks, plus tips on how to pick the right paper. By Joan Tully, Home Editor.



droom: Timeless Collection by Manuscreens. Kitchen: Marimekko 2 by Motif. Photograph

Paper Roses

Flower your walls, *opposite page*, with a flourish of old-fashioned roses. The rosy pink color is pure flattery, making any bedroom warm and inviting. To soften the roomful of expansive bouquets, a striped mini-print was added below a wallpaper "chair rail" (guideline to follow: larger patterns on top; smaller, beneath). Both florals come with matching fabrics, completing this highly romantic look.

Kitchen Graphics

Pick simple, graph-paper squares, *above*, to give a crisp look to an older kitchen. This light and bright paper, lining both walls and ceiling, is easy on the eyes, makes the space look streamlined. When choosing any kitchen wallcovering, make sure it's strong and scrubbable. Avoid textures that trap grease or dirt. Tip: Line cupboards with leftover paper.

Dark Luster

Be dramatic for dining, *left*. Here, a handsome blend of earth tones (mochas, browns) works perfectly in an area used mostly during evening hours. Flickering candles and dim lights play off the subtle mix of three patterns—floral, stripe and mini-print. With the coordinated touch of matching fabrics, the room ends up looking sophisticated and polished.

The Paper Chase (No-nonsense decorating tips)

1. If you're a first-timer, ask someone in the wallpaper store to steer you to the sample books with easy-to-hang papers. Look for pretrimmed, prepasted wallcoverings.

2. Don't think small. Actually, the four flat walls of a bedroom or den are easier to tackle than the pipes and protrusions of bathrooms or kitchens.

3. Wallpaper can last practically a lifetime. Usually a plus, but if you're a fickle re-decorator, look for one of the strippable wallcoverings. When you're ready for a change, simply peel off the corners and give a good tug.

4. Take a hard look at your walls. If bumpy or uneven, find a hefty, textured paper or strong overall pattern to camouflage flaws. Thin, slick papers exaggerate every imperfection. Or, investigate lining paper. With the heavyweight ones, you can even paper over cinderblock.

5. Check to make sure the pattern you've picked can live in happy harmony with the rest of your place. In other words, don't paper a hallway in a design that clashes with adjoining rooms.

6. Remember the visual tricks. Lighter colors or tiny patterns make a room look larger; darker backgrounds or large patterns, smaller, cozier. Vertical stripes carry the eye up, ceilings soar higher. Conversely, a busy pattern on the ceiling brings the height down. With too-low ceilings, paper walls only, paint doors and moldings a matching color, keep ceiling white or light.







Wake Up Windows

■ The place to hang your hat, *far left*. A hallway or entryway with little or no architectural interest can be perked up by a bold border shaped like a picture frame.

Tip: If you want to put a border directly on top of paper, always use vinyl-to-vinyl adhesive.

Team this with a country-fresh wallpaper and something brand-new—a roll-up window shade available in a companion mini-print.

■ Freshen up with flowers, *left*. A lighthearted way to lift the spirits of a girl's room (or guest room). Create a custom window shade by snipping out the floral pattern of a leftover piece of wallpaper. Glue onto a plain white shade. A satin ribbon replaces the regular cord pull. Easy-to-sew: A valance and simple half-curtains were made to match in a smaller scale print fabric.

WALLPAPER WORKS WONDERS

Wallpapering can be the most satisfying do-it-yourself project. It's easy, even fun, to turn bare walls into something beautiful—all in a matter of a few hours.



Cool Greenery

A vintage living room, *far left*, gets refreshed with serene greens. The delicate fern pattern enlarges the space, brings in a feeling of fresh air. A tiny leaf print provides a peaceful counterpoint in the alcove. To trim the wallpaper across the archway, use a very sharp razor knife.

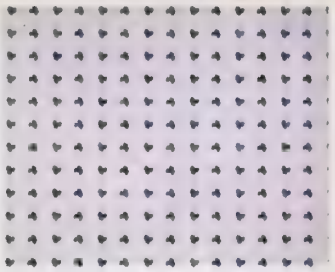
Climbing Vine

To raise the ceiling on a confined space, such as this bathroom, *left*, a trellis pattern will take the eye up. . .up. A bright white background fills the room with light. When papering a bathroom, it's smart not to shower for 24 hours—steam can cause fresh paste to loosen.

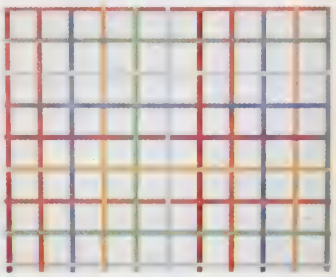
For step-by-step wallpapering how-to's, see page 138.

window: Marimekko 2 by Motif. Flower window: Marimekko 1 by Motif. Living room: Special Request Collection by Vicoa. Photographs

How to pick a paper



Mini-Prints, *good for beginners. It's easy to match up small, all-over patterns that have quick and neat repeats.*



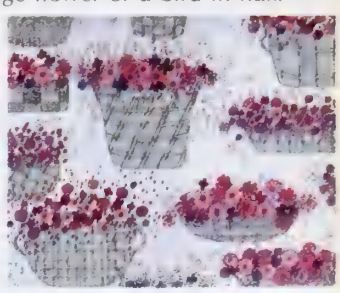
Geometrics, *harder in older homes. You have to line up the rows with precision. Make sure that ceiling line is fairly straight.*



Separate Stripes, *plan in advance. Figure out exactly where the pattern will fall. If you have a focal point in the room, say, a fireplace, start by centering over it.*



Big Florals, *may be a match-up problem. There's more waste in larger patterns. Avoid slicing a huge flower or a bird in half.*



Metallics, *most difficult to hang. Thin, shiny Mylar magnifies bumps on wall, creases easily. Needs perfect surface or liner.*

From thousands of entries in our "Family Favorites" contest

Prizewinning Recipes

In our January '81 issue, we asked readers to share their food heritage... and send in treasured family recipes. Picking the winners from a landslide of enthusiastic letters was not an easy task. We tested and tasted, looking for originality, creativity and, of course, outstanding flavor. Finally, we selected the very best: 3 top prizes, 2 honorable mentions and 20 finalists. Some of the winning recipes are remarkably simple; others, more intricate but well worth the effort, such as #1, a soul-satisfying roast. Try them all—and you'll see why each has been a "favorite" with family and friends... for generations! Recipes begin on page 106.

Second Prize

Photographs by Irwin Horowitz



1st Prize
Hearty Roast

Barbara Riley of Cambridge, Mass., learned about this thickly sliced beef dish with its dazzling sauce from her Polish grandmother. Called Hussar Roast, the recipe has gone from humble origins to party fare with a blend of 20 ingredients.



2nd Prize
Latin Soup

Luz Harshbarger, a native of Bogota, Colombia, now living in Sidney, Ohio, recalls chilly Sunday evenings when friends gathered round and her mother served this robust chicken soup/stew, known as Ajiaco Bogotano. It's rich, yet not heavy–and everyone loves it.



3rd Prize
Tyrolean Cake

Jane Moser's Austrian grandmother handed down this simple recipe–mixing the goodness of eggs, sugar, butter and walnuts–for a crunchy cake. Custom was to break off a golden round, dip it into wine. Now, in Branchberg, N.J., Mrs. Moser serves it with coffee–or milk for the children.





Prizewinning Recipes

Honorable Mentions. Top row: **Grammy's Dark Rolls.** Oatmeal, molasses and honey go into these fragrant rolls from Sandi Olson of Austin, Tex. Her grandmother in Maine serves them with baked beans. **Orange Sherbet.** Creamy rich and refreshing, this orange treat from Virginia Pieper Prigge of Eagan, Minn., was a favorite of her innkeeper parents in the early 1900's. Lemon and pineapple juice add extra fruitiness.

Finalists. Bottom row, left to right: **Hazelnut Torte.** A heavenly lemon-nut cake recipe given to Elizabeth Reynolds, of Benton, Ky., by her restaurant-chef Austrian "mama." **Czech Walnut Pastries** (Kolachkis). Flaky pastries, passed down from mother to daughter; from Marcia M. Brown of Portales, N. Mex. **Cajun Shrimp Etoufée.** In Church Point, La., Maria Richard makes this local specialty with crawfish, on a bed of rice. **Zucchini Meat Loaf.** Carolyn Vitale Wakefield of Lynn, Mass., explains, "As inflation hits, I find that I'm making more of my Sicilian grandmother's dishes. This meat loaf stretches a little meat into a tasty meal." Inset: **Cuban Flan.** From Abla S. Naber of Fullerton, Calif., a beauty of a dessert, ringed with almonds, which melds the texture and flavor of flan and cheesecake. **Spanish Beans and Sausages** (Habichuelas con Chorizos). This "stick-to-the-ribs" dish was given to Carmen Zappia of Jupiter, Fla., by her great-grandmother who owned a farm in southern Spain. **Fried Tomatoes with Milk Gravy.** A real down-home recipe, topped with bits of bacon, from Doris Hunt of Owings Mills, Md., who fondly remembers having this at harvest time with hot biscuits. Recipes for these and other finalists, page 106.



FIRST PRIZE WINNER

HUSSAR ROAST
pictured on page 103

Barbara Riley, Cambridge, Mass.
What makes one recipe stand out above all others? A richness of taste, a complexity of flavors and a sense of originality. This highly unusual roast—reminiscent of sauerbraten but without the days of marinating—surpasses all criteria. The recipe is of Polish origin, brought over by Mrs. Riley's paternal grandmother, Anna Rochatka. Its specialness comes from the wide scope of ingredients—20 items (anchovies, caraway seed, orange peel, etc.) plus a choice of two garnishes. Don't worry though, you're likely to have all (except the juniper berries, which can be eliminated) on hand.

1 can (2½ oz.) anchovies, in olive oil
⅓ cup milk
4 pound bottom round roast, tied
½ cup all-purpose flour
1 tablespoon sweet paprika
2 tablespoons salad oil
3 onions, thinly sliced
½ cup chopped carrots
2 cups beef bouillon
1 cup red wine
⅓ cup gin
2 garlic cloves, halved
1 bay leaf
3 juniper berries (optional)
1-inch piece orange peel
1 tablespoon brown sugar
½ teaspoon caraway seed, crushed
1½ cups sour cream
2 tablespoons chopped fresh dill or 2 teaspoons dried dill weed
1 small tomato, peeled, seeded and chopped
½ cup crushed gingersnaps
1 cucumber, sliced, for garnish (optional)

Remove anchovies from oil and soak in milk for 15 minutes. Add anchovy oil to large Dutch oven with cover. Remove anchovies from milk, drain on paper towel and cut in small pieces. Discard the milk. Make small slits in roast and insert anchovies. Combine flour and paprika and rub all over roast. Heat anchovy oil in Dutch oven; brown roast on all sides. Remove roast from pan; add salad oil and sauté onions and carrots until lightly browned. Preheat oven to 325°F.

Stir in remaining ingredients except sour cream, dill, tomato, gingersnaps and cucumber; bring to a slow boil. Add the roast, top with a large piece of wet cheesecloth or buttered wax paper; cover. Bake 2½ to 3 hours or until tender. Remove roast to platter. Skim off accumulated fat from drippings; strain the liquid. Combine ½ cup drippings with sour cream. Stir in dill and chopped tomato. Add remaining drippings, then add gingersnaps. Stir well and cook over low heat for 8 minutes. Do not boil. Carve meat and serve with sauce; garnish with cucumber slices. Makes 8 servings, about 720 calories each.

SECOND PRIZE

LATIN CHICKEN
(Ajiaco Bogotano)
pictured on page 102

Luz S. Harshbarger, Sidney, Ohio
From Colombia, this peasant soup, full of chunks of chicken and vegetables, is traditionally served with a tray of avocado cubes, corn chips, capers, eggs and a spicy hot sauce. Mrs. Harshbarger recalls her mother fixing it for Sunday supper, in her native Bogota, when friends dropped by to visit.

3½-pound roasting chicken, cut into serving pieces
2 ribs celery with leaves, cut in halves
2 medium onions, peeled and quartered
3 bay leaves
2 parsley sprigs
1 coriander sprig or ¼ teaspoon dried
3½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon black pepper
2 medium carrots, peeled and thinly sliced
8 medium potatoes, peeled and quartered
2 tablespoons uncooked rice
7 ears fresh or frozen corn
Garnishes
1 cup whipping cream
3 ripe avocados, diced
½ cup drained capers
5 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
1 bag (14 oz.) corn chips
Aji Sauce
6 tablespoons fresh chopped coriander leaves or parsley
½ cup olive oil
3 tablespoons minced onion
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons parsley
1 tablespoon wine vinegar
¾ teaspoon crushed hot red pepper flakes (more if desired)
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon black pepper

In large kettle or Dutch oven bring chicken and enough water to cover to a boil and simmer 5 minutes. Drain liquid and rinse chicken. Return chicken to kettle with 8 cups water and all ingredients except 3 of the potatoes, rice and corn. Cover, bring to a boil and simmer for about 1 hour until chicken is tender.

Remove chicken and potatoes from broth. Strain broth and return to kettle. Mash cooked potatoes and stir into broth. Add the 3 uncooked potatoes and rice to broth. Cook just until tender, about 15 minutes. Skin and bone chicken; cut into large chunks.

Cut kernels from 3 ears of corn. Cut remaining ears of corn into 2-inch pieces. Add chicken and corn to broth. Cook until tender, about 7 minutes. Ladle into soup plates, serve with pitcher of cream, the other garnishes and Aji Sauce. Makes 16 cups, about 440 calories per cup.

Aji Sauce: Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Makes ¾ cup, about 85 calories per tablespoon.

THIRD PRIZE

TYROLEAN HARD CAKE
pictured on page 103

Jane A. Moser, Branchberg, N.J.
Just a handful of ingredients and a few easy steps turn into a unique sweet treat. This hard cake (or cookie) was handed down by Jane Moser's Austrian grandmother who served it as a morale booster during World War I when luxuries were few. It's great with milk for kids, but Grandma dunked a piece into a glass of red wine.

2½ cups all-purpose flour
1 cup plus 1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons almond extract
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup butter, softened
1½ cups finely chopped walnuts
2 eggs

In large bowl combine flour, 1 cup sugar, baking powder and salt. Stir together well. Add extracts, butter, nuts and eggs; stir with wooden spoon until well mixed.

Grease a 9-or 10-inch round cake pan. Preheat oven to 350°F. Roll dough into 1-inch balls. Arrange in circular pattern to fill pan. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon sugar on top. Bake 50 minutes or until lightly browned on top. Makes 5 to 6 dozen, about 65 calories each.

HONORABLE MENTION

GRAMMY'S DARK ROLLS
pictured on page 105

Sandi Olson, Austin, Tex.
One extra benefit that came from this contest was having to translate cherished family favorites—a pinch of this, a dash of that—into actual recipes. The only way Sandi Olson could pin down her grandmother was to measure the ingredients as the rolls were prepared. "Grammy always just threw everything together from memory." Living in Maine, Ms. Olson's 80-year-old grandmother still loves to bake, especially these molasses and honey-flavored whole wheat rolls, which she often serves with baked beans.

½ cup oatmeal
½ cup whole wheat flour
2 teaspoons salt
¼ cup shortening
2 tablespoons molasses
2 tablespoons honey
1 cup boiling water
2 packages active dry yeast
½ cup warm water
1 teaspoon honey
1 egg
2½ to 3½ cups all-purpose flour

Combine first 6 ingredients and pour boiling water over all. Mix and let cool. While cooling, dissolve yeast in warm water with honey. Add egg to cooled batter; then mix in dissolved yeast. Add flour until dough is just soft

(continued on page 110)

"Thinga-mabob?"



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1 7¼-oz. pkg. KRAFT Macaroni and Cheese Dinner
½ cup chopped tomato
⅓ cup yogurt
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
1 12-oz. can SPAM® Luncheon Meat, cut into 12 cubes
Green pepper strips
Small whole onions
Pineapple chunks

Prepare Dinner as directed on package; add tomato, yogurt, parsley and garlic powder. Arrange meat and vegetables on skewers; place on rack of broiler pan. Broil to desired doneness. Serve kabobs over macaroni mixture.

4 to 6 servings



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PRIZEWINNING RECIPES

continued from page 106

enough to knead. Knead lightly. Place dough in greased bowl; cover with damp cloth. Let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Punch down dough and cut into 12 equal pieces. Shape each piece into a ball and put into greased 9-inch square pan. Let rise again about 45 minutes. Bake in preheated 350°F. oven for 40 minutes. Makes 12 rolls, about 210 calories each.

HONORABLE MENTION

ORANGE SHERBET
pictured on page 105

Virginia Pieper Prigge, Eagan, Minn.

In the early 1900s at their summer resort hotel on Lake Independence, Minn., Mrs. Prigge's mother prepared this creamy smooth sherbet. She kept it frozen with stored ice blocks cut from the lake during the winter.

Grated peel of 1 orange
Juice of 2 oranges
Juice of 1 lemon
1 cup pineapple juice
1½ cups sugar
1 quart half-and-half cream
¼ teaspoon salt

Combine all ingredients. Freeze in ice cream freezer according to manufacturer's instructions. Makes 2 quarts, about 160 calories per ½ cup.

Or, divide mixture equally between two 13x9-inch metal pans. Freeze 2 hours or until firm around edges. Place one pan at a time in a chilled bowl and beat with a mixer until thick and creamy. Return to pans, cover and freeze until firm, about 2 more hours. Beat again until creamy. Place in covered container and freeze 2 hours or until ready to serve.

FINALISTS

CZECH WALNUT PASTRIES (KOLACHKIS)
pictured on page 104

Marcia M. Brown, Portales, N. Mex.

These pastry-like cookies with rich nut filling will keep for several weeks in an airtight container—if you hide it! Mrs. Brown, like her mother before her, always makes them at Christmas time, to the delight of family and friends.

Dough
2 packages (8 oz. each) cream cheese
1 pound butter or margarine
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
4 cups all-purpose flour
Filling
2 pounds walnuts, finely ground
¾ cup butter or margarine, melted
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
¾ cup sugar
Confectioners' sugar

Dough: In large bowl combine cream cheese, butter or margarine and vanilla. Using pastry blender or 2 knives used scissor-fashion, cut in flour 1 cup at a time until dough is thoroughly mixed. Form into ball; refrigerate covered several hours or overnight.

Stir filling ingredients together; set aside. Divide dough into thirds. Sprinkle flat surface with confectioners' sugar. Roll out ⅓ of dough, keeping remaining refrigerated. Don't be afraid to use plenty of sugar to keep the dough from sticking; it doesn't toughen it as flour would. Roll into a 12-inch square, but work fast—it softens quickly. Spread a generous 1½ cups filling evenly over dough all the way to outside edges. Cut into 2-inch squares; roll up. Place seam-side down on ungreased cookie sheet, fairly close together as they don't spread much. Bake in preheated 350°F. oven 25 to 30 minutes. (These pastries will be somewhat browned on the bottom but not much on top.) Repeat with remaining dough. When done, remove to wire racks over sheets of wax paper. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Repeat with remaining dough and filling. Makes about 9 dozen pastries, 135 calories each. (These keep well for several weeks in an airtight container or freeze for up to 2 months.)

CHOCOLATE HAZELNUT TORTE
pictured on page 104

Elizabeth Reynolds, Benton, Ky.

Mrs. Reynolds' mother grew up in Austria and later learned culinary skills at a hotel-restaurant on the Swiss-Italian-Austrian border, a stopover for the famed Orient Express. Still later, she and her husband, a Hungarian Magyar gypsy, came to America and settled in St. Louis. This classic Austrian hazelnut torte was one of the many recipes she brought along on her ocean crossing.

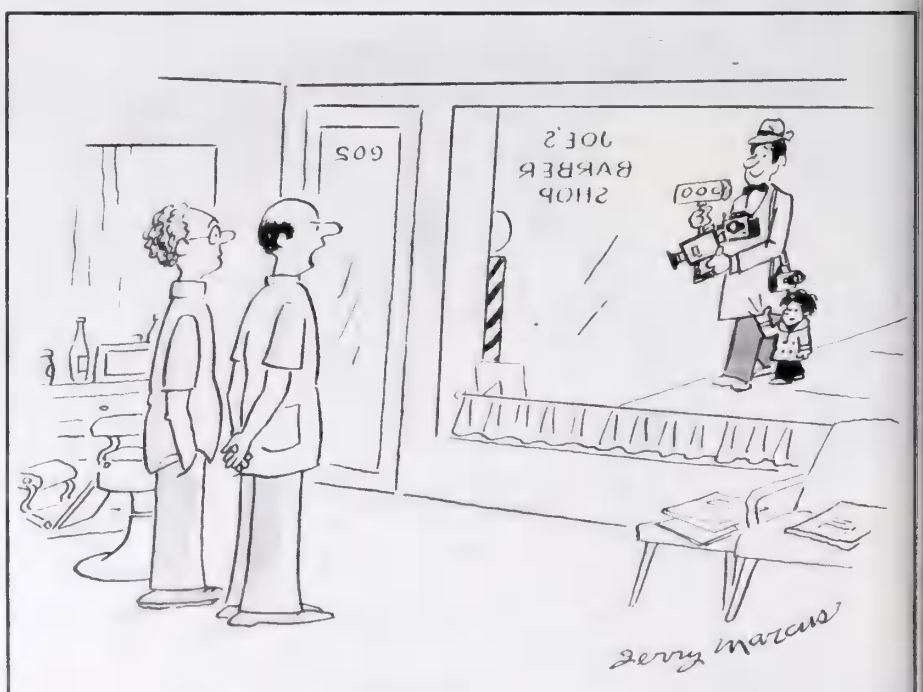
Cake
About 1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar
6 eggs, separated
6 tablespoons granulated sugar
1⅓ cups ground toasted hazelnuts, do not remove skins (about 12½ oz.)
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons dried bread crumbs
Filling
3 cups heavy or whipping cream
¾ cup sugar
1 cup ground toasted hazelnuts, do not remove skins (9 oz.)
Frosting
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate, melted
1 tablespoon ground toasted hazelnuts

Preheat oven to 325°F. Lightly grease two 8-inch round cake pans, then coat lightly with confectioners' sugar. Set aside.

In small bowl beat egg whites just until stiff; set aside. In another bowl, beat yolks at high speed until thick and lemon colored. Gradually add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in hazelnuts, lemon peel, juice and bread crumbs until well mixed.

Using an under-over motion, with wire whisk or rubber scraper, gently fold yolk mixture into whites until well combined.

Pour into pans, bake for 40 minutes or just until surface springs back when pressed with fingertip. Cool completely in pans, on wire racks, about 1 hour. Remove cooled cakes from



"Another 'first haircut.' You take this one."

pans. Split each cake crosswise to make 4 layers in all. *Filling:* Beat cream; gradually add sugar and continue beating until soft peaks form. Fold in nuts; set aside. *Frosting:* Beat yolks with sugar until thick and light. Add butter and chocolate and continue beating until well mixed. Makes ¾ cup.

To assemble: Spread ¼ of filling on one layer. Top with another cake layer. Repeat 2 more times. Top with remaining layer. Frost sides with remaining filling. Spread top of cake with frosting; sprinkle with 1 tablespoon ground hazelnuts. Refrigerate until ready to serve, up to 4 hours. Makes 12 to 16 servings, about 715 calories per 12, 540 calories per 16.

CAJUN SHRIMP ETOUFÉE
pictured on page 105

MARIA RICHARD, Church Point, La.

There are many carefully guarded recipes for the local Cajun specialties of southern Louisiana—gumbo, jambalaya, sauce piquante and etoufée. This, a legacy to Mrs. Richard from her husband's French Acadian ancestors, is usually made with "mudbugs" (crawfish), but shrimp works fine.

½ cup butter or margarine
1½ cups chopped onions
½ cup chopped green pepper
½ cup chopped celery
1 garlic clove, minced
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup water
2 teaspoons tomato paste
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2 pounds peeled and cleaned shrimp or crawfish
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ to 1 teaspoon bottled red pepper sauce
Hot cooked rice

Melt butter or margarine in Dutch oven. Sauté onions, green pepper, celery and garlic until wilted. Mix flour with water and add to sauce with tomato paste and Worcestershire sauce. Simmer 15 minutes. Add shrimp or crawfish, salt and pepper; simmer 15 additional minutes. Add pepper sauce and cook 5 more minutes. Serve over hot rice. Makes 6 servings, about 260 calories each without rice.

ZUCCHINI MEAT LOAF
pictured on page 105

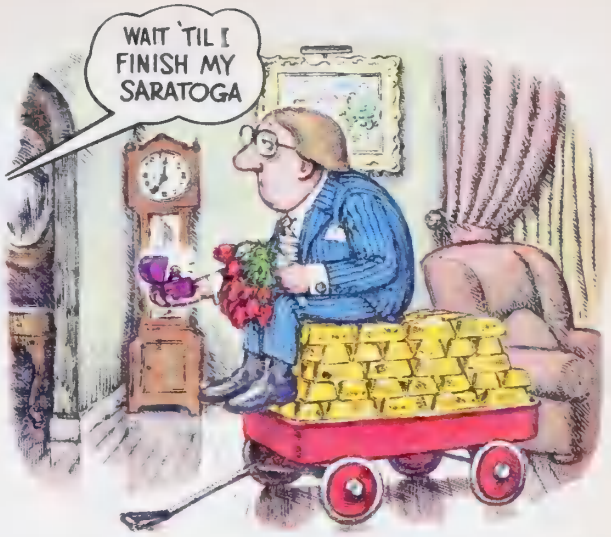
CAROLYN VITALE WAKEFIELD, Lynn, Mass.

This economical recipe with a Sicilian flair came to our country at the turn of the century with Carolyn Wakefield's grandmother, then a 16-year-old bride. The meat loaf has a "secret layer" of tender-crisp zucchini, a topping of tangy tomato sauce and bubbly cheese.

½ cup dried bread crumbs
1½ pounds lean ground meat (beef, veal, pork or a combination)
⅔ cup tomato paste (ketchup may be substituted)
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chopped green pepper
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
¼ cup grated Parmesan or Romano cheese
Pinch each dried or fresh parsley and basil
2 tablespoons olive or corn oil
1 garlic clove, crushed, or a pinch of garlic powder
2 to 3 medium zucchini squash (¾ lb.)
1 cup your favorite tomato sauce
½ cup shredded mozzarella or Muenster cheese

In large bowl combine bread crumbs, ground meat, tomato paste or ketchup, eggs, onion, green pepper, salt, pepper, grated cheese, parsley and basil. Mix well and set aside.

Heat oil in skillet. Add garlic and zucchini slices. Sauté uncovered over medium heat until tender-crisp, about 10 minutes. Put half the meat loaf mixture into a greased 8-inch square baking dish or 9x5-inch loaf pan. *(continued)*



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Top with a layer of sautéed zucchini. Cover with remaining meat loaf mixture. Top with tomato sauce and shredded cheese. Bake 1 hour in a preheated 350°F. oven. Let cool about 10 minutes before slicing. Makes 6 servings, about 635 calories each.

CUBAN FLAN
pictured on page 105

ABLA S. NABER, Fullerton, Calif.
Cream cheese is the unusual ingredient in this Cuban version of a traditional Latin American dessert. Topped with caramelized sugar and almonds, it combines the flavors and texture of cheesecake and flan. Slice in slivers—it's indescribably rich.

½ cup sugar
1 can (14 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
1 can (13 oz.) evaporated milk
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese
3 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup sliced almonds, toasted

Caramelize sugar in saucepan over low heat and pour into a 9-inch cake pan, spreading evenly. Set cake pan in roasting pan.

In blender or processor container combine condensed and evaporated milks, cream cheese, eggs and vanilla. Carefully pour into prepared cake pan. Add about ½ inch water to roasting pan. Bake in preheated 350°F. oven 55 to 60 minutes. Cool, then chill. Invert onto serving plate. Sprinkle with sliced almonds. Makes about 12 to 16 servings, about 310 calories per 12, 235 calories per 16.

FRIED TOMATOES WITH MILK GRAVY
pictured on page 105

DORIS HUNT, Owings Mills, Md.
Mrs. Hunt recalls making a meal of this "down home" dish, especially during the depression years when her family ate many meatless dinners. Along with hot, homemade biscuits, corn on the cob and iced tea with lemon slices and mint from the yard, it was a memorable harvest meal. We think it's still terrific—you might even throw in some fried chicken.

¼ pound sliced bacon
½ cup all-purpose flour
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
5 large, firm tomatoes
Sugar
Milk Gravy
1½ tablespoons all-purpose flour
2½ tablespoons bacon drippings
2 cups milk
Salt and pepper

Fry bacon until crisp; remove from skillet and keep warm. Combine flour, salt and pepper in a pie plate. Cut tomatoes in ½-inch slices; dip both sides in flour. Fry in pan drippings until golden brown on both sides. Remove fried tomatoes and place on platter with bacon. Sprinkle a pinch of sugar on each slice. Serve with Milk Gravy. Makes 8 servings, about 165 calories each.

Milk Gravy: Brown flour in bacon drippings; gradually add milk. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Cook over low heat until thick, about 8 minutes. Pour over tomatoes.

SPANISH BEANS AND SAUSAGE
(Habichuelas con Chorizos)
pictured on page 105

CARMEN ZAPPIA, Jupiter, Fla.
A real stick-to-the-ribs, beans and Spanish sausage dish that once served many a hungry hand on Mrs. Zappia's great-grandparents' farm in southern Spain. This dish tastes even better the next day.

1 pound dried navy beans, rinsed
2 large garlic cloves
8 peppercorns
1 medium ripe tomato, peeled and chopped
1½ pounds smoked ham hocks (about 2 hocks)
1 large onion, thinly sliced
1 fresh green pepper, diced
½ cup tomato sauce
1 teaspoon paprika
1½ pounds fresh chorizos * (about 6 sausages), cut into 1½-inch pieces



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On the left, a plain lemon cream pie. On the right, a luscious Lemon Dream Pie. It's made with Dream Whip® Whipped Topping Mix, extra Jell-O® Brand Instant Pudding, and milk. Look at the creamy light difference!

Dream Pie is easy to make because there's nothing to cook, and you make the pie all in one bowl.

Dream Pies look great, taste great, and hold their shape beautifully. You'll want to turn your plain cream pies into higher, lighter, creamy Dream Pies.

GF GENERAL FOODS

Soak beans overnight in enough water to cover. In mortar, pound garlic and peppercorns, then add tomato and pound to a pulp; set aside. (You can also use a blender.)

In Dutch oven heat ham hocks over low heat for 5 minutes. Add onion and green pepper and sauté (adding a little olive oil if necessary) until soft. Add tomato sauce and paprika; simmer a few minutes. Then add the pounded garlic mixture and gently simmer a few minutes more. Drain beans; add to Dutch oven with water to cover along with ham hocks and chorizo. Cook gently until beans are tender, about 2–2½ hours. Makes 9 cups, about 545 calories per cup.

* Chorizo is a Spanish sausage, which may be difficult to obtain fresh. Polish sausage or kielbasa can be substituted.

HERB GUMBO
(Gumbo Z'Herbe)

ADELE AIKEN, Fairfax, Va.

Trying to combine expensive tastes with limited finances, Mrs. Aiken's French great-grandmother resourcefully embraced the fresh produce and seafoods of her new home in the Louisiana bayou country. This gumbo is an example. It is much easier to make if you have a food processor to handle the chopping chores.

1 bunch kale (10 oz. fresh or frozen)
1 bunch collard greens (10 oz. fresh or frozen)
1 bunch turnip greens (10 oz. fresh or frozen)
1 bunch mustard greens (10 oz. fresh or frozen)
1 bunch spinach (10 oz. fresh or frozen)
1 bunch beet greens (1¼ lb.)
1 bunch carrot tops (6 oz.) or radish tops (12 oz.)
1 bunch parsley (3 oz.)
1 cup chopped celery
2 large onions, chopped
3 garlic cloves, crushed
½ to 1 pound diced ham
¼ cup butter
⅓ cup flour
2 bay leaves
1 teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Hot cooked rice

The gumbo can be made with any combination or all of the above greens, depending on availability.

Wash greens, removing stems or hard centers. Begin with tougher greens (kale, turnips). Boil in 4 quarts salted water for about 45 minutes. Add remaining more tender greens and cook another 45 minutes or so. Drain liquid and reserve. Chop greens in food processor or blender.

In Dutch oven sauté celery, onions, garlic and ham in butter until limp. Add flour and stir until it is the color of mahogany, about 20 minutes (this is called a roux). Slowly add reserved liquid as needed to make a thin, smooth sauce. Add greens and seasonings. Simmer 30 minutes.

Ladle into bowls and top with scoop of hot cooked rice. Makes about 10 cups, 290 calories per cup, without rice. *Ed. note:* We like this with several generous dashes of hot pepper sauce.

ENDIVES IN BLANKETS

JACQUELINE PHILLIPS, Bristol, Tenn.

This recipe evokes happy childhood memories for Mrs. Phillips—of summers spent visiting her mother's family on the Brittany coast of France. These crepes, filled with endive, were traditional Sunday dinner fare.

Crepes
1 cup all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, beaten
1 egg yolk, beaten
1 cup milk
Salad oil
Béchamel sauce
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup all-purpose flour
1 cup chicken broth
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika
12 Belgian endives (or 12 broccoli stalks or 36 asparagus spears)
12 slices boiled ham (about ¾ lb.)
½ cup grated Swiss cheese

Crepes: In medium bowl *(continued)*



Lemon Dream Pie...as simple as a, b, c.

2 envelopes DREAM WHIP® Whipped Topping Mix
2¾ cups cold milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 packages (4-serving size) JELL-O® Brand Lemon Flavor Instant Pudding and Pie Filling (or any other flavor)
1 baked 9-inch pie shell, cooled

a. Prepare whipped topping mix with 1 cup of the milk and the vanilla as directed on package, using large mixer bowl.

b. Add remaining 1¾ cups milk and pie filling mix. Blend; then beat at high speed for 2 minutes, scraping bowl occasionally.

c. Spoon into pie shell. Chill at least 4 hours. Garnish as desired.



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combine flour and salt. Beat in eggs, yolk and milk. (Add additional milk if needed to make a thin batter, just thick enough to coat a spoon.)

Heat a 5- or 6-inch skillet; brush lightly with oil. Pour just enough batter to coat pan with thin layer. Tilt pan, spreading batter evenly. Cook one side, then turn and brown other side. Makes 12 to 16 crepes.

Béchamel sauce: Melt butter or margarine in saucepan and stir in flour. Gradually add chicken broth and milk. Add seasonings; stir until smooth. (Sauce should be consistency of heavy cream; add more broth/milk if needed.) Makes 2 cups.

Cook fresh vegetables in boiling salted water for 10 to 20 minutes until tender but not overcooked. (Prepare frozen broccoli or asparagus according to package directions.) Drain and set aside. Use one endive or broccoli stalk per crepe; they should be at least 4 inches long and 1 inch wide. Use 3 asparagus spears per crepe. Roll a thin slice of ham around each endive (broccoli stalk, 3 asparagus spears); place on crepe and roll crepe around both. Arrange in baking/serving dish seam side down. Pour sauce evenly over crepes; sprinkle with grated Swiss cheese. Bake in preheated 375°F. oven for 20 to 25 minutes until sauce bubbles and topping becomes golden brown. Serve immediately on warmed plates. Makes about 12 crepes, about 225 calories each.

PINTO BEANS

Mary L. Wright, Deming, N. Mex.
Raised in New Mexico Territory, Mrs. Wright, at 79, is still cooking pinto beans "Spanish style" for visiting grandsons. The recipe comes from her great-grandfather, a wagon cook for cattle roundups over 100 years ago.

3 cups dried pinto beans, rinsed
Pinch baking soda
5 cups water
1 ham hock
2 garlic cloves
2 dried chili pods

Combine all ingredients in Dutch oven. Let stand overnight. Next day cook slowly; simmer for 4 hours.

Remove garlic and chili pods. Scrape seed of pods into Dutch oven; discard pods and garlic. Makes about 7 cups, about 480 calories per cup.

Beans are good served with tortillas and grated cheese. Also very good served with Dutch oven biscuits.

HUNGARIAN SWEETS (Pugachuls)

Pauline Marcus, Woodland Hills, Calif.
Mrs. Marcus calls these cookies. To us they're more like scones. Whatever you call them, these goodies of Hungarian origin go beautifully with tea or coffee.

3½ cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
Pinch of salt
1 cup (½ lb.) butter, softened
1 cup sour cream
3 egg yolks
1 tablespoon bourbon

Grease 2 muffin pans. Combine dry ingredients; cut in butter as you would for pie crust until mixture is crumbly. Add sour cream and egg yolks; blend until you have a well mixed dough.

Roll out about ⅓ of the dough on lightly floured pastry cloth to a little over ½ inch thick. Using a 2½-inch cookie cutter or 5-ounce juice glass that has been dipped in flour, cut rounds and place in well-greased muffin pans. Repeat, including scraps, until all dough is used. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in preheated 375°F. oven until lightly browned. Eat plain or split and spread with preserves. Makes about 2 dozen, about 175 calories each.

GERMAN TWISTS

Marie E. Starr, Lowry, Minn.
Because friends frequently request a copy of this recipe, Mrs. Starr keeps it in her purse at all times. Made with compressed yeast and sour cream, these flaky pastries require no kneading and freeze beautifully.

3½ cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup lard
1 cake (0.6 oz.) compressed yeast
1 cup sour cream
1 egg plus 2 egg yolks, well beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Sugar (about 2½ cups)

Combine flour and salt. Cut in butter or margarine and lard with pastry blender or 2 knives used scissor-fashion (leave small lumps). Crumble yeast and mix in with sour cream, eggs and vanilla. Cover bowl and refrigerate. Let stand 2 to 24 hours, then divide dough in half. Sprinkle ½ cup sugar on work surface. Roll half the dough into 16x8-inch rectangle. Bring both 8-inch sides to center; sprinkle with ¼ cup sugar. Roll again to 16x8-inch rectangle. Repeat folding, sugaring and rolling two more times (using ¼ cup sugar each time). Fold in 8-inch sides, folding rectangle into thirds. Slice into strips 1 inch wide, then pull and twist each strip to form a horseshoe shape. Place on cookie sheet. Repeat with remaining dough.

Bake in preheated 375°F. oven until golden brown, about 20 minutes. Remove from cookie sheet and cool on wire rack. Makes 16 rolls, about 310 calories each.

GRANDMA SARAH'S CORN BREAD

Betsy Rogers, Wilkeson, Wash.
In 1865 Ms. Rogers' great-great-grandmother Sarah and her family headed west from Iowa in a wagon train of hopeful pioneers, with Sarah preparing many pans of this rich and heartwarming corn bread along the way. Eventually Sarah and her corn bread reached the Pacific Northwest, where, after more than 100 years, the recipe continues to delight the palates of Sarah's many descendants.

1½ cups sour milk or buttermilk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking soda



"When you give him a dog biscuit, you're supposed to let go!"

1½ cups cornmeal
½ cup all-purpose flour
½ cup melted butter

Combine first 5 ingredients. Stir in cornmeal and flour. Add melted butter. Pour batter into greased 8-inch square pan. Bake in preheated 425°F. oven 30 minutes, or until lightly browned on top. Serve hot from the oven with lots of butter. Serves 6 to 8, about 335 calories per 6, 250 calories per 8.

RHUBARB TORTE

Corinne McIlroy, Duluth, Minn.
When Mrs. McIlroy was a child, she'd grin with joy when her grandmother said, "Run out to the garden and get me six or eight stalks of rhubarb so I can stir up a little dessert for supper." This recipe has been in her family for five generations and can be made with two cups frozen rhubarb if necessary.

Crust
1 cup all-purpose flour
5 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
½ cup butter or margarine
Topping
1½ cups sugar
¼ cup all-purpose flour
¾ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups finely chopped rhubarb
¼ cup chopped walnuts
2 eggs, beaten until thick and frothy
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
Ice cream or whipped cream

Crust: Mix flour, confectioners' sugar and butter or margarine with fork or pastry blender until crumbly; pat into greased 11x8-inch baking pan. Bake in preheated 350°F. oven for 15 minutes.

While this is baking, combine topping ingredients. Spread over the baked crumb mixture; bake 40 more minutes. Cool 2 hours. Cut into squares and serve with ice cream or whipped cream. Makes 12 servings, about 255 calories each without cream.

Ed. note: Sour cream is good, too.

OLD ENGLISH CIDER SYLLABUB

Finula Jones, Woodstock, Ontario, Canada
This recipe of English origin has been passed down through Ms. Jones's family by her great-grandmother with strict instructions to make it for their farmer-husbands "every other night and twice a day during the harvest season to nurture and prolong their strength." Though we can't make these promises, we do think it a pleasant and lighter substitute for holiday eggnog.

½ cup plus 2 tablespoons apple cider
1½ tablespoons brandy
Peel of 1 lemon, pared off in strips
2 to 4 tablespoons sugar, to suit your taste
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1¼ cups heavy cream
Lemon juice, if needed

Combine cider, brandy and lemon peel in a bowl and leave *(continued)*

Kellogg's® Rice Krispies® and Apricots?

A surprisingly delicious combination in these two recipe ideas.

Crunchy Apricot Coffee Cake

2 cups **KELLOGG'S® RICE KRISPIES®** cereal, crushed to measure 1 cup
3 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon ground ginger
¼ cup margarine or butter, softened
* * *
1½ cups all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup margarine or butter, softened
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
1 can (17 oz.) **CALIFORNIA APRICOT** halves, drained, reserving ½ cup syrup

1. Combine first 4 ingredients, mixing until crumbly. Set aside for topping. Stir together flour, baking powder and salt. Set aside.

2. In small mixing bowl, beat remaining margarine and sugar until well blended. Add egg. Beat well. Stir in the ½ cup apricot syrup. Add flour mixture, mixing well. Spread in greased 8 x 8 x 2-inch baking pan. Chop apricots and spoon about ¾ cup evenly over batter. Sprinkle with cereal topping and remaining apricots.

3. Bake in oven at 350° F. about 45 minutes or until cake begins to pull away from sides of pan. Serve warm.

YIELD: 9 servings

Apricot Crisp

1 can (30 oz.) **CALIFORNIA APRICOT** halves, drained, reserving 2 tablespoons syrup
1¾ cups **KELLOGG'S® RICE KRISPIES®** cereal, crushed to measure 1 cup
⅓ cup all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
⅓ cup margarine or butter, softened

1. Cut each apricot half into 2 pieces. Combine with the 2 tablespoons apricot syrup in 1-quart casserole. Combine remaining ingredients, mixing until crumbly. Sprinkle over apricots.

2. Bake in oven at 350° F. about 30 minutes or until topping is browned. Serve warm. Top with ice cream, if desired.

YIELD: 6 servings.

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PRIZEWINNING RECIPES
continued

overnight. Next day strain into a large basin. Sprinkle in sugar and nutmeg. Trickle in the cream slowly, from a height if possible, stirring with a wire whisk as you do so. Then whisk until the mixture is thick and frothy. Taste and whisk in a little lemon juice to heighten the flavor if you wish. Spoon into small glasses and chill for several hours. Serve ice cold. Makes 6 servings, about 255 calories each.

SWEET AND SOUR CABBAGE SOUP

CAROLE CHONOLES, Edison, N.J.
Mrs. Chonoles says her grandma made this traditional Jewish soup using her hands for teaspoon and tablespoon measures and the leftover glass from a memorial candle as a measuring cup. A meat dish (or fleishig, *as it's called in Yiddish), this is still the most asked for recipe in grandma's collection.*

1 medium head cabbage, shredded
1 large onion, sliced
¼ cup coarse salt or 3 tablespoons regular salt
3 to 4 pounds beef brisket or 3 to 4 pounds beef short ribs
2 quarts boiling water
1 can (15 oz.) tomato sauce
1 large carrot, grated
⅓ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon citric acid crystals (sour salt)
Sugar, if necessary

Combine shredded cabbage with onion and salt in large bowl. Let stand 30 minutes, until cabbage "sweats." While cabbage is standing, brown meat in heavy Dutch oven. Squeeze water out of cabbage; add to meat. Continue browning over low heat, about 15 to 20 minutes longer. Add water, tomato sauce, carrot, brown sugar and sour salt. Cover and bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer 1 hour. Taste soup. If not "sweet and sour," add about 1 tablespoon granulated sugar or as much as seems necessary. Continue cooking until meat is tender. Taste again and correct seasonings with either sugar or sour salt (usually sugar). Before serving, remove meat from bones, cut into bite-sized pieces and return to pot; skim fat. If desired, thicken by adding the following *einbrennen* ("thickener"): Brown 1 tablespoon flour in 1 tablespoon shortening. Makes 3 quarts, about 530 calories per cup, without thickener.

PRESSED FRUIT CAKE

RUBY HUDSON, Valley View, Tex.
Well over 100 years old, this recipe originally hails from the Carolinas. As a child, Mrs. Hudson couldn't decide if it was cake or candy; she just knew it was delicious. We call it a nutritious confection chock full of dried fruits and

(continued on page 127)

IS IT SERIOUS?
continued from page 82

of your period. First, look in a mirror for any irregularities in the outline of the breast. Then lie down with your left hand behind your head while the right hand feels the left breast. (Place a towel under the left shoulder for support.) Starting at the top, press gently with the flat of your fingers clockwise around the breast, moving in slowly toward the nipple. Also feel the nipple for lumps. Then repeat the procedure on the other side. Ask your local chapter of the American Cancer Society or your doctor for more information on doing a self-examination.

2. Any discharge from the nipple, except if you are pregnant, nursing or have recently weaned a baby.

A bloody, brownish or green discharge may indicate breast cancer. A milky or clear discharge can signal a benign growth in the pituitary gland. All must be checked.

3. Deepening of the voice or noticeable increase in body hair, particularly on the face.

A tumor, most often on the ovaries, may be producing male hormones. Surgical removal of the growth is usually necessary.

4. Vaginal itching or foul-smelling discharge.

Could signal an infection, such as moniliasis (caused by a yeast organism, Candida albicans) or trichomoniasis (caused by a parasite). These can be treated with specific medications. A sexually transmitted disease, such as gonorrhea, is another possibility. A culture *must* be taken to identify the cause of the infection.

5. A hard or open sore on the labia (lips protecting the vaginal opening).

If the sore is hard and has a clearly defined edge, it may be a symptom of syphilis, a venereal disease treatable with antibiotics. A cluster of small, tender blisters that soon rupture into open sores indicates a possible herpes infection. In a pregnant woman, a whitish-blue sore may be another sign of herpes; she should see a doctor quickly as the fetus may be endangered. No cure exists for this viral infection, but the doctor can prescribe a medicated cream to help ease the discomfort.

6. Swollen and inflamed labia, sometimes accompanied by high fever.

May indicate infected Bartholin's glands. Located on either side of the vaginal opening, these glands provide lubrication during sexual intercourse, but they can become inflamed or infected. Treatment consists of antibiotics and draining the infection.

7. Bleeding between periods.

Possibly anovulation, an endocrine imbalance caused when ovarian hormones are not produced in sufficient quantities. Or, this may signal the start of menopause, especially if you are in your late 40's or early 50's and experience hot flashes as well. Endometrial cancer (cancer of the lining of the uterus) is another possibility.

8. Severe flooding with periods (blood soaks through pads or tampons every 15 minutes but without dizziness and rapid heartbeat).

Can indicate a fibroid tumor (a benign growth) in the uterus, an endocrine disturbance, or uterine cancer.

9. Pain with periods.

Many women suffer from dysmenorrhea. Increased amounts of prostaglandins (fatty acids produced by the body) cause painful uterine contractions. Several prescription drugs inhibit the formation of prostaglandins and will ease the pain.

This symptom can also indicate endometriosis, a condition in which some of the tissue that usually lines the uterus breaks away and grows in the ovaries, Fallopian tubes or bladder. These particles swell and bleed periodically. Hormone therapy or surgery may be recommended.

10. An extreme fullness, bloated feeling; stomach and waist suddenly much larger; severe constipation.

A possible indication of ovarian cancer. Overt symptoms usually don't appear until the disease has progressed, so yearly gynecological checkups and Pap tests are the best way to detect the cancer.

11. Post-menopausal bleeding.

May indicate cancer of the uterus or the cervix. Make a doctor's appointment as soon as possible.

12. Bleeding or spotting after intercourse.

May indicate tumors in the cervix or a cervical infection. See a doctor for tests.

13. Missed period, fatigue and nipple tenderness.

Early signs of pregnancy. With new tests, a doctor can diagnose pregnancy nine days after conception.

14. Painful, burning or frequent urination.

Often indicates cystitis, a urinary tract infection. Antibiotics are usually prescribed. In early pregnancy, urinating frequently may result from the growing embryo's pressing against the bladder.

15. Tension or depression accompanied by abdominal bloating, irritability, headaches, constipation or painfully swollen breasts occurring before periods.

The Premenstrual Syndrome (PMS) is due to chemical changes that occur between ovulation and the onset of menses. A diuretic or other prescription drug may relieve symptoms. Ask your doctor for advice.

EMERGENCY PROBLEMS

See your personal physician immediately or go to a hospital emergency room for care:

1. Extreme pain on either or both sides of the pelvic area. Fever may reach 101° or higher.

Accompanied by fever, may indicate infection in the Fallopian tubes or ovaries. If not treated, such an infection can leave a woman infertile. Infections are particularly common among women who wear IUD's because the string on the device sometimes serves as a "wick" for bacteria.

Without fever, could also signal ectopic pregnancy, which occurs when a fertilized egg is implanted in a Fallopian tube or any part of the body other than the uterus. Often accompanied by weakness, dizziness and one or two missed periods. Usually fatal if left untreated.

Other potential causes: appendicitis or serious kidney infection.

2. Bleeding similar to menstrual flow during a pregnancy or one cycle after a missed period, especially if cramps occur.

Possibly a miscarriage, in which case the bleeding can become heavy. During late pregnancy, the placenta may be covering the cervix (placenta previa, a painless condition) or it may have separated from the uterine wall (abruptio placentae, a painful disorder). Both conditions threaten the life of the mother and the fetus.

3. Extreme menstrual bleeding (soaks through pads or tampons every 15 minutes) accompanied by dizziness, faintness and rapid heartbeat.

May indicate a hemorrhage caused by a spontaneous abortion (miscarriage). Rarely occurs in women who aren't pregnant.

4. Excessive bleeding and clots two to four weeks after childbirth, often accompanied by dizziness or lightheadedness.

Could indicate delayed post-partum hemorrhage. Possibly very serious.

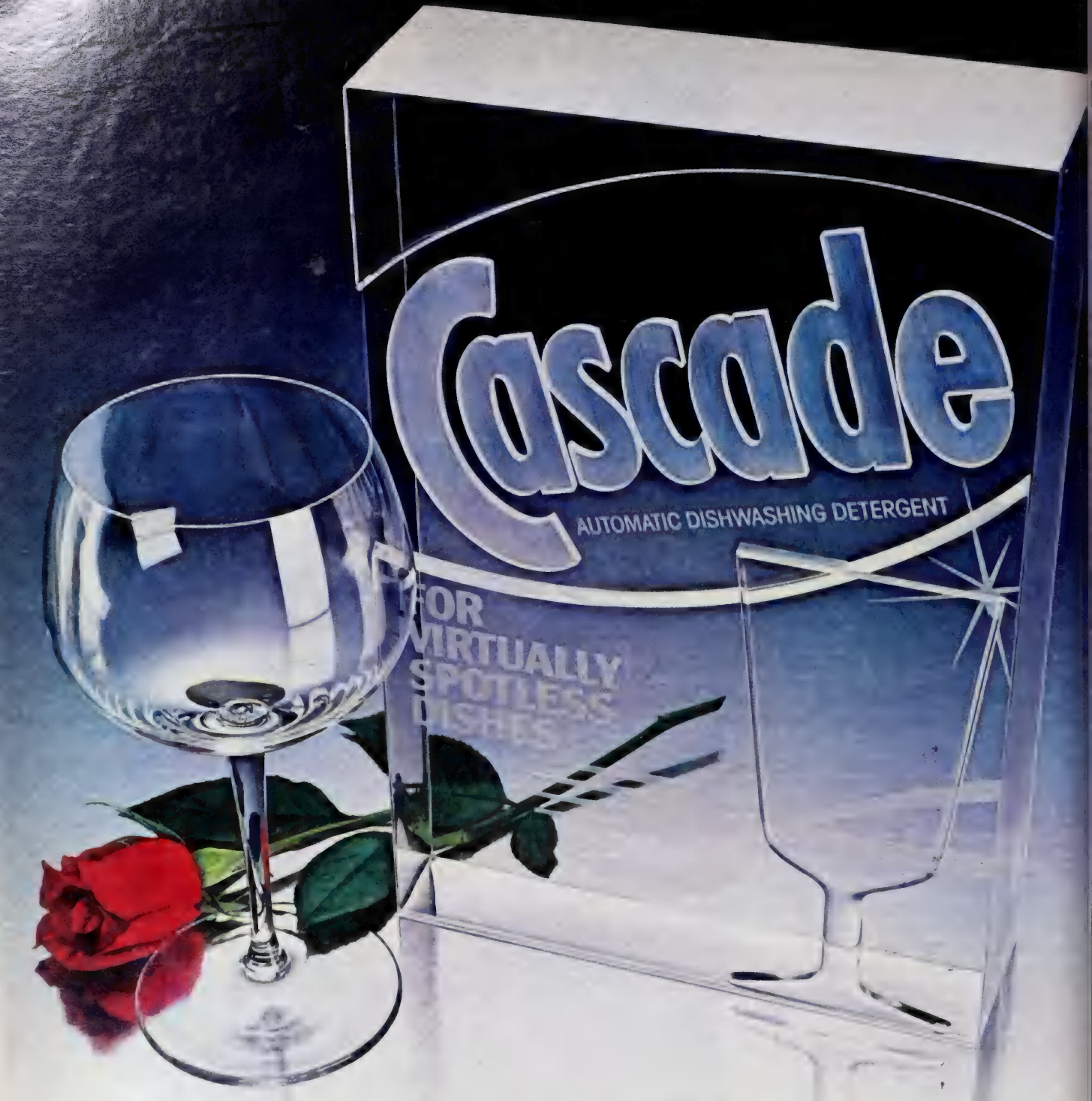
5. Severe headaches or leg pain if taking birth control pills.

Discontinue use of the pills immediately. The cause could be thrombophlebitis, a potentially life-threatening disorder involving blood clots. With the new low-dosage pills more in use today, however, this complication is now rare.

6. A sudden fever of 102° or more, vomiting and diarrhea, severe muscle aches, sunburn-like rash and dizziness or a sudden drop in blood pressure, particularly during a period.

May indicate toxic shock syndrome (TSS), which develops when a common bacterium proliferates in the vagina. Potentially fatal, it has occurred most often in menstruating women who wear super-absorbent tampons. **End**





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Most detergents can leave drops that spot.
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LHJ's

Back-to-School Book

HOW TO MAKE THIS YOUR CHILDREN'S BEST YEAR EVER!

By Hester Mundis

September fever is upon us again, as legions of mothers tackle the myriad chores that go with getting children ready for the big day. Here, to help you cope masterfully, is an all-in-one guide to easing the nursery school set into "real school" and helping older youngsters make the transition from lazy end-of-summer days into fast-paced fall.

FIRST-TIMER PRIMER

The first day of kindergarten or first grade is one of life's milestones. Here are some tips to ensure that the big event goes well.

Before school begins

★ Arrange to visit and explore the school with your child.

★ Accentuate the positive by emphasizing the new friends, toys and equipment there will be to play with—and avoid the negative. Saying things like "Play now. Next week you'll have homework," or "Once you start school you won't have time to watch TV," even in jest, can intimidate a child.

★ Inform the school and the teacher of any physical or emotional problems your child may have. This will avoid misunderstandings that can adversely affect your youngster.

The big day

★ Don't overdo your good-byes. Naturally you're concerned about this important parting, but keep it short and sweet.

★ Don't give your child a last-minute list of dos and don'ts. That could unnerve anyone. A simple reminder to listen to the teacher is sufficient.

★ Assure your child confidently that you or the sitter will be there to meet him or her when school lets out or the bus arrives home.

★ Accompany an unduly fearful first-timer to school without a fuss. The teacher has probably dealt with plenty of hesitant youngsters and can ease you out of the room in a short time. If the child continues to balk, however, just explain firmly that children must go to school, that parents can't stay in the classroom, and that's just the way things are. Being firm does not mean that you're unloving. You're just discouraging overdependence.

★ Don't cry until you're out of earshot.

THOSE NECESSARY OUCHES

IMMUNIZATION

Last year most public schools took a harder line on enforcing immunization requirements. Even children already attending school must now furnish vaccination records. Requirements vary from state to state, but ask the school health office or local health department which of the following your child must have:

- Three or more doses of diphtheria, pertussis (whooping cough), tetanus vaccine (DPT).
- Three or more doses of oral poliomyelitis vaccine.
- A single dose of live measles vaccine (after 15 months of age).
- A single dose of live rubella vaccine (after 15 months of age).
- A single dose of live mumps vaccine (after 15 months of age).

Proof required:

1. Certificate of immunization or
2. Transcript of immunization portion of the cumulative health record from a prior school or
3. Immunization transfer card.

Dates must appear on the certificate, transcript or transfer card. A note saying that your child's immunization record is unobtainable or that your child has had the disease is not acceptable. (Your child may be exempted from immunization if you are a bona fide member of a recognized religion that doesn't believe in it; or if a physician certifies in writing that vaccination may be detrimental to the child's health.)

BEATING THE NEW SCHOOL BLUES

Being the new kid in the class is always difficult. Aside from not yet having any friends, whatever peer status the child gained in the old school is totally wiped out. (How would you feel if you finally worked your way up to corporate president and then had the company sold out from under you?) Here's some advice to soften the blow:

- *Don't scoff at your child's anxieties ("Oh, you'll get along fine, so stop moping"). Let your youngster know that you understand the apprehension, and that you're an ally.*
- *Find out from neighbors or teachers what the dress code is for your child's grade. A kid who looks as if he or she fits in, usually does.*
- *Present your child with a new privilege (later bedtime, one less household chore) or a new possession (a watch, radio) to sweeten the transition.*
- *Include an extra treat in your child's lunch box for snack trading. Oranges are nutritious, but brownies are social ice-breakers in cafeterias.*

CLOTHES CALL

If mothers had their way, all kids would be born with fur that thickened in winter, thinned in summer and fell off when the child stopped growing, thus eliminating that awful autumnal rite known as Back-to-School Shopping. Since this is not the case, the following tips will help you refurbish a wardrobe while staying sane:

1. Durability is the key word. Pockets should be riveted, seams double-stitched or reinforced, and knees reinforced with inside "patches." (Kids bend and stretch more in a day than Jack LaLanne does in a year.)
2. Look for comfortable, easy-to-care-for clothes. If the sewn-in instruction label is more than five lines long, drop the garment. Anything that peanut butter can stain is out, too. If the material itches, chafes or can stand on its own, your kids probably won't wear it.
3. For speedy dressing in the morning, remember that metal zippers don't get stuck and front fastenings don't require help.
4. Since kids grow more quickly than clothing budgets, check for stretch waistbands and ample hems—they add months of wear.
5. Select the clothes according to your finances and taste—and *then* let the kids choose from your selection.
6. Don't insist on blue sneakers that hide the dirt if everyone at school has white ones. It's better for your child to fit in with dirty white sneakers than to be uncomfortable with clean blue ones.
7. Buy as many socks of the same color as possible; your child will have a better shot at a matching pair.

WHAT ABOUT HAND-ME-DOWNS?

Considering the growth rate of kids, hand-me-downs are amazingly practical, though their recipients don't always agree. To convince your six-year-old fashion plate that secondhand isn't second-rate, buy the child an accessory—belt, scarf or vest—to turn the used clothing into a brand new outfit. Remember that garments from older siblings may be spurned, but something from an adored cousin or neighbor may be prized.

SCHOOL CLOTHING CHECK-LIST

Does your child have:

- ☐ Rain gear—waterproof jacket and hat, slicker or poncho? (Umbrellas have a tendency to pinch fingers, poke kids and get lost.)
- ☐ Wet-weather footgear—boots and/or galoshes?
- ☐ A snowsuit or a heavy jacket with a hood or hat?
- ☐ Light jacket, windbreaker or heavy sweater?
- ☐ Cardigan or pullover sweater?
- ☐ 4 tops to mix and match—shirts, blouses, sweaters or pullovers?
- ☐ 3 pairs of pants, jeans or skirts?
- ☐ 4 to 6 sets of underwear?
- ☐ sneakers with an extra pair of laces?
- ☐ dress shoes with polish to match?
- ☐ 4 to 6 pairs of socks?
- ☐ gloves?
- ☐ scarf or muffler?
- ☐ White shirt and tie for boys, white blouse and solid-color skirt for girls? (Optional, but many schools require this attire for special occasions.)

NEATNESS ✶ COUNTS

Looking neat means thinking neat. Teachers and psychologists have found that children who are careless about their appearance tend to feel that way about their schoolwork. Because kids don't take to grooming the way they do to ice cream, parents must set the standards—and set them firmly to avoid regular hassles. Personal neatness should be the child's responsibility, not yours. Here are some DOS and DON'TS for establishing good grooming habits:

DO set regular bath times on definite nights. Most kids have about as much enthusiasm for soap and water as kittens do and can come up with more excuses for putting off a bath than you could for not wanting to try skydiving.
HINT: Baths can be encouraged by providing your child with a personalized towel, fun-shaped soap, bubble mixes, bath crayons or water toys (even sixth graders still like them) and non-irritating shampoo.

DON'T make personal hygiene seem like punishment. A child who feels brushing teeth is like walking the plank is not going to do it without constant prodding.

DO provide your child with his or her own brush and comb—and a specific place to keep them.

DON'T make disparaging or sarcastic remarks about your child's appearance. A kid who's called sloppy comes to believe the label.

DO have your child set out school clothes the night before.

DON'T confuse neatness with being dressed up.

DO wake your youngster early enough so that she can wash, brush and dress properly. You can't expect a shirt to be correctly buttoned, let alone tucked in, if the kid's rushing to catch the school bus.

DO have your child put away his or her own laundered clothes in their alloted drawer space if you want to avoid that frantic "Mom, where's my blue sweater?" when your eyes are barely open.

HINT: Small adhesive labels (marked "underwear," "socks," "shirts," etc.) on the drawers can help youngsters remember what's where.

DO train your child to hang things up. Clothes left sprawled on a chair quickly acquire a wrinkled, ungroomed look.
HINT: Colored hangers and easy-to-reach hooks encourage kids to use them.

DO prompt your child to check his or her appearance in a mirror before leaving the house.
HINT: Write "Is this how I want my friends to see me?" on an inexpensive mirror and hang it inside a closet door.

DO set an example with your own personal appearance.

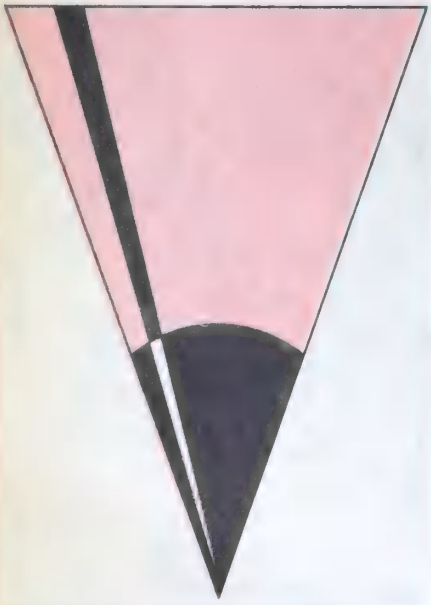


GETTING THEIR ACTS TOGETHER

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

While teachers often give out their own lists of required school supplies, you'd be wise to beat the post-Labor Day rush at the stationery store. Here are some old standbys that will never go to waste:

- #2 pencils–they're bound to vanish before September's out, so buy a half dozen and pick up a sharpener, too.
- Erasers–soft pink or red ones are best for pencil marks; hard white or gray ones work well on ink.
- Three-ringed loose-leaf notebook, subject dividers and paper, wide-ruled for lower grades.
- Ruler–the twelve-inch size is most practical.
- Tape–great for labeling kids' notebooks, pencil sharpeners etc.
- Box of crayons and/or colored marking pens.
- Lunch box, vacuum bottles.





ROOM FOR LEARNING

Rearranging or refurnishing a child's room to make it as suitable for study as for play need not be an extensive–or expensive–undertaking. To do it simply and effectively, concentrate on just four things:

★

1. The Desk. A first grader doesn't need a desk if the play table can still stand on its own four legs, but second and third graders do.

If buying, look for:

★ A wide enough work surface with a durable finish. Kids have a tendency to sprawl and spill, especially when dealing with a tough math problem and a glass of milk.

★ Adequate drawer space. Pens with missing tops, shards of science experiments and assorted oozing glues are always better confined.

★ Proper work height–30 inches is average.

Or, make your own:

★ Buy a slab of Formica-covered wood, or a flat-surface stock door and mount it securely across two desk-height night tables, sawhorses, filing cabinets, storage cubes or cinder blocks. Unfinished wood can be painted or stained and then sealed with several coats of polyurethane varnish, which will provide a durable work surface.

★

2. The Chair. A desk chair should be comfortable, straight-backed and, ideally, adjustable. A swivel chair is a worthwhile investment for a growing child. For the best buys, try used office furniture outlets.

★

3. Bookcases. As reading skills increase, so do the number of books in your child's room. Unless you're up to facing an obstacle course every time you want to reach the kid's bed, you better put up some shelves.

★ To accommodate oversized books and reference works, shelves should be 10"–12" deep and at least 10"–12" high.

★ Painted wooden crates or plastic storage cubes stacked on their sides make inexpensive and serviceable cases.

★ Boards that are at least ¾" thick can be stained or painted and used as shelves with height-adjustable wall standards and brackets.

★

4. Lighting. Lincoln may have studied by firelight, but the National Society to Prevent Blindness feels that a room with overall indirect illumination, producing shadows and contrast, is best for children's eyes.

★ Use warm-white bulbs that don't create glare.

★ Set up two desk lamps that produce a pleasant distribution of light.

★ Make sure lamp shades are neither too bright nor too dark.

★ Avoid lamps that produce harsh distracting shadows.

★ Look for BLBS (Better Light Better Sight) tagged lamps, which meet all the Illuminating Engineering Society's requirements for table study lighting (200-watt inside-frosted bulbs, dish-like refractors, translucent shades and perforated top plates).

HINT: Too much brightness can fatigue a child's eyes as quickly as too little, so discourage the extended use of high-intensity lamps on high-contrast (black-on-white) materials, especially in poorly lit rooms.



LET'S EAT

THREE FAST 'N' EASY SCHOOLDAY BREAKFASTS

JUICE and RAISIN MELT
Place slices of American or Muenster cheese on raisin bread, then put under broiler until cheese bubbles and melts.

JUICE and CINNAMON COTTAGE MUFFIN
Spread toasted English muffin halves with cottage cheese, sprinkle with cinnamon-sugar and put under broiler for about a minute.

QUICKY FRUIT 'N' EGG NOG
½ cup fresh fruit
1 beaten egg
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Blend until silky smooth.

LIGHT-WORK LUNCHES

No one should have to fuss over the noontime meal at breakfast. Instead of slapping together sandwiches with one hand while you pour cereal with the other, why not make a week's worth on Sunday afternoon? Here are some winning combinations that freeze well:

- peanut butter and Cheddar cheese on date-nut bread
- meat loaf with ketchup on hamburger roll
- peanut butter and raisins on pumpernickel
- ham and Swiss cheese on hot dog roll
- sliced turkey, cream cheese and strawberry jam on white
- peanut butter and Muenster on an English muffin
- pot roast on whole wheat

Note: Tomatoes and lettuce don't freeze well. Send them in separate bags so the kids can add them at lunch time, when sandwiches have thawed. Mayonnaise shouldn't be frozen either, so save the tuna salad sandwiches for the mornings you get up when the alarm goes off.

★

A meal isn't complete without a few garnishes, and those can be prepared ahead, too. (Get the kids in on the project.) Slice carrots, celery or other raw vegetables into sticks and refrigerate—ready for the lunch bag. Fresh fruit is a good and handy dessert, as are individual boxes of raisins or other pre-packaged yummies. For a special treat, include a sandwich bag full of homemade cookies—with a little love note.

FINDING THE FACTS

Unless you can rattle off dates of Civil War battles with ease, confidently name the countries that border Middle East nations and cite the populations of all 50 states, your children will need reference books to look things up.

1. *Dictionary*— Some good choices are: *The American Heritage School Dictionary.* American Heritage Publishing Co. and Houghton Mifflin Co. (Recommended for grades 3-9)
The Children's Dictionary. Houghton Mifflin Co. (Recommended for grades 3-6)
The Random House Dictionary of the English Language, School Edition. Random House. (Recommended for grades 5-8)
Thorndike Barnhart Intermediate Dictionary. Doubleday. (Recommended for grades 5-8)

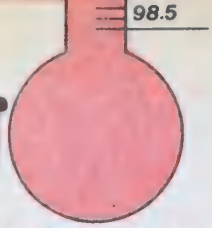
2. *Atlas*— The world is a big place, but good maps can give a child a much better understanding of it. Hammond and Co. and the Rand McNally Co. publish fine atlases for school children.

3. *Almanac*— Inexpensive and updated yearly, almanacs are filled with thousands of fascinating facts, figures, short biographies and educational kid-delighting trivia. Though written for adults, these handy reference works are used easily and enjoyed by children from grades 4 and up.

4. *Encyclopedia*— Before you buy, consider what type of encyclopedia will be most practical–children's, junior, "family" or adult. A librarian may have some helpful advice, or you can check *The Encyclopedia Buying Guide* by Kenneth Kister (R.R. Bowker Co.). Examine the books and make sure that subjects are easily located, the language is comprehensible, information is current and referrals to related topics are included.

HINT For more information on buying educational texts write to the Children's Book Council, Inc., 67 Irving Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. Bibliographies of "Outstanding Science Trade Books for Children" and "Notable Children's Trade Books in the Field of Social Studies" are free for a stamped (2-oz. postage), self-addressed, 6½ x 9½ envelope for each.





NO SCHOOL TODAY

When should you keep children home from school? No one can work well without feeling well. A child should be kept home if he or she has:

- a fever (and for at least 48 hours after temperature returns to normal)
- nausea
- earache
- abdominal cramps
- diarrhea
- bad cough (unless due to an allergy or the stubborn remainder of a cured illness)
- cold (at least at the onset)
- sore throat (Strep infections are highly contagious. If the fever disappears after two days on antibiotics, however, the child can return to school.)
- unidentified rash (Check with doctor to rule out roseola, chicken pox, mononucleosis.)
- conjunctivitis (pink eye)
- impetigo
- any infectious disease

When that tummy ache really means a history test. Kids often develop aches and pains when they want to avoid something at school. You should never let this tactic become a habit, but on occasion temporary emotional distress can best be treated with one day at home, a lot of T.L.C. and a good heart-to-heart talk.

ARE YOU PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES?

If you're a mother who knows/thinks/fears that an earthquake or a case of botulism will occur when you're not around, you can stave off some gray hairs by preparing your sitter and child for emergencies. Three ways to do this are:

1. Authorization for medical treatment. An adult, such as a relative or neighbor, should be authorized to act on your behalf in the event you can't be reached. Hospitals require authorization *in writing*. Here is a sample you might use:

> *TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:*
> *I hereby authorize* _____ *(NAME)*, *acting on my behalf, to consent to such medical and/or surgical treatment as may be deemed medically necessary or advisable for my child* _____ *(NAME)*, _____ *(AGE)*
>
> _____
> *signature of parent*
>
> _____
> *witness*
>
> _____
> *date*

2. Keep these phone numbers visible: ■ Your office ■ Doctor ■ Police ■ Fire Department ■ Hospital ■ Poison Information Center ■ Close friend or relative.

3. Home fire drill. Your local fire department can help you plan a drill and instruct your children and sitter in the event of a fire. Be sure to acquaint new sitters with household appliances and the exits in your house or apartment building.

HINT: ***For safety's sake, advise sitters and children never to tell unknown callers that you're not home—and under no circumstances to allow strangers into the house.***



Working on baking or construction projects is a delightful way of getting close after a day apart. Here are a few that are easy on hard-working moms and immediately gratifying for impatient kids:

★Chocolate Peanutty Chip Cake. Follow directions on packaged chocolate cake mix, but add 1 cup peanut butter chips before baking. Prepared frosting is fun for kids to spread on the finished cake in their own inimitable fashion.

★Quicky Butterscotch Cookies. Use packaged cookie mix and follow directions, adding butterscotch-flavored morsels for a change of taste. Or roll into 1-inch balls and toss in toasted coconut.

★Wild Wire Sculptures. Materials: Picture wire, construction paper, glue. Bend and twist wire into free-form shape, then glue to paper—or stand up in a clay base.

★Family Crest. Materials: Colored felt, scissors, glue, ribbon, sequins. Cut large piece of felt into heraldic shape. Cut other pieces into letters, shapes and symbols and design your own family crest by gluing on ribbons, sequins and whatever you desire, with royal abandon.

★Super Spinner. Materials: Cardboard, drinking straw, 2 pennies, tape. Using a saucer or coffee can lid, trace a circle on cardboard and cut out. Cut circle in half, then cut a half-moon out of that, leaving a 1½-inch crescent-shaped strip. Cut 2-inch piece of straw and tape on center of crescent-shaped cardboard (the lower end of straw should jut out from cardboard). Tape a penny on each end of cardboard. Put your finger under the straw and the Super Spinner should twirl perfectly—even on top of a glass.

MAKING IT ALL WORK

Getting the kids up, fed and ready for school is about as difficult as felling redwoods, but the following advice can ease the trauma.

- Give the kids their own alarm clocks. (Nothing wastes more precious minutes than trying to coax a seven year old out of bed.)
- Schedule bathroom times—yours and theirs—and alternate each week for fairness.
- Reserve a special table or counter space near the front door for schoolbooks, homework assignments, lunch or lunch money and notes, so the kids will be less likely to leave for school without them.
- Post a daily activity chart listing each child's responsibilities (feeding pet, making bed, doing dishes, setting table, etc.); include all after-school activities so that you can coordinate transportation and baby-sitting.
- Have phone numbers for at least 2 baby-sitters in case yours is suddenly unavailable. Reliable high school teenagers and neighborhood senior citizens make great supervisors for elementary school youngsters.
- Explain your plans for the day, leave numbers where you can be reached and when you expect to return.
- Establish rules and hours for studying, playing, TV-watching and going to bed. Remember to set aside some child-free, grown-up time.

HANDLING HOMEWORK

The best way to handle your child's homework is not to handle it at all. The prime purpose of after-school assignments is to give kids experience in working on their own. Taking over that responsibility not only undermines an important growth and learning process, but can frazzle your nerves faster than squeaking chalk on a blackboard. To keep school nights from becoming school nightmares, here are some homework Dos and Don'ts:

DO provide your child with a suitable work space, adequate reference books and privacy, if desired, *but...*

DO allow your child to work at the kitchen table if that's where he or she feels most comfortable. (Some kids prefer the closeness of parents when doing assignments.)

DON'T help your child with homework unless he or she specifically requests that you do so.

DON'T use homework time to criticize your child's posture, appearance or study methods.

DO show an interest in the work your child does.

DO be sympathetic to complaints about homework.

DON'T nag a child to do homework.

DON'T insist on checking the work unless your child or the teacher asks you to do so.

AFTER-SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Structured events for after school can be as beneficial to parents as to kids—provided the youngsters enjoy them.

Scouting, music and dance lessons, team sports, acting classes, religious instruction and clubs are fine growth experiences, but parents must realize that a child's day is filled with lots of rules, learning and structured time. Kids need a chance to dream and use their own imaginations.

- DON'T insist on any after-school clubs or instruction unless your child requests it.
- DO check your child's schedule and decide whether he or she has enough time for extra activities.

THE LATE-SEPTEMBER SLUMP

Once the challenging first weeks of school pass, your child will inevitably experience a letdown. The homework assignments start rolling in and pretty soon you'll probably hear plaintive queries about when the next vacation starts. To keep spirits up, add a little sparkle to their lives. Here are a few suggestions:

- Set aside one night, preferably in the middle of the seemingly endless week, as "kid's choice." Each child takes a turn choosing the menu for dinner. No liver or spinach on the table. Rather, spaghetti, hamburgers or whatever gets the school-age vote.
- If your busy schedule allows, you might plan ahead for weekends. Get tickets for the family to an upcoming sporting event or a movie that's opening downtown. Let it be something the child will look forward to and can circle on his calendar.
- While you don't want to overindulge a child, an occasional "unbirthday" gift is a treat. It may be something small—maybe just a new coloring book—but it serves as a definite "I love you."
- Sleepovers are an all-time childhood favorite. Let the kids decide whom they want to invite and what they want to play. You might even suggest taking out sleeping bags so they can pretend it's a campout.



Bake homemade cookies with Duncan Hines® Cookie Mix... They make schooltime a better time.





PRIZEWINNING RECIPES

continued from page 116

uts. It keeps for ages—would be great r holiday gift-giving.

pound dried apricots
pound dried apples
pound seedless raisins
pound dried peaches
pound pitted prunes
pound pitted dates
pound dried figs
pound shelled walnuts
pound shelled pecans
fresh orange with peel (seeds removed)
cup granulated sugar

ut fruits, nuts and orange through od grinder. Or, chop in food pro- essor, adding 1 tablespoon from the 1 ıp sugar with each batch. Add sugar, ix thoroughly and pack firmly into vo 9x5-inch loaf pans. Cover and ace a weight (anything heavy) on top mixture overnight. Remove weight. over with plastic wrap or foil. Let and in a cool, dark place for four to x weeks. Remove from loaf pans, ice in thin slices. Makes 6 dozen ices, about 220 calories each.

d. Note: We didn't wait 4 to 6 weeks taste this. In fact, we tried it the ext day and loved it.

ZURICH GOULASH

USAN WALKER, Claypool, Ind.

n sending us her Swiss grandmother's outhwatering goulash recipe, Mrs. Valker adds: "In these times of high rocery prices, I think much can be arned from my ancestors' cooking tyle and others like them from around ne world."

to 2½ pounds boneless beef chuck, cut into 1-inch cubes
onions, chopped
tablespoons butter or margarine
can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
to 1½ cups water
teaspoons sugar
teaspoons paprika
teaspoons salt
½ teaspoons caraway seed
teaspoon dill seed
1 teaspoon bouillon granules
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon basil
1 cup sour cream
Hot buttered noodles

In large frying pan or Dutch oven, sauté meat and onions in butter or margarine until browned. Add remaining ingredients except sour cream and noodles. Stir well to blend. Cover pan and simmer slowly until meat is tender, about 3 hours. Remove from heat and stir in sour cream. Serve over hot buttered noodles (homemade are best). Makes 6 to 8 servings, about 635 calories per 6, 475 calories per 8, without noodles.

FISH PUDDING

GERTRUDE HOLMES, Babylon, N.Y.

Mrs. Holmes learned this Danish recipe when she was a teenager and she's now 76! Called "Fiskepudding" in Denmark, this classic purée used to be a time-consuming task, but is now easily made with a food processor. We like it topped with a rich white sauce.

2 pounds fresh cod or haddock fillets
¾ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dried dill weed
½ teaspoon parsley
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1½ cups heavy or whipping cream

Purée fish in food processor or put through a food grinder. Combine in large bowl with remaining ingredients to form a smooth paste. Spoon into well greased 1½-quart casserole.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Heat 2 quarts water to boiling. Place the casserole in a deep baking dish or Dutch oven large enough to accommodate the water and casserole. Add hot water to the level of the fish mixture. (This is something like a double boiler effect.) Bake for 40 to 50 minutes, or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings, about 285 calories each.

Ed. note: This recipe does not work well with frozen fish. The pudding gets too watery.

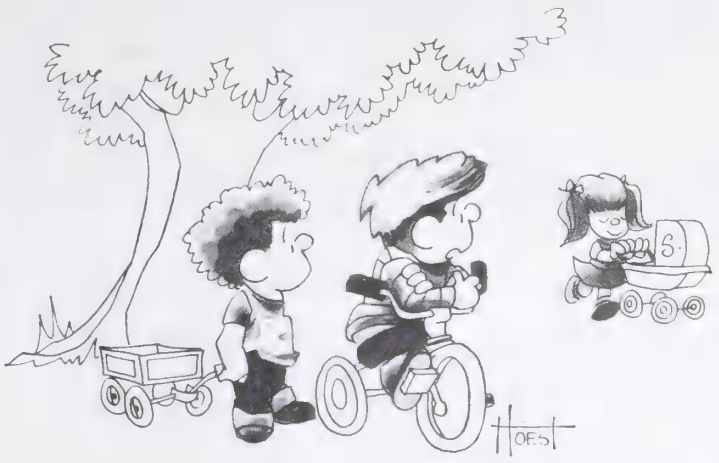
GRAM'S GRAHAM MUFFINS

ROBERTA KIMBALL, Freeport, Maine.

Gram's Graham Muffins and baked beans are a Saturday supper tradition at the Kimball household. Ms. Kimball received the muffin recipe from her grandmother; similar to brown bread, the muffins are somewhat lighter, but equally rich and moist.

1½ cups buttermilk
⅓ cup molasses
¼ cup melted butter or salad oil
1 cup whole wheat flour
1 cup unbleached all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten

Combine buttermilk, molasses and melted butter; stir in dry ingredients. Fold in egg and pour into greased muffin tin. Bake in preheated 350°F. oven 30 minutes. Makes 12 large or 16 medium muffins, about 145 calories per 12, 110 calories per 16. Great served with baked beans. **End**



"Boy, if I ever stop hating girls, she's the one I'm going to stop hating first."

SEPTEMBER RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchen and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

BREADS
Bagels p. 67
Grammy's Dark Rolls p. 106
Gram's Graham Muffins p. 127
Grandma Sarah's Corn Bread p. 114
Hungarian Sweets (Pugachuls) p. 114

DESSERTS
Apricot Crisp p. 115
Cassata Torte p. 95
Chocolate Hazelnut Torte p. 110
Crunchy Apricot Coffee Cake p. 115
Cuban Flan p. 112
Czech Walnut Pastries (Kolachkis) p. 110
German Twists p. 114
Lemon Dream Pie p. 113
Orange Sherbet p. 110
Pressed Fruit Cake p. 116
Rhubarb Torte p. 115
Sauce Fruit Cake p. 95
[illegible]an Hard Cake p. 106
Vi[illegible] Torte p. 95

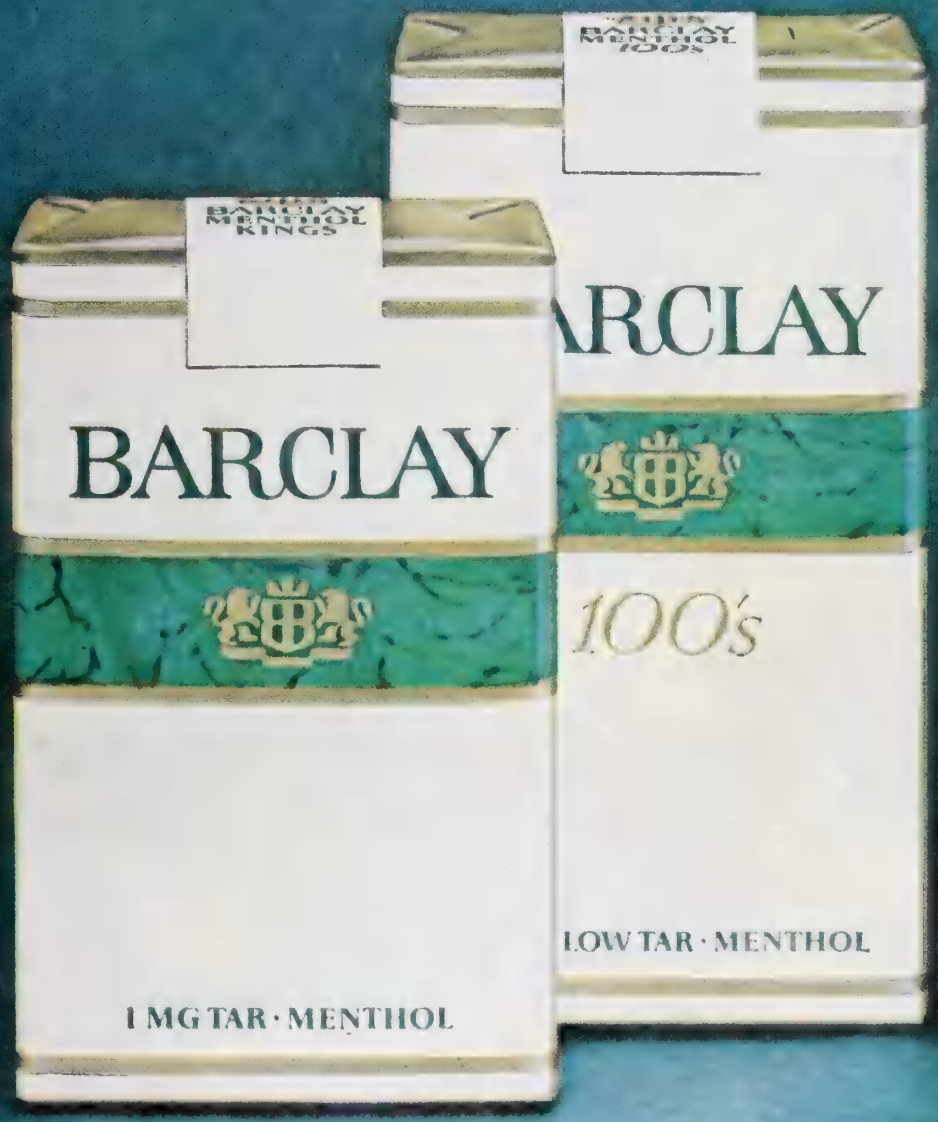
ENTREES
Cajun Shrimp Etoufée p. 111
Cranberry Chops p. 95
Easy Livin' Salad p. 63
Endives in Blankets p. 113
Fish Pudding p. 127
Herbal Chops p. 95
Hot Veggie Sandwich p. 4
Hussar Roast p. 106
Latin Chicken (Anaco Bogotano) p. 106
Mac-Kabob p. 107
Our Easy to Make Tuna-Swiss Pie p. 16
Pinto Beans p. 114
Pork Pizziola p. 95
Spanish Beans and Sausage (Habichuelas con Chorizos) p. 112
Zucchini Meat Loaf p. 111
Zurich Goulash p. 127

MISCELLANEOUS
Herb Gumbo (Gumbo Z'Herbe) p. 113
Old English Cider Syllabub p. 115
Sweet and Sour Cabbage Soup p. 116

SIDE DISHES
Caraway Noodles p. 95
Dutch Noodles p. 95
Fried Tomatoes with Milk Gravy p. 112
German Pea Salad p. 95
Parmesan Noodles p. 95
Peas à l'Orange p. 95
Peas Niçoise p. 95

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who enjoy optimum satisfaction. Not that these people tend toward having exotic lifestyles. They are simply a little more courageous in facing reality and a lot more resourceful in thinking up ways to extend their capacities or to deal with periods of crisis than people who wait for life's events to happen to them by chance or who sit around and complain.

People of low satisfaction often become obsessed or depressed about roads not taken in the past. Unable to make satisfactory compromises with their weaknesses or desires, or to dare to take other avenues, they may become soured, believing that life is unfair to them, that they have been singled out for an injustice, or that they are simply no good.

It was surprising to learn that frequent introspection is not correlated with high life-satisfaction. The happiest people seem to take time for critical self-reflection only when approaching a tough transition or after having made one. Otherwise (except for creative people), they do not spend much time contemplating their inner thoughts and feelings.

3. *"I Rarely Feel Cheated or Disappointed By Life."*

How they respond to failure is another of the signal differences between high- and low-satisfaction people. As might be expected, the most contented people are less likely to report having failed in the first place. In actuality, many of them probably would be seen by others as having taken a fall, but they recast their experience in their minds, erased the outcome from the error column and came to see it as a plus.

The important thing is that roughly half of all the high-satisfaction people *have indeed failed* "at a major personal or professional endeavor." What is different about them is their response: Having failed, almost every one of them found it a useful experience and say they are better for it.

4. *"I Have Already Attained Several of the Long-Term Goals That Are Important to Me."*

The same long-range goals held up across the board as most important to Americans at all satisfaction levels: a comfortable life, family security and a sense of accomplishment.

People in every group agreed on the three things most worth striving for, but those happiest with their lives, not surprisingly, had achieved those goals, as well as others, including self-respect.

Success is not everything to those who apparently know the secrets of well-being, however. One of the most striking differences between high- and low-satisfaction people is this: The most satisfied people are the *least* willing to jeopardize their family lives or sacrifice a love relationship for professional success. It must be added that the people with the most gratifying lives tend to be older, and much of their running is already behind them.

5. *"I Am Pleased with My Personal Growth and Development."*

When it came to the personal characteristics most highly prized, men and women throughout the survey aspired to the same three: to be honest, loving and responsible.

The people well pleased with their lives are likely to say that these qualities already describe them. The optimally satisfied reflect some additional qualities. The happiest women are also ambitious, courageous, knowledgeable, open to new experiences, playful and have a sense of humor. The most satisfied men are also comfortable with intimacy, courageous, open to new experiences, physically fit and able to lead effectively.

That says something significant about sex roles and the penalties of stereotyping. The optimally situated adult has incorporated the characteristic most closely associated with his or her sexual opposite—being comfortable with intimacy in the case of the men; being ambitious in the case of the women.

(continued)





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PATHFINDERS
continued

6. *"I Am in Love; My Partner and I Love Mutually."*

People of high well-being rarely are involved in relationships in which one exploits for services and the other exploits for security, or in which one loves and the other consents to be loved. (Ordinarily, when the weight of affection and commitment lists to one side, it is the woman who loves more but the man who feels more uncomfortable about it.)

People of high satisfaction not only spend more time with the person they love than average people do, they want even more time to spend with them. An impressive number described finding a new tolerance and companionship with their mates as one of the signal experiences of their middle-adult years. Many also reported reaching a new level of sexual pleasure sometime during their 30s, 40s or 50s.

How important is the erotic side of one's love life to overall satisfaction? Among one group of young, highly successful professional women I surveyed, there was a ripple of amused acknowledgment when the results revealed the greatest contributor to their satisfaction with life—and it wasn't career promotions. The more contented these women were with the quality of their sex lives, the happier they were with their entire existence. Yet while satisfaction with one's intimate life was very important, the broad range of erotic or epicurean pleasures did not contribute much to well-being for the usual respondent in my surveys. "A life full of sensual pleasure" went to the bottom of the list of lifetime values every time.

7. *"I Have Many Friends."*

The numbers say it eloquently in this instance. Optimally satisfied people have more friends. Along with finding it easier to love than most other people, they probably are more lovable. In fact, they enjoy roughly twice as many friends as the average person in my surveys. When the chips are down, they have more people they can count on for understanding and support.

Women find it far easier to build friendships—by which is meant genuine, deep, loyal, noncompetitive relationships—with other women than men do with other men. Friendships among men are rather rare, except, significantly, among the high-well-being men. A desirable life is also strongly linked to the willingness to reveal intimate thoughts and feelings—something else that comes more easily to women.

A somewhat less intimate aspect of friendship is important to high-satisfaction people: A majority of the men, and many of the women, have had a mentor, often more than one.

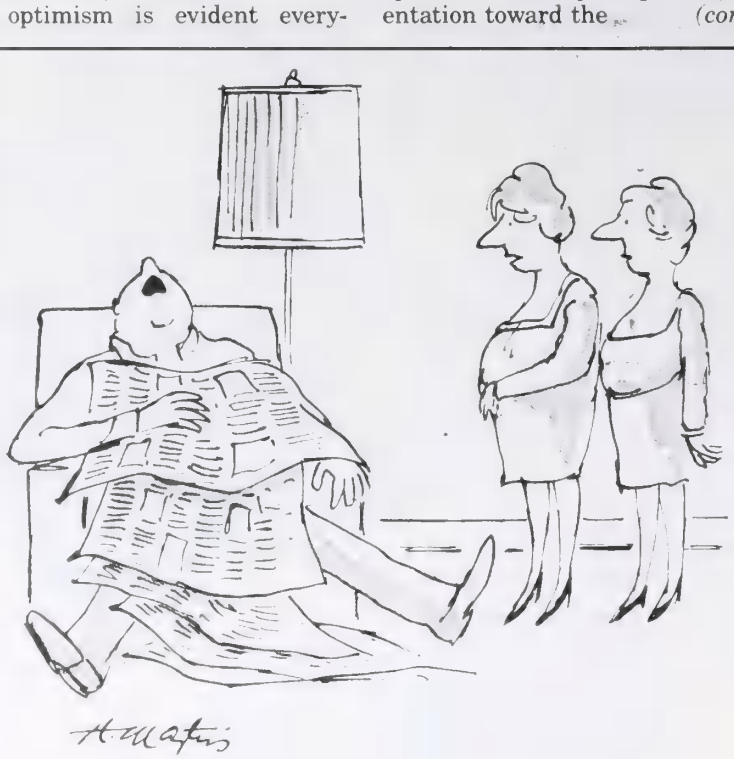
8. *"I Am a Cheerful Person."*

That optimism is evident everywhere in the outlook of the most con tented is to be expected. What is in triguing is that people of high wel being seldom mention chronic depres sion as one of the hallmarks of a whol stage of adult life. For low-well-bein people, "being seriously depressed o discontented" shows up significantl among the 22 to 28 year olds, an continues to be one of the three fee ings most characteristic of every lif stage. Twenty to 30 years later, th distance between those of high an low well-being is so vast that mere lif experiences fail to explain the gul Some of it may, in fact, be biochemica in origin.

Striking in its repetition in the his tories of the most satisfied adults wa a troubled period during lat childhood or adolescence, when man rated themselves as very unhappy. A significant number were forced to tak on adult roles prematurely to compen sate for a weak, failed, alcoholic sickly or absent parent.

And yet, the incipient pathfinders pulled forward—sometimes inch by inch, sometimes by breaking away al together; they did not fall back on the behavior of an earlier stage. Their dif ficult periods rarely lasted longer than five years, but for children, who can not control the good things that hap pen to them nor do much to prevent the bad, it is hard to imagine that times ahead can be different.

Anyone who overcomes a difficult childhood is likely to acquire that key characteristic—a concentration of optimism—and quite possibly an ori entation toward the ... *(continued)*



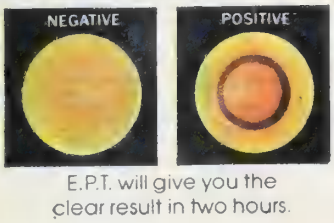
"There he is, Alice, Mr. Right of 1947."

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present and future rather than an emphasis on the past, a crucial characteristic, as we have seen.

9. *"I Am Not Thin-Skinned or Sensitive to Criticism."*

The people of highest well-being apparently have learned to distinguish between their ongoing intrinsic worth and their fluctuating extrinsic value. This is demonstrated by their reaction to criticism or failure.

A person of high well-being does not perceive an attack on his or her work or ideas as a reflection on his or her innate value as a person. As a result, he neither reacts with uncontrolled anger or defensiveness, nor absorbs the blow in some vital organ, only to have it erupt later in physical symptoms. Even when satisfied people agree with the criticism, it does not wash out their sense of well-being.

10. *"I Have No Major Fears."*

It is common for young people (those under 28) to worry about "not advancing fast enough" and to fear that "others will find out I'm not as good as they think." But the least satisfied adults also worry as early as their mid-20s that "time is running out."

How does that compare with the experience of those who exhibit the most satisfaction? They are more likely than anyone else to say, "I feel secure enough to stop running and struggling, to relax and open myself to new feelings." And some say that as early as their late 20s! High-well-being people seldom describe themselves as feeling "locked in" and they register awareness of time running out only when they reach their late 40s. What is even more extraordinary, they report no major fear at any stage of adult life.

Common fears expressed by the unhappiest people are these: feeling lonely, messing up their personal lives, being locked in by their work and, among those over 45, no longer being attractive, being abandoned, or being overtaken by illness.

In every group, the most satisfied are also more likely to be religious. Most were raised in strong religious traditions, although by mid-life they frequently had discarded dogma and repudiated religious conformity in favor of forging their own relationship to the Divine.

Seeking out high-satisfaction people

Early into my research, I realized that pencil and paper analyses were only a part of finding models for lives truly worth living, the people I would come to call "Pathfinders." I began to crisscross the country interviewing possible candidates.

What emerged in these encounters was the realization that merely scoring high on the well-being scale did not insure that one would *sustain* well-being. An important question evolved: Is the individual's development exclusive of the society's well-being? In these enlightened times, should society be expected to enhance one's personal evolution while the individual is exempt from the old notion that one should leave the world a little better than he found it?

One of the items on the Life History Questionnaire asked, "Are you devoted to some purpose or cause outside yourself and larger than yourself?"

The majority of respondents said no.

Yet, the results among the highest satisfaction people were dramatic: The greater well-being a person reflected, the more likely he or she was to have an outside purpose. The distinction is so considerable as to make the current philosophy of looking out for number one sound like a national suicide pact.

Be assured that purpose comes in many different forms, from becoming involved in a community project or acting as a guide or mentor to others to going to the wall for a cause.

From this and other insights afforded by the early interviewing, I developed three subjective criteria that finally enabled me to identify the pathfinders. The first two criteria were:

Did the person have the courage to change?

Did the person have a concern for his or her intimates, not leaving broken bodies in the wake of a search for well-being?

The third criterion was less predictable:

Did the person have a commitment to a purpose beyond his or her pleasure and advancement?

Why be a pathfinder?

Most people do not negotiate the crises of adult life successfully. Out of a failure of nerve or imagination, people get stuck in ruts and traps and often resist making the effort to extricate themselves. Since change so commonly appears harder or more frightening than staying put, people tend to resign themselves, to blame their rut on someone else, or find a comfortable rationalization.

Becoming a pathfinder requires little acts of courage. Yet pathfinders are not paragons. Most of us can remember a moment of risk in childhood, or a time in our lives we picked ourselves up after a failure and looked back to say, "That wasn't so bad."

One has the best chance to become a pathfinder as the result of doing the tedious or terrifying work of completing a normal life passage or by refusing to go under on the onslaught of a life accident and emerging victorious, finding in the process a catalyst to growth.

How then do people grow into pathfinders? What can they teach us about the process of becoming our own pathfinders? What qualities do such people have in common? The most important thing about all of the qualities of personality that fortify pathfinders in resolving life crises is this: None is innate. We can strengthen each of these qualities by our efforts.

Insofar as we are prepared to accept our humanness and struggle with it, we are *all* incipient pathfinders. That does not mean being perfect nor singularly free from sadness. Distinctive as we are one from another, the sounding brass echoes those common notes described by British author H.G. Wells:

> Every one of these hundreds of millions of human beings is in some form seeking happiness. . . . Not one is altogether noble nor altogether trustworthy nor altogether consistent; and not one is altogether vile. Not a single one but has at some time wept.

End

Coming next month from PATHFINDERS: How to develop healthy *ways of coping with a crisis—and how to avoid the all-too-common* neurotic *responses to adversity. Not to be missed!*

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FASHION: HOW TO LOOK GREAT THIS FALL

PAGE 90: PETER M haircombs, BEN AMUN earrings, OMEGA belt, hosiery by BURLINGTON, VITTORIO RICCI pumps.

PAGE 91: Top, left: CATHERINE STEIN earrings. Bottom, left: CATHERINE STEIN earrings, HANES HOSIERY, LIFE STRIDE shoes; center: beads by RAPHAEL SANCHEZ, ELEGANT belt, BONNIE DOON STOCKINGS, VITTORIO RICCI shoes; right: PETER M leaf earrings, OMEGA belt, BONNIE DOON stockings.

PAGE 92: Lower left: Square shawl (Simplicity #5210) requires 1½ yds. of 54"/56" fabric. STYLECREST wool challis.

ACCESSORIES: CAROL HORN dress, PETER M cuff; center: OMEGA belt; BONNIE DOON ribbed tights; NICKELS shoes.

PAGE 93: With shoe: BONNIE DOON tights; top right: Circular cape (Simplicity #5210) requires 2½ yds. of 44"/45" or 54"/56" fabric, LANDAU'S wool/nylon soufflé.

ACCESSORIES: STEPHANIE FRANK earrings, OUTLANDER sweater, ELLEN TRACY skirt, NICKELS boots, bottom, left: BEN AMUN earrings, PIERRE CARDIN SPORTIF culottes; center: OUTLANDER sweater.



SIMPLICITY #5210

DECORATING: WALLPAPER WORKS WONDERS

PAGES 98–99: Bedroom: Wallcovering "Jacqueline" and "Jacqueline Stripe," Timeless Collection by Manuscreens. Coordinating fabric, 54" wide. Dining room: "Iris Garden," "Bonnie Stripe" and "Garden Buds," with coordinating fabric from Gloria Vanderbilt by James Seeman Studios. Kitchen: "Window Pane" from Marimekko 2 by Motif.

PAGES 100–101: Hat window: Wallpaper "Muija;" border "Country Border;" window shade "Rimpi," Marimekko 2. Living room: "Shannon" and "Shannon Brook," Vicoa's Special Request. Fabrics from International Printworks Inc. Clock: #622-757 battery quartz by Howard Miller Clock Co., Zeeland, Mich. 49464. Vases from Limited Editions, 253 East 72nd St., New York, N.Y. 10021. Flower window: Wallcovering "Seven Flowers," curtain fabric "June," both from Marimekko I. Bathroom: Wallcovering "Swallow," Wedgwood III by Schumacher. Room designed by Carole Eichen Interiors, Inc., 305 North Harbor Blvd., Fullerton, Calif. 92632.

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PROFILE OF A PATHFINDER

continued from page 87

But two years later, at 30, suffocating inside that uniform, Delia could not stop the words before they flew out of her mouth. "I hate education!" Delia dropped the courses.

Confounded by being unable to please her husband with a son, knowing better by now than to try to please her parents in a role she hated, Delia had no idea how to go about finding an identity of her own.

For six months she was all but inert. Delia went to her local pastor. He gave her instruction and introduced an entirely new possibility. She could do God's work. Yes, the perfect compromise! She could have permission to do something for herself if she offered up her efforts to a higher purpose—pleasing God.

She asked to be admitted for study to the local seminary; and when they tried to deny her permission, she was ready to dig in her heels.

"There is no place in the church for women," she was told, "as far as advancement goes."

"I want to go anyway."

The blood came up strong in her body as she won her first confrontation and plunged into courses. Then, to her surprise, she became pregnant. Rejoicing in the birth of a son, at 32, she cut back on her studies until he was three. By the time she was ready to go back, there was real motivation: One denomination within her religion had decided to ordain women.

The tired old woman of 28 who had needed 12 hours of sleep a day could now, at the age of 37, survive on half that. Every day was a thrill. The world opened up to her through her fellow seminary students, young people, Vietnam vets. They did not see her as old. She felt alive and tingling, happy every night to put all four children to bed and even to put on her own pajamas and snuggle up with her husband until he fell asleep, then to crawl out and tiptoe into the living room to study through the dead hours.

There was an unexpected reward. In those four years from age 37 to age 41, while learning to serve the Lord, her body came alive for the first time to sex. Had her future parishioners known, they would surely have put the business of their souls into other hands.

"I should have sent you to the seminary fifteen years ago," her husband teased. But from almost all others in the community, aside from her fellow seminarians, she became estranged.

"Everybody else was against what I was doing," she told me. "Probably because I was striking out into new territory, I wasn't too confident. But I told people, 'I'm trying something new and I don't know if I'll make it or not. But I have the right to try.'"

For the first time, at 39, she had a dream. Believing that men and women should learn to work together in the world, it was her goal to work as a pastor side by side with a male pastor, to do worship services together, preach together and show the congregation that men and women could contribute as equals. To ensure she would be well enough prepared, she took not one but two master's degrees.

But several months before Delia was to be ordained, she and her husband attended their old church. The old pastor ascended to the pulpit with the heavy silver cross swinging gravely against his long black cassock. Looking out over all her friends and neighbors, this man of God put Delia Barnes to the test.

"The work of the Devil can be cleverly disguised, even in our congregation," he prophesied in high theological tones. "The Devil often comes in the form of a woman."

Heads began to turn away when Delia shopped in neighborhood stores.

A cloud of depression began to float back over Delia's days. She dealt with it more effectively this time. She hung a sign in her study that said, "Smile, God loves you" and filled the holes of insomnia by writing vitriolic letters, which she burned in the morning.

"It's funny," she was able to say much later, "how something that was meant to stop you ends up doing exactly the opposite. When I hear, 'You can't do it,' that's just about the time I'm sure going to do it."

But a week later, Delia's husband came home after his usual 12-hour day and did not turn on the TV or pick up the paper or open a beer. Instead, he demanded, "You're not really going through with this, are you?"

The gasp caught in her throat. For four years full-time and eight years part-time she had been preparing for "this." Clearly, there was only One who could give her permission to take the last step.

Unexpected affirmation

The day she knelt to receive the crimson stole of God's authority, she felt affirmation from an unexpected quarter. Twenty-five men placed their hands on her bowed head, most of them pastors who had come in violation of their churches' rules forbidding women to take the cloth.

Her first year as a minister she played it safe, working with a counseling service. The second year she felt ready to take the risk that people would accept her as a preacher in a church. She found a congregation and a pastor who agreed to try it.

"I don't know when I'll let you preach," he said that September. "It may not be until Easter."

She gave her premier sermon in December. The church overflowed with friends and freak-seekers and reporters. While giving the prepared sermon she was thinking to herself: *I'm not up here like some bright and shining star while all the rest of the women still grovel at the foot of the Christmas tree—we all are in this together!* That marked the beginning of another level of perception about her purpose in life. She began helping other women to enter the ministry. The congregation of her small church embraced the Reverend Delia Barnes wholeheartedly, shouting, "Hi, pastor!" on the street and showering her and her husband with invitations to dinner.

Problems with her superior

But her senior pastor began to grow critical, then openly hostile. His own acceptance by the congregation was suffering by comparison.

It was during this time that Delia Barnes and I first talked. A tall, handsome woman with a soft voice, demurely dressed in a jumper with a bow-tied blouse, she seemed agreeably authoritative without being threatening. On the whole, she embraced the complexities of her new life with evident enthusiasm. However, the immediate problems with her superior were growing worse, and in them were troubling echoes of an old handicap.

"Any difficulty I encounter now is because I cannot please my boss," she related, "and still keep my integrity. He's telling me there is something wrong with me."

What was wrong, according to her boss?

"I'm aggressive. I don't give up. When I don't get what I want the first time, I keep at it. So I question myself." The archetypal female response: What's wrong with *me*?

Intellectually, Delia Barnes knew that these same qualities in a man would be cause for praise. She knew they described her fairly. She also knew that no one can be honest with others after turning falsely against herself. But emotionally the cost of social isolation was piling up. She had no natural support group. So she faced the next crossroads, once again, alone.

"My boss wants me to change. To go back to being the submissive little girl. And I want to please him," she said. "But I don't want to change backward! It's tearing me apart."

Could the central theme of her life be the conflict between wanting to please others and needing to be true to herself? I asked.

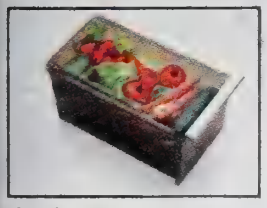
"I wouldn't doubt it," she mused.

(continued on page 143)



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Wallpaper Works: to set a mood (romantic to modern) or solve a problem. Follow our ten easy steps—and you'll be papering like a pro.

Ground rules. Here are three key points, suggested by Calla Jean Schaefer of the Wallcovering Information Bureau: 1. Always follow manufacturer's instructions on paste, etc. 2. Have everything organized. 3. Keep calm: It's hard to make a mistake that's irrevocable. Wallpaper is both pliable and patchable.

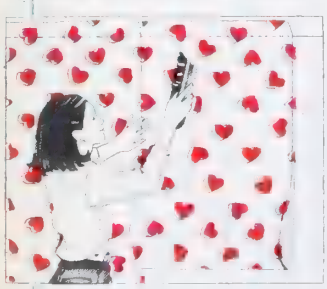
A



1. *Starting Out.* Have clean, smooth walls, stripped of picture hooks, switchplates. Assemble all tools, from cutting table to water tray (if using prepasted paper). Covering ceiling, too? Do it before walls (see # 9).

B

2. *Marking a Plumb Line.* This is to get the first strip straight. Start in an inconspicuous corner; Measure and mark ½" less than width of paper. Tie a weight to long string; rub string with colored chalk; tack up near ceiling at marked spot. When weight stops swinging, hold string taut, snap to mark line on wall.



3. *Cutting and Pasting.* Measure height of wall, add at least 2" at top, 2" at bottom for trimming. For large patterns, hold strip up to ceiling line first to check where break in pattern comes. All fine? Cut from roll. Brush or roll adhesive on back, working out from the center to coat edges evenly. Wait 5 minutes for paper to soften; fold ends in, pattern side out, like a book (figure A) to carry to wall. Don't press a crease. If using pre-pasted paper, re-roll strip loosely with adhesive side out; dip in lukewarm water 1 minute.

C



4. *Hanging Strip by Strip.* Line up side edge of top half along chalk line, leaving those extra inches at the ceiling. Keep bottom half folded until top is affixed. Remember: The paper is not stuck fast. You can slide the strip around until straight. Smooth with flat brush (figure B), heading downward from top and outward from center to remove any wrinkles or bubbles. Problem? Simply peel back and start smoothing again. Tip: Dab paste underneath with fingertip if you find dry seam spots. Sponge off excess paste on surface or sides as you go along.

5. *Cutting Corners.* Cut, paste and hang strips in sequence around room. Line up seam next to seam—don't overlap. When you come to a corner, measure distance from last piece put on to corner and add ½". Mark on new strip and cut, saving leftover portion. Hang strip (figure C: "X"), wrapping extra ½" around corner for snug fit. Measure leftover strip, mark on wall and strike another plumb line ("Y"). Hang rest of strip, overlapping the ½" portion.



6. *Trimming.* Use putty knife as guide (figure D). Trim at ceiling and baseboard with sharp razor knife. Change blade often—a dull edge can make ragged tears.



7. *Rolling Along.* Go over and over all seams and edges with a seam roller (figure E). Press firm. If paste oozes out, wipe with clean, damp sponge.

8. *Doing Windows and Doors.* Don't try to pre-cut paper fit exactly. Instead, hang strip right over opening (it lool scarily lumpy). Cut excess away, clipping diagonal cuts at inside corners. Fit and work paper into place; neatly trim.



9. *Covering Ceiling.* Easier and faster with two on the job: one on a ladder to position and smooth, one below with broom (figure F) to hand and hold paper up. Hang strips on shorter dimension of room (easier to handle). Snip corners on diagonal. Leave ½" to trim when doing wall strips.

10. *Finishing Touches.* • Look over walls. If you see dr pockets or bubbles, slit an "X" with a razor; work in paste, pres with seam roller. • *More Information.* For a free, detailed book let on "All You Need to Know About Wallcovering," send you name, address to: Wallcovering Information Bureau, Dep LHJ, 66 Morris Ave., Springfield, N.J. 07081.

Measuring for Wallpaper. Take accurate measurements with yardstick. Multiply height by distance around room; divide by 30 (average number of square feet per roll). Deduct one roll for every two openings, like windows or doors. To be safe, order an extra roll. Wallcoverings are priced by the single roll yet mostly sold in doubles or triples. Always note dye lot number. For complicated rooms or stairwells, make a sketch, noting dimensions, and bring to dealer. Ask for advice on preparing walls. Some walls need sanding, priming or sizing; or old wallpaper stripped.



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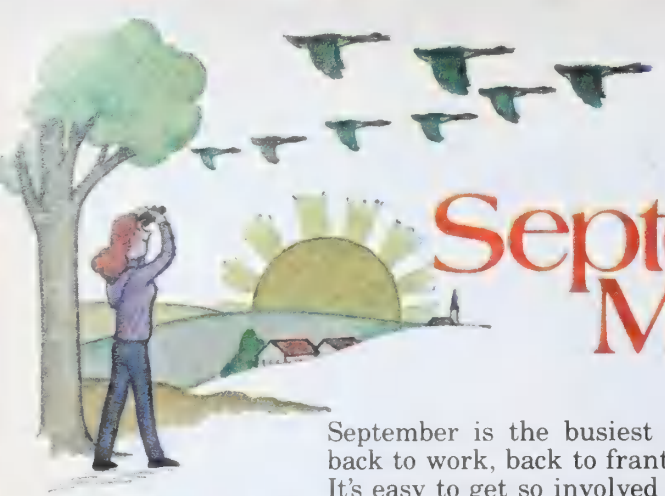
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September Morn



September is the busiest month of the year—back to school, back to work, back to frantic mornings and frenzied timetables. It's easy to get so involved in the everyday rush and bustle that you forget to notice, to enjoy, to reflect on the changing seasons and the special joys that fall can bring. So put away your things-to-do lists and schedules and take time to:



. . . kiss your first grader as she leaves for school—and again when she comes back for the lunch money she forgot.
. . . try on your favorite wool skirt—and glory in the loose fit, thanks to tennis and summer salads.
. . . join an exercise class at the local "Y" to make sure you'll *still* be wearing that skirt at Christmas.
. . . surprise those new friends you met on vacation and actually write the letter you promised.
. . . put a basket of shiny apples near the front door to spice your comings and goings—and tempt the kids to have a healthy snack.
. . . plant colorful tulip, crocus and narcissus bulbs. (Can spring be far behind?)
. . . finish that sweater you started July 4th at the beach.
. . . browse the back-to-school sales with an eye toward Christmas bargains.
. . . look up at the first of the wild geese in formation making their mysterious seasonal journey.
. . . sit down and order tickets for a theater or concert series—on a November Saturday night you'll be glad you did.
. . . enjoy the heady scent of perfume after summer's *eau de cologne*.





. . . plan a day for you and your teen-age daughter to shop for her fall clothes and have a fancy lunch together.
. . . slowly pull on your stockings—don't they feel sexy after a bare-legged summer?
. . . adopt that stray cat the summer people abandoned.
. . . cuddle up with your husband and sip Irish coffee while you watch the first-of-the-season fire glowing in the fireplace.
. . . sort out your summer shell collection and start working on jewelry, combs or picture frames for holiday giving.
. . . forget your dignity and join the kids as they frolic in the piles of leaves (together you can rake them back again).
. . . plan a special treat for Grandparent's Day, September 13.
. . . put up the storm windows before it gets so cold your fingers turn numb cleaning them.
. . . remember to send this season's most colorful leaf to a friend who's moved to a warm climate.
. . . savor the smell of that red-ripe tomato as you add it to a lunch box. (You can't have too many tomatoes!)
. . . admire the last, most precious rose of summer until it fades. **End**







Compiled by Mary Mohler, with contributions from the editors of LHJ.





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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PROFILE OF A PATHFINDER

continued from page 136

Maybe even pleasing God with this all to ministry was what enabled me o take the risk of making a lot of eople angry."

The dilemma she faced was real. She ould continue trying to please her perior by forfeiting the chance for rowth in authority and pleasure in er work. Or she could change de-ominations—and leave her religious mily altogether.

"I still want to keep people happy," he said, "but I'm beginning to under-and you can't always do that."

Some months later, it came to a con-rontation. The bishop wrote Delia a tter acknowledging the problems the enior pastor was having with his own ongregation. But because she was the ssistant, the bishop concluded, it was elia who should resign.

This time, she addressed the conflict irectly. She made the bishop's letter ublic within the church, and held her round to the end. The loyalty of her ongregation and the pride of her hus-and remained constant. And when he left, a third of the church members esigned with her. She had taken a sk and had suffered a shattering oss. While other members could join ifferent churches, Delia was out of a b and distanced by the scandal from ll her parishioners.

For the third time, depression wamped her. She felt as if something ad died inside. It had. Several of her dentities, in fact—the spinster school-eacher dreamed up by her parents, he wife who waited to be told what to o, the ordained minister who feared he pain of confrontation more than ubmission—each of these identities ad served its purpose, but she had utgrown them. For the time being, elia Barnes was lost.

She chose to volunteer at the state ospital for the insane and severely etarded. Clanging through four ocked doors to a bin of the living amned, she worked each day in a ard filled with people whom no one lse cares about or remembers until ey are found dead in their beds.

Angry, bitter, dreaming at night at she had the pastor down on the round and was pushing his face into he mud, Delia found the hospital a herapeutic environment. Fantasies of age cost her nothing. And after four onths, the great sadness she carried round inside began to lighten. She earned to love her patients as they huffled about the ward mumbling eir litanies of grievance. They made er troubles petty, her depression an dulgence. She also found an ex-nded family, at last, among the other olunteers. They had all chosen a mental hospital because they were looking for something; it came naturally to offer one another strength and support.

"I think I died and went to Heaven."

That was how Delia Barnes described the nine months of dying time before the next stage of her life began. She knew it would come. She was unlike many people who deny the need to face a crossroads and later become depressed or obsessed about roads not taken. That obsession with the past serves to keep them imprisoned in it.

The next January, Delia was offered an unusual position open only to an ordained minister. A statewide social agency, run by her religious denomination, would send her around as a guest preacher and family-life educator to all 40 churches in the area. She was ready. Delia Barnes began working with a man, also a pastor and family-life educator, as a teaching pair. They dovetailed beautifully. Their reputation spread.

Now, instead of preaching to the same parishioners every Sunday, Delia and her male counterpart are invited to address seminars for 100 pastors at a time.

It is not the same as working side by side with a male pastor in her own church, but at this point Delia is delighted with the compromise.

Satisfying outcome

"My dream has not yet been realized," she told me in our last interview. She was 47. "But I'm very, very happy. I've come to understand it's a marvelous thing that has happened to me—it made me take the chance of standing up, and the pain was only temporary. I'm content." She had just been asked to become chaplain to the city's police association. And she was embarked on her doctorate in theology. Delia Barnes sees the partial attainment of her dream as a happy and satisfying outcome.

"I'll never adjust downward. I may never get there before I die, but what comforts me is that somebody else will."

I was fascinated by the *process* through which Delia had accumulated confidence and control and, ultimately, real courage. She had to become a rebel in order to live out the most traditional kind of moral and ethical existence. Having risked taking a less-traveled route, she had navigated back into the mainstream, but now knowing exactly where she wanted to go—and why it would be worth the trip. She can truly say, "I feel at last a firm sense of my identity." That knowledge would continue to pull her, like a favorable tide, toward what might be called a state of well-being. **End**

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By Ann B. Bradley, Crafts Editor

Photograph by Michael Weiss

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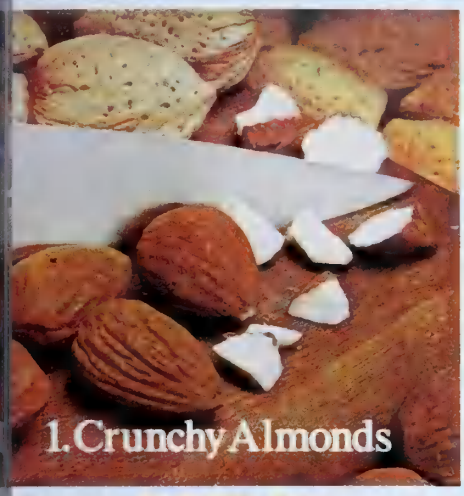
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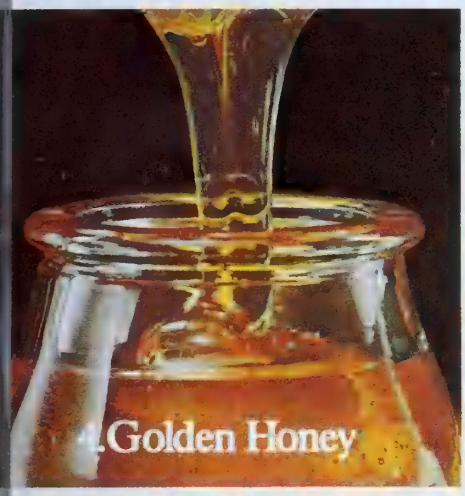
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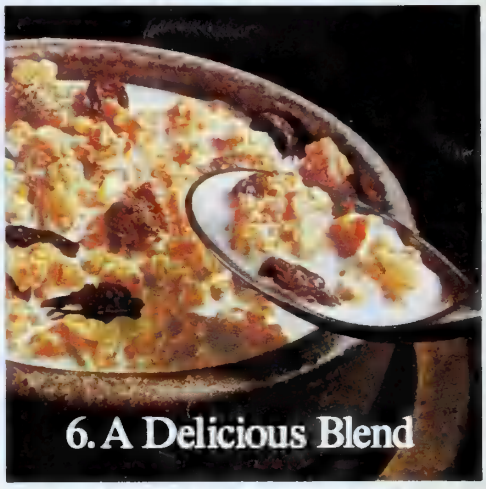














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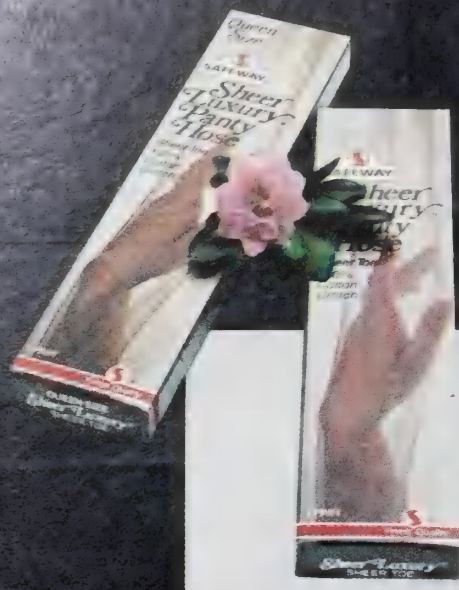
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REPORT ON RAPE

continued from page 96

Indiana University Chief of Police and former research assistant at the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research. "There are many who, to this day, take the classic defense position: 'How do we know you didn't seduce the rapist?' And there are many still who will not prosecute unless a lie detector test is given to the victim.

"This attitude is brutal beyond belief," says Huntington. "I would not be critical of a woman for failing to report a rape if she knew she'd be raped again by the legal system. The number-one concern of the rape victims I interview is that someone *believe* they were raped."

Who is the typical rape victim?

- She is most likely between the ages of 13 and 33.
- Divorced and separated women are raped more frequently than single women. Married women are least likely to be raped. Dr. Alan Lizotte, an Indiana University sociologist and expert in the field of rape and victimization, explains that married women are, for the most part, protected by their husbands. Divorced and separated women are often raped by their ex-husbands and, like singles, tend to date and be out at night.

Who are the rapists?

- The majority fall between 17 and 34 years of age.
- Forty percent are married or in a consenting sexual relationship.
- Many rapists have a history of sexually aberrant behavior as juveniles. Explains Dr. A. Nicholas Groth, director of the sex offender program at the Connecticut Correctional Institution in Somers, Conn.: "When people think of a rapist, they imagine an adult male. But most offenders committed some type of sexual offense by their early teens and should be helped then. Like most child abusers and wife beaters, rapists are men who themselves were sexually victimized as children."

Where do rapes occur? "Rapes happen anywhere people are," says Dr. Groth. "High-risk locations—secluded streets, parks, empty lots, alleys—are, of course, most common, but rape happens in places normally considered safe, like one's home or even in a church." Adds Huntington: "Rapists are like robbers—they don't want to waste time. They will loiter around hospitals, libraries and college campuses, where a large population of women study or work late at night."

Whom do rapists choose as their v tims? Usually, says Dr. Lizotte, l victimizes like. If you have a bl offender, the victim tends to be bl young victim, young offender.

The choice has nothing to do w sexual attractiveness or what t woman was wearing, insists Dr. Gro "Victims are chosen solely on the ba of *availability*, *accessibility* and *v nerability*." Groth reports that ma rapists say afterward, "I couldn't t you what she looked like."

"When a woman is accused of aski for it, the motive for the rape is m identified; the goal is almost never s Every time a rape is misconstrued sexually motivated, it takes the blar off the offender and diminishes t credibility of the victim."

Why, then, do men rape?

Rape is a complex act motivated by variety of social and psychologic causes. As Dr. Groth explains, "It the behavioral equivalent to swearir in which sexual epithets are used express rage and frustration.

"The goal of the rapist is to pro his strength and power; to control ar exploit; to express his hostility towar women; to compensate for his feelin of inadequacy."

—Dorothy Ann Glasse

HOW RAPE AFFECTS WOMEN

continued from page 97

derly. Joni has been fine ever since. How typical is she?

Eighteen-year-old Sherry and her boyfriend, Jim, were driving home one evening when Jim suddenly bypassed Sherry's street and drove to a secluded lot. Before Sherry, a virgin, could even begin to struggle, Jim ripped open her clothes and began to rape her.

An hour and a half later, a still-sobbing Sherry got home and told her parents what had happened. They were furious—and they blamed *her* for the incident. Their rage continued for months. Sherry became afraid to go anywhere or do anything alone. How typical is she?

The answer is that Joni, Beth and Sherry are all typical—that is, there is simply no uniform reaction to the experience of rape. How women cope with rape—and how well they cope—varies tremendously. What's more, their reactions do not follow the patterns that would have been predicted.

For example, prior to our study it had been assumed—even by experts—that Sherry's reaction to rape would be very different from Joni's or Beth's, both because she was a virgin and because she was raped by someone she knew and trusted. One might assume, given Sherry's circumstances, that her "date-rape" would lead to a tremendous loss of self-respect as well as difficulties in social relationships. Because Sherry was a virgin, she would presumably feel a greater sense of guilt and sexual revulsion; however, because she knew her assailant, it was not likely that she would become as fearful as other rape victims.

Yet Sherry was indeed terrified. In fact, her constant struggle to control her overwhelming terror left Sherry too exhausted even to be angry at her parents' callous treatment.

In contrast, such fear would have been considered an appropriate reaction for Beth, because she had been assaulted in her own home, the place she'd previously considered the safest. But Beth's response to the assault was dominated by symptoms of severe depression—insomnia, inability to concentrate, a general anxiety and apathy—rather than by fear.

Finally, Joni's rape was so brutal that most people would have predicted total devastation. And that's exactly what Joni did undergo—but for an astonishingly brief period of time. She emerged from her withdrawal free of difficulties in expressing herself socially or, more surprisingly, sexually.

In fact, the stories of Joni, Beth and Sherry illustrate the most surprising aspect of our study: We found no correlation between the circumstances or nature of the rape and the type or seriousness of the problems the victim developed. Here are the particulars of our findings:

- Whether a rape involved only va ginal intercourse or a variety of pe verse acts was not a determining facto in a victim's subsequent developmen of sexual problems.
- The victim was equally vulnerabl to developing a series of fears whethe the rape took place in a setting sh believed to be safe or dangerous.
- The rapist's use of a weapon t threaten the victim did not increas her chances of subsequent social o sexual difficulties.
- The use of physical brutality did no produce greater difficulties in relation ships with the opposite sex.
- Whether the victim knew her assail ant did not make her more or less likely to develop problems.
- Rape did not produce greater trauma in those who were virgins when they were assaulted.

But though the women's reactions to assault varied, the difference was one of degree rather than of kind. Almost all the women experienced some depression, fear, anxiety, loss of self-esteem and difficulty returning to normal activity, but with differing levels of intensity and for varying periods of time. Furthermore, it appears that the recovery process is remarkably similar for most women, and follows the stages through which any victim of physical or psychological violence passes.

The first is the denial stage, which may occur during or directly after the rape. The victim, in a *(continued)*

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state of shock, is simply unable to believe the attack is happening. If the reality of the situation hits, the victim often goes into the second stage, profound terror. She may become so detached that she *appears* completely unconcerned, or she may cling to those around her like a frightened child.

Some women experience a detached, super-alert state during or just after the assault. Even while it is occurring, they may be memorizing their assailant's physical features or details about the car he was driving. While this may be a victim's way of distancing herself from the experience, it also has real survival benefits.

After the initial impact has worn off, the victim goes into a period of more normal behavior, but everyday tasks and social relationships are still difficult. This is perhaps the most problematic time and the stage most likely to last, because it is heavily dependent on the victim's state of mind prior to the assault and because she is extremely vulnerable to the opinions of those around her. She may feel guilty, blaming herself endlessly for walking down a certain street or acknowledging a greeting. In other words, she turns her anger at the assailant inward.

The final stage is the incorporation of the experience into one's life. The victim stops wondering *why* this thing happened to her, and says instead, "Such things *do* happen. It happened, it's over and now I'm going on." She also learns to direct her rage at the assailant, not at herself.

Mapping out the process like this can make the recovery look simple. It is not. Rape is one of the most devastating kinds of violence a woman can experience. And it should be emphasized that rape *is* an act of violence: The rapist is not motivated by the need for sexual gratification but by a need for power, a need to express anger, a need to degrade.

But if women's responses to the experience of rape are similar in kind and unrelated to the circumstances of the rape, what then accounts for the tremendous variation in the intensity and duration of those reactions?

Two things seem to be of major importance in a victim's recovery from rape. The first is how she perceives both herself and what has happened to her; the second is how family and friends respond to the assault.

We can begin by looking at Joni's experience, remembering that her near-miraculous recovery is as unusual as the opposite extreme, the victims who after four years cannot function in their normal routines.

What went on in Joni's mind during her seclusion to enable her to recover so quickly? At first, the rape incident replayed itself over and over, but eventually it triggered confused memories of an earlier crisis she had undergone.

Two years before, Joni and her husband, Greg, had been seriously injured in a horrible automobile accident. She had spent weeks in intensive care, not sure if she would pull through. Her own near-death had made so deep an impression on Joni's mind that she considered survival itself a triumph, and was therefore able to focus on the fact that she had lived through the rape rather than continuing to dwell on the horrible things that had happened to her. Furthermore, Joni was free from guilt because she understood that the rape—like the auto accident—was a tragic misfortune, but not something she deserved or could have prevented.

Joni's speedy recovery was also influenced by the way her husband and family reacted. They allowed *her* to set the pace, wisely assuming that only she could judge when she was ready to resume her life. Unfortunately, the response of the victim's family is seldom so benign. Even the most well-meaning family may attempt to prevent the victim's return to normal activity because they believe that she's not emotionally prepared to handle it—or even that it would be unseemly if she handled it too well. Often such overprotection is not a question of the victim's needs, but rather a means for the family to compensate for their inability to protect her from her brutal encounter.

An equally common reaction of families—and for the same reasons—is anger toward the victim, blaming her for having let this happen. The results of such a response can be disastrous for the victim, as Sherry's case illustrates. Sherry might have had minor after-effects from her ordeal had her parents been more sympathetic.

Identify and confront

The key to Sherry's eventual recovery was first of all for her to identify, and then to confront, her fear. Interestingly, Sherry was frightened more by her parents' fury than by anything directly connected with the rape. Ultimately, Sherry, too, became angry when she realized that the source of her parents' rage was their belief that she'd somehow invited Jim's assault. Sherry knew that wasn't true, and her eventual outrage at the injustice of their accusation helped to dissolve her own fears.

Sherry's doubly painful experience is not unusual. In the course of our work we have seen many instances of a woman's victimization first by the rapist and then again by her husban parents or friends.

In Beth's case, the rape complicat and deepened anxieties she'd be having even before her unhappy e counter. The rape acted—as it can f many women—as an emotional cat lyst, not so much creating new pro lems but intensifying already existi ones.

Always dependent on her parent Beth had been anxious about wheth she'd be able to fit in and to mak friends in the new town even befo the rape. Afterward, she began worry incessantly about the safety her new home.

First step to recovery

But after less than three months counseling, Beth was able to sort ou and begin to deal with the source her problems. The first step was to g her active—braiding her daughter hair, fixing lunch for the family—an thus reduce her sense of panic that sh might be locked into her depressio forever. The second step was to hel Beth see that most of her fears abou moving had nothing to do with th rape.

Beth was then able to discuss thos fears with her husband, as well a other problems in their relationshi But the real turning point came whe she simply summoned her reserves o courage and forced herself to move She immediately discovered that he anticipation of fear was worse than th fear itself, and that she was fa stronger than she thought.

In fact, if there is one thing we hav learned in the course of this study, it i how amazingly strong women actuall are. We are constantly impressed, ever uplifted, by the ability of the women with whom we work to fight their very natural fears and the temptation t blame themselves, to go through with protracted and stressful court ap pearances even though the outcome i uncertain, to cope with the dismaying reactions of those around them and, in the most remarkable ways, to pu their lives back in order. **End**

Dr. Ellen Frank is a psychologist a the Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinic and assistant professor of psychiatry at the the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine. She is also a weekly contributor to WTAE-TV News in the field of mental health and human behavior.

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WAYS TO PROTECT YOURSELF

continued from page 96

feet between you and the stranger. Don't let him crowd you or get close enough to throw you off balance.

- Avoid prolonged or involved interaction with strangers. Some rape victims report spending several minutes or even hours with their assailants before they were attacked. For example, one woman jogger was raped by a man who had offered to protect her if she wanted to run in a deserted section of the park.
- Be aware of what is happening around you. If you hear footsteps behind you on a deserted street, turn around, suggests Detective Lt. Waid Woodruff of the Los Angeles Police Department. Let the stalker know you are aware of him; many potential assailants rely on surprise to overcome their victims.
- Don't enter an elevator alone with someone who makes you feel uneasy. And don't feel guilty about hurting that person's feelings if you avoid him. Your safety is at stake.
- Don't be too friendly or too chatty with tradesmen you're not familiar with, and don't be embarrassed to wait outside your home until a serviceman or repairman has finished his work if he makes you uncomfortable.
- Plan ahead. Make a list of any safety problems you might encounter, recommends Ms. Lanoue. Do you have to use an apartment building laundry room during hours when it is often empty? Must you park your car in a deserted lot or garage? Plan what you'll do if you are suddenly accosted. Know how you will act, what route you will take to escape and what you will do if you can't escape.
- Always keep one hand free, Woodruff adds. Being weighted down with a purse and shopping bags can make a woman appear vulnerable. If possible, have large, cumbersome packages delivered to your house rather than carrying them home yourself.
- Alternate the routes you take home, know which businesses stay open along the way or where to find telephones.
- Use your common sense. Don't take home a man you've just met. Remember that a "friend of a friend" is still a stranger to you. The term "date rape" is recent, but the phenomenon is an old, well-kept secret, according to Laurie Stephens, director of a rape hotline in Pasadena, California. She notes that many rapes occur in the woman's home, the place in which she tends to let down her guard.
- If you do feel threatened, leave your house immediately and knock on a neighbor's door. Make noise; make a scene and run. *Don't* feel ashamed to do this. You shouldn't regret the acti if you're wrong about a man's inte tions. And if you're right, be thankf that you acted when and how you di

And what do you do, if despite a precautions, you find yourself face face with an assailant?

In her study for the federal Na tional Center for the Prevention an Control of Rape, Dr. Pauline Bart the University of Illinois Medica School found that in a number of a tempted rapes, women who physicall resisted or warded off their attacke did not increase their chances of bein beaten, but rather enhanced thei chances of avoiding rape and injur Remember that most rapists rely o taking you by surprise and they don count on a victim fighting back.

Dr. Jennie McIntyre of the Univer sity of Maryland concurs that womer who are more assertive—those wh scream, fight or run rather than cry plead, or appeal for sympathy—are more likely to escape a rape attempt. She adds, however, that it is extremely important to assess the situation you are in. There are times when you can't escape, and times when your life or a child's may be threatened. In these circumstances, you may have no choice but to cooperate.

While criminal courts in some states still demand evidence indicating that the victim resisted, *don't* take action tantamount to committing suicide, police and counselors caution. Rape is *not* a fate worse than death.

If you do decide to fight, consider the following:

- Experts generally agree that striking the eyes of an assailant is very effective. Nancy Lanoue, however, finds that most women have difficulty doing this and suggest taking the heel of your palm and forcefully thrusting it up into your assailant's nostrils. You also can strike a man's Adam's apple with the flat edge of your hand or with a fist full of keys, while a kick in the knees can stop him from running for several minutes. Select the spot you can go after, strike and run. Do not, however, kick a man in the groin, because it's easy to be thrown off balance if he grabs your leg.
- "Don't use a conventional weapon," advises Sally Bowie, director of a rape crisis intervention program at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston. "A gun, knife or can of mace can be taken away from you and used against you." She suggests using your purse or a book as a "surprise" weapon. Also consider carrying a police whistle to make noise and summon help if your voice fails you.
- Whether you fight or not, *never* appear to be weak or out of control and never give the impression that you're going to be an easy victim. —FRANCES E. RUFFIN





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ONE VICTIM'S STORY

continued from page 97

For the next hour, Tommy never stopped crying. Yet in some way, it was the sound of his voice that kept Joan in control and may have saved her life. Throughout all this, John continued to sleep . . . or pretended to.

Threatening Joan abusively, the intruder pulled her upstairs, the knife held to her side. On the second floor, he pushed her into her bedroom and followed, slamming the door behind him. Then he blocked the door with a chair and tied her to the bed.

"When he pulled a pillowcase over my head, I really panicked," Joan remembers. "I had seen the knife. I thought, 'He doesn't want to see my face when he kills me . . . this is it. I'm going to be stabbed to death. Oh, God, don't let me scream. If the children come in, he'll hurt them.'"

"That'll teach you," he said as he began to rape her. Afterward, the man demanded her car keys and fled.

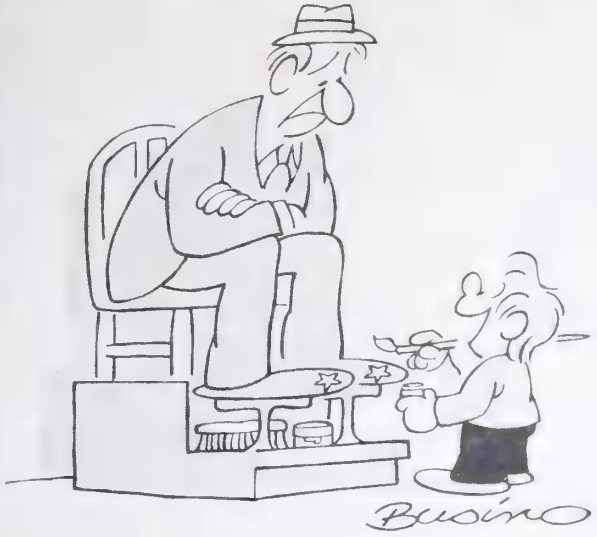
Knowing the police in her small community, Joan remembers being almost pleased at that moment. "Even then I had a feeling that the police wouldn't get very excited about rape, but they might about car theft. If he took my car, I thought there was a better chance that he'd be caught and prosecuted for something."

In fact, the man was never caught. The police grew indifferent to the case long before Joan began to recover from the trauma. Even that night, when they found her sobbing hysterically in her kitchen, they seemed to hold little hope that there was evidence in the house to help convict or even catch the rapist. Although they questioned her for hours in the bedroom where the rape had taken place, they never suggested she get medical attention or counseling, and seemed to make only a cursory attempt to gather evidence.

But for Joan, that hour of terror would affect practically every aspect of her life for months afterwards. She couldn't stay alone in her house anymore; she canceled plans to re-enter the field of psychology, in which she had worked before her marriage; and she carried a gun at all times—even when she was cleaning her house or mowing the lawn.

For the first 48 hours, Joan couldn't sleep at all. She drank scotch, took over-the-counter sleeping medication and was finally given a prescription for stronger pills. As twilight fell, she'd nervously take one . . . then two or three, but at every noise she'd jolt awake, searching the room for danger.

(continued)



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continued

In the days that followed, she wouldn't even leave the house by herself. When cajoled into town by a friend, she panicked every time she passed a man on the street. And she found, to her horror, that she couldn't even stand her children's embrace.

When John hugged her she drew back, squelching the impulse to scream and push him away. When she was awakened at night by her younger son, she was afraid to get up and comfort him. She'd feel her heart thunder, her arms and legs grow weak, her breathing become irregular.

There was no question in her mind that she needed help. And her children? She soon realized that they too had suffered from the rape—whether from their reaction to the intrusion or from their mother's increasing anxiety.

Evenings had always been fun in Joan's home—a time when she would read to her children and play quiet games. Suddenly, she found that not only she, but her sons, too, were full of fear. Bedtime became a nightly ordeal. Both boys dreamed of robbers and became extremely fearful. John, who had made no sound during the rape, wouldn't go into *any* room alone. At night, Tommy would refuse to go to bed.

At three, Tommy still had difficulty expressing complicated feelings, but he'd obviously been affected by the attack. When the rapist left, Joan had called to him to help untie her.

Joan grimaces as she recalls the little boy padding into the room and seeing her tied to the bedposts. "I said, 'Mommy was silly. She was playing with these ropes and got stuck, and you have to help her out.'" Did he believe her story? Joan doesn't know, but she knew he was afraid.

Reliving the experience seven months later is tough for Joan, but her voice is measured and cool. Though she has periods of regression and fear, she has no doubt that she's getting better. She doesn't wear her gun while she's cleaning anymore, though she does when outside mowing the lawn. She won't use public stairways, but she will go out shopping. And she *has* begun dating again, though not unless she knows a man extremely well.

In fact, each day the pain is a little less as her emotional and physical strength build and the wounds heal. But getting better has required professional help.

Firmly, she explains: "I used to think that in a tough situation there comes a time when you just have to guts it out. Put the pieces of your life back together and forget it . . . .

"Most of my friends and even a psychologist I know gave me the same advice. They said, 'Buck up, Joan. You've got to go on with your life and pretend this never happened. Don't make yourself a recluse. Forget it.'

"But from this situation, I've realized in spades that you cannot get over a trauma *unless you deal with it.* If you try to block it out of your mind, the trauma will come back."

For Joan, the recovery period began when a friend took her to a rape crisis center several days after the attack. In the next months, her counselor helped Joan in many ways. For instance:

- By providing explanations for behavior that Joan herself didn't understand. "I had become so afraid I was even beginning to have hallucinations," Joan recalls. "One day my mother came into the house, and for a few moments I really believed *she* was going to attack me. I had a similar reaction to a very good friend of mine. I thought, 'These are the two people I trust most. Am I going crazy?'"

Her psychiatrist was able to explain to her that this reaction was fairly typical, that in recovering, a person's subconscious will allow her to face the worst situation so everyday fears seem less traumatic.

- By helping Joan to see that her experience was not unique, that other people have lived through rape and recovered. "It's important to hear that you're not crazy, weak or hopeless," Joan explains.
- By showing Joan that recovery takes time. An ambitious, outgoing and self-demanding person, Joan was plagued by guilt after the rape. She wasn't embarrassed or guilty about being a victim, as many women are, but she felt terrible about not being stronger, about being a burden to friends and not getting better more quickly.
- By teaching Joan how to relax when she felt tense or frightened. Joan was shown how to relax by consciously slowing her breathing and controlling her other physical responses. She was then helped to readapt to the situations that had begun to frighten her—so that she could answer Tommy's cries in the night without panicking.

Anger and bitterness shift

As time has passed, and Joan's rapist has not been found, her anger and bitterness have shifted toward other targets. Slowly, she is turning from concern with herself to concern for her community—hoping that she can use her experience to help other women understand the following:

1. That women are vulnerable and need to protect themselves. Because Joan lives in a deserted area, she has asked a friend to live with her and her children—and she has made her home as intruder-proof as possible.

2. That it is necessary to get medical attention after a rape—not only for uncovering injuries that might not be obvious, but for gathering evidence.

3. That it is important to know your own community—the attitude of police, the services available and where you can turn for help. She is outraged at the insensitivity of the police who responded to her call, and advises other women not to allow that kind of treatment. "Keep a woman friend with you, and make sure you seek help from knowledgeable people.

"And before anything happens to you or someone you love, make sure that your community knows how to deal with rape, that the police take the crime seriously and that there's a place victims can get help."

—KATHERINE BARRETT

What to Do if You Are Raped

1. Report the rape to the police immediately. Ask the police to call a friend, relative or rape counselor to meet you at the hospital.

2. Do not stop to wash or shower before you leave for the hospital, and if you change your clothes, do not throw them away. (The police will need them as evidence.) Do not go home alone, and if the rape occurred in your home, stay somewhere else that night or have someone go home with you.

3. Consider rape counseling. You may believe you can block the experience from your mind—and maybe you can—but sometimes the trauma of the rape will last until you deal with it. To find a rape counseling center in your area, check the phone book, ask the police, or contact the National Center for the Prevention and Control of Rape, 5600 Fishers Lane, Room 15-99, Parklawn Building, Rockville, Maryland 20857. Phone: (301) 443-1910.

4. Understand that your husband and friends may have problems dealing with your rape. Note that many rape crisis centers, and some men's groups, are now offering help to the husbands, boyfriends, fathers, brothers and friends of rape victims, as well as the woman herself. Check the phone-book or call the rape counseling center in your neighborhood to find out whether there is an affiliated group for men. For instance, Philadelphia's Men Organized Against Rape can be reached at (215) 922-3434. And at New York City's St. Vincent's Hospital, the Rape Crisis Program has male counselors, who can be reached at (212) 790-8068.

5. Decide whether or not to press charges. For some women, it is an ordeal they are not prepared to face. For others, it may be cathartic. Ask your local rape counselors what to expect in court.

—CLAIRE TALLARICO

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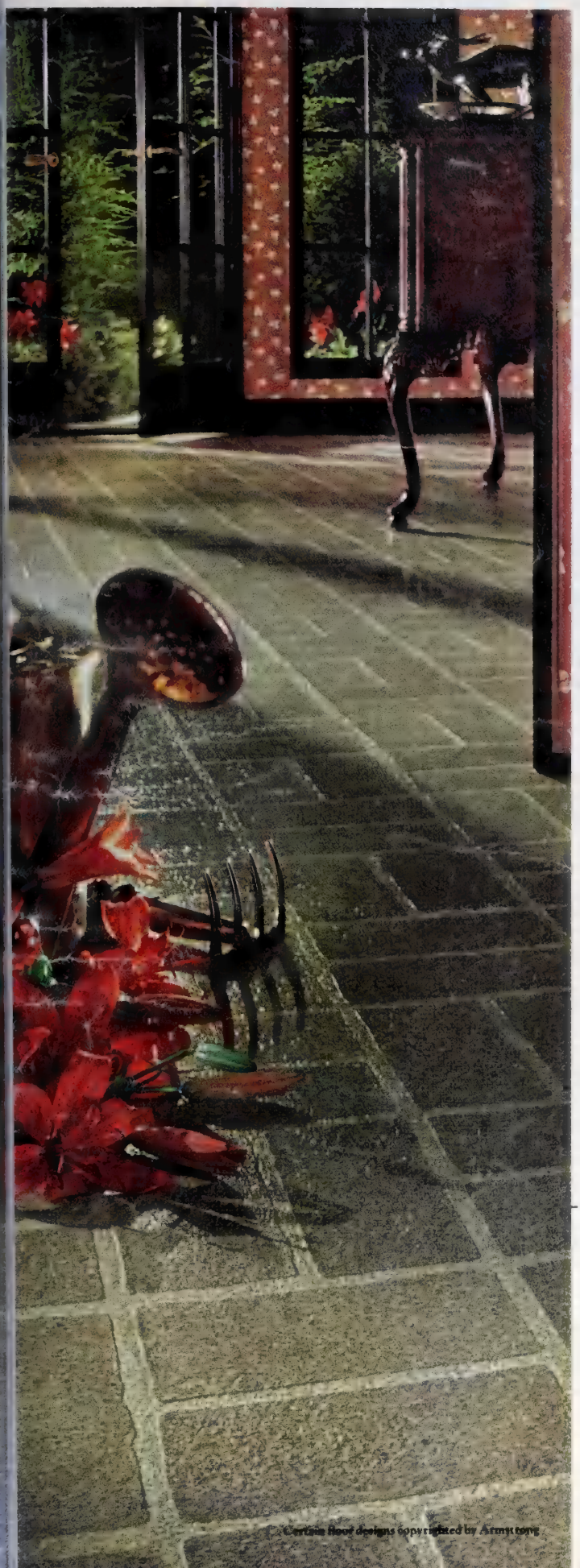
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Editor's Journal
By Myrna Blyth



This is an age of superlatives. From supermarkets to superstars to Superman, we're always looking for the biggest and the best. Our cover story on Super-couples fits right into this very contemporary trend. We've focused on those marriages (and there are many of them today) where he and she are equally powerful and prestigious. Our cover couple, Marlo Thomas and Phil Donahue, as well as other super-achievers like Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman, Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden, sex experts Masters and Johnson, have shared insights on how they've achieved happiness in their very special marriages. What's most encouraging about the story is the confirmation that nowadays terrific men want equally terrific women as their partners. Equality, after all, must begin at home. And that's what I tell my husband whenever I'm cooking dinner after we've both had a long, tough day at our offices. Well, he cooks sometimes, too. (Like that time in '76 when my back went out!)

Another current superlative is "Super-writer"—and we have three contributors in this issue who certainly deserve that description. James A. Michener *(above, center)* author of *Hawaii, Centennial* and this year's #1 best seller, *The Covenant,* is without a doubt America's favorite author. He has sold a staggering number—tens of millions—of books. We're proud that he has written an insightful essay on "How America Lives." This article continues one of the Journal's longest-running and most-distinguished series.

In this issue we also have the second excerpt of Gail Sheehy's new best seller, *Pathfinders.* Her first book, *Passages,* sold over five million copies and changed the way we all think about our lives. I'm sure her new thought-provoking book will be much discussed and debated this fall. Our final Super-writer is Stephen King, the modern master of the macabre. Since *Carrie* and through *The Shining* he has been scaring the wits out of many of us. His latest book, *Cujo,* from which we have a very spooky excerpt, is the scariest and most accomplished yet.

I think by combining Super-couples, Super-writers and superior beauty, food, health, fashion and decorating features, we have a really Super issue—just for you!

Photographs, left to right, by Thomas Victor, Antoinette W. Roades, James Leonard.

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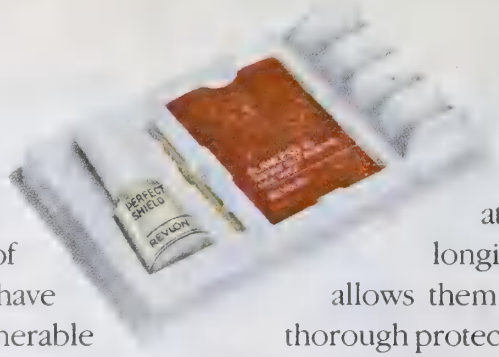
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You have long nails? Long, vulnerable nails? Vulnerable, actually, because of their length. But you'd like to have long, longer, absolutely invulnerable nails? (Or maybe you even have medium-length nails, and you hanker to have them long.) No problem, no more. Just because of 'Flawless 10'.

'Flawless 10' is an instant self-adhesive nail wrap that was developed to use at home, and is as easy as pie to use. The ease comes from the fact that the nail wrap is self-adhesive. You don't have to stick messy extra stuff on, then slide it around to get it on right. What it does is immediately strengthen those long or longish vulnerable nails. Actually allows them to grow longer, gives them thorough protection against chipping, splitting or peeling. And it sustains that protection so you will always have nails that are the same length. (Ever notice a beautiful set of 9 fingernails, with a tenth that is mysteriously shorter than the rest?)

The kit contains 8 manicures. 'Flawless 10' goes on in 3 simple steps. From the time you start using it you will see longer, lovelier nails in 21 days. Not so long at all when you consider how much longer your nails will be.

The long





and the short of nail care.

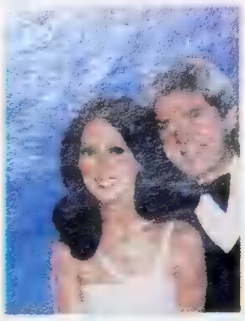
You have short nails? Short, soft, weak, pathetic nails? But you'd like long, strong, beautiful, confident nails? No problem, no more. Because of 'Nail Starter' Kit from Revlon. It's a simple two-step, brush-on kit, developed, like 'Flawless 10', with professional manicurists, to use at home.

'Nail Starter' Kit immediately strengthens even the world's weakest nails. (If you've always had the kind of nails that make you sit on your hands in public you are really in for a treat.) And the Porcelain Smooth Finish gives your nails a beautifully-groomed, natural look. You can keep your nails that way, or you can dress them up with color. But whether you choose to adorn them, or not, they will end up long, strong and gorgeous.



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LADIES' HOME
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN
Journal
Incorporating Needle & Craft

VOL. XCVIII
No. 10
OCTOBER
1981

Articles

4 Editor's Journal

11 Can This Marriage Be Saved?
"I Need to Be on My Own"
By Betty Hannah Hoffman

16 David Hartman: A Dark Side to TV's Good Morning Man?
By Cliff Jahr
He's easygoing on camera—but off camera he's made of sterner stuff

39 "I Had a Heart and Lung Transplant"
By Max Jennings
The inspiring story of how a dying woman got a second chance to live

48 It's Not Easy to Be a Woman Today!
"My Fight Against Fear"
By Merrilee Finch

52 "Safe" Drugs that Can Make You an Addict
By Gilbert I. Simon, Sc.D. and Deborah Chase
Protect yourself from the little-known hazards of common drugs

58 Mothering
"I'm Not Your Slave"
By Geraldine Carro

74 The Diet that Changed Our Lives
By Susan Moscowitz
This couple revolutionized their thinking on diets and found a healthier way to live

126 You and Your Money
By Sylvia Porter

130 Pet Journal
How Pets Can Make You Happier—and Healthier!
By Roger Caras

Special features

87 How America Lives
By James A. Michener
An LHJ tradition returns with a thoughtful essay on the current American scene by a well-known author

98 Who's Who of the Super-Couples
Today husbands and wives share everything—including power and fame. A look at some interesting couples in America

133 The Money-Savers Dictionary of Smart Shopping
By Carol Krucoff
Save money and be a wise consumer with this A to Z guide

Book Bonuses

30 Pathfinders, Part II
By Gail Sheehy
In this excerpt from her best seller, the author explains healthy ways to handle life's crises

88 The Monster in the Closet
By Stephen King
A chilling story about a little boy—from a master of suspense

Good Looks

90 "Your Hair Looks Great"
By Maureen Lynch
Good advice for solving your hairstyle problems

100 Coat Tales
Our basic guide for facing winter weather with style and sense

128 Beauty Journal

Food

26 Super Quick Meals
Easy as 1-2-3
Get dinner on the table fast with these recipe variations for a family of four

66 "Where the Pot Boils"
Country cooking in Kalamazoo, Michigan, from our series of community cookbooks

96 5 Great New Ways to Roast Chicken
Start with a family-size roaster and make these delicious chicken dishes

106 Soufflés Made Simple
By Sue B. Huffman
Follow this foolproof formula for dramatic entrées and desserts

122 Recipe Index

At Home

62 Houseplants that Really Grow Fast
By Virginie F. and George A. Elbert
Six houseplants that give beautiful results—quickly

84 Sweet Dreams to Sew
By Ann B. Bradley
Romantic nightgowns to make from kits

102 Decorate to Save Energy
By Joan Tully
Create warm, inviting rooms—and cut energy costs, too

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A feast of spices, nuts and raisins... A cake so moist, it's called Amazin'!

ntroducing Amazin' Raisin Cake. It gets its elicious, chewy-moist taste with a little help om two great baking partners—Hellmann's® eal Mayonnaise and Sun-Maid® Raisins.

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Amazin' Raisin Cake

- 3 cups unsifted flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup HELLMANN'S® Real Mayonnaise
- 1/3 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp baking soda
- 1 1/2 tsp ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp ground nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 1/4 tsp ground cloves
- 3 cups chopped peeled apples
- 1 cup SUN-MAID® Seedless Raisins
- 1/2 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Grease and flour 2 (9") round baking pans. In large bowl with mixer at low speed beat first 10 ingredients 2 min, scraping bowl frequently, or beat vigorously 300 strokes by hand. (Batter will be very thick.) With spoon stir in apples, raisins and nuts. Spoon batter into pans. Bake in 350°F oven 45 min or until tester inserted in center comes out clean. Cool in pans 10 min. Remove; cool. Fill and frost with 2 cups whipped cream.





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"I Need to Be on My Own"

Don was left with the house and children while Molly had a glamorous love affair. Would she ever give up her newfound romance for the routine of family life?
By Betty Hannah Hoffman

This case is based on information from the files of Education for Living, Inc., a nonprofit counseling and educational center in Lafayette, California. The true story reported here is drawn from the counselor's report of interviews. Names and other details have been changed to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was associate director Virginia Fullarton, M.S.

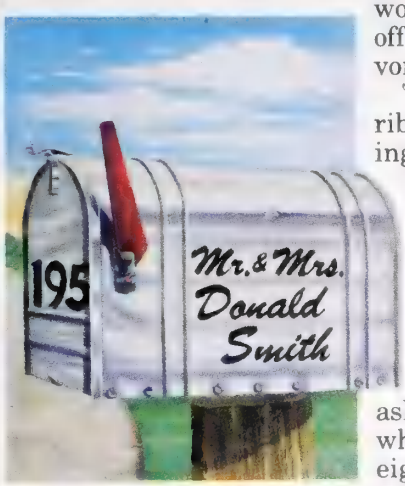
MOLLY'S TURN

"I think I want a divorce," announced Molly, 32, a slender, attractive blond. Married 11 years, she had two young sons and a part-time job as an emergency-room nurse. "Don doesn't understand. He says we're doing okay financially, and our sex life has always been good. What more do I want?

"Well, I tell him. I want to be my own person. With him and the boys, I feel penned in and unimportant. They all take me for granted.

"Don's a social worker who spends sixteen hours a day rescuing other people. For his own family, he has little time. He says he'll cut the grass but then never gets around to it. When he reprimanded our older son recently for not doing his math, the boy shot right back: 'I don't have to do anything you say because you're never here.' That's how I feel, too.

"While Don's working weekends, I'm stuck with the grubby job of running the house and listening to the kids squabble. Raising children is hard for me. As soon as the second was born, I had a tubal ligation. Once, I told Don, 'I think our marriage would be a lot better off if we could divorce the kids.'



"I feel I'm a terrible mother. Working the late shift at the hospital three nights a week appeals to me because I can leave the kids with an after-school sitter and then return when they're fast asleep. Our boys, who are six and eight, have learning disabilities and I should be tutoring them, but I can't find the time or the patience. I can't seem to discipline them either. They refuse to help around the house or pick up their bedrooms, and I always end up yelling at them. My dream is to have a clean, orderly and quiet home. To be honest, I'd also love to have expensive jewelry and designer clothes, but we can't afford such luxuries.

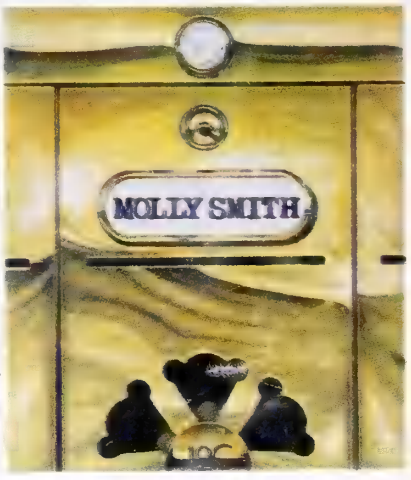
"A year ago, I caught sight of myself in a store mirror. I saw a dowdy matron in a size eighteen dress, with a nothing hair-do, holding a bawling kid by each hand. Right away, I went on a strict diet and lost thirty pounds.

"My looks still don't please me but recently I met a man who thinks I'm beautiful. A self-made millionaire, Walter is about twenty years older than I am and is divorced.

"We met in a coffee shop and instantly I felt a strong attraction for him. When he was about to leave, he turned around and I smiled. He came right back and said, almost shyly, 'I've never done this before, but here's my phone number. Let's have lunch sometime.' Then he handed me a slip of paper. I felt enormously flattered.

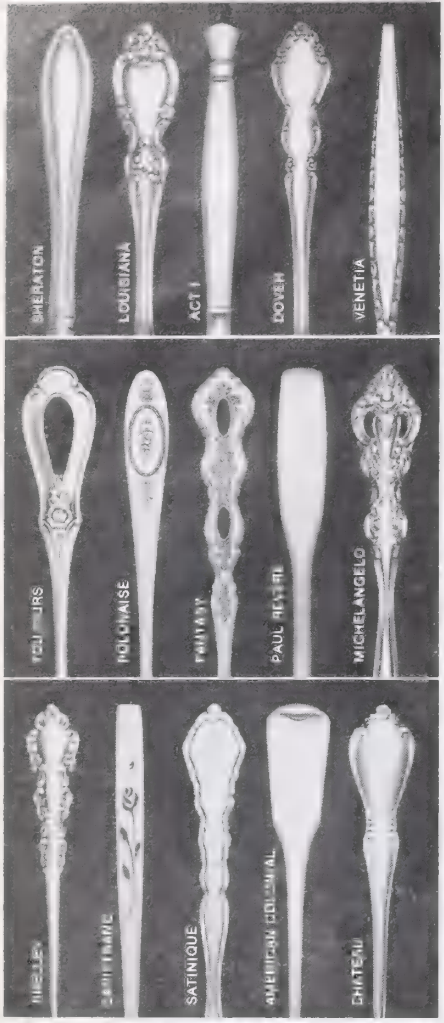
"When I phoned him two weeks later, he remembered me immediately and asked, 'Where do you want to have lunch, at my place or at a restaurant?' I chose the restaurant.

"I went to an expensive hairdresser, had my nails done and spent two hours changing my clothes. Somehow I got to the restaurant on time, but Walter was almost an hour late, which has turned out to be typical of him. When he finally arrived, everyone treated him with great deference. He's fifty-two, tall and definitely distinguished-looking, with a quiet air of command.



"I have been seeing Walter ever since. He takes me to top-

(continued)



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THIS MARRIAGE
continued

notch restaurants and the theater. His apartment is filled with beautiful artwork and fine furniture and has a view of the harbor. Although Walter isn't as good in bed as Don, I've fallen in love with him. He pampers me and makes me feel special.

"I think I've missed so much in life. When I first met Don at college, I was only eighteen and had never had a serious boyfriend.

"My mother disliked Don from the start and said he'd never amount to anything. She swore that if I married him, she wouldn't attend the ceremony and she wouldn't let my father go either.

"Our wedding was a quickie affair that we paid for ourselves. Then we moved into a dismal house in a mid-city ghetto where the rent was low. For three years, I worked to support us while Don studied to become a social worker. During that time, our first child was born, and I had to stay home all day in that shabby neighborhood. At night, I worked the late shift at the hospital while Don baby-sat.

"I resented the good times Don seemed to be having at graduate school. When I was six months pregnant with our second child, Don became enamored of a woman classmate. One day, a friend dropped by and Don began describing this woman in detail—her great bust, her tiny waist, her beautiful legs. Feeling fat and ugly, I went into the kitchen and began slamming pots and pans. Even though it was only an infatuation, his insensitivity drove me mad.

"My mother still thinks Don's a failed husband because he earns only twenty thousand dollars a year and has no ambition to become a supervisor. She also calls him lazy because he does so little around the house. She talked my father into building her a patio, swimming pool and vacation home, all with his own hands.

"When I was a little girl, I thought that if I did exactly what she wanted, my mother would stop screaming, but she never did. I couldn't please her, ever. She's still trying to manipulate me. Some days she'll say, 'When are you going to leave that good-for-nothing husband?' and other times she'll say, 'You'd better stick with him. At your age, with two kids, what other man would want you?'

"Recently, Don took both boys fishing. For seven blissful days, I was on my own. During that week I spent the night with Walter for the first time. When Don and the boys were about to return, I thought, 'I can't stand their noise and mess anymore.'

"I told Don I wanted a divorce, and he seemed astonished. 'What have I done now?' he asked. Then he talked me into a separation. He's so clever with words.

"I've rented a furnished apartment for two hundred eighty-five dollars a month. To swing the extra expense, I'm working four times a week instead of my usual three. I feel guilty about leaving the children, but Don's better with them than I am.

"I've never really been on my own. First my mother ran my life, then Don and the kids. I've got to have my own space or I'll go crazy."

DON'S TURN

"Ever since Molly left, I've been miserable," began Don, 40, a stocky man with a steady gaze. "The boys are unhappy, too. They wonder if she's gone for good.

"I just don't understand why she split. I didn't drink, beat her, or fool around with other women. All my hard work has been solely for Molly and the boys.

"I'll never make much money, but I'm proud of my profession. People look up to me and depend on me. I thought Molly was proud of me, too. Except for an occasional snide remark, she never complained about my working weekends.

"Since she left, I rush out of work every night at five and pick up the boys at a sitter's. I used to think I did my share of housework by doing a couple of loads of wash on weekends. Now I know how time-consuming a home can be! Just last week, I spent eight hours on my hands and knees stripping and re-waxing the kitchen floor. The boys usually help me clean the house; we do one room together each night.

"Once or twice a week, Molly drops by to check on the kids. As a part-time mother, she's much more relaxed and the kids are glad to see her. I try to view her as a client rather than a wife. If I don't put some distance between us, it's torture hearing about her boyfriend.

"Walter is almost old enough to be Molly's father. He's so rich he can give her fine jewelry, and he invited her to London for a week's vacation. I've never had enough time or money to take her anywhere but Disneyland.

"Intuitively, I seem to know when she's with Walt and then I suffer. One night the boys were horsing around when a metal dart grazed Bobbie's eye. I panicked and phoned Molly's apartment. From her first hello, I knew Walter was there, and I hung up. By that time, Bobbie had calmed down and his eye seemed okay.

"The next day I phoned Molly again and asked, 'How was your date last night?' She got mad because *(continued)*







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she thinks I'm trying to control her life.

"One day I got up the nerve to call Walter and ask to see him. I had sensed that Molly might be getting tired of sitting around restaurants waiting for His Lordship. At our meeting, Walter was fidgety, expecting me to act like a jealous husband, I guess, but I felt cool and in control. I told him Molly was a beautiful woman and that I loved her. He agreed that Molly was special, but I got the idea he had no intention of marrying her.

"Recently, I joined a bowling group and met a pleasant woman named Joyce, who's going through a messy divorce. We went out a few times and then one night we came back to the house for a nightcap. After a few drinks, we ended up in the bedroom.

"As luck would have it, Molly dropped by the next day after work to take a nap. I heard a shout from the bedroom when she smelled Joyce's perfume on the sheets. Then she started raging. 'How could you bring another woman into *my* house?' she screamed. 'This is our marriage bed!'

"'Hey, babe,' I told her. 'You're the one who left the marriage bed, not me.'"

Tears welled into Don's dark eyes. "I feel cheated and ridiculous, keeping the home fires burning, while Molly's out having a great carefree time. What can I offer her compared to Walt? There's nothing glamorous about mopping kitchen floors, nursing sick kids and worrying about the next mortgage payment. I want her back desperately, but I feel I'm licked."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"I certainly can't recommend a separation and extramarital affairs as a way to save a troubled marriage," said the counselor. "In this case, however, a separation helped both partners examine the deep conflicts that had driven them apart. Molly needed to grow up. Don needed to trust more.

"Molly's mother is a combative, judgmental and domineering woman. Totally confused by her mother's double messages, Molly felt she could never win. In her marriage, she continued to play the role of a little girl anxious to please while Don played the strong adult. Her decision to leave was like an adolescent rebellion.

"When I first saw her, Molly had an exceedingly low opinion of herself and was extremely passive. She would only ask for things indirectly, making Don guess what she meant. If he tried to probe more, she felt manipulated by his superior verbal ability.

"Molly had impossibly high expectations for herself. One way to overcome a sense of inferiority is to do everything perfectly. She drove herself relentlessly, trying to appear a crackerjack nurse, a model wife and a supermom, while inwardly she was gnawed by uncertainties.

"She felt very guilty during the separation because, after all, ideal wives and mothers don't leave home and have illicit affairs. Her personal development might have taken place at home except that her family had come to symbolize so many restrictions. New activities with new friends made her feel like a person in her own right, not just a wife and mother. The affair helped her feel more attractive.

"In therapy, Don came to grips with his need to control himself, Molly and everybody else. He realized that procrastination, especially around the house, was just another form of control. Don found he had to allow Molly her freedom in order not to lose her.

"Gradually, Molly began going home more. As Don slowly revealed his vulnerabilities, she realized he was far more open to a deep relationship than her tycoon lover. When her boys started to calm down a bit as a result of her new, less demanding style of dealing with them, she began to view herself as a better mother.

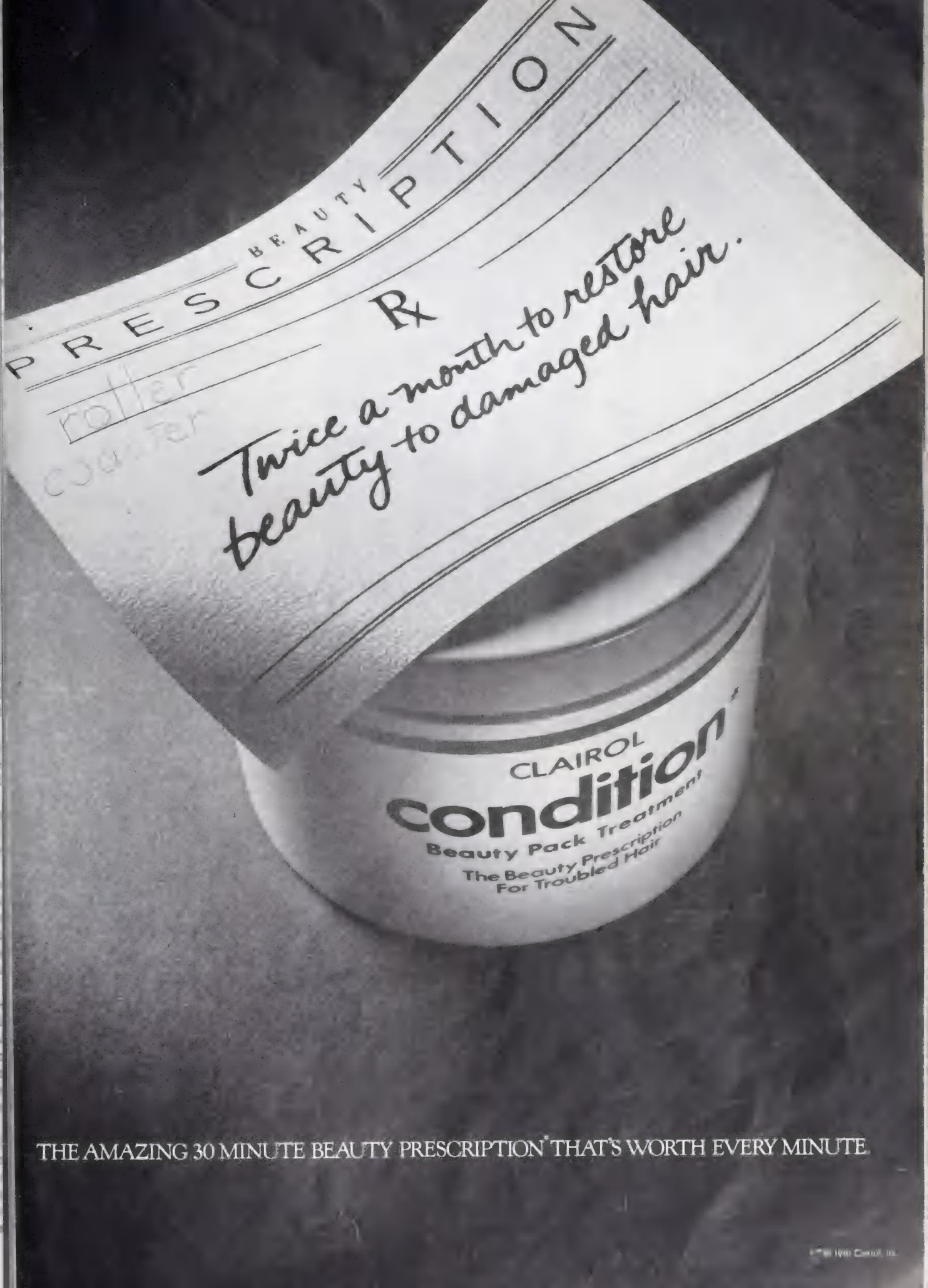
"Then an incident occurred that showed her how much she depended on Don. While driving the boys to summer camp, Molly failed to negotiate a tight curve and her car flipped over. Seat belts saved her and the boys from serious injury, but they were all badly shaken up. As soon as she could get to a phone, Molly called Don. Sensing her terror, he drove nonstop to where she was, seven hundred miles away. When he put his arms around her, she felt she had come home.

"Soon after that, Molly told Walt she had decided to resume her marriage, and he gracefully faded from the scene.

"Don insisted that she keep the apartment as a release valve. Several nights a month, whenever pressures seem to be building up, she sleeps at the apartment. Sometimes she watches TV there or does nothing but enjoy her own privacy.

"Several months after Molly returned, Don began to withdraw. He was having trouble trusting her and wondered if she might leave him again. Feeling out of control made him uneasy. Such ingrained attitudes are hard to change, and Molly and Don still receive occasional counseling.

"In spite of such strains, I feel highly positive about this marriage. When another crisis arises, this couple isn't going to chuck everything and separate. The family they are now building is too precious to destroy." **End**



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DAVID HARTMAN
A Dark Side to TV's Good Morning Man?

On the air, *Good Morning America*'s anchor is one of television's warmest, most likable personalities, while off-camera, say insiders, the same friendly host can be a tough adversary. By Cliff Jahr

Only Scrooge could dislike the man smiling out from the morning TV screen. And who else but David Hartman, the easygoing host of *Good Morning America*, could urge us with all his heart each dawn to "Go out and *make* it a *good* day"?

With his big, battered, homely-handsome face, his earnest grin and towering, six-foot, five-inch frame, he is for six million TV viewers a gentle giant, the best dad, pal or scoutmaster anyone could hope for.

In fact, so warm is his appeal that he won first place for ABC in the morning ratings sweepstakes last year, toppling NBC's *Today* show from its quarter-century roost.

Yet it takes both shrewdness and toughness on their part for big stars to remain big stars. This may be so even for mild-mannered David, though apparently he works harder than most stars to cover up the fact that he's made of sterner stuff. Up until recently, Hartman's off-camera persona has been sanitized for public view, but increasing gossip threatens to blur the line between his public and private reputations. Meanwhile, David holds all the cards as his ABC contract faces renewal next month.



Sporting slacks and sunglasses, David is sprawled on a park bench peering at the noonday softball game before us in New York's Central Park. With his big-as-a-Frisbee handshake and aw-shucks good nature, David seems like everyday folk. Yet beneath the surface—perhaps without his even realizing it—is a gritty, complex side to America's *Good Morning* man.

"It's a funny spot to be in," he says, referring to his success. "We've done what other people said could never be done, taken *GMA* to number one. And for the first time in my life there's no burning objective in front of me. Oh, maybe more time off, maybe a prime time slot, like Cronkite's, but, no, I'd never want to anchor evening news. I have more fun in this job. Anchors just get to say, 'Here comes another piece of tape. . .'

"*GMA*'s a killing job," he admits, casting a frank glance over sunglasses. "A *killer* in the morning. I'm always tired. But I downplay that side of it because I really do think I have the neatest job in the business, and I make a darn good living at it [reportedly $680,000 a year plus perks galore, and a raise to the million-dollar mark expected in his new contract].

"Oh, once in a while I can stay up super late, like one A.M., but two days later I'm drooping and that's murder. Still, the show's early in the morning and viewers are half asleep, too. There's no need for me to scream and yell. It's not like the Carson show where everyone's shot out of a cannon."

David rises weekdays at 3:45 A.M., showers, dresses, downs a pint of orange juice for fast energy, and tiptoes out the door so as not to wake his wife and three small sons.

In the pre-dawn darkness, following a half-hour ride to the studio in an ABC limousine, he goes into a ritualized countdown to seven A.M. that includes munching on a bagel and a banana, tearing through the newspapers and gathering his thoughts behind a firmly closed dressing room door. After the show he'll work till four P.M. in his office, poring over research and preparing for future programs, then continue with writers and

(continued on page 22)

Above: David Hartman's easygoing TV image masks great ambition and drive. Right: Relaxation is only possible when work is left behind—here, for the pleasures of a summer home and the company of his wife, Maureen.

Far right: A rarely seen private moment with the Hartmans. Maureen, a former TV producer, now devotes all her time to their three children.





Photographs, top by Dirck Halstead/Liaison, at right, Harry Benson.

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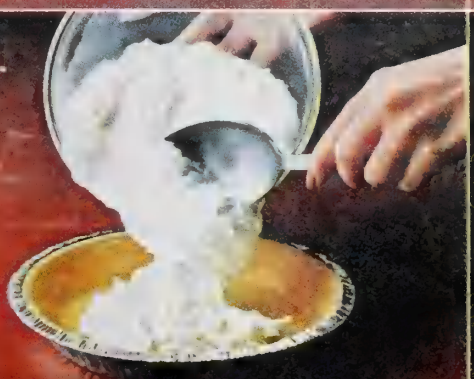
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Blender Method:
Combine cream cheese, sugar, milk, and coconut in blender container. Cover and blend at low speed for 30 seconds. Fold into whipped topping. Add extract. Proceed as in #3.

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DAVID HARTMAN

continued from page 16

producers by telephone at home in the evening. Nine-thirty is bedtime, and, always bone-tired, he's been known to nod off before that time while reading stories to his children. "Mommy," they'll say, "Daddy's asleep in my bed again."

Ten weekly hours on TV, of course, puts terrible pressures on a person. "Nights I'm really frustrated," he admits, "kind of angry at just nothing. Sometimes I'm short at home, particularly with my wife. I just raise my hand, 'not now.' Meaning, 'Don't even start, I can't handle it.' But by the weekend I can sleep late, maybe five-thirty, and jog three miles, so I don't have to take it out on the family. Do you know what my best therapy is? Cleaning out the refrigerator. Open everything up, throw that away, oops, why is the ketchup here?" He begins to laugh.

David met his wife, the former Maureen Downey, in California while appearing on the Virginia Graham show where Maureen was an associate producer. Eleven years younger than he, she retired from TV when she married him. The family now lives in a big, 1920s Tudor-style house, which they bought furnished three years ago and left as is. ("She hates to shop," he says of Maureen.) David describes her as "smart, a gorgeous strawberry blonde." His eyes narrow slyly. "She's a snappy little person too; there's a *bite* to the humor."

Maureen refuses all interviews, and the Hartmans understandably keep their private life private—including the name of the Westchester County suburb in which they live. David goes beyond caution, however, when he insists that the name of his college fraternity is off-the-record ("I'd get buried with letters I can't answer").

Born the son of a Methodist minister-turned-advertising-man, David Hartman was a roly-poly child, nicknamed "Butterball"; a lazybones, too, whose mouth dropped open when he daydreamed. ("They'd say, 'David, close your mouth, you're drooling.'") But when his brother Cyrus, older by three years, contracted osteomyelitis (a painful, degenerative bone disease) and shrank to 45 pounds, David became utterly transformed. "Cy was much more the hustler and baseball fanatic—I was the dreamer," he says, gazing into the clouds with eyes growing moist. "Then suddenly to realize that at any moment a person can be made unable even to play baseball! I decided to take advantage of *right now*, and got busy fast." David dived into sports, music lessons on a half-dozen instruments and serious dieting. By age 15, when he stood six feet, three and a half inches tall, he weighed 135 pounds.

Doctors later said that a major factor in saving David's brother Cyrus' life was a letter to him signed by all the St. Louis Cardinals that vowed to win the 1944 World Series for him—which they did—a letter wrangled from the team manager by David's remarkable father.

Immense drive unleashed

Cyrus' illness seemed to unleash an immense drive in David. He won both the high school poetry award and seven letters in sports, though he turned down professional baseball offers. Even busier at Duke University, he headed the glee club, ROTC, the school radio station and his fraternity (which shall remain nameless). Oddly enough for one of television's best-liked personalities, yet typical of stars who are often loners in their youth, he was not overly popular. "I wasn't cliquish, one of the snappy crowd," he explains, snapping fingers. "I wasn't a loner per se, just busy."

After graduation and a stint in the Air Force, Hartman astonished friends by going into show business. Of course it meant many years of struggle. In fact, hard times for David became al-



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most Dickensian when, in the early 1960s, his mother died, his father was failing in health and he became the guardian and supporter of Christopher, his adopted brother who was younger by ten years. For Christopher's 1964 visit from school for the Christmas holiday, David sublet a tiny apartment, which proved a disaster. During sub-zero weather, the heat went off, the pipes froze solid and snow blew through window cracks to land an inch thick around their scrawny, three-dollar fir tree. Huddled and shivering by an empty fireplace, the Hartman brothers toasted a merry Christmas with brave irony.

Finally, in the late 60s, he landed a role in television as a compassionate doctor in *The Bold Ones*, which lasted four years. In the fall of 1975, ABC was launching the network's second attempt to unseat the *Today* show in the ratings war. David was known as a man of many interests and strong drive, whose own production company had done a special in 1974, *David Hartman: Birth and Babies*, with him narrating a live birth. The show had impressed ABC brass despite so-so ratings. They thought he would be perfect to anchor the newly created *Good Morning America*—but would he give up acting? David says he asked for a year to bone up on history and current events before tackling the slippery job of interviewing politicians but settled for three weeks. The show kicked off November 3, 1975, and overtook *Today*'s ratings in four years. Currently they run neck and neck.

With his success and the envy it stirs, sharp criticism has surfaced in the last year from behind his back and within the *GMA* "family," both past and present, criticism that paints him as a mean guy behind the neon smile. He has become, according to detractors, a giant ego, corrupted by power, who isn't very nice to underlings or female staffers.

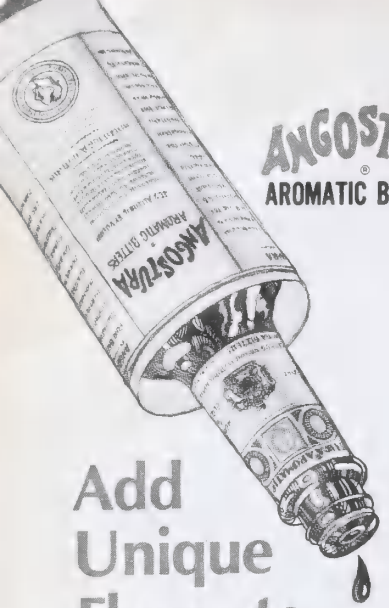
"The more he's carried away with himself," says one insider, "the more impossible he gets. He is totally calculating, everything geared to what his image should be and what will further his career. Even the smallest thing: Sometimes on camera he sits in a very uncomfortable position, his body all angles, because he thinks it makes him look better."

"Not the brightest man," grouses another. "Lots of very smart people quit because they don't want to have everything okayed by David who has *total* say."

David scoffs at such tittle-tattle. "I just get very tired of hearing those things," he replies testily. "I try to be in control professionally, but I don't use power for the wrong reasons, rather only to make the show better. As for being calculating and non-spontaneous, I'm really a very emotional person—happy, sad, children, family. I do not have the authority to—if you will—*dump* a guest off the show. I have disagreed once in a while, but very seldom. If they wanted to put somebody on that made me uncomfortable. . ." His eyes twinkle. "I do have the choice of not showing up that day."

As evidence of what detractors call his male chauvinism and disregard for people in the way, they point to the troubled histories with female co-hosts (whose contracts actually read "featured interviewer/reporter"). Singer-actress Nancy Dussault was the first co-host for more than a year, and was, amid tears and headlines, sacked overnight. With agreement all around to put a good face on things, Rona Barrett, then with *GMA* (and since fled to *Today*), quickly announced it was Nancy's decision to go back to singing. The stunned and hapless Dussault then had to drag through her last broadcast without David, who, that day, just happened to be elsewhere.

"I found David maddening to work with," sighs Nancy Dussault. "So in control. Totally non-spontaneous. He always intrigued me because you don't see the ego and ambition; *(continued)*



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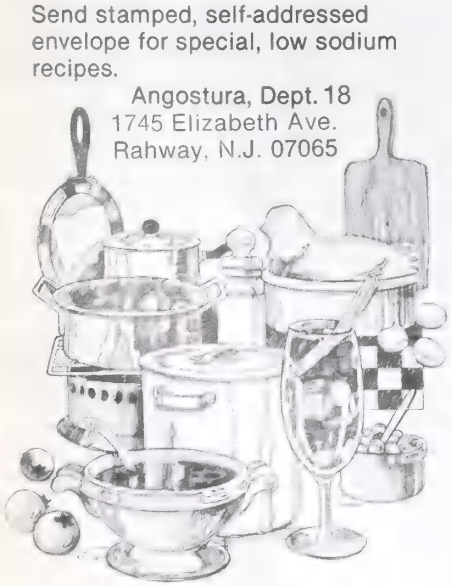
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it's so well covered. Eventually, we had no off-camera exchange at all, not even, 'How are you today?' But I don't dislike David," she adds wanly. "I still wear the bracelet he gave me."

Sandy Hill, Dussault's successor and a savvy journalist, lasted three years as Hartman's co-host before she went (or was sent) to pasture as a *GMA* field reporter, a job she still holds. The separation was announced as Sandy's own decision, but the impasse arose when she tried to earn a piece of David's private territory, the public affairs area, and he wouldn't budge.

Providing juicy bits for gossip columns, their smiley on-camera relationship heated to off-camera fighting. They, too, never spoke. "That's right," Sandy wisecracks. "David was always talking to Moshe Dayan.

"Frankly, we were not and are not the best of friends. It's a very patriarchal show and there wasn't any real sharing."

"Ridiculous!" snaps David. "The network said, 'Hey, we hired Hartman to be host. He's taken the show—as the man in the driver's seat—from zero to a winner, and we're not going to change the structure. Sandy's move had nothing to do with me. The network made the judgment.

"As for the machinations of Nancy's leaving, I really . . . was . . . y'know, not a big party to that at all. They were less than pleased with her interviewing. But she was such fun. Where I tend to be dry and kinda low-key, she put a bright face on things and made me laugh. Our on-camera chemistry was absolutely marvelous."

Then he was totally insulated from her painful firing? "No," says David. Then: "Yes, perhaps. But that's not my job. If she actually was fired and unhappy about it, I'm sorry about that. Then it was unfair, but I didn't have a choice in the matter.

"When they say I don't like women, that's a joke, because ninety percent of our staff is women." Changing the subject abruptly, he grins boyishly. "Say, did you see me kill a fly on the air the other day? Ah, did you miss that? Well, speaking of spontaneity."

New co-host

David's co-host since August 1980 has been Joan Lunden, a perky 31 year old with eight years of news experience, who, while enjoying good relations with David, has perhaps paid a price by being savaged by critics.

"I came into this job with my eyes open," says a circumspect Joan, "but it still is a hot seat. The public thinks I'm this blond dummy sitting there, and I would love to do more, but I'm not allowed. Then I'm ripped to shreds by the press for it. Well, I can quit. I can yell and scream (and be replaced). Or I can just quietly push to do more."

Push where, push whom?

"You can't put your finger on where the power lies. It's kinda like chasing after a shadow. But I'm *not* unhappy with my job. David and I get along fine. He's a lovely family man, a very, *very* hard working pro, very demanding, very private, very aware of how he sits, walks, talks for the image he wants to create. A little over-studied, sometimes, but with good reason."

Hollywood's Rona Barrett says she left *GMA* last October because she was stifled by David and ABC brass. "I got tired of being treated like a throwaway," she has said. "Hartman doesn't want a female co-anchor who is threatening to him."

"Sure, I'm different on the air," concedes David. "There's a public David Hartman. I mean, I don't spill everything from my life, my pains, my problems. I feel lousy some mornings—tired or depressed. Also, like everybody else, I'm nervous on camera. I don't mean visibly shaking because after twenty-two years at it you do learn how. Besides, I'm asking the questions and I'm the one in control. But when I was *being* interviewed on a Boston show recently, it was plain scary because *I had, no con-trol-l-l.*" He stretches out the phrase with a leer and we laugh.

"Like when Vice President Mondale was on recently. I had never before then seen the man nervous. But instead of being in his usual role of ripping the Republicans to shreds, he was appearing more as a professor talking about how government works. Before the show, he said, 'David, this is a totally different role. Bear with me. It'll take me a little time.'"

We are strolling along Central Park West now as a female fan shouts over to him, "You've got a nice *face*!"

"So do *you*!" he chimes back with a wave. Thinking the tape recorder missed this, he repeats, "I said to her, 'So do *you*!'"

Turning to me, David adds, "You know, I get the feeling that you feel there's some deep-down emotional void in my childhood that's made me into a desperate kind of weird, power-hungry, money-grabbing—so forth. Well, none of that was part of my thing.

"I'm not saying I'm sweet and nice. I'm nobody's fool, I'm a tough negotiator, and I'm not going to do a job well then have somebody take advantage of it. I've been working twenty-one years toward a vehicle like this. Don't forget, I took all my fantasies and everything that was fun and made them into a career. I guess I'm happier now than I have ever been in my life." **End**

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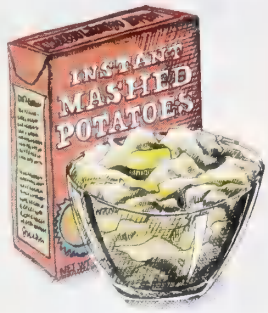
Polish Sausage

(usually called Kielbasa)



Apple Kraut Kielbasa. Score the surface of a 1-lb. ring of kielbasa on all sides; set aside.	In large skillet combine 15-oz. jar applesauce, 16-oz. can sauerkraut, drained, and ¼ tsp. caraway seed. Cook over low heat for 5 minutes.	Add kielbasa; spoon applesauce-kraut over. Cover and cook 15 minutes or until heated through.
Kielbasa with Onions and Peppers. Slice 1 lb. kielbasa into ¼-inch slices.	In large skillet sauté 1 sliced onion, 1 sliced green pepper and 1 crushed garlic clove in 1 Tb. oil for 5 minutes.	Add kielbasa, ¼ cup chili sauce, ¼ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. black pepper. Cover and simmer 10 minutes.
Kielbasa with Beans and Tomatoes. In large skillet sauté 1 chopped onion in 1 Tb. oil for 5 minutes.	Add 16-oz. can white beans, drained, 16-oz. can tomatoes and ½ tsp. dried dill weed. Simmer 5 minutes.	Chop tomatoes with fork and add 1 pound kielbasa, sliced in ¼-inch rounds. Cover and simmer 15 minutes.

Mashed Potatoes



Potatoes the French Way. In heavy saucepan sauté ¼ cup finely chopped onion (you can use frozen) in ¼ cup butter or margarine until golden.	Add 1 cup milk, 1 cup beef broth, ½ tsp. salt, generous dash nutmeg and 1 tsp. dry sherry.	Bring to a boil. Whisk in 1½ cups instant mashed potatoes until fluffy.
Potato Cakes. In saucepan bring 1¼ cups water, ½ cup milk and 1 Tb. grated onion to a boil.	Whisk in 1½ cups instant mashed potatoes, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper, then 1 beaten egg.	Spoon ¼-cup mounds into hot oiled skillet; flatten and brown cakes on both sides.
Savory Mushroom Potato Soup. In heavy saucepan sauté ¼ cup finely chopped onion in 2 Tb. butter or margarine until tender.	Add 2½ cups milk, 4½-oz. jar undrained sliced mushrooms, 1 tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, generous dash of rubbed sage and thyme.	Bring to a boil. Whisk in ½ cup instant mashed potatoes and stir well.

Crushed Pineapple



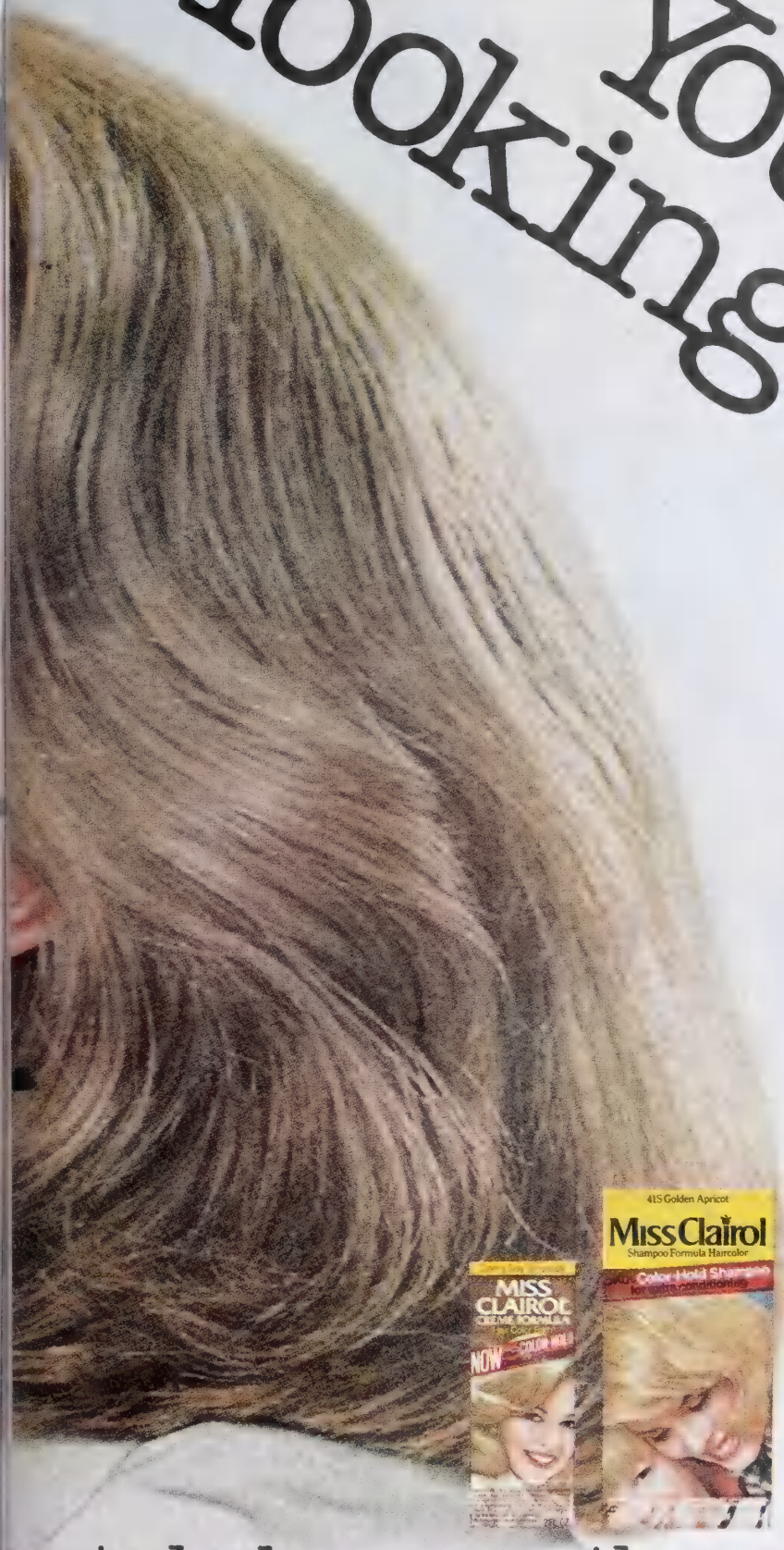
Tropical Salad. Drain 8-oz. can crushed pineapple and pour into small bowl.	Stir in 2 small bananas, sliced, ½ cup chopped pitted dates and ½ cup sour cream.	Spoon into individual serving dishes and top each with 1 Tb. shredded coconut.
Pineapple Parfait. In blender or food processor, purée 8-oz. can crushed pineapple in juice with 10-oz. package frozen strawberries in syrup.	In four parfait glasses place a layer of puréed fruit. Top each with 1½ Tb. plain or vanilla yogurt and 1 Tb. granola.	Repeat layering with remaining fruit, yogurt and granola. (You'll need an 8-oz. container of yogurt and ½ cup granola.)
Pineapple Foster. In skillet melt 2 Tb. butter or margarine with 2 Tb. dark brown sugar over moderate heat; stir.	Add 8-oz. can crushed pineapple in juice and cook for 2 minutes; stir.	Add 3 Tb. rum; simmer 1 minute longer. Serve over vanilla ice cream.


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PATHFINDERS

BY GAIL SHEEHY

Over and over, we've been exhorted to "cope" when life deals an unexpected and devastating blow. But *how*? Now, in this excerpt from her new best seller, Gail (*Passages*) Sheehy explains exactly what the *healthy* ways of handling a crisis are—and tells how to avoid *neurotic* responses.

As youngsters and emerging adults, almost all of us have a dream for our future. Over the years, we make plans and take steps toward realizing that vision. Still, however solid our individual dream-scripts and achievements may be, not one of us escapes the jarring, unpredictable events that best-selling author Gail Sheehy has termed "life accidents." The woman who yearns above all to have a baby discovers she is barren. The would-be lawyer is stricken with a serious illness on the eve of her bar exam. The busy, happy wife and mother is deserted by her husband. Some of us crumble and lose our nerve in the face of these unpredictable tragedies, while others summon priceless psychological coping skills and come out on the other side of the "dark hours" as stronger, more resilient, even more optimistic people. Ms. Sheehy calls the latter group "pathfinders." Read on for a clear and reassuring description of what it takes to join their ranks.

—The Editors

Try to imagine the shock felt by a 33-year-old woman with four children who picks up the phone two days before Christmas and hears that her husband has been killed in a freak accident.

"I lost twenty pounds in the first six weeks and had no taste for anything," Julia Walsh recounted. "Everybody goes through that. Then I got my act together, and in three months I came back in full bloom." Julia had relied on her usual coping techniques and was confident they would work for her in the face of this devastating tragedy, as they always had in times of difficulty. These are the coping techniques with which people of high well-being most commonly respond to a rough passage or a period of uncertainty: work more, depend on friends, keep a sense of humor, pray. (By contrast, people of low well-being describe an entirely different set of responses: drink or eat more, pretend the problem does not exist, develop physical symptoms, escape into fantasy.)

The key pathfinder coping skills are similar to those that George Vaillant, professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, has identified as the "mature" strategies healthy people use during times of stress. They are: anticipation, altruism, suppression, sublimation and humor.

> "Rarely does creative endurance, or courage, become possible without the introduction of adversity."

Anticipation consistently shows up as one of the qualities that distinguish pathfinders. That is, they prepare themselves for future needs and anticipate future discomforts.

Altruism is another notable characteristic of pathfinders, most of whom have a cause or purpose beyond themselves. As a coping device, altruism—being of service to others—not only takes one's mind off the problem but also shores up the ego by making one feel like a good person.

Suppression is postponement. When a person makes a conscious or semiconscious decision to put off acting on an impulse produced by conflict, she recognizes that the insult to her ego has occurred, and she feels the emotions such an event normally generates. But she suppresses action that might be inappropriate or self-destructive. She does not lash out, for example, but the next day she expresses her anger in a letter to the editor.

Sublimation channels raw instincts, rather than damming them up or visiting them on a target in a way that will backfire. Sublimating by working harder is the pathfinder's first line of defense when facing problems that cannot be resolved immediately. Sublimation is also the fierce game of tennis or the furious concentration on a crossword puzzle—letting off steam or applying the mind to problems that *can* be solved.

Humor, probably the most purely intellectual defense, has been extolled for centuries. Descartes made it an article of his philosophy: "Modest bantering . . . gives evidence of the gaiety of his temper and the tranquility of his soul." Humor, like hope, allows one to acknowledge and endure what is otherwise unendurable.

Each of these strategies allows a person to recognize the existence of an unpleasant reality and to accept it. But, as Vaillant warns, under increased stress these strategies may deteriorate into more desperate and self-destructive defenses. A life accident is just that sort of stress, as young widow Julia Walsh eventually discovered.

At first, using each of the key pathfinder coping skills, *(continued)*

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Julia channeled her grief into work, boldly entering an all-male business school. A friend rallied his associates to help her. As with many pathfinders, her own good-sport humor made her more attractive to those who did offer help. And as a strong Catholic, she found considerable comfort in prayer. But all the skills in the pathfinders' armamentarium were not enough. Eighteen months after she lost her husband, her "act"—as she accurately called it—fell apart. The physical drain of expending so much manic energy in a largely unconscious effort to deny the pain ultimately caused her to collapse, exhausted.

Desperate measures

Without actively choosing to do so, Julia, in those 18 months, had dipped into the pool of essentially neurotic coping devices that sometimes are called "defense mechanisms."

In *repression*, the granddaddy of defense mechanisms, the conscious mind jettisons an instinct or an idea or an unacceptable emotional response into the moonscape of the unconscious. As a temporary measure when we find ourselves up against negative circumstances we cannot, or dare not, oppose, repression can be useful. A man who has been passed over for a promotion, for example, represses his anger and dismay so that he can function well enough to get a new job. But carried on for too long, repression numbs almost all sensation. The same man retreats into auto-hypnotic television watching, becomes obsessed with spectator sports or with his diet and digestion. He finally achieves a squidlike state: colorless and rubbery, hard to hurt or even to reach. What is happening? His ego is fearful it will not be able to defend itself in conflict, or is apprehensive about the potentially disastrous consequences of releasing even a fraction of his rage. So his mind represses the wound to his ego and in the bargain cauterizes most other raw ends of feeling he still has. So astringent is repression that it shuts off pathways to other emotions. And once that is done, we no longer even know what we want.

Denial is an extreme form of repression and a protection almost all of us use at least briefly. "This can't be happening. I don't believe it." In using denial as a defense against a life accident, the unconscious mind plays for time until the ego is ready to take over and deal with the new reality in a healthier way. Denial is psychotic when it becomes a continuing distortion of a demonstrated fact, such as telling the doctor it is impossible that you are pregnant because you never had intercourse, or convincing yourself that your father is in Africa when actually he is dead.

Projection is a defense mechanism used to deal with unacceptable anger, either self-loathing or feelings of inferiority or rage felt toward someone else against whom anger may not be expressed safely, such as a domineering boss or a dominating husband. Instead, the anger is transferred to a relatively safe person—a child, perhaps—or to an external situation like inflation or the rising crime rate.

The danger with the defense mechanisms, short of ending in psychosis because they remove a person utterly from reality, is that their prolonged use stunts development. The mechanisms are not precise: They cannot isolate a single problem or painful event and numb out awareness of that alone. So they restrict the spontaneous functioning of personality in a gross way. It would be something like freezing your entire mouth with Novocaine against the chance that you might be served soup too hot.

We may not be in control when we resort to defense mechanisms, but it is fairly well accepted today that reliance on them is reversible. How, then, do people survive life accidents without thwarting their future growth?

The healing process

Although people generally associate mourning with death, some psychologists now suggest that mourning is the basis of the healing process that should follow *any* blow or loss characterizable as a life accident.

Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, an expert on death and dying, has identified five different phases of the mourning process: denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance. Because volumes have been written on each of these conditions, I will review them only briefly before adding several steps. It is through completing this process of mourning that the living can be not only annealed, but rendered broader and more emotionally eloquent as people.

Denial—"Not me, I don't believe it"—is, as I have noted, an almost universal first response to the blow of a life accident. In a temporary state of shock, requiring most of our energy simply to compensate for eating and sleeping poorly, we cannot expect to do much that is actively healing until that initial reactive period has spent itself. Ideally, the need to deny should subside after several weeks or months, depending on the severity of the accident. The longer we pretend that something once thought to be firmly possessed has *not* been lost—whether the loss is of love, health, youth, money or an important pe son—the longer our own defenses m restrict us. Although it is common deny the painful reality from time time, the task that awaits us is to fe the weight of the strong emotions th underlie even the best performance "I'm holding up just fine, thanks."

Anger almost inevitably flares over a life accident at some poi *"Why me? Why now?"* One feels b trayed by life. When a life accide cuts down someone loved, the su vivors struggle with their own ang at circumstance, at God, sometim even with the dying relative. The ine pressible but almost unavoidable se timent is: *"How could you do this me?"* Because anger is perceived such a situation as inappropriate, it often denied, projected or otherwise r pressed. What cannot be spoken alo to other sufferers can, and probab should, be expressed to a trust friend. To feel anger does not mea one is a bad person but a norm human being in great pain. When a ger is not expressed in some way, can turn into bitterness or self-pity two particularly corrosive reactions.

For the healing process to progre effectively, it is best to express and experience the anger. Sometimes, ho ever, that is not possible. As Jul Walsh, left with four small children support, pointed out, "The real tough thing I had to learn was th conserving of emotional energy. Ang is a very tiring experience." Eve tually, much of the anger at havi her husband taken from her becan converted into an accelerated care push. "I was really awfully ambitio in those years," Julia, now a succes ful financial adviser, grinned witho apology.

Bargaining is an effort to postpo action. Dying patients, although a extreme illustration, make all sorts promises to God to gain more tim "for good behavior." But don't we a bargain with God or with our ow consciences when something terrib happens?

Like each of the other emotion states that normally follow in th wake of a life accident, bargaining useful, if it is transient. "I'm just tak ing it a day at a time" may be the be temporary adaptation for a person u der acute stress, but living for too lon without anticipation makes it impossi ble to accept the new reality fully an to compose new goals. To bargain to long on a day-to-day basis becomes forfeit of control.

Depression is an almost necessar stage of the mourning process. Often appears, subsides and later reappear in the course of mourning. The initia depression usually is associated wit

(continued on page 140

"I Had a Heart and Lung Transplant"

The gripping story of how Mary Gohlke's courageous spirit and a spectacular medical breakthrough gave this dying woman a second chance to live.
By Max Jennings



The Gohlke family (clockwise, from top left: Mary, Karl, Lucas and Christopher) at a jubilant get-together in Palo Alto, California, as Mary, the first woman to survive this operation, recovers from the surgery that saved her life.

At first, 44-year-old Mary ohlke thought she had a ıest cold that wouldn't go vay. Her family doctor sus-ected pneumonia, but four ays of tests in the hospital ıled out that disease. affled, the doctor blamed ıe symptoms—wheezing, ıortness of breath, fa-gue—on her stressful job an advertising executive ıd sent her home. Two onths later, still suffering om the same symptoms, ary consulted an allergist, ıt the bronchial dilators he escribed were no help. As last resort, she called on . Sherman Minkoff, a ıoenix, Arizona, cardiolo-st who'd given her a stress st during an insurance eckup a few years before.

That was how she found rself sitting in the doctor's ice in February 1980, a ıiver of unexpected fear nning through her as the ırse who'd administered e electrocardiogram stared ordlessly at the tape, then t hastily to get another chnician. Mary was given a cond cardiogram. Then Dr. ınkoff, a deeply troubled ok on his face, entered the ice where Mary waited.

"We're not going to put you the treadmill for the ress test," he told her.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because it could kill you."

Mary's eyes widened as the diologist, compassionate-but frankly, revealed the horrifying ws. Her "chest cold" was actually pul-ınary hypertension, a rare, incurable ease of the heart and lungs. Mary hlke had only three to five years to lle.

A thousand torturous thoughts irled through Mary's mind as she lked numbly out of the doctor's of-e into the blinding winter sunshine. his can't be happening to me," she nted to shout. "I have everything to le for. I *can't* be about to die." She ought of her husband, Karl, and of their 25-year relationship, which had survived two years of separation and a "remarriage" stronger and more lov-ing than their original union. She pic-tured their two cherished adopted sons—Christopher, then 17, athletic, stoic but sensitive, and 13-year-old Lucas, an easygoing boy with a price-less sense of comic timing. Would she never see them graduate, marry, raise families of their own? She thought about her challenging job as advertis-ing director of the Mesa, Arizona, *Tri-bune*. The career she'd spent years building had been the per-fect outlet for her formerly boundless energy. How could she leave the richness of her life behind?

That night, Mary led her husband into the bedroom and held his hand as she described the scene in the doctor's office. Karl Gohlke listened quietly. This soft-spoken engineer, outstand-ing in his field of satellite communications, was slow to show his emotions.

"How long?" he asked.

"Five years—if I'm lucky," Mary replied softly.

"God, it can't be," Karl murmured in horror.

To hear for himself the nature of his wife's illness, Karl accompanied Mary on a visit to Dr. Minkoff several mornings later. The car-diologist explained that the disease begins when, for reasons not yet understood, arteries and veins supplying oxygen to the lungs start to collapse. As the victim be-comes short of breath, the heart must work harder, pumping more blood so as to get more oxygen to the body. The heart enlarges and fi-nally fails from overwork. There was no known medi-cal treatment for pulmonary hypertension, said Minkoff. Not even a heart transplant would help—the new organ, like its predecessor, would quickly become overworked and fail. Although heart-lung transplants had been attempted three times before, the longest any patient had survived afterward was 23 days. No surgeon had performed this operation in the past ten years.

Mary and Karl left the doctor's office in silence and stopped for breakfast at a nearby coffee shop. Karl lit a ciga-rette. Then, without warning, tears started rolling down his cheeks. "Why you? Why you?" he sobbed, oblivious to the people around him. After 25 years together, Mary saw her husband cry for the first time. *(continued)*

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She reached out her hand, and as Karl took it, words poured out of him—his feelings about their marriage, the children, all that Mary meant to him. The couple talked about their separation, when they had learned the real value of their relationship. For the first time, Karl confided in Mary his fear that he hadn't been everything to his wife that he could have been.

"I know I keep my feelings inside," he said suddenly. "But that doesn't mean I don't *feel*."

Mary squeezed her husband's hand. "I've always understood that," she said gently. "I'm demonstrative enough for everyone in the family!"

Reassured, Karl laughed, then turned serious again. "Mary," he said intently, "you have to fight to the last."

"I'll fight," Mary promised, for she was a fighter by nature. She'd been born in Buffalo, New York, to a Sicilian father and an Irish mother. When her parents separated, Mary and her mother moved in with Mary's grandmother plus assorted uncles, aunts and cousins. In that merry, crowded household, the child learned to shout to be heard. She spurned dollhouses for football with the boys, who chipped in to buy her shoulder and knee pads so she could compete with the best of them.

Refused to accept the verdict

Yet the fighting spirit that had stayed with her since childhood couldn't ease the pain Mary felt at telling her sons the tragic news. From the beginning, young Luke refused to accept the verdict. "They'll find something," he said over and over. Christopher, emotionally reserved like his father, kept his turbulent feelings safely under cover and didn't say a word.

Valiantly hoping a second opinion might turn up a solution, Mary made a trip to Houston to consult with famed heart surgeon, Michael DeBakey. All DeBakey could do, though, was confirm Minkoff's diagnosis. Dejected, Mary returned home.

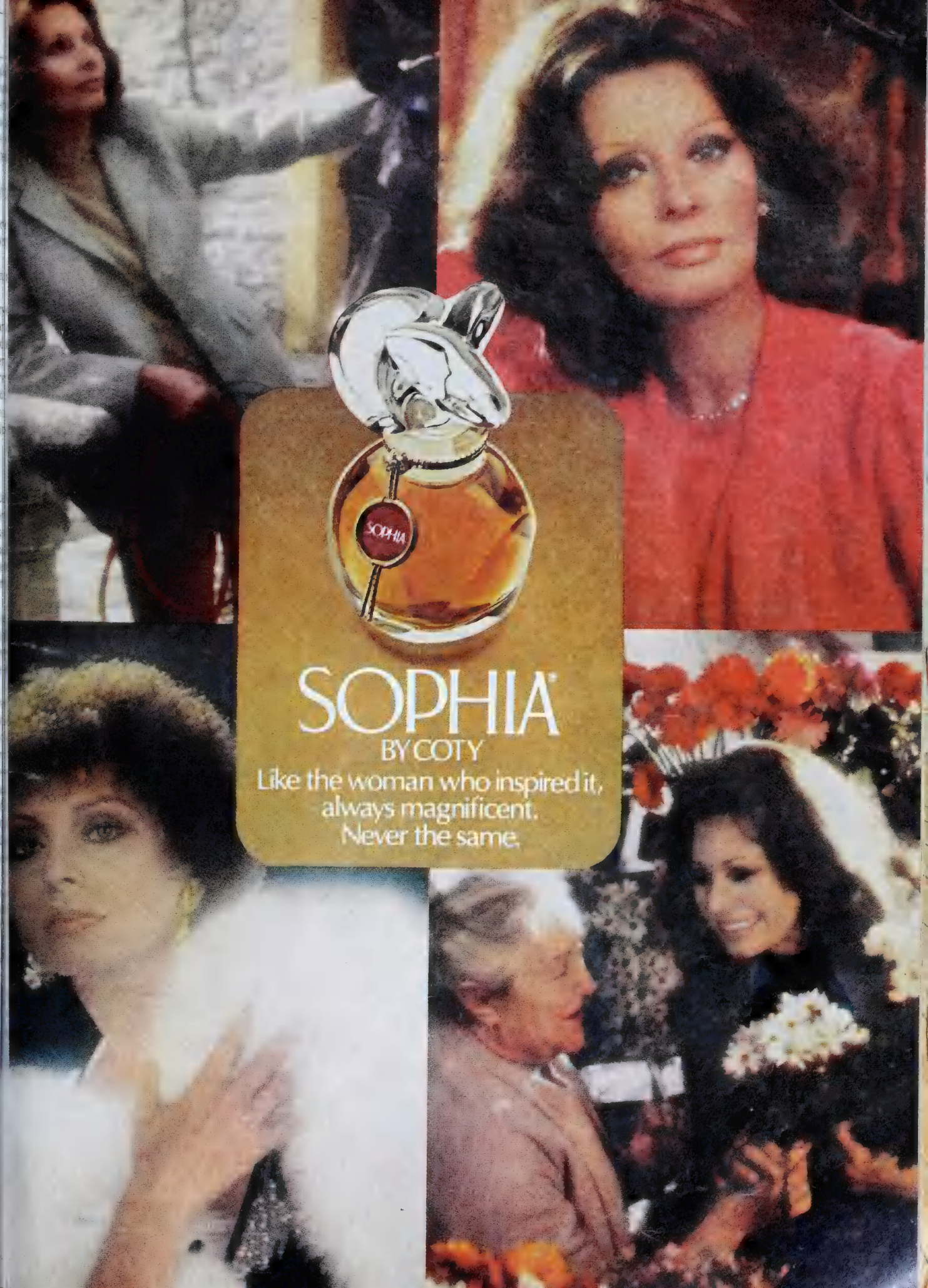
To everyone's alarm, the disease progressed even more rapidly than doctors had expected. They began to doubt she'd live as long as the three years first predicted. Yet Mary continued to work, determined to hold on to every possible vestige of a normal life. As her condition worsened, Mary caught herself wallowing in anger. "I'd see a stranger on the street and think, 'Why not him instead of me?' It was a poisonous feeling. That's when I resolved not to let myself become bitter. Why *anybody*, after all? I did what I could to stay positive and, day by day, I struggled to stay alive."

One hot, arid evening in July, Chris, the stoic, came into his mother's room. Hugging her tightly, the boy began to weep uncontrollably. "Mother, why do you have to die?" he cried.

Mary held her son close, his uncharacteristic tears dampening her cheek.

"Nobody can say for sure that somebody's going to die, Chris," she told him falteringly. "Any day, a new medicine might come along that could change everything. Besides, whatever happens, *your* life has to go on." Chris remained unconsoled. Mary recalls: "That was the first time he admitted how badly he hurt. I thought, 'This is a fine time to die. These kids need their mother!'"

Soon afterward, Mary had her first glimmer of hope. An article in the Mesa *Tribune* reported that scientists at the Stanford Medical Center in Palo Alto, California, had performed successful heart-lung transplants on rhesus monkeys. Might such an operation someday work on human beings? That possibility buoyed her through the next month, until a terrifying incident occurred. Mary was alone with Karl when her arm began to go *(continued)*


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numb. Karl was beside her in an instant, cradling her, y helpless to keep her from slipping toward unconsciousne Miraculously, Mary continued to move one finger. "Su denly I realized that she was fighting, as she promised s would," Karl said afterward. "She told me later that long as she could hang onto a thread of consciousness, s knew she could come back."

That "blackout" left Mary more determined than ev not to let the illness beat her. Finally, one day at work, s tried to push herself back from her desk and realized s couldn't move. Mary managed to struggle to her feet a drive home, where, resolutely, she called the Stanfo Medical Center and asked for Dr. Bruce Reitz, the surge who'd headed the rhesus monkey project.

"I want you to do a heart-lung transplant on me," Ma told the doctor with characteristic directness. Dr. Re listened sympathetically as Mary related her medical hi tory, and replied that his team of Stanford doctors w planning to try such an operation. The surgery was expe mental, he cautioned, and Mary must be tested before s could be accepted as a candidate. Still, when Mary put t phone down, her spirits were soaring.

Mary flew out to Stanford in October. A battery of tes assessed her physical readiness for the operation, and social worker interviewed her and concluded the spunl woman had the determination needed for this tough deal. Mary was accepted as a candidate for surgery.

But even then, Mary's hopes were thwarted. The oper tion would have to wait until cyclosporin A, an experime tal drug used in the rhesus monkey studies to preve rejection of transplanted organs, was approved by the Fo and Drug Administration. Anti-rejection drugs used previous lung transplants had inhibited healing of t windpipe suture, but cyclosporin A did not have this dra back. In addition, the new drug was less likely than oth immunosuppressants to wipe out the body's resistance common disease, though it might still leave a patie highly susceptible to infection. Although cyclosporin had been approved for other types of organ transplant permission for use in the heart-lung operation could i volve weeks of red tape.

Mary returned to Arizona, where she waited anxious for the "all-clear." While she waited, her blackouts o curred more and more frequently, leaving her unable work or drive. Doctors warned that at any time she migl slip into a coma, have a heart attack or die in her slee Mary's mother, Billy Martin, moved out to Mesa from Fo Lauderdale, Florida, to lend her support. Like her daug ter, Billy was strong-willed, and her presence booste Mary's spirits.

"I'm out of time"

By February, however, Mary was so weak she was barel able to turn over in bed—and still the experimental dru hadn't been approved. Finally her frustration explode into rare tears. She called a friend at the *Tribune*. "I dying," she said. "I'm out of time. Get me the head of th FDA. I've got to have that cyclosporin."

Within minutes, her friend was in touch with Mik Crusa, aide to Arizona Senator Dennis DeConcini, an Crusa got through to Dr. Mark Novich, then Acting Com missioner of the FDA. No record could be found of Sta ford's request for approval; apparently, it had vanished i the bureaucratic maze. For two days, Crusa and his assi tant, Lisa Perea, placed dozens of frantic calls to FD officials, the manufacturer of cyclosporin A and Dr. Reit at Stanford. Hurried by the urgency of Mary's plight, th parties finally cleared up a misunderstanding: The dru had already been approved for use in heart *(continued*

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TRANSPLANT
continued

transplants and additional approval wasn't needed for the heart-lung operation. Dr. Reitz was given the go-ahead. Stunned, he called Mary.

"How did you do it?" he asked. "You cut through six months of red tape in a matter of hours!" His next words were the ones Mary had been waiting for: "How soon can you come to Stanford?" Mary, Karl and Billy Martin were on the plane the next day.

After a week of blood tests and X-rays, Mary moved with her mother into a nearby apartment. Karl returned to work in Arizona while Mary and Billy waited in Palo Alto for a donor to be found. Transplant candidates had been known to die during this search, and the irony of Mary's plight made her wait all the more torturous: In order for Mary to live, someone else first had to die.

Two and one-half weeks later, 15-year-old Robert Smith was struck by a car while riding his bicycle in a San Diego suburb. The boy's brain stopped functioning; he was declared legally dead. His heart and lungs were deemed a match for Mary's, and tearfully, his mother, Ofelia Jones, agreed to the transplant. Robert's body, kept on a respirator, was rushed by jet to Stanford.

Once again, Karl flew to California. Chris, frightened and overwhelmed, wanted time to "think things through." He drove out alone. Lucas was judged too young to go through the waiting-room ordeal and stayed with family friends in Mesa.

No guarantees

Mary had been laboriously briefed on every facet of the operation. She knew about the possible side effects of the cyclosporin A she'd have to take for the rest of her life. The drug could cause malignant lymphoma, a form of cancer, and might lead to liver damage. And though her chances of surviving the operation were good, doctors could make no guarantees.

As the hour for surgery approached, Karl and Billy sat with Mary at Stanford University Hospital, telling jokes to keep back the tears. "Well, this is it," Mary said simply, as orderlies wheeled her toward the operating room. At 12:30 A.M. on March 9, 1981, the five-member transplant team headed by Reitz and Dr. Norman E. Shumway, who'd pioneered heart transplants nearly 15 years before, opened Mary's chest to begin the historic four-hour operation.

The actual surgery, doctors say, was relatively simple: only three major cuts and reconnections. The surgeons severed the ascending aorta, or major artery from the heart, the right atrial chamber of the heart and the windpipe or trachea. Mary's blood flow was diverted through a heart-lung machine while her diseased organs were removed and the new organs inserted and attached. When she awoke on schedule, a doctor was pulling a tube out of the right side of her chest. She screamed at the searing pain, then lost consciousness again. Hours later, she reawoke to find Karl and Billy gazing lovingly into her face. Hazily, she met their eyes and, reassured by their presence, drifted back to sleep.

Doctors removed the respirator the day after surgery, and Mary's new lungs functioned on their own. On the following day, Chris arrived. Trembling, he went in to see his mother.

"Mary, look who's here," whispered Billy, holding her daughter's hand. "It's Chris."

Mary was heavily sedated and unable to speak, but her face lit up.

"Hi," said Chris, nervously. "How are you feeling?"

Weakly, Mary made an "okay" circle with her fingers.

"I love you," Chris said, and Mary pointed to herself as though to say, "I love you, too." Then, still shaking, Chris slipped out of the room.

Mary passed the next month in a drug-induced fog, gaining strength slowly and walking a few steps every day. During moments of clarity, flashes of her old humor returned. Hobbling to the bathroom a few *(continued)*

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days after surgery, guided by Billy and one of the nurses, tubes hanging from every side, Mary smiled at the fuss. "Mother," she quipped, "I only had a transplant!"

Her spirits were further lifted by a visit from Luke, who with typical boyish ebullience took his mother's condition in stride. "See, Mom," he said, taking her hand. "I *told* you they'd find something!"

Though Mary was on her way back to health, she was not yet out of danger. Any of her transplanted organs might fail. Despite the cyclosporin she was taking, her body might still reject the foreign heart and lungs. And in her weakened state, an ordinary infection could kill her. That's why, for nearly two months after the operation, every visitor had to don hospital gown, surgical mask and shoe covers to enter the isolation room where Mary was attended constantly by nurses. Karl and Billy kept a daily vigil at Mary's bedside, watching her condition steadily improve.

Then, disaster nearly struck again. A routine biopsy turned up preliminary signs of rejection. Devastatingly potent, painful globulin and steroid shots were added to Mary's drug dosage, in the hope that this combination would destroy the antibodies that fought her new organs. Suddenly and inexplicably, during one of these injections, Mary stopped breathing. Frantically, doctors and nurses swarmed into the room. Without a moment to spare, they reattached the respirator, and soon the machine was breathing for Mary. She was safe.

Doctors concluded that her new lungs, which had been pumping extra hard to counteract a fluid buildup, simply became too exhausted to function. Twenty-four hours later, Mary was breathing on her own again. Within days, the rejection signs had disappeared, and steroid and globulin treatments were discontinued.

Barely a month after the transplant, Karl triumphantly announced over the phone to friends back home, "You can see the sparkle back in her eyes!" Fifty-nine days after surgery, Mary was deemed strong enough to cope with exposure to infection. At last, she emerged from the isolation room, overjoyed to look at unmasked faces again. Finally, on day 85, she was discharged from the hospital. Full of high spirits, Mary bought a flattering new dress; three days later, she hopped into the beloved sports car Karl had brought from Arizona and took herself on a freedom jaunt.

Nearly a normal life

At this writing, Mary Gohlke is leading very nearly the normal life she hoped the operation would grant her. Although she shuns salt and caffeine and is careful to avoid infection, no other restrictions are placed on her. She can even exercise as aggressively as she pleases.

Mary drives to the hospital twice a week for checkups, and in the cheery Palo Alto apartment with its view of California's rolling foothills, she and her mother split the task of answering the more than 2,000 cards and letters from well-wishers who have gained hope and inspiration from her miraculous story. She'll head back to Mesa and resume her job this fall. The income is sorely needed—although hospital costs in excess of $100,000 were covered by a federal research grant and by Mary's company insurance, airfare and rent on the California apartment have nearly wiped the Gohlkes out. Obviously, however, no price can be put on her recovery.

"You can bet I'd go through all this again," Mary says firmly. "I never considered it a choice. Succeeding wasn't the important thing—whatever the outcome of the operation, I wanted my children left with the knowledge that their mother *tried*."

End

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"My Fight Against Fear"

Outgoing and successful, I suddenly became terrified of leaving my home. Had I lost my mind?
By Merrilee Finch

The day I turned 21 my favorite aunt made a prediction I will never forget. "I feel sorry for you," she said, "because you've never experienced fear, hurt or disappointment. You will someday. And when you do, it'll hit you like a ton of bricks!"

Fear, hurt, disappointment . . . me? Young, attractive, aggressive and charming me? Why, I had never been sick a day in my life. I was a cheerleader in high school, won every dance contest I entered, modeled at age 15, taught charm school at 17 and raced sports cars at 19. A chronic perfectionist, I had to do everything better than anyone else. I had a management position in the telephone company and was engaged to be married. Life was great. What could she be talking about?

Two years later I found out. My tumultuous marriage to an older man ended after six months. This was the first failure I had ever known. Despondent, I moved back to my parents' home. Ironically, although my personal life was falling apart, my career was flourishing. Shortly after my bitter divorce, my company informed me that I was being promoted to a higher executive position. Happily, I accepted an invitation to have lunch with two of my bosses. As we were finishing our meal, I was reaching for my cup when a wave of nausea came over me. My hand trembled uncontrollably and tea splashed on the tablecloth. Hastily I shoved the saucer over the stain so no one would notice, and then excused myself to go to the ladies' room.

Gasping for breath, I stood holding on to the sink and shaking. My legs almost gave way beneath me. I was sweating profusely inside my trim navy-blue suit. Terrified, I thought, "What's happening to me?" To this day, I still don't know why I couldn't have asked my two lunch companions for help. At the time, however, it seemed crucial to keep the fact that I was having some sort of seizure a secret.

I regained my composure

I managed to collect myself, and freshen my lipstick. Cautiously, I reentered the dining room. The bill had already been paid, and the three of us left the restaurant together. I recovered my equilibrium the moment I closed my office door behind me. I simply put the incident out of my mind.

Three months later, I was having dinner with a date at the same restaurant. As we settled into a booth, I recalled my previous experience and was flooded with dizziness and nausea anew. Again I bolted for the restroom. When I finally rejoined my boyfriend, I was still trembling and about to cry. What could I tell him? I couldn't even explain to myself what was happening! Luckily, he sensed that something was wrong and took me home immediately. Once I was inside my house, the symptoms disappeared. "It's that restaurant," I said to myself. "If I don't go there anymore, this won't happen again."

I was right—until five months later. Driving home from work during a torrential rain storm, I struggled to see *(continued)*


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the road ahead. Suddenly, half a mile from home, I was choked by a tightness in my chest that forced me to pull over to the side of the highway. I was too shaky to restart the car, and pleaded with God to let me reach my family safely. Thirty minutes passed before the trembling subsided. I turned the ignition key and drove into my driveway at a snail's pace. I couldn't leave my house for days afterward.

The attacks got progressively more frequent and more severe. Within months I became terrified not only of storms and restaurants but sirens and loud noises, driving, heat, cold, and I was especially frightened of getting sick. Once an outgoing, successful woman, I was now a shattered recluse. I took a disability leave from my job, and for six months huddled in my childhood bedroom, afraid even to venture into the yard. Pretty soon, even my friends stopped calling. If I hadn't been so terrified of pain, I would have committed suicide.

Finally, at my parents' urging, I saw doctor after doctor, but no one was able to diagnose the cause of my paralyzing fear. They simply prescribed tranquilizers and antidepressants. My family physician said I was having a "mild nervous breakdown." A psychiatrist spoke reassuringly about "admitting" me into a mental institution. Finally, one doctor prescribed a drug used to control epilepsy, which, he explained, would have either an enormous effect or none at all. Convinced this was a cure for my anxiety attacks, I began planning my future.

The pills worked! For the first time in months, I was able to go back to my office on a steady basis without being horrified of having another "attack." My self-confidence grew each day. I was even able to date and travel again. I faithfully took my medication every morning. Although I experienced a few mild setbacks, I was certain the problem was licked.

The next three years were the most exciting of my whole life. I landed a great job as a real estate agent, drove a new sports car and purchased a beautiful condominium. I even became engaged to a wonderful man who understood my problem. I was elated.

Crash! Immediately after we announced our wedding plans, the attacks recurred with full force. Within weeks I was more terrified than ever. Although I did go through with the wedding, the marriage lasted only six months. Establishing intimacy with my new husband was simply too difficult for me. I felt I was not only destroying my own life but his as well.

I knew I could not live through this terror again, so I decided to try yet another psychiatrist. To my enormous relief he diagnosed my symptoms. He explained that I was suffering from a severe case of agoraphobia, which means a fear of open spaces. Agoraphobia, like other phobias, can be totally incapacitating and is often precipitated by illness, a highly stressful event or the recurrence of frightening health symptoms. Furthermore, he claimed the pills I'd been taking for years had been just a placebo. They worked because I had so desperately wanted to *believe* they would.

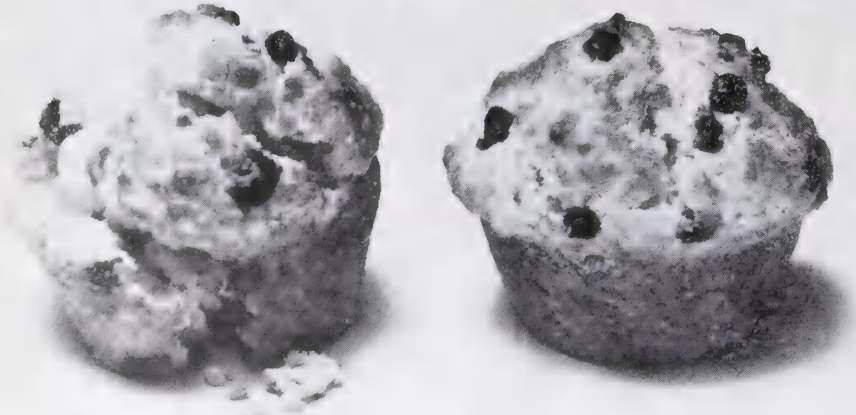
Determined to overcome my fears, I attended biofeedback classes to learn how to relax, and group therapy sessions with other agoraphobics. Next I created a personalized desensitization program, setting goals for myself numbered from one to ten. The most difficult was being able to ride in a car while someone else was driving. Number ten was being able to go to Mexico for a vacation.

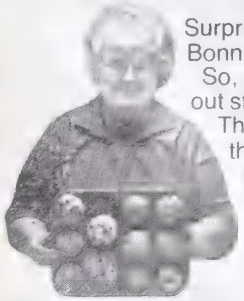
It's taken me some 16 years, but I've finally reached my goals. Unfortunately, I still have occasional anxiety attacks, but at least I'm not fighting every minute of every day to keep them at bay. Inside there's a fun-loving, happy person struggling to get out and gradually—with the loving support of my friends and family—I'm blossoming again. And I'm no longer embarrassed to discuss the problem. Maybe, by telling my story, I can help others living in fear to realize they are not alone. **End**

For more information on where to find therapy centers near you that specialize in treating agoraphobia, send a self-addresssed, stamped envelope to Temple Agoraphobia Treatment and Research Program, Temple Health Science Center, Philadelphia, Pa. 19140.

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"SAFE" DRUGS THAT CAN MAKE YOU AN ADDICT

Millions of Americans are taking potentially addicting drugs. This comprehensive guide to commonly prescribed medications and over-the-counter preparations explains the hazards and tells you how to protect yourself. By Gilbert I. Simon, Sc.D., and Deborah Chase

Sally takes Milpath whenever her "nervous stomach" begins to act up, which is frequently. This drug, which she calls her "stomach medicine," contains the tranquilizer meprobamate. She was so grateful to find a doctor who understood her distress that she doesn't care what's in the pills—as long as they make her feel better.

Bill has frequent migraine headaches. Whenever he gets one, and sometimes when he thinks he feels one coming on, he takes a Percodan. He bristles at the suggestion the drug is dangerous. "Listen," he says, "you can't imagine how I've suffered and how much time I lost from work before I found a decent doctor who'd give me something for the pain."

Barbara credits Valium with saving her life. "When my doctor told me I was killing myself with alcohol, I didn't think I could quit drinking. So he gave me the Valium—just to help me over the rough spots—and I haven't had a drink for six months." Barbara says she'll give up the tranquilizers as soon as she's sure that she's really over her alcohol problem.

Sally, Bill and Barbara certainly don't think of themselves as drug abusers. After all, each is using a drug prescribed by a doctor to alleviate a genuine medical problem. But are these people addicted? The truth is, no one will know for sure until they try to stop taking the drugs.

And that is the subtle problem with these drugs: They can be an extremely valuable aid to recovery—but, misused or abused, they can be crippling. We've all heard of the dangers of addiction to things like sleeping pills and tranquilizers. But most people don't realize either the number of prescription drugs that can be addicting or the extent o the potential risks.

What is addiction?

Dorland's Illustrated Medical Dic tionary defines addiction as " . . . . state characterized by an overwhelm ing desire or need (compulsion) to con tinue use of a drug and to obtain it b any means, with a tendency to in crease the dosage, a psychological an usually a physical dependence on it effects, and a detrimental effect on th individual and on society."

According to the American Psych atric Association's definition, the tw most significant criteria are *toleranc* and *physical dependence*. Tolerance i defined as the need to increase th dosage of the drug in order to achiev the original effect. For example, on sleeping pill may be quite effective fo a week or two, but then you may nee to take two in order to get to slee Physical dependence refers to th body's physiological adaptation to th presence of the drug so that abrupt ly stopping it will lead to phys ical withdrawal *(continued*



Photograph by Paccior



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ke cake as ected on pkg. 10-inch tube n. Cool. Split ke into three ers. Stir pud- g and pie ng until smooth. read ⅓ of filling ween each er and on top ake. Frost es and center whipped top- g. Refrigerate.

Lemon Cheese Bars

Duncan Hines Pudding Recipe Yellow Cake Mix -8 ozs. pkg. cream heese, softened, ⅓ up sugar, 1 teaspoon emon juice.

Mix dry cake mix, 1 gg and ⅓ cup oil until rumbly; reserve 1 cup. Pat remaining mixture ghtly in an ungreased 3 x 9 x 2-inch pan. Bake 15 inutes at 350°. Beat cheese, ugar, lemon juice and 1 egg until light and smooth. Spread over aked layer. Sprinkle with reserved rumb mixture. Bake 15 minutes onger. Cool. Cut into bars.

Creamy Lemon Cheese Cake

1 pkg. Duncan Hines Pudding Recipe Lemon Cake Mix
2 pkgs. (8 ozs. each) cream cheese, softened
1 cup (8 ozs.) dairy sour cream
½ cup sugar

Measure 1 cup dry cake mix; set aside. Combine remaining mix with 1 egg and ⅓ cup oil. Press in the bottom of a greased 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan. Bake at 350° F. for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, combine reserved mix, 2 eggs and remaining ingredients; beat at low speed for 2 minutes. Spread over crust. Bake at 350° F. about 35 minutes longer. Cool.

"SAFE" DRUGS
continued

symptoms specifically associated with that drug. Withdrawal symptoms vary with the drug, the dosage level and the duration of use, and may range from sweats and mild tremor to convulsive seizures.

Some drug experts cite psychic (or psychological) addiction—the user's perception that he or she needs the drug, despite the absence of physical dependence—as an important aspect of dependency. This craving for the drug, which can continue long after the physical withdrawal has run its course, may in part be conditioning, says Dr. Loren Skeist, coordinator of psychiatric education at Lenox Hill Hospital. He points out that the desire to return to a drug is strongest when a former addict returns to the external circumstances—a stressful family situation, for example—that applied when he or she was an addict.

How prevalent is addiction in our society? It's impossible to say with any accuracy, but one indication—and a frightening one—is a study done in Columbus, Ohio, by Dr. Lawrence J. Hatterer, psychiatrist with New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center and author of *The Pleasure Addicts*. Using a special pay-TV system that allowed subscribers to respond to questions via a push-button attached to their TV sets, Dr. Hatterer presented a careful definition of addiction, then queried the 420 viewers about their own habits. An astonishing 43 percent reported that they or an immediate family member or close friend were addicted to either drugs or alcohol.

Multiple drug abuse

By the time a person ends up in the hospital for drug problems, he or she is usually addicted to a variety of drugs. According to Dr. Donald Douglas, psychiatrist and founder of Pills Anonymous, patients start taking multiple drugs on prescriptions handed out by a doctor or—more usually—by various doctors.

"They soon start juggling the medications, trying to balance the effects of their drugs. They end up forgetting what and how much they've swallowed and accidentally overdose. The overdose is then attributed to an underlying emotional illness, when in fact the *addiction itself* is the cause."

Many people who are pill-dependent are also alcoholics, notes Douglas, because the effects are similar. Likewise, many doctors prescribe tranquilizers to withdraw a patient from alcohol.

"Withdrawing someone from alcohol by simply substituting tranquilizers is a grotesque idea," says Dr. Douglas. "The usual result—if the pills are continued beyond a week—is a new addiction, either in place of or in addition to the alcohol."

Who prescribes these drugs?

Why do doctors so frequently prescribe medications that treat symptoms rather than problems, especially considering the dangers of addiction?

One factor is misdiagnosis. As Dr. Douglas points out, "Doctors sometimes don't recognize the symptoms of alcoholism or drug withdrawal; they may give tranquilizers to an already drug-dependent person, thinking he is suffering from severe anxiety."

Frequently, deception of some sort is at the bottom of misdiagnosis. Dr. Hatterer reports that one patient of his had been diagnosed as having multiple sclerosis. "In actuality, she was going through a withdrawal from meprobamate. But because she carefully withheld the fact that she'd been using large amounts of the drug, the doctor evaluated her on the basis of her neurological symptoms, which mimicked M.S."

The medical profession, doctors agree, is frequently at fault. "Frankly, doctors find it easier to write a prescription than to sit down and spend time with patients," says Dr. Alan Pollock, associate physician specializing in infectious diseases at Lenox Hill Hospital. Dr. Elizabeth Goessel, a New York City internist, concurs: "When a doctor realizes his patient's problem is non-medical, he starts thinking, 'How can I get this person out of here?'"

But it usually takes two people to write a prescription: the doctor *and* the patient. "Someone who's paid thirty dollars or more for an office visit wants to walk away with something tangible," says Dr. Pollock. "And frequently patients know exactly what they want—they're very sophisticated about the nomenclature—and it takes time to explain why the drug they want is not in their best interests."

Then, too, points out Dr. Goessel, there are roles to fulfill. "The doctor is supposed to *do* something. The patient expects it, and the doctor feels an obligation to meet that expectation."

Unfortunately, many people resist the notion that they might benefit from psychotherapy. "When I suggest it," says Dr. Pollock, "many patients are highly offended—that's for 'crazy' people." Dr. Goessel recalls patients who insist, amid sobs of misery, "But I'm *not* depressed. I just need something to calm me down."

And, of course, people who are already addicted to a drug can be extremely manipulative. They count on the fact that they can talk a physician into writing just one prescription—

(continued on page 148)

A GUIDE TO POTENTIALLY HAZARDOUS PRESCRIPTION DRUGS

There is, unfortunately, no such thing as a completely "safe" drug. Most drugs have an equal potential for harm and for good, depending on the use made of them. The drugs listed below (generic names in italics and brand names capitalized) are among those having an addictive potential. All are valuable therapeutic tools on a short-term basis—generally two weeks, and not longer than a month. misused, all can be dangerous. *(Following is a sampling, not a complete list, of prescription-only drugs.)*

ANALGESICS
(Painkillers)

acetaminophen or aspirin with codeine butalbital: Fiorinal*; *hydromorphone* (+): Dilaudid; *levorphanol* (+): Levo-Dromoran; *meperidine* (+): Demerol; *meprobamate:* Equagesic*; *oxycodone* (+): Percodan*; *pentazocine:* Talwin; *propoxyphene:* Darvocet-N*, Darvon, Wygesic*

* Contains additional active ingredients.
(+) Narcotics or synthetic narcotics having a high abuse potential.

When most people think of drug addiction, they think of addiction to narcotics: the opiates, opiate derivatives and synthetic opiates. Indeed, narcotics are highly addictive. Fortunately, as currently prescribed, they pose a low risk of dependency. Many doctors in fact, believe these drugs are *underprescribed* in the hospital environment—they are extremely beneficial after a major injury or surgery, or to ease the pain of a terminal disease. But narcotics should not be used to treat chronic pain.

Remember, however, that non-narcotic doesn't mean risk-free: Talwin, for example, is an extremely potent non-narcotic that carries a great risk of addiction (30 mgs. of Talwin is as effective as 10 mgs. of morphine; it is currently popular among street junkies as a heroin substitute).

ANOREXICS
(Diet Pills)

diethylproprion: Tenuate; *phenmetrazine:* Preludin; *phentermine:* Adipex-P, Fastin, Ionamin

Few doctors nowadays prescribe amphetamine appetite-suppressants because of their potential for abuse. A few amphetamine-like drugs are still prescribed as aids to weight control, but unfortunately these drugs also have a high risk of dependency. Tolerance sets in fairly quickly, and because of the "lift" they provide, they have a high potential for psychic dependency. They should only be taken for a very short time and under the strictest of medical and dietary supervision.

(continued on page 148)

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Joyce-Selby Shoes—Aurora Mall
Boulder: Pats Booterie
Colorado Springs: Bills Shoe Box
Roger's Shoes
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Denver: Joyce-Selby Shoes—Lakeside Mall
Joyce-Selby Shoes—Tamarac Square
Greely: Florio's Shoes

IDAHO
Twin Falls: Hudson Shoes

IOWA
Ames: Emerhoff's Footwear
Cedar Rapids: Ford's Shoes
Des Moines: Mark Henri
Walker's Shoes
Fort Dodge: Welch Shoe Co
Iowa City: Lorenz Boot Shop
Marshalltown: Nichols and Green
Souix City: Walkers Shoe Store
Spencer: Redmond's Shoe Store

KANSAS
Wichita: Dilley's Shoes
Joyce-Selby Shoes—Towne West Sq.

LOUISIANA
Monroe: Country Cobbler
Shreveport: Rubenstein's

MINNESOTA
Duluth: Wahl's
Minneapolis: Dayton's
Narums Shoe Store
Powers
Rochester: Massey's
Richmond Bootery
St. Paul: Joyce-Selby Shoes—Town Sq.

MISSOURI
Columbia: The Novus Shop
Crestwood: Swope Shoe Co
Kansas City: Robinsons Plaza
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"I'm Not Your Slave"

Being a mother doesn't mean you have to be an indentured servant. Here, mothers and experts give sensible advice and tips on how to get your children to help with the chores.
By Geraldine Carro

Perhaps in some households the system really does work: The children rake the leaves, clean their rooms, empty the garbage and do the dishes dutifully. Instead of nagging, their mothers pass the time pasting gold stars on the chores chart affixed to the refrigerator door.

The chores chart lasted less than a week in our family. In the evening rush of preparing dinner and signing permission slips for the class trip, we forgot to fill in the chart. The final blow came when my young daughter, dazzled by the beauty of the stars, usurped them for an arts and crafts project. To make matters worse, in her frenzy of creativity she spilled half of them on the kitchen floor. By then it was bedtime. Was it worth nagging a tired seven year old to pick up the mess? Should I do it myself or leave this Milky Way of stars to stick to our soles at breakfast the next morning? I decided to nag.

For most of us, the issue is not so much how to *stop* nagging, but how to nag *less*. Like it or not, as parents we are forced to be the enforcers. We recognize that children, quite sensibly, prefer playing to cleaning house. Unfortunately, it simply doesn't occur to them that sometimes we'd rather play, too. Or that assuming a share of the responsibilities is just plain fair. Even youngsters at that adamant equal rights stage ("If she gets two cookies, I want two cookies") never apply this reasoning to us. Given their world view, this isn't really surprising. From the start they see us as the all-powerful people who change their diapers, cook their dinner and do the laundry. We are loving servants, not people with needs of our own.



Mother's rights

"Little children are naturally egocentric," explains Dr. William Chambers, a child psychiatrist at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in New York City. "They see life as revolving around them and their needs." The ability to empathize with someone else's needs, he points out, requires a degree of mental sophistication that children only develop gradually.

Even when children become capable of greater give-and-take, they often relinquish this one-sided relationship reluctantly. Having Mommy do it for you is not only convenient, it's comforting. For parents, as well as children, the line between loving care and unfair exploitation is often fuzzy, and our children seem to sense and play on our confusion. "You want to cater to your child out of love but you don't want to be taken advantage of," says Eileen Petsco, mother of three teenagers and owner of a thriving real estate firm. "Somehow you have to teach kids that mothers have rights."

Asserting our rights is often simpler for us to do at work than at home. We've taught the boss to get his own coffee. The problem that remains is trying to get an eight year old to set the table.

What do you do when your request for help is answered with, "But Mommy, do I *have* to?" Rita Wolfson, the mother of two sluggish table-setters, borrows a strategy used so successfully by other members of the work force—she goes on strike. She refuses to make dinner until her children head for the silverware drawer. The table does get set and, more importantly, the lesson is clear. "I love my kids," says Rita, "but they've got to learn that I'm not their slave."

It takes considerable patience—and persistence—to get the message across. From the time her children were two, Rita has insisted that they pick up their toys and make their own beds in the morning. Supervising this effort is, naturally, a frustrating exercise. Two year olds make their beds very, very slowly and not very neatly. The temptation was, Rita recalls, to step in and do it for them. "Of course you can do it faster and better. You're a grown-up," says Rita. "But if you want your kids to learn to do things themselves, you have *(continued)*

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to let them try. And if they don't do a perfect job, you have to bite your tongue."

This approach has paid off. Most days the beds are made and the toys are back on the shelf in the Wolfson household without prodding. "But we still have 'little discussions,'" says Rita. Not long ago, Sarah, now four, complained to her mother that she was "too cranky" to pick up her toys.

Handling the inevitable excuses is, of course, every parent's challenge. "It's reasonable to assume that children will resist doing chores to a degree," explains Dr. Chambers. "Cleaning up a room is clearly a parent's priority, not a child's. The best way to counter resistance is with 'quiet firmness,'" he says. "When necessary, back up your demands by extending privileges only after a child has completed what's expected of him. Deny them if he refuses. Simple conditioning is a lot more effective than yelling," he explains. "Once you start yelling, kids know you're feeling powerless. Powerful people speak quietly."

Basically you have to decide how strict you're going to be, says writer Chippy Irvine, mother of Jassy, 8, and Emma, 9. "You can be pretty hard-hearted," she feels. "Children aren't nearly as sensitive as we think. They'll grumble and do it, and then forget how 'bossy' you were. Minutes later they'll say, 'Mommy, I love you.'"

The key to mutual cooperation, Chippy believes, is getting children accustomed to helping at an early age. "By five or six they can handle cups and saucers. By seven you can trust them with any housework that isn't potentially dangerous." You can't expect a five year old to clean the medicine cabinet or wax the floor. But they can, for example, vacuum their rooms "even if they accidentally gobble up some of their toys from time to time."

Since young children are prone to forget instructions, especially when they're related to chores, don't confuse them with too many new tasks at once, she suggests. By age six children are able to help clear the table, but don't also expect them to scrape and rinse the dishes right away. Start with plate clearing and work your way slowly to the dishwashing stage. One of the virtues of adding new tasks, she points out, is that children balk less at the old jobs, which now seem easier.

Chippy, who sits at her typewriter in the mornings, enjoys being at home with her children when they return from school. "It's a pleasure for me and for them. But they also have to realize that I'm not here just to do the dirty work," she says.

Convincing your children that you're not their slave sometimes means having to convince yourself, too, says Linda Stratton, the mother of four children, aged 14 to 21. Three years ago, when Linda resumed her acting career, she would cook elaborate meals in advance and leave them in the freezer when she had an out-of-town booking. "Nine out of ten times they didn't even bother to heat things up," says Linda. "Suddenly I realized that if they didn't care, I didn't have to either." Linda decided to stop being "Super Mom." She found that her children were perfectly capable of doing the marketing and cooking.

"How your children treat you depends on how you see yourself—and how your husband sees you," Linda says. Her husband, she admits, hasn't provided a good "role model" in this instance. "He's the old-fashioned type who doesn't help much around the house. But he's getting better, too."

Linda, who is also co-founder of a small community theater, finds that being busy away from home makes it easier to elicit help from her family. "If you're not there, they know you can't do it. You know you can't do it. It's incontrovertible," she says. Still, while she enjoys her children's help, she's also had to accept that her standards of housekeeping aren't theirs. "They really don't care if their rooms are messy. They don't clean them thoroughly unless I go bananas every six weeks," she says. "But basically, they love what I do and they know I couldn't do it without their help."

Being a working mother, however, doesn't always guarantee cooperation from youngsters. "Kids sometimes lay a guilt trip on working parents," says Eileen Petsco. "You come home and they give you a look that says, 'All the other mothers were home baking cookies—where were you?' Instead of pitching in, they become demanding autocrats."

Don't become hostage to guilt

"You can't let yourself become hostage to guilt just because you haven't been at your child's beck and call all day," says Eileen. On the other hand, she points out, overly demanding behavior is sometimes a message to parents that children are not getting the attention they need. It may be a cliché but Eileen's response is to make brownies for her 12-year-old daughter Kerry. "Making brownies is like singing a lullaby to your kids," she says.

"The busier we become the more responsibility we are placing, out of necessity, on our children's shoulders," Eileen continues. "There's also a danger in demanding too much, rather than too little of youngsters. We don't want our children to treat us like slaves, but we can't treat *them* like slaves either."

While she believes in being sensitive to her children's needs, there's a point at which she balks. "The bottom line is that I'm the parent and she's the child. This is not a democracy."

"As a parent, you're the one who's ultimately in control," Dr. Chambers agrees. But he also cautions that scolding and correcting children isn't all there is to rearing them. "Praise is important, too," he says. "If your child does a good job mowing the lawn, tell him. By and large, children try to please parents—especially when they know their efforts are appreciated."

HOW TO NAG A LITTLE LESS
Some tips from other mothers

1. Don't be "Super Mom." If you're overly involved in being the perfect housekeeper, your children will let you prove it—all by yourself. Plan on doing some chores together. Work is more fun when you have company.

2. Establish priorities. Decide which chores are the most important, and insist these be done. If you are equally adamant about everything, you and your child will end up nervous wrecks.

3. Don't get trapped into bribery. No one pays *you* to wash the dishes. If you do offer an incentive, limit payment to the extra, heavy-duty chores.

4. Set reasonable standards. Children and adults don't always see eye to eye about what is neat. Try to find a middle ground that all can live with.

5. While assigning chores, allow for personal preferences when possible. A child who hates sorting the socks may be perfectly happy to vacuum.

6. Don't assign chores on a sex-stereotyped basis. Girls can take out the garbage and boys can do the laundry. And avoid the double standard. It's only fair to expect the boys to do as much in the house as the girls.

7. Rotate chore assignments so children don't get permanently "stuck" with a particularly onerous chore.

8. Don't expect your child to do everything perfectly. If your child has made an honest effort to do a job, don't correct his work.

9. Why should children be more organized than you are? If your closet is always a mess, don't expect theirs to be neat.

10. Don't always insist they "do it right now." Try to agree on a mutually convenient time for chores.

11. Organize a system that suits your own personal style and the family's schedule. You may want to make a weekly chart, or try setting aside 20 minutes a day for cleaning the bedroom.

12. Let your child see the consequences of his behavior. If he can't find his schoolbooks because his room is a mess, don't find them for him. **End**



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Houseplants that Really Grow Fast

For big results in the shortest possible time, check our list of grow-tested plants we call the Speedy Six.

By Virginie F. and George A. Elbert.



Some houseplants have beautiful foliage, some have lovely flowers (some even have both). Some plants are easy to care for, others will grow in the dim light of a north window. But the quality most asked for in a houseplant is that it grows FAST. It's a quality surprisingly hard to come by, if you also want a plant that is both attractive and relatively untemperamental. But we've come up with a list of six plants that, in our experience, will do the trick—plants that will, within four to six months of purchase, dramatically increase in size.

In selecting any one of our Speedy Six, follow these two ground rules. First, make sure you start with a healthy plant—lively looking, crisp leaves with sturdy stems. Avoid droopers. Always give the plant a light slap to dislodge any white flies and check under leaves for other insects. If in doubt, move on. Second, check the soil. Unless it's light and peaty, be prepared to repot. Knock plant out of the pot and wash the soil off the roots by shaking gently in lukewarm water. Don't worry, this won't harm the plant a bit. Then repot in a soil mix of equal parts peat moss, vermiculite and perlite.

SPIDER PLANT—Fastest-growing hanging plant

You can't do better than the common Spider Plant for a showy, fast-growing, long-lasting foliage plant that needs little care. As there is a wide variation in leaves, from plain deep green to vertical stripings in white and yellow, look around in florist shops for the type you like. Our own experience is that the all-green plants have the longer leaves and grow much more rapidly than the variegated ones. A small plant will often fill a basket in three or four months. Long stems bear little white flowers and plantlets that can be separated and potted up in case the mother plant becomes ratty with age. This is an ideal north-window plant; in fact, flowers are produced more frequently in low than high light. Fertilize once a month with any standard formula and don't allow to dry out completely at any time.



POLKA-DOT PLANT—Good choice for a north window

It grows like a weed, yet few foliage plants can match the beauty of the Polka-Dot Plant, so named for its dark green leaves aglow with brilliant pink spots. From a small plant you will have, in three months time, one that is a foot high and across with plenty of branches. Another six inches is about all you should allow it to grow without pruning. Stick trimmings into moist soil around the base of the mother plant where they will root in a couple of weeks. Polka-Dot (botanical name *Hypoestes*) looks its best for about nine months, but you can keep new ones coming along with those cuttings. The pink spots will shine more brightly with a high nitrate (first number) fertilizer applied every two weeks. Moderate light—even a north window—is all that's required.

Mail order and shopping information on page 150

Illustrations by Eva Cellini

To you, it's just a little white spike.



To your coleus, it's dinner for 2 months.

Some people tend to believe that great results require hard work. These same people tend to find Jobe's little white houseplant spikes somewhat amazing.

Amazing, that something so very simple could be so very effective.

Amazing, that these little white spikes could be so rich in nourishment. Feeding your plant 60 days worth of life-promoting nutrients.

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LANTANA—Continuous bloom, year-round

Though colorful, easy and fast-growing, too few people recognize Lantana for the splendid indoor plant it is. Placed in an east, west or south window, a four-inch plant will spread as much as three feet in less than six months. Each flower cluster consists of several rows of different colors and there is an infinite number of variations, so buy a plant in bloom to have the combination you like best. (Pure purple flowers are not suitable for indoor growing.)

The flowers last for about a week each, and afterwards there are a couple of weeks of rest before new buds appear. This goes on continuously winter and summer. You can grow Lantana in a small hanging basket and let its branches spread as far as they please. If you grow it in a pot we advise you to trim after each blooming; otherwise the branches will get out of hand. After you trim, the main trunk becomes woody and before you know it you have a neat blooming tree. Plan on repotting at least once a year to make room for the roots to support a bigger and bigger plant. Fertilize regularly with a balanced formula. Lantana is a heavy drinker.

Subject to white fly, Lantana should be enclosed in a plastic bag with a piece of pest strip for a few hours at the first sign of these little white pests. Or drench well with a house and garden spray.



GERANIUM "DR. LIVINGSTON"—Lacy and scented

Dr. Livingston is strictly a foliage plant, but one of the handsomest we know, with the added bonus that the leaves emit a delicious scent combining lemon and rose. Stroke the lacy leaves and the room will be full of the perfume. A small plant will grow a couple of feet in three or four months. We prefer, however, either to stake it, or to remove the clusters of new leaves, which makes it branch more and strengthens the trunk. If you keep it in a sunny window it will not get too leggy. One caution: Do not be in a hurry to transfer it to a larger pot as it likes to be potbound. Do so only when the plant has grown out of all proportion. We keep ours moist and fertilize with a high first-number formula every couple of weeks. You can take cuttings at any time, which will promptly put out roots in water. With a little TLC, Dr. Livingston will last for years and years.

TROPICAL BLEEDING HEART—Grow it as a vine or pot plant



This most spectacular of flowering vines will delight you with clusters of snow-white and blood-red flowers. The red petals last only a week but the white ones stay on for a month or more. A 12-inch plant will easily grow five or six feet in three months, and once established it will last for years. If you allow Bleeding Heart *(Clerodendrum)* to grow without trimming you will have to transplant to larger pots until it has reached its maximum size. To better enjoy the flowers, we often grow this plant only up to two feet, then cut it back to give the appearance of a medium-size shrub.

Our preferred soil is a mix of three parts peat moss, two parts vermiculite and one part perlite or sand, and we fertilize once a week with a high middle-number formula. Keep rather dry in winter, moist in summer.

ANGEL WING BEGONIA—Familiar and free-flowering

Begonias that grow their leaves on long stems have a special ability to grow rapidly. The leaves are either the familiar angel wing pattern (shown) or toothed. A healthy, foot-high plant will add another two to four feet in six months. Although these Begonias will grow well in any bright window, they will only display their extravagant flowers if they have nearly full sunlight.

We find that they grow best in a mixture of equal parts sphagnum moss or peat moss and gritty sand. Allow the soil to dry out a bit between waterings and feed with a balanced formula once a week. It may be necessary to tie the canes to a stake, but the roots are shallow and do not require a large pot. If the stems get out of hand you can cut them back and new ones will grow from the base. **End**



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Invite Paddington Bear, favorite story of English children for twenty years, to your house with a set of this delightful Storybook Dinnerware. Now American children too can enjoy Paddington Bear, as each piece depicts one of Paddington's humorous adventures.

While we are pleased to introduce Paddington Bear, the all-time favorite, Peter Rabbit, is also available. Matching child's stainless flatware is available in both patterns. Consider ordering extra sets as delightful gifts.

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You would expect to pay a great deal more for dinnerware and flatware of this quality in stores. The tip-proof plate and the soup/cereal bowl are made of durable melamine. The mug is thermoplastic. Each piece is dishwasher safe and stain-proof. During this special offer, the 3-piece dinnerware set is just $5.95. Enjoy special savings on the matching stainless too: just $2.00 for the baby educator set and $3.95 for the child's set. Order both sets of flatware and get a matching infant spoon FREE! Orders received by November 20 will be sent in time for Christmas. If not satisfied, return order within 10 days for prompt refund.

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4 FREE infant spoon(s). One for each combination of child and baby stainless settings ordered		

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"Where the Pot Boils"

Great Country Cooking from Kalamazoo

Kalamazoo's comical name comes from an old Indian word describing a place "where water boils in the pot." Today's thriving city lives up to that heritage—it's a true "melting pot" community of superb cooks.





Kalamazoo kids, above, sample homemade cookies.

Savory pies, clockwise from left: Michigan Farm Pasties; Chicken Quiche; Russian Vegetable Pie; Khachapuri; Swiss Cheese Puff with Lobster Sauce. On table: Tomato-Zucchini Salad.

During the same era the Glenn Miller band was playing and swaying with a catchy, new song, "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo," the local Michigan women were whistling a different tune: donating their time and effort to a Service Club dedicated to helping needy children.

Today the club is still in full swing (only the name has been changed to Junior League of Kalamazoo). The members' most ambitious project to date has been putting together a community cookbook, called (what else?) "I've Got a Cook in Kalamazoo." This cookbook is extra-thick (over 400 tested recipes), easy to read and well organized, balancing quick dishes (devilishly good Sloppy Joes from former cookbook chairman Ann Paulson) with complicated creations (zesty Chicken à l'Orange or wine-doused roast venison). Each recipe includes preparation and cooking times, labels such as "easy," "make-ahead" or "can be frozen," and tips for microwaves, food processors and woks.

What gives this book its special flavor are the recipes derived from the area's northern European (mostly Dutch) settlers. Especially impressive, a sampling of country savory pies (shown above), perfect for brunch or light supper. The regional favorite—Michigan Farm Pasties—are plump triangles with peppery beef, potatoes, carrots. One variation of ever-popular quiche has a creamy Swiss cheese filling lavished with lobster sauce (only 8 ounces of lobster for 8 servings!).

Desserts are outstanding, including a delectable apple torte and a rich chocolate cheesecake. One Dutch treat sure to delight children: Banket, flaky pastry rolled around almond paste, can be shaped into fun alphabet letters.

Children are very much a part of the entire Kalamazoo story. Funds from the cookbook help support Pretty Lake Camp, giving 600 city-bound youngsters a chance for fresh air and the whole camping experience. Other good deeds include the Children's Service Fund, which deals out emergency financial aid; and a welcome-to-this-world project, giving over 200 layettes a year to new babies born in the county.

See page 68 for selected recipes plus a coupon to order your own Kalamazoo cookbook. —LYS MARGOLD

Crisp green beans are a snap. (Ho ho ho)



All you have to do is watch over 'em day and night. (Like the Green Giant does it.) Pick 'em right at their peak of freshness. (Like the Green Giant does it.) Then pack 'em. Fast. (Like the Green Giant does it.) Actually, it's hard work. Luckily, the Green Giant does it.

He does the same thing for his good peas and corn, too.



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MICHIGAN FARM PASTIES
pictured on page 65

Pastry
- 3 cups all-purpose flour, sifted
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup lard
- ½ cup cold water

Filling
- 1½ pounds beef round steak, uncooked and cut into ½-inch cubes
- 3 potatoes, peeled and cubed
- ½ cup grated carrots
- ½ cup finely chopped rutabaga
- ½ cup finely chopped onion
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 tablespoon butter

Pastry: Combine flour and salt. With pastry blender or 2 knives used scissor-fashion, cut in lard until it resembles coarse crumbs. Add water and work until the dough can be handled and is not sticky. Wrap in wax paper and refrigerate.

To prepare filling: In large bowl combine first 5 ingredients. Add salt, pepper and butter; blend well.

Preheat oven to 325°F. Divide pastry into 6 equal pieces; roll out each into 8- or 9-inch square or round. On half of each pastry, place ⅙ of filling. Fold over other half and press edges with tines of fork dipped in flour to seal. Make 4 slashes in top of each and bake 1 hour or until lightly browned. Makes 6 servings, about 675 calories each.

Preparation time: 1 hour; *baking time:* 1 hour.—*Gerald deMink, Jan Shugars*

TOMATO-ZUCCHINI SALAD
pictured on page 66

- ⅓ cup salad oil
- 2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 pint cherry tomatoes, halved
- 2 small zucchini, thinly sliced
- 1 small onion, thinly sliced
- ⅓ cup crumbled blue cheese
- Lettuce

In large bowl mix oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Add tomatoes, zucchini, onion and cheese; toss lightly. Cover and chill. To serve, toss and spoon onto lettuce leaves. Makes 6 servings, about 205 calories each.

Preparation time: 15 minutes.—*Esther Struck*

CHICKEN QUICHE
pictured on page 66

- 2 cups cooked, cubed chicken
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 1 large onion, diced
- 2 cups shredded Swiss cheese
- 2 unbaked 9-inch pie shells, or 2 frozen deep-dish pie shells
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 4 teaspoons butter, melted
- 5 eggs, well beaten
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- 1 can (13 oz.) evaporated milk
- ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
- ⅛ teaspoon garlic salt
- ⅛ teaspoon white pepper
- Dash bottled red pepper sauce
- ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce or soy sauce to taste

Preheat oven to 375°F. Divide chicken, green pepper, onion and cheese between pie shells. Top each with 1 tablespoonful flour and 2 teaspoons butter. Combine remaining ingredients and pour half into each shell. Bake 45 minutes. Makes 8 servings, about 580 calories each.

Preparation time: 30 minutes; *baking time:* 45 minutes.—*Barbara Long*

RUSSIAN VEGETABLE PIE
pictured on page 66

Pastry
- 1¼ cups all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 4 to 6 tablespoons cold water

Filling
- 1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese, softened
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- 4 tablespoons butter, divided
- 1 small head cabbage, shredded
- 1 onion, sliced
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon basil
- ⅛ teaspoon marjoram
- ⅛ teaspoon tarragon
- ½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced

Pastry: Combine flour, salt and sugar. Cut in butter until it resembles coarse crumbs. Add water; mix quickly. Turn onto lightly floured surface and knead gently 9 to 10 times. Divide dough into 2 pieces, one slightly larger than the other. Roll out larger piece and fit into 9-inch pie plate.

Filling: Spread cream cheese over pastry in pan. Top with layer of hard-cooked eggs. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in large skillet. Add cabbage, onion and seasonings and sauté; spoon over eggs. Melt remaining butter in skillet and sauté mushrooms; arrange over cabbage.

Preheat oven to 400°F. Roll out remaining pastry and place on top of filling. Trim edges and flute. Cut slits in top and bake 15 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350°F. and bake 25 minutes longer. Makes 6 to 8 servings, about 335 calories per 6, 255 per 8.

Preparation time: 30 minutes; *baking time:* 40 minutes.—*Jan Wright, Pam De Goffau*

An attractive spiral-bound publication with washable plastic cover, *I've Got a Cook in Kalamazoo* cookbook contains great country-cooking recipes with over 400 recipes on 285 pages. The book is divided into eight sections and includes recipes that are labeled "easy," "make ahead," or "can be frozen." To order your copy, send $8.95 plus $1.25 for postage and handling (for Michigan residents, add $.36 sales tax) to:

I've Got a Cook in Kalamazoo
Junior League of Kalamazoo
Dept. LHJ
309 East Water Street
Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007

KHACHAPURI
pictured on page 66

Pastry
- 2 packages active dry yeast
- 1 cup lukewarm milk (105°-115°)
- 3½ teaspoons sugar
- ½ cup unsalted butter
- 2 teaspoons salt
- About 4 cups all-purpose flour

Filling
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons unsalted butter
- 2 pounds Muenster cheese, shredded

Pastry: Dissolve yeast in ½ cup lukewarm milk; stir in sugar. Add butter to remaining ½ cup milk and stir until it melts. Add salt and 2 cups flour. Add yeast and enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead until smooth and elastic, about 10 minutes. Place in greased bowl, turn once, cover and let rise until doubled, about 1 hour. Punch down and let rise again for 45 minutes.

Filling: In large bowl beat egg; add butter and grated cheese and mix thoroughly. In food processor fitted with steel blade, mix cheese mixture in 4 or 5 small batches.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Punch down dough and divide in half. Roll 1 piece into a 12-inch circle; drape over an 8- or 9-inch greased cake pan. Put half of cheese mixture onto middle of dough. Starting at any point gather dough up over filling in 1½-inch pleats. Gently squeeze pleats together at top and twist to make a topknot. Repeat with remaining dough and filling. Allow to rest 10 to 15 minutes, then bake 1 hour. Makes 2 loaves, 8 slices per loaf, about 405 calories per slice.

Ed. note: This bread is best baked early in the day and reheated at 275°F. for 20 minutes before serving.

Preparation time: 50 minutes; *baking time:* 60 minutes.—*Sally Shipman Early, Jean Patt*

SWISS CHEESE PUFF WITH LOBSTER SAUCE
pictured on page 66

- 1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell
- 4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1½ cups half and half cream
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
- ⅛ teaspoon allspice
- Pinch of rosemary
- 4 egg whites
- 1½ cups shredded Swiss cheese

Sauce
- 8 ounces lobster, cut in chunks
- 2 tablespoons butter, melted
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- White pepper, freshly ground
- ¾ cup half and half cream
- ¼ cup white wine
- 1 tablespoon chopped chives
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

(continued)



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A

Bake pie shell in preheated 450°F. oven 6 to 8 minutes; remove. Reduce oven to 350°F. Combine egg yolks, cream, salt, nutmeg, allspice and rosemary. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into yolk mixture, then fold in cheese. Pour into shell; bake 40 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Let pie stand for 5 to 10 minutes.

Sauce: Heat lobster in butter. Stir in flour, salt and pepper. Add cream, wine, chives and parsley. Spoon some of sauce on pie; pass remainder. Makes 6 to 8 servings, about 525 calories per 6, 390 calories per 8.

Preparation time: 30 minutes; *baking time:* 40 minutes.—*Sally Shipman Early*

CHOCOLATE MINT STICKS

½ cup butter or margarine
2 oz. unsweetened chocolate
2 eggs
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon peppermint extract
½ cup all-purpose flour
½ cup blanched almonds, chopped
Frosting
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1½ cups confectioners' sugar, sifted
1 to 2 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon peppermint extract
3 to 4 drops green food coloring
Glaze
2 ounces semisweet chocolate
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease a 9-inch square pan; set aside. Melt butter and chocolate; cool. Beat eggs and sugar until frothy. Add chocolate, blending well. Stir in peppermint extract, flour and almonds. Spread in pan. Bake 25 to 30 minutes. Cool.

Frosting: Cream butter and sugar. Add milk and peppermint extract beating until smooth. Add food coloring. Spread over chocolate. Allow to set.

Glaze: Melt chocolate and butter; cool slightly. Drizzle over top of frosting. Refrigerate. Makes 36 pieces, about 120 calories each.

Preparation time: 45 minutes; *baking time:* 25 to 30 minutes.—*Jean Stringfellow, Jane Todd*

PEANUT BUTTER BARS

Cookies
1 cup crunchy peanut butter
⅔ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups brown sugar, packed
3 eggs
1 cup all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
Frosting
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
2 cups confectioners' sugar, sifted
2 to 3 tablespoons cream
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Glaze
1 square (1 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Cookies: Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease a 13x9-inch baking dish; set aside. In large mixer bowl cream peanut butter, butter or margarine and vanilla. Beat in sugar, then add eggs one at a time. Blend in flour and salt. Spread in baking pan. Bake 30 to 35 minutes. Cool on wire rack.

Frosting: Stir melted butter or margarine into sugar alternately with cream; beat until smooth. Add salt; vanilla. Frost cooled bars. Let set.

Glaze: Melt chocolate and butter together. Remove from heat and stir in vanilla. Drizzle over frosting. Makes 48 bars, about 150 calories each.

Preparation time: 30 minutes; *Baking time:* 30 to 35 minutes.—*Marion Ludlow*

BANKET

Pastry
2 cups all-purpose flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1¼ cups butter, very cold
½ cup ice water
Filling
½ pound almond paste
1 cup sugar
1½ eggs, beaten
1 egg white, unbeaten

Pastry: Measure flour into bowl of food processor fitted with steel blade. Add salt and baking powder. Turn on and off once to mix. Cut butter into ½-inch pieces, drop into processor and turn on and off rapidly 3 or 4 times until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add ice water and turn on for 2 or 3 seconds, or until dough leaves sides of bowl. Turn dough onto lightly floured surface. With heel of your hand, rapidly smear the dough, a small portion at a time, 6 to 8 inches out in front of you. (This ensures complete blending of butter into dough.) Form dough into ball. Wrap tightly in plastic wrap and refrigerate overnight. (Pastry can be made without food processor. Do as you would for any pie pastry.)

Filling: Fit food processor with steel blade. Break almond paste into small pieces and put in work bowl. Process 3 or 4 times. Add sugar and process for about 5 seconds. Add beaten eggs and process until well blended, 5 to 10 seconds. (Can also be made using mixer.)

Preheat oven to 375°F. Divide pastry into 5 equal pieces. Roll each into 12x4-inch rectangle. Drop filling by teaspoonfuls lengthwise onto middle of dough, leaving ½ inch at each end. Fold one long side of dough over filling; fold other side over and seal edges with ice water. Place rolls, seam side down, on ungreased cookie sheets. (Three rolls will fit on a 17x11x2-inch sheet.) Prick tops with fork at ½-inch intervals, brush with egg white. Bake 30 to 40 minutes, until golden brown. Cool on wire racks. Cut into slices; serve warm. Makes five 12-inch rolls, about 80 calories per 1-inch slice.

Preparation time: 30 to 40 minutes; *baking time:* 30 to 40 minutes.—*Mita Oosterbaan Mitchell*

APPLE-CREAM CHEESE TORTE

Crust
½ cup butter or margarine
⅓ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup all-purpose flour
Filling
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
Sugar
1 egg
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
6 cups peeled and sliced tart apples
¼ cup sliced almonds

Crust: Cream butter, sugar and vanilla. Blend in flour. Pat dough onto bottom and about 1 inch up sides of 10-inch springform pan.

Filling: Preheat oven to 450°F. In medium bowl combine cream cheese and ¼ cup sugar until smooth. Add egg and vanilla; beat until smooth. Pour into prepared pan. In large bowl, combine ⅓ cup sugar and cinnamon. Add apples and toss until well coated. Arrange apples over cheese layer; sprinkle with nuts. Bake 10 minutes. Reduce temperature to 400°F. and continue baking 35 more minutes, or until apples are tender. Cool on wire rack; refrigerate. Makes 8 to 10 servings, about 425 calories per 8, 340 calories per 10.

Preparation time: 45 minutes; *baking time:* 45 minutes.—*Barbara Brandt*

"CHOCOHOLIC" CHEESECAKE

Crust
1 cup chocolate wafer crumbs
½ cup pecans, finely chopped
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
Filling
3 packages (8 oz. each) cream cheese, softened
1 cup sugar
4 eggs
8 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate, melted and cooled
2 tablespoons cocoa, sifted
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
2 cups sour cream
½ cup butter or margarine, melted

Crust: In 10-inch springform pan combine wafer crumbs, nuts and butter or margarine. Press evenly onto bottom and sides of pan. Cover outside of pan with foil. Chill.

Filling: Preheat oven to 350°F. In large mixer bowl beat cream cheese until fluffy. Gradually add sugar. Beat in eggs, one at a time, until well blended. Stir in chocolate, cocoa and vanilla; mix well. Fold in sour cream and butter. Pour into prepared pan. Bake 50 to 55 minutes or until edges are set. Cool on wire rack. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Makes 16 servings, about 490 calories each.

Preparation time: 45 minutes; *baking time:* 50 to 55 minutes.—*Mary Maynard*

End



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Rainbow in a Cloud



Swirl in the Cool Whip®



Spoon in the Jell-O® Gelatin.

1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Gelatin, any flavor
1 cup boiling water
½ cup cold water
1⅓ cups thawed COOL WHIP® Non-Dairy Whipped Topping

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water and pour into 8-inch square pan. Chill until firm, at least 3 hours. Cut into cubes, using sharp knife that has been dipped in hot water. Quickly dip pan in warm water. Remove cubes with spatula. Spoon about ⅓ cup of the whipped topping into each of 4 dessert glasses. Using back of spoon, make depression in center and spread topping up sides of glasses. Spoon gelatin cubes into glasses. Chill. Makes 4 servings.

GF GENERAL FOODS

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The Ten Commandments
Plate Collection

- **Important and beautiful original works of art by the distinguished artist, Mary Ma**
- **Lavishly hand-decorated with 240 square inches of pure 24kt gold.**
- **More gold by far than on any previous Danbury Mint plate collection.**



Plates shown smaller t
actual size of 9¼" in diame

Never in Danbury Mint history has gold been lavished to such an extraordinary degree on collector plates! And never before have collector plates honored a subject of greater grandeur or with more artistic majesty!

Here is a collection unlike any you've ever — combining with breathtaking beauty of the treasures of our Western civiliza-

For here is *gold* — the king of precious ls, prized for its rarity and universal value. Here, too, is magnificent *original art in the l tradition of the "old masters"* — art remi- nt of the masterpieces which adorn the d's great cathedrals, museums and houses orship.

Finally, here is a majestic tribute to the dation stone of our great religions and of civilization itself — *The Ten Command-*, plus two additional plates in honor of the greatest teachers of those commandments, es and Jesus. (The Moses plate is shown ottom of this page.)

In all, the collection is a treasure that gs in every home, *but only a fortunate few ave the opportunity to possess it!*

Hand-Decorated with a Lavish Border of 24kt Gold!

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What's more, gold is *permanent* — it n't tarnish, corrode or deteriorate. A gold minted in the days when Moses received Commandments would gleam as brightly as it did then. Thus gold is known as the *al* metal, the medium artists and craftsmen ghout the ages have used to portray and r the foremost figures and timeless doc- of the world's great religions.

And now you can bring such golden artis- lendor into *your* home, where you can re and enjoy it as often as you wish!

Original Works of Art in the Tradition of the Old Masters

For this exclusive private edition, the ury Mint has commissioned the distin- ed artist, Mary Mayo, to create twelve al paintings expressly and exclusively for ollection.

As few other artists of our day, Mary has mastered her craft after years of ing the styles and techniques of the "old rs" — giants of classical art such as randt, Michelangelo and Raphael. Her ses inspire a profound respect and admira- or such classic, timeless beauty!

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Like the original works of art, the produc- rocess to make these plates will respect honored traditions, employing the most sive materials, highest standards of excel- , and patient hand-craftsmanship at every

The plates will undergo a painstaking process of *five separate firings:* one to bake the china . . . a second to glaze it . . . a third to bond the radiant colors of the original art . . . a fourth to apply the beautiful "Old English" lettering along the rim identifying each plate . . . and, finally, a fifth to seal the luxurious gold border, which a skilled artisan has lavishly hand-painted onto each plate using a brush dipped in *pure liquid gold!*

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Plate Collection

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I need send no money now. The collection will be issued at the rate of one plate every two months. I will pay for each plate as billed in two convenient monthly installments of $27.50 each. Any plate I am not completely satisfied with may be returned upon receipt for replacement or refund, and this subscription agreement may be cancelled by either party at any time.

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For years Ed and I indulged our mutual craving for chocolate, candies and calories. Then one day it all had to stop....

The Diet That Changed Our Lives

By Susan Moskowitz

The scene, for reasons that will become clearer, is permanently stamped on my memory: Ed and I and our friend Trudy are sitting in Trudy's kitchen in the wee hours of New Year's Day, 1980. We have spent the evening "celebrating"—eating hugely, drinking heavily, eating some more, having a few more nightcaps. On the table before us is a just-opened box of luxurious bonbons. In the mercifully darkened kitchen, we hastily unwrap one exquisite confection after another. They melt in our mouths and onto our fingers. The three little piggies, I think, more amused than anything else. Suddenly one little piggie gets up. As he has done for nearly three weeks, Ed finds himself bolting for the bathroom several times an hour. And his oddly persistent thirst is raging again. He believes himself to be seriously ill and has made an appointment to see our family doctor on January 4. He even presumes to tender a diagnosis. "I'll bet I have diabetes," he insists. Meanwhile, Trudy and I good-naturedly joke about his "symptoms," and laugh about his familiar tendency to overreact to any health problem. The sticky, sickening sweetness of hazelnut-stuffed, dark chocolate remains our true focus; we are intoxicated, nearly overcome.

Three days later, I returned from a long, dull, business luncheon (during which I had entertained myself by eating and drinking too much) and found a batch of urgent messages from Ed. From the hospital. Without taking another breath, I dialed the number. He could only talk for a moment, between tests. As he had feared, he had been diagnosed a diabetic. He did indeed have the classic symptoms of excessive urination, thirst and weight loss. These were all signs that his metabolism had gone haywire: His body was "spilling" the sugar and nutrients he could no longer properly utilize. He was, in effect, starving.

Our doctor admitted Ed to the hospital in order to stabilize his blood chemistry and undertake suitable therapy. Ed was suffering from insulin-dependent diabetes. Due to a malfunction of the insulin-producing cells in his pancreas, he now lacked sufficient insulin, the hormone that enables the body to digest carbohydrates. He would require daily injections of prescription insulin (in his case, fairly low dosages and only once a day) to supplement his reduced natural supply. Yet this would not solve all his problems. His diet and activities—in fact, his overall lifestyle—would now be subject to the strictures and supervision of doctors.

The causes of the sudden onset of insulin-dependent diabetes, particularly in young people—often referred to as juvenile diabetes—are still largely undiscovered. The holiday gorging and fatiguing round of events had, however, undoubtedly *(continued on page 78)*

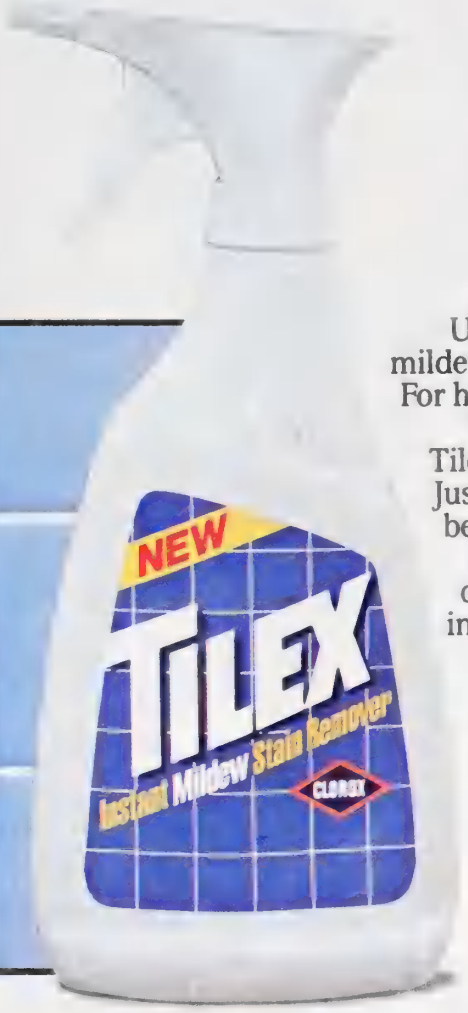
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DIET THAT CHANGED LIVES

continued from page 74

made Ed's condition more blatant and uncomfortable. (Maturity-onset diabetes, which may be the result of hereditary factors, usually develops after 45, and is often aggravated by obesity. Ed was 30 when he was diagnosed as a diabetic and very thin.)

Ironically, the infamous chocolate binge was an appropriate way to see out that old year. We were, in fact, seeing out an old, now impossible way of life. Ed would never eat or drink—or "celebrate"—that way again. As it happened, neither would I.

The traumatic discovery that Ed was ill heralded a difficult time in our life together; yet much that was positive emerged from the pain and confusion. For one thing, we experienced a new sense of our strength as a couple: We were suddenly aware of our very human fragility and vulnerability, and of our need and love for one another. Each of us began to make serious efforts to improve upon the amount and quality of time spent together. Since stress can seriously aggravate a diabetic's condition, we could no longer lead such hectic lives and allow our high-pressure careers (Ed was in advertising and I was in publishing) to overwhelm us. While striving to achieve a greater measure of calm and happiness with Ed, I found my own ability to slow down and savor life increased steadily. Furthermore, the radical alterations in meal planning, exercise and other

(continued on page 82)

THE FOOD EXCHANGE DIET

Decide on the number of calories per day that's right for you, then read across the chart to find how many servings from each of the six food groups you may eat to stay within that total. Check each of the specific food group listings to make your selections. For example: If you choose to eat 1,200 calories per day, you can have four servings from Fruit, Group 3. Select any four servings from the Group 3 listing. And so on.

DAILY FOOD EXCHANGE (PORTION) ALLOWANCES

Daily Calorie Allowance	Group 1. Milk (portions)	Group 2. Vegetable (portions)	Group 3. Fruit (portions)	Group 4. Bread (portions)	Group 5. Meat (portions)	Group 6. Fat (portions)
1200	2	1	4	4	5	5
1400	2	2	5	5	6	5
1600	2½	2	5	6	7	5
2000	2½	2	6	9	8	7

FOOD EXCHANGE LISTS

Group 1: MILK	*Portion*
Nonfat Fortified Milk	
Skim or nonfat milk	1 cup
Powdered, skim (dry)	⅓ cup
Buttermilk from skim milk	1 cup
Plain yogurt from skim milk	1 cup
Lowfat Fortified Milk	
1% fat milk (omit ½ fat exchange for each portion)	1 cup
2% fat milk (omit 1 fat exchange)	1 cup
Plain yogurt from 2% milk (omit 1 fat exchange)	1 cup
Whole Milk (omit 2 fat exchanges for each portion)	
Whole Milk	1 cup
Powdered, whole (dry)	¼ cup
Buttermilk from whole milk	1 cup
Plain yogurt from whole milk	1 cup

Group 2: VEGETABLES

One portion of these high-bulk vegetables, when prepared either raw or steamed, is ½ cup:
Asparagus, bean sprouts, beets, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, celery, chard, eggplant, green pepper, mushrooms, okra, onions, sauerkraut, spinach, string beans (green or yellow), summer squash, tomatoes, turnips, vegetable juices, zucchini.

The following raw vegetables may be used in reasonable amounts as desired:
Chicory, cucumbers, endive, escarole, lettuce, parsley, pickles (dill), radishes, watercress.
Starchy vegetables are found in the Bread Exchange List.

Group 3: FRUIT	*Portion*
Apple	1 small
Apple juice or cider	⅓ cup
Applesauce	½ cup
Apricots, fresh	2 med.
Apricots, dried	4 halves
Banana	½ small
Blackberries, raspberries, blueberries	½ cup
Strawberries	¾ cup
Cherries	10 large; 15 small
Grapefruit	½
Grapefruit juice or sections	½ cup
Grapes	12 large; 20 small
Grape juice	¼ cup
Cantaloupe (6" diam.)	¼ melon
Casaba, cranshaw, honeydew	⅛ melon
Watermelon	1 cup
Nectarine	1 small
Orange	1 small
Orange juice or sections	½ cup
Peach	1 med.
Pear	1 small
Pineapple	½ cup
Plums	2 med.
Prunes	2 med.
Prune juice	¼ cup
Raisins	2 Tb.
Tangerine	1 med.

Note: All fruits and juices listed are *unsweetened*.

Group 4: BREAD, CEREAL, STARCHY VEGETABLES	*Portion*
Bread	
White (all kinds), whole wheat, rye, pumpernickel	1 slice 1" thick
Bagel	½
English muffin	½
Plain roll	1
Frankfurter/hamburger roll	½
Dried bread crumbs	3 Tb.
Cereals	
Bran flakes	½ cup
Other unsweetened, ready-to-eat cereals	¾ cup
Puffed cereal (unfrosted)	1 cup
Cereal (cooked)	½ cup
Rice, barley, grits, kasha (cooked)	½ cup
Pasta (cooked)	½ cup
Popcorn (popped, no oil added)	3 cups
Wheat germ	¼ cup
Crackers	
Arrowroot	3
Graham, 2½" sq.	2
Oyster	20
Pretzels, sticks	25
Rye wafers	3
Saltines	6
Soda, 2½" sq.	4
Starchy Vegetables	
Dried beans, peas, lentils (dried and cooked)	½ cup
Corn	⅓ cup
Corn on cob	1 small
Lima beans	½ cup
Peas	½ cup
Potato, white (baked, boiled or steamed)	1 small
Potato, white, mashed	½ cup
Potato, sweet	¼ cup
Winter squash	½ cup

Group 5: MEAT, CHEESE, EGGS	*Portion*
Meat and Poultry	
Cooked, trimmed, lean, and boneless: Chicken, turkey, cornish hen, game, beef, lamb, veal, pork, organ meats, etc. (for meat on the bone, allow 2 ounces for each portion)	1 ounce
Cold cuts	1 slice
Frankfurter	1 reg.
Fish	
Any fresh or frozen	1 ounce
Canned, drained	¼ cup
Clams, oysters, shrimp, scallops	5 or 1 ounce
Cheese and Eggs	
Hard or soft cheese	1 ounce
Cottage cheese (try to use lowfat)	¼ cup
Egg	1 med.

Group 6: FAT	*Portion*
Avocado (4" diam.)	⅛
Butter or margarine	1 tsp.
Bacon	1 strip
Cream, light and sour	2 Tb.
heavy	1 Tb.
Oil	1 tsp.
Olives	5 small
Nuts	6
Mayonnaise	1 tsp.
Italian dressing	1 Tb.

FREE FOODS

Artificial sweeteners; coffee and tea; bouillon cubes and broths (no fat); carbonated or soda water and artificially sweetened beverages with less than 3 calories per bottle; flavoring extracts; lemon and lime juice; seasonings, including mustard and horseradish.

This diet is based on Exchange lists from the American Diabetes Association and the American Dietetic Association. For more information and more complete lists, write for "Exchange Lists for Meal Planning." Send a check or money order for 75¢ to: Publications Dept., American Dietetic Association, 430 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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change in my own life: I quit smoking. Unhappily, I ha turned to eating to replace my two-pack-a-day habit, an relied heavily on sweets for comfort as well as for the los kicks of energy. Already I had gained 12 pounds. I was at kind of turning point—eager to choose a healthier way o living, but uncertain how to go about it. When Ed becam a diabetic that gloomy January, much of my confusion frustration and depression about my weight gain, m uncontrollable eating and my lack of direction in finding solution came into focus. Unexpectedly, learning mor about Ed's path to health helped me to discover my own.

Ed's surprising new diet

Of course, one of the most radical changes in our house hold—and central to our sense of mutual responsibility— was Ed's new dietary restrictions. Certain foods were sim ply forbidden to him. Chief among these were sugar, hone and molasses, syrups, jams, jellies and marmalade, an foods containing these refined sugars. Alcoholic beverage were frowned upon, as were oily, fried, scalloped an creamed foods. Of course, the rigid refined-sugar restric tion came as no surprise; this is commonly known as requirement for diabetics. But we were amazed to discove that carbohydrates were at the very heart of the diet. E was encouraged to eat as many as four pieces of fruit a da A diet high in complex carbohydrates (such as vegetable both starchy and others, and fruits) and correspondingl low in animal protein (meat, eggs and dairy products) an fats is now considered by many experts to be the singl most effective dietary tool in the management of diabete

Ed had to learn how to maintain his weight and avoid ove loading his metabolism. How much he ate became as crucia to his good health as what he ate. To facilitate proper mea planning, his doctor introduced him to a dietary progra known as the "Exchange system." *(continued on page 14*

DIET THAT CHANGED LIVES

continued from page 78

basic aspects of Ed's existence that were dictated by his illness transformed our household.

Like many other harried working couples, we had sadly neglected our physical well-being in a variety of ways. Nutrition, for example, was far less important to us than convenience. Breakfast was likely to be coffee for me; tea or nothing for Ed. We might add a well-buttered, toasted bagel as a treat (we thought the bagel, not the butter, was wastefully fattening) and sometimes eggs: lots of them, in buttery omelets or scrambled with rich cheeses. And bacon. Lunches and dinners were similarly dominated by "animal" protein—we ate literally *pounds* of it every single day. We usually managed to add a salad, but rarely cooked fresh vegetables.

Over the preceding few years, Ed and I had both been troubled by comparatively minor but persistent problems in maintaining our best weights. The high-protein diet—that is, high in fats, low in (or no) carbohydrates—we followed was the national rage. Based largely on meat, fish and some milk products, the diet deprived us of most of the major food groups. We avoided those foods we had been taught to regard as "fattening starches": complex carbohydrates and protein sources such as whole grains and cereals, beans and legumes, as well as potatoes, pasta and bread. The two of us, however, had always had what seemed unconquerable sweet tooths. We were true sugar junkies– he for ice cream, me for anything chocolate. When we were "off our diets," the first thing we returned to were desserts. We continued to avoid the forbidden starches and fresh fruit, but candy, cake and ice cream we thought of as purer sins—and we went on sinning.

At the time of Ed's illness, I had just made a major



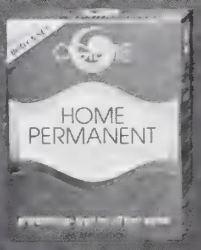
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This salon-proven conditioner comes with all three Ogilvie Home Perms. For more body with springier waves or curls, it's Regular Body & Set. For full body with waves or curls, it's Soft Body Wave. And for the most body and the springiest curls ever, it's Extra Body & Set.



Three different Ogilvie Home Perms for three different looks. But each one can give you the two things you want most from a home perm: predictable results and a long-lasting perm that can really hold a set. And hold it. And hold it.







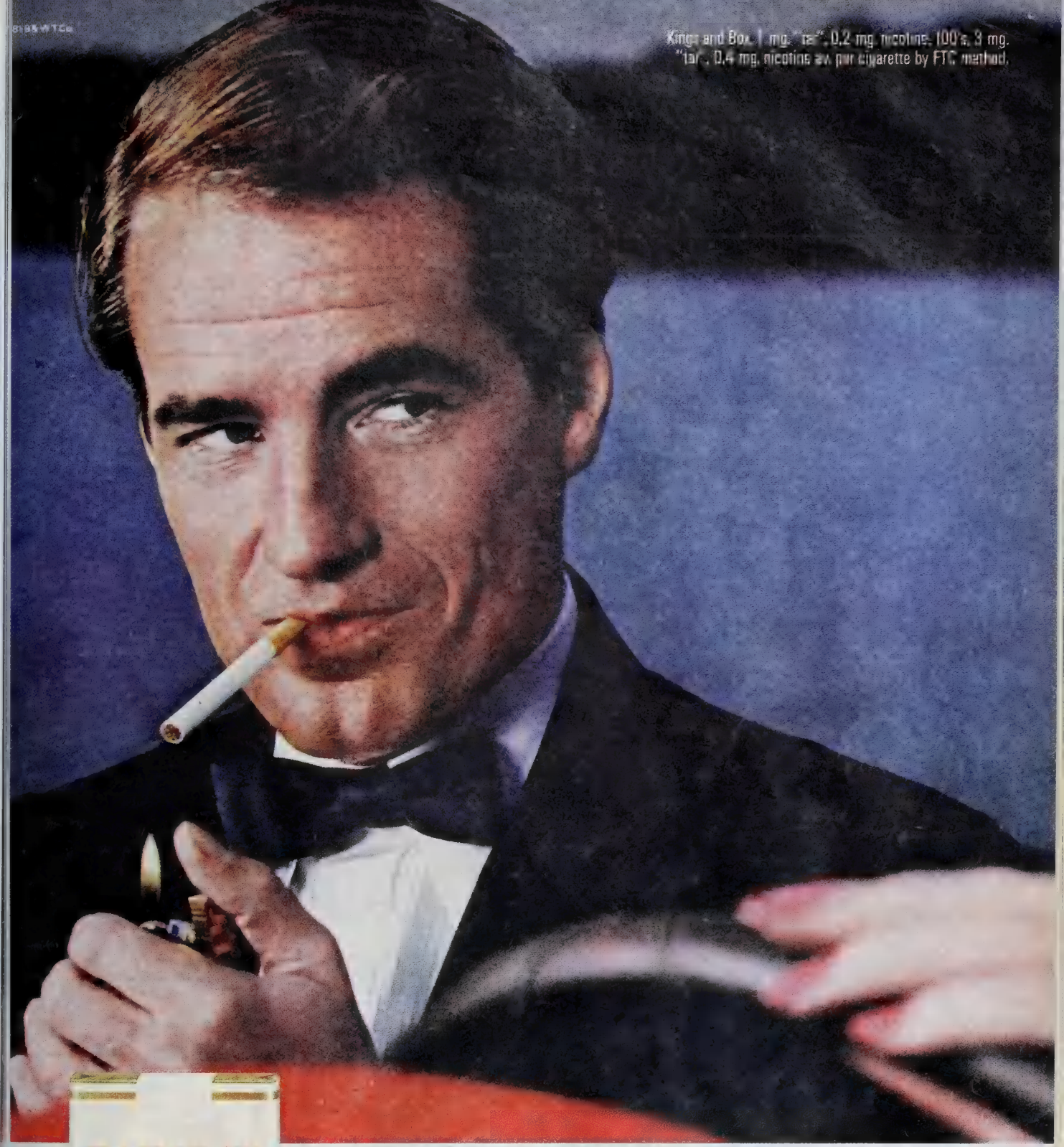
Sweet Dreams to Sew Romantic cotton nightgowns to make in a wink from complete, pre-cut kits.

By Ann B. Bradley, Craft Editor



Photograph by Barbara Bersell. Hairstyles by Pat Carroll.

Sleeping beauties will cherish these delicate nightgowns that capture the femininity of Victorian heirlooms at a fraction of their cost. Both are simple to sew from pre-cut, easy-care poly/cottons. Kits include fabric, lace, ruffles and trims, and complete instructions. Sizes S (8-10), M (12-14), L (16-18). *Left:* Item #8236. Dainty, puffed-shoulder gown in sky-blue broadcloth with easy-to-pleat accents in white. V-yoke has simple lace details and buttons so gown can double as a slip-over-the-head robe. *Right:* Item #8237. Floating snow-white batiste gown has yoke of narrow lace ruffles with a cameo inset. Wider lace circles wrists and hem. *To order:* Send check or money order for $17.95 plus $2 postage and handling for each nightgown to: Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. 271, 1419 West Fifth St., Wilton, Iowa 52778. Include item number, size and shipping address. N.Y. and Iowa residents must add sales tax. MasterCard, Visa and American Express customers include card number, expiration date and signature.



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So moist and delicious you may forget to butter 'em.

Now there's a delicious new taste from Duncan Hines. Bran Muffins that bake up so irresistibly moist and delicious, you may not wait to butter 'em.

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They join our Wild Blueberry Muffins as the newest member of the Duncan Hines Muffin family.

Try 'em. See if you don't forget to butter 'em.



HOW AMERICA LIVES

America's favorite author looks at the problems of today and the challenges of tomorrow.

It was over 40 years ago that the Journal *first introduced the "How America Lives" series. We are proud to continue our important feature with this insightful essay by a keen observer of the American scene.*

There could not be a more exciting time than now to look at how America really lives, because enormous changes have modified the superficial patterns and even threatened the fundamental structures of all our lives. There's been a sexual revolution, a redefinition of womanhood, growing concern and confusion about education, morality and runaway crime. Yet we're still a remarkably stable society with an abiding respect for the traditions that made us great.

Let's look first at those constructive forces that even today bind us together.

Americans still follow many of the old ways. In a time of rapid change it is essential that we remember how much of the old we cling to. Young people still get married (2.41 million couples last year as opposed to only 1.52 million in 1960). Of course, many do get divorced, but they remarry at astonishing rates. They have children, but fewer than before. They belong to churches, even though they attend somewhat less frequently, and they want their children to have religious instruction. They're willing to pay taxes for education, and they generously support institutions like hospitals, museums and libraries. In fact, when you compare the America of today with that of 1950, the similarities are far greater than the differences.

Americans still have an enviable standard of living. In general we enjoy good housing, first-class clothing, adequate food, good medical care and acceptable though declining transportation. (Except for cross-country travel, it was much easier to get around America in 1920 than it is today!) I have lived in all the continents of the world and am constantly delighted with the sensible standards of living we have developed. I would judge that if we threw our doors completely open, and foreign nations allowed their citizens free exit, we would quadruple our population within a few years. The rest of the world knows how lucky we are.

Americans are more interested than ever in culture. Do you know that no nation has better public libraries than ours, reaching down even to the *(continued on page 121)*

By James A. Michener



Tad Trenton, four years old, awoke not long after midnight, needing to go to the bathroom. He got out of bed and walked half asleep toward the white light thrown in a wedge through the half-open door. Back in bed, he pulled the covers up, and that was when he saw the creature in his closet.

Low to the ground it was, with huge shoulders bulking above its cocked head, its eyes amber-glowing pits—a thing that might have been half man, half wolf. And its eyes rolled to follow him as he sat up; his hair standing on end, his breath a thin winter-whistle in his throat: mad eyes that laughed, eyes that promised horrible death and the music of screams that went unheard; something in the closet.

He heard its purring growl; he smelled its sweet carrion breath.

Tad Trenton clapped his hands to his eyes, hitched in breath—and screamed.

A muttered exclamation in another room—his father.

A scared cry of "What was that?" from the same room—his mother.



THE MONSTER IN THE CLOSET

***A little boy with an active imagination can see many scary things in a dark room at night. Of course, these "monsters" are not real—or are they? Stephen King, today's master of suspense, reawakens all those childhood terrors in this chilling excerpt from his newest best seller,* Cujo.**

Their footfalls, running. As they came in, he peered through his fingers and saw it there in the closet, snarling, promising dreadfully that they might come, but they would surely go, and that when they did—

The light went on. Vic and Donna Trenton came to his bed, exchanging a look of concern over his chalky face and his staring eyes, and his mother snapped, "I told you three hot dogs was too many, Vic!"

And then his daddy was on the bed, Daddy's arm around his back, asking him what was wrong.

Tad dared to look into the mouth of the closet again. The monster was gone. Instead of whatever hungry beast he had seen, there were two uneven piles of blankets, winter bedclothes which Donna had not yet gotten around to taking up to the third floor. Instead of the shaggy, triangular head, cocked sideways in a kind of predatory questioning gesture, he saw his teddy bear on the taller of the two piles of blankets. Instead of pitted and baleful amber eyes, there were the friendly brown glass balls from which his Teddy observed the world. *(continued on page 143)*

Copyright © 1981 by Stephen King. From the book, CUJO, by Stephen King. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press. Illustration by Don Brautigam.



The Short Side of Curly

How do you define "curly" as compared to "wavy"? Let your hair dry naturally after a shampoo. If it twirls into tight ringlets, it's curly; loose ringlets, merely wavy.

Go with the flow and follow the natural tendency of your hair. Excessive blow-drying or long hours of setting needed to straighten this type of hair frequently end up doing damage. For most curly-heads, keeping the style soft and short seems to work best. After washing, spritz with hair-setting lotion such as Set de Pantene to keep frizzies in control. Run fingers through hair, lifting from roots for height.

Above: The ripples' fullness gives a flattering frame to the face. Note how volume starts at the scap. A must: regular trims, minimum of every 4-5 weeks.

Sweater by Overture.



Blouse by Malbe.

Sweater by Regina Porter.

"Your Hair Looks Great!"

Tips, tricks and solutions for all your hairstyle problems ...from growing out bangs to adding fullness to fine hair.

By Maureen Lynch, Beauty and Fashion Director.

Wild Gets Tamer

Long and naturally curly can be too much of a good thing. Volume aplenty... body galore. Often resembling a "lion's mane."

Single most important factor with this type of hair: getting a terrific cut, one that gives shape and control. Care is minimal. All you have to do is shampoo it, work in a hair setting lotion (such as L'Oréal Set) to hold the curl but stop the frizzies. Then let it dry naturally.

Far left: For a look with style, collect front section of hair, pull it back and slightly to one side. Leave some fullness to balance out the thick, curly sides.

The Way to Un-Layer

Most short hairstyles are shaped by the cutting of many layers. That's fine, but does that mean you're stuck with layers for life?

No—although it's not easy to go from swirly to smooth without looking like a shaggy dog. You'll have to depend on a curling iron or rollers to give the layers some definite direction. Be sure to go for regular trims to keep the bottom even. Some of the top layers may have to be shortened to lop off split ends.

Above, near left: One good answer for the in-between time. The growing-out side layers are swept back in a breezy way, the back ends are kept tidy. Soft, fringe-y bangs accent the eyes.

Photographs by Joel Brodsky.
Haircuts by Kim Lepine; color consultant, Louis Licari; hairstyling by Mark Kane; all of La Coupe, New York.
Makeup: Sajata, Marion Blake.
Hair ornaments by Madeline Stern.

More Body, More Bounce

You've always known your hair to be fine and thin rather than bulky and thick. This results in the curious combination of being flyaway, yet very flat. One accurate test of how fine, how thin, is to put your hair up in a ponytail. If you have to wrap the elastic band around three or more times, your hair can be classified as "baby-fine".

Good points: This type of hair dries very quickly, and with the right cut, can look satiny smooth. A blunt cut is best. All one length gives the illusion of more volume. When you wash your hair, give it an extra boost, for example, with Silkience Shampoo in the "Extra Body" formula. Setting lotion can also lend fullness.

Right: Perfect styling for fine, thin hair. Cut just above shoulder-length, it gets blown dry, the ends gently turned under to give the smooth line a bit of bounce. Long bangs, snipped to skim the eyebrows, often work well with this hair type (depends on your face shape). One word of advice: Fine, thin hair gets oily, separates very quickly. Plan to shampoo frequently to continue looking in tip-top shape.

Blouse by Blassport.





Handle-with-Care Hair Tips

(for perms, color)

Anytime that you make a change with color or a perm, you've altered the basic texture of your hair. It's as simple as that. To keep your hair healthy, follow these helpful tips.

1 With any change of color, look for a shampoo that is specially formulated for "tinted" hair. It's gentler, cuts down chances of stripping new color, making hair brassy.

2 Even the most delicate highlighting falls into the same "color change" category and needs the benefits of a special shampoo to keep color subtle, not orange-y.

3 An after-shampoo conditioner is an absolute necessity–to smooth out snarls, add luster. The rinse-through type is fine for everyday, but deep condition (15-30 minutes) at least once a month.

4 Stash away your hair brush if you get a perm. Brushing just flattens the curls. Use a wide-tooth comb, work from underside up, in layers, until smooth. With bouncy curls (especially if short), simply finger-fluff while damp.

5 Be extra careful of your hair. Always wear a hat in the direct sun, particularly if you live in southern climes. And if you swim in a chlorinated pool, rinse after each dip.

From Flat to Full

You can describe your hair as "stick straight" if it never ever curls or waves. Even on muggy days, when everyone else complains of unruliness, your hair hangs close to your head without a hint of motion. It's interesting that this type of hair takes a curl quickly—and loses it just as fast.

To get volume, you'll have to give the curls an extra boost. Do this with setting gel or a setting lotion such as Alberto VO5 Hair Setting Lotion.

Below: One way to go from flatness to fullness—a "spot" perm that leaves bangs and crown silky smooth but creates cascades of waves on sides and back.

Brighter, Whiter

If your hair suddenly looks drab and beige instead of glistening and gray, it's time for a brighter idea.

You have several ways to get the yellow out. An easy answer is an after-shampoo rinse. Try one of Roux's Fanci-Full toning shades such as "Platinum Plus." For more staying power, use a non-peroxide tint that holds through 4-5 shampoos, such as Clairol's Silk & Silver. In all cases, pick a product that merely cancels out the yellow without turning blue.

Below: A silvery gray shining true without a trace of sallow yellow. Hair was set on rollers, gently brushed back.

First Signs of Gray

Finding those very first strands of gray can happen as early as your 20s or anytime thereafter. The decision to keep or cover depends on how much you like your natural color—and the way you are graying (mottled or pretty).

If you opt for a cover-up, the grays can be an asset. Pick a color in your same family, only lighter, warmer. The gray hairs will show up even lighter, as highlights. Try a shampoo-in hair coloring lotion such as Clairesse by Clairol.

Below: Move out of the blond tones into a range of auburns. This, a ginger-peachy color, perfect for light brown hair with streaks of gray.



Blouse by Gregue Sport



Blouse by Pierre Cardin



Blouse by Regine Porter

Growing Out a Perm

You're in that awkward stage, opposite page, when your roots are growing in naturally straight, yet the ends are still curly and whirly. The moment of truth (whether to let it alone or have another perm) comes when about 2-3 inches are lying flat against your head.

It's up to you. If you liked the change of mood a perm brings, go for a new one in the re-growth area only. On the other hand, there are tricks to letting a perm grow out gracefully. You can set your hair with rollers or a curling iron, such as Gillette's Body & Curl, to give the straight section some bounce and lift. It's essential to get regular trims, every 4-6 weeks, to keep the overall style in the right proportions.

Opposite: For this growing-out perm, bangs and sides were trimmed, the back left slightly longer for softness. Hair was set on medium rollers, then brushed for a tousled look. By the next salon visit, most of the perm can be cut off without leaving the hair too short.

Knit blouse by Overture

Lively New Look

Have you ever glanced in a mirror and thought to yourself, "Gee, my hair is really a boring color?" If it's an allover mousy shade (drab brown, dull blonde), highlights are the answer. ...auburn or chestnut on brown; sunlight on blonde.

Good highlighting should look like mere hints of added light, not streaks or stripes or clumps. Take tiny sections, weave out a few strands at a time and lighten. You can do it at home, with L'Oréal Brush-On Highlight Kit, or at a salon.

Right: Once ordinary brown now has a glint of sunniness to surround the face with the look of light.

Blouse by Henry Grethel



Overly Natural

It sometimes happens that black hair can be too frizzy. So dense, it looks dry and dull ... because no light can penetrate through the tight curls to give the hair a shiny quality.

Though it may sound strange, one way to control the over-curliness is to have a permanent! You don't have to relax the hair chemically first. When the hair gets wrapped on a large rod, the natural tightness reconstructs itself into looser curls. It's best to take extra care of your hair, ending each shampoo with a moisturizing conditioner, such as Wella Balsam Deep Conditioner.

Below: After the perm, short hair that's soft, manageable, gleaming with new lights.



Sweater by Cathedral







Hide a High Hairline

Comb your hair straight back. If you find the sides of your forehead are indented an inch or more, you have a receding hairline. Although it's probably genetic and can't be reversed, the problem can be solved by a new hairstyle.

Answer is to soften the hair around your face with bangs, from little fringes to a full sweep. Another solution: a no-part style. Hair is combed forward and down from crown. If you opt for a part, make it on the diagonal, starting high on top towards the center of crown, ending below sparse area.

Above: Fresh and engaging, this style (note: no part) has long, curly bangs. Little tendrils on the sides add to the charm.

...Or a Too-Low One

Sometimes really thick hair grows overabundantly, leaving you with as little as 1½ inches between brows and hairline. Electrolysis is the last resort, but more frequently, certain styles can disguise the excessiveness.

Like too high a hairline, the solution is to cloak your forehead with full bangs (if hair's very curly) or even partial bangs brushed to one side. With stick-straight hair, consider a side part, with fuller section of hair crossing the forehead in a diagonal. The one no-no: pulling hair up and straight back.

Above: An uneven fall of bangs works beautifully here. Partly turned under, partly flipped up, they add a sense of movement.

Blending in Bangs

How many years have you worn bangs? They're flippy and fun... but offer a bit of a challenge once you've decided to get rid of the fringe benefits.

The critical point is when your bangs are creeping past your eyes, yet are not a part of the rest of your hair. Trick is to blend them in attractively. Easiest method: sweep to one side, loosely curl on rollers or with a curling wand. Consider cutting just the front of your hair on an angle to come up and meet the descending bangs.

Above: Overly-long bangs on their way to growing out. Notice how the bangs curve in a soft crescent and flow into the angled side. Everything else is turned under for a smooth line.

Getting Back in the Swing

Hairstyles, like clothing, come in and go out of fashion. Remember the beehive, the bubble? Yours may look dated if it's too flat, cut in a severe geometric shape or chopped up in chunky layers. If you've been trooping off to the same stylist for years and years, think about switching to get a fresher eye, a newer approach.

Get back in the swing of things with fuller, fluffier hair (even if it's short!). The most up-to-date styling matches the looser, wider look of fall/winter fashion. Wouldn't a "pinhead" hairstyle look silly with the new broad-shouldered jackets?

Below: Short and snappy. This "right now" haircut, has fullness across the top, closeness on the sides. It's very versatile, either left curly (as shown) or blown-dry for a smoother look.



Slim Down a Full Face

The way you wear your hair can either add to or subtract from your features. For instance, if your cheekbones lack definition and your face is full (shape or extra weight), your choice of hairstyle can be a real help.

Head for volume—to put your hair and face in better balance. Put some height on top and discreet fullness at the nape. Getting specific: Sideburns aid in "creating" cheekbones. Avoid: any style that's too flat, short-cropped, or long and straggly.

Right: This hairstyle, semi-short and carefree, provides a good proportion for the face. Hair is softly layered, then tapered on the sides to bring out the eyes, contour the cheeks. The little extra fullness around the neck increases the flattery.

Sweater by Ohio...



Up for a Change

What do you do when you love your long locks (shoulder-length or below) . . . feel some need for a change . . . but don't want to cut it?

You're in good company. Most women with long hair are devoted to the look, the ease in handling. Stay loyal. You can quickly satisfy your itch for something new by making fast style changes. Play with pretty combs, snappy barrettes, exotic ornaments. Learn to wrap your hair up in a French twist or master a variety of braidings.

Above: Even the basic ponytail can be dressed up to look special. Gather hair smoothly to one side, secure with a decorative elastic; this one, glitter-beaded for evening. Swirl "tail" under and back (see inset), hold with hidden pins.

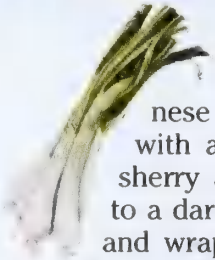
Blouse by Cathy Hardwick I.





Lemon Chicken

An incredibly simple idea from noted Italian cookbook author, Marcella Hazan. Place two lemons, pierced about 20 times each, inside the chicken; secure both openings and roast. Results are unbelievable! All the meat is fragrant with the taste of lemon.



Peking Chicken

Simplified variation of the Chinese classic—Peking duck. Basted with a piquant sauce of honey, soy, sherry and ginger, the chicken roasts to a dark mahogany. Way to eat: sliced and wrapped in Chinese pancakes (or flour tortillas) with frilly green onions.

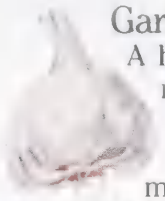


5 Great New Ways to Roast CHICKEN

Can you believe...we've taken a family-size roaster (readily available, low in price) and found 5 new ways to cook it? Each changes the basic bird into something special...from lemon lightness to Oriental spice. Recipes, page 108.

CHICKEN QUICKIES—How to buy, store, roast. . .

- Check for plumpness, clear skin, a fresh smell. Color goes from white to deep yellow and is strictly a matter of regional preference. Taste and nutritional value are not affected. One guide to quality is USDA inspection emblem or Grade A shield.
- After purchase, loosen supermarket wrapping and place in coldest section of refrigerator, up to 2-3 days. More than 3 days, wrap in freezer paper or foil; label and date. Freeze up to 4-6 months.
- For moist chicken, roast breast side down for first half of cooking; turn breast side up to complete.
- Chicken is still a best buy for its favorable protein to cost ratio. Plus it's lower in fat than most red meats.



Garlic/Herb Chicken

A heady paste of garlic and rosemary flavors the cavity and skin. Inner moistness comes from a baster/injector that plunges a mixture of dry vermouth and melted butter right into the meat.



Pot-Roasted Chicken

Family-style pot roast, made with a whole chicken instead of beef. Stuffed with tart apple, sweet potato, celery and prunes, the bird simmers slowly in a Dutch oven, gets smothered with a rich gravy of chicken broth and heavy cream.



Tandoori Chicken

Marinated overnight in a spicy fresh ginger root/yogurt/onion base, this East Indian-inspired chicken is served with a cool-as-a-cucumber sauce. Calories are cut by removing skin first. Outside gets crispy and slightly charred.

Photograph by Gordon E. Smith. Illustrations by Julia Noonan.

WHO'S WHO OF THE NEW SUPER

Once upon a time (not so long ago) it was an accepted fact that behind every great man was a woman, an aproned helpmate, basking (or was it baking?) in his glory.

Now, many husbands and wives stand in the limelight together. And successful women are discovering that achievement no longer sentences them to lives of loneliness. In fact, accomplished men want their women to be just as accomplished as they are. There is a new trend for husband and wife to share *everything*—the power and prestige, along with the pitfalls and problems.

The famous super-couples we talk to here reveal just how rewarding marriage between equals can be—and you don't have to be famous to know that!



Marlo stopped being a doubting Thomas about marriage when she met super-listener Phil Donahue. Together they've got lots to smile about.



A rare shot of *Today's* Jane Pauley with her husband, Garry Trudeau, who usually hides behind his Doonesbury characters.



Despite the intense look, Jan Fonda says her husband won't let her take herself too seriously.



Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman don't have much in common—except a strong interest in each other.

COUPLES

THAT COUPLE

Marlo Thomas, actress, women's rights activist and wife, knows that what Phil Donahue preaches on televison, he practices at home.

"People seem excited," reports Marlo Thomas, "that a marriage between equals is working." Well, when one of the equals is an effective and affecting feminist, and the other is a steamroller for social change, who wouldn't get excited?

Of course, Marlo allows, "It's been hard work. It's all new to Phil and me. Sometimes, one of us finds our need is greater in a particular area than the other's. Ours is a fifty-fifty marriage, but it changes back and forth."

For a long time, Marlo wasn't convinced that marriage could work.

"I thought one had to decide between a personal and a professional life," she says. "I couldn't see myself in the traditional role of 'enabler' for my husband. My career was everything."

Indeed, Donahue, 45, was at first only a professional contact; she was a guest on his show in 1977. Divorced, raising four sons (he also has a daughter who lives with his ex), he was, by his own admission, hopelessly inept at dating. But if anyone could understand Marlo's feminist views, it was super-empathetic Phil. Right on the air, they became a mutual admiration society. "You are loving and generous, and the woman in your life is very lucky," Marlo found herself telling Donahue—and his almost ten million viewers.

For his part, Phil found Marlo, now 44, "very bright, articulate and sexy." Later they confided to a friend that they had crushes on each other, and their three-year courtship began. Both Catholics (that's one of the many things they share, says Phil) they wed at Marlo's parents'—the Danny Thomases—Beverly Hills mansion.

Almost immediately, the marriage inflated their celebrity status to near-mythic proportions. They joined the ranks of those other couples—like Alan and Arlene Alda and the Reagans—whom people like to call *ideal*.

But for Marlo and Phil, much remained to be worked out. For one thing, she spends most of her time in New York, where she is studying acting with Lee Strasberg. Phil tapes his show in Chicago. For now, their time together is confined to long weekends; they alternate between their Manhattan apartment and five-bedroom house in Wilmette, Illinois.

As a result, gossip columnists have never ceased to report their impending breakup, and friend Aaron Gold, a Chicago newspaperman himself, reports: "They've had it rough so far. They do spend a lot of time apart, but they are very much in love. She's like a little girl around him—for one birthday, she got his favorite barbershop quartet to serenade him. And he enjoys buying her little surprises."

Along with love, it takes organization to make this marriage work. Says

(continued on page 150)



Not one for wasting time, Governor Hugh Carey met and wed his bride, Evangeline, in three months—then took off on a whirlwind working honeymoon that's still going strong.



How do you build a happy marriage? For Leona Helmsley, the key is always standing behind real estate mogul Harry Helmsley.



When two government branches meet in marriage, balancing power is easier than juggling time—so say Senator Robert Dole and his wife, Elizabeth.



Anna and Bill Fisher, married astronauts, are flying high (helped by a gravity-free space capsule). No wonder. They may be the first mates in space.

COAT



FEATHERWEIGHT DOWN

For on-the-go warmth, nothing beats down. Its natural fibers "breathe," keeping you toasty on sub-zero days yet comfortable while you're shopping, chauffeuring kids or shoveling snow.

FABRIC

The FTC says that to be labeled "down," content must be at least 70% down, 30% other materials.

HOW IT'S MADE

Look for: • Quilted "channels" no more than 8" to 10" apart to prevent the down from bunching up or settling at the bottom of the coat. • Tight, small stitches in seams and quilting.

Smooth outer fabric. A tightly woven fabric (inside and out) will keep stray feathers from poking through. Nylon or a poly/cotton blend is a good choice. • Secure closures. Many coats have a zipper *and* buttons for double protection. • Cuffs that hug your wrists. • A collar you can pull up.

STYLE

Used to be, down coats made everyone look like blimps. Good news for '81: Styles are sleeker, more flattering; note the gentle scallops, *right*. And there's lots to choose from in new, shorter lengths. Slimming tips: Choose vertical rather than horizontal quilting and a soft, not bright, color.

FIT

You'll want the coat loose enough for movement without being baggy. Here, a good example: Fingertip-length coat by Bibi Brothers, $138.

Photographs by Palma Kolansky. Hair by Pascal Boissier; makeup by Lydia Snyder. For accessory information, see page 150.

TALES

Good Value Guide to Buying a Basic Coat

It's elementary . . . whether your winter weather is icy-cold or merely chilly, a well-chosen coat is a clothing essential. On these pages the inside story on how to face the outside world . . . with style.

WELL-TAILORED CLOTH

A good wool coat should see you to the office, off to dinner . . . and on, nonstop for at least three or four seasons. Find one to fit your own lifestyle, from super sporty to dressy. Home in the country could call for the dash of a casual plaid. City sophisticates might opt for the versatility of the more neutral colors: soft burgundy, bright navy, warm tan or winter white.

FABRIC

Wool is naturally water-repellent and warm. Check label for specifics—from 100% wool to blends. If your budget can swing it, snuggle into luxurious camel or cashmere.



HOW IT'S MADE

Lining helps retain the coat's shape and provides a layer of "trapped air" for insulation. Quilted, pile or fur linings are cozier, but add weight. Regardless of the type of fabric, lining should be full, with no puckering or pulling. • *Look for:* • Collars that don't buckle. • Straight, neatly finished seams and hems. • Securely sewn-on buttons. • Sleeves that hang smoothly from shoulders. • Zippers with a flap of fabric over them or a side closing (shown here), both good for keeping out a chilly breeze. • A collar to cuddle into.

STYLE

1981 coats have classic lines with fuller shoulders and simple details, such as the mandarin collar and shoulder flange on this coat, *left*.

Better to choose a less bulky coat (and layer underneath) than a heavyweight that strains your shoulders.

FIT

In general, keep the coat in proportion to your body type. • One common mistake: buying one that's way too big or so tight (especially around the armholes) that it's hard to move.

When you try the coat on, it should hang smoothly from top to bottom.

Look at all angles; walk in it, even sit down. Be sure the coat doesn't gap or pull. This coat by Braefair, $220.

General Buying Tips

- *Invest in a coat that makes you look and feel terrific. Any coat that hangs in your closet season after season was not a good buy.*
- *When you shop, wear a blazer or sweater to try on underneath coat.*
- *Accessorize your coat* before *you leave the store: Find gloves, scarf, hat to give a finished look.*
- *Soil and perspiration can shorten a coat's life. The International Fabricare Institute recommends you have your coat cleaned before it gets really grimy around the edges; once a year at the absolute minimum.*



CLASSIC TRENCH

The versatile trench coat was originally designed to keep British soldiers dry during trench warfare in WW I. Its functional yet simple styling carried it from the muddy front lines to slick city streets.

FABRIC

Most trench coats nowadays are made of a cotton/polyester poplin fabric, chemically treated to be water repellent. • If you live in a climate where you'll wear a trench coat year-round, you'll want to spend more than if your needs are limited to one or two seasons. Does rain often turn to icy sleet? Consider a removable lining.

HOW IT'S MADE

Trench coats have lots of detailing. *Look for:* • Adequate armholes. • Reinforced belt loops, pockets. • A hemline reaching below your knee.

STYLE

The classic trench coat has: double-breasted buttons; tie or buckle belt; cuff straps; large lapels; shoulder epaulets. • Classic color is khaki, but you'll see variations.

FIT

Check to see that the waistline hits you in the right place. • Be sure shoulders are wide enough to slip over a suit jacket. • Coat should button without gapping and allow you to move easily. Trench coat, *above*, with button-in plaid lining of 85% acrylic mohair/15% nylon, by Gale Gould for Fox Run, $140.

DECORATE TO SAVE ENERGY

KEEP COZY, CUT COSTS



Warming up your house for winter means taking practical new steps to cut energy costs as well as harking back to the old-fashioned ways of creating a cozy aura. By Joan Tully, Home Editor.







COMFY LIVING

A room to settle into, *left,* country-fresh and very friendly. It's full of mood-making ideas borrowed from our ancestors, such as an abundance of russet tones, candles and, of course, a blazing fire. But unlike yesteryear's fireplace, this one offers more than psychological comfort—glass doors stop cold gusts from the chimney while hot air gets circulated back into the room. The classic wing chair, originally designed to shield the sitter from a draft, is teamed with a patchwork afghan to wrap up in. Wall-to-wall carpeting in toasty beige adds extra insulation; and vinyl wallcovering slightly increases the humidity level, making the room seem



cozier. Windows, incredible energy thieves, can be made more efficient by lined draperies topped with a cornice (cutting heat loss by 25%). Purpose is to prevent heated air from slipping through the top of draperies, traveling past the cool window and out again. *Inset, above left:* A layered look at home lends a pampered feeling. Traditional wing chair has homespun throw and pillows; small braided rug stays underfoot. *Inset, above:* Window quilt, five layers deep, moves up and down on a 4-sided track to seal window or sliding glass door, saving 79% of winter heat loss from that spot!

Photographs by Granberry Studios. Designed by Susan McGlennen. All furniture, except sofa, from Habersham Plantation. Wallcovering by Strahan.

DECORATE TO SAVE ENERGY

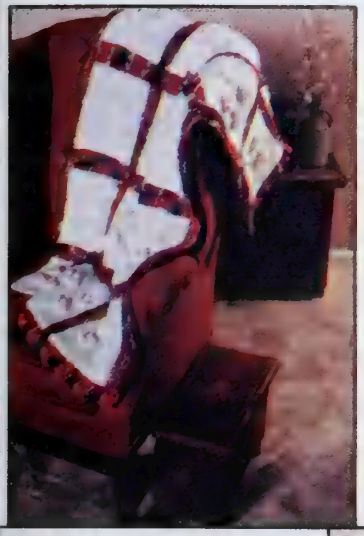
More ideas to spark your imagination for warming hearth and home. Some are high in energy efficiency; others are simply inviting.



Bedroom, *below,* makes you want to turn the thermostat down and climb into bed early. The four-poster bed has many layers for added comfort—a blanket with inner-foam insulation, a fat comforter (preferably down), an antique quilt to keep toes extra toasty and, just for fun, a brass warming pan that once was filled with embers to take the chill off sheets. Other ideas that contribute to the aura of warmth: deep, wine-y colors, bedside rug-upon-rug, more quilts hanging on a drying rack. *Inset, right:* A shade, mounted just inside the window frame, is effective in stopping 25% of heat loss. By adding cornices and wooden side strips (painted a rosy pink) and hanging the shade only 1″ away from the glass, the saving of heat is increased to 45%. Plus, an opaque shade is slightly more efficient than the translucent variety.

COZY QUILTING

Americana patchwork quilt, *right,* rich in its play of patterns, makes a wonderful window covering. Fitted close to the window pane on four-sided framing, it works to prevent air leaks. Much like a standard window shade, but this quilt rolls up and down on a dowel-and-cord device. (For books on window treatments, see page 150.)



The coverlet is easily made from quilt-printed fabric, stuffed with thin batting and backed with more fabric. These layers trap air, keeping the desk area warm and draft-free.

CRAFTY AFGHAN

Handsome Irish look for this easy-knit afghan, *left.* Creamy Aran pattern, made in strips, not squares. Each "block" is textured with popcorn stitches, accented by rich tweedy borders. Instructions on page 148.

Designed by Millie Hines



SNUG-AS-A-BUG

Private little world, *right:* One corner of the living room offers a snug and quiet place to curl up and read. Built-in bed has a pile of pillows, provincial print comforter, a frame of curtains (to catch errant drafts) and soft light overhead. Similiar treatment can warm up a window seat.



SITTING DUCK

If you leave windows bare or flimsily covered, you're like a sitting duck for increased fuel costs. Instead, *below,* hang heavy draperies, flush with the floor. To old drapes, add the new insulating curtain linings.

SPACE HEATER SAFETY TIPS

Why heat up the whole house when you're spending long hours in just one room? Space heaters, such as the portable kerosene one, *below,* are a handy answer to help cut overall fuel bills without the expense of a chimney or duct. Here, some care-and-use tips, many from the Consumer Product Safety Commission: • When buying a kerosene heater, find one that automatically extinguishes the flame if jarred. • Heaters with push-button starters conveniently eliminate the need for matches. • Shop for one with a guard around the heating element to keep children, pets away. • Don't place heater near curtains, furniture, flammable materials. Keep out of traffic pathways. • Kerosene heaters, as well as gas or oil ones, consume oxygen. Always keep door or window open. Don't sleep with heater on overnight. • Never fill heater completely. Fuel expands as heat builds: it could spill or flare. • All space heaters should be inspected once a year. Contact your dealer.



CAT'S MEOW

Cute cat, *below,* sand-filled, stops cold air from sneaking in under doors and windows.





Designed by Zelda Dana

Soufflés Made Simple

Follow LHJ's secret formula for high-rise, no-fear soufflés . . . from lofty cheese (below) to a sumptuous chocolate creation. Recipes, page 112.
By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.



- *Foolproof Formula.* We set out to demystify soufflés and it worked! Here's our easy-to-remember equation for almost any main dish soufflé you'll want to make: 4-1-4 (+2). These numbers read out to mean: 4 Tb. each of flour and butter; 1 cup each of milk and cheese or other solids; 4 eggs, plus our special trick for a sky-high success, an extra 2 egg whites. (It's the trapped air in the beaten whites that makes the soufflé rise like a balloon.)
- Think of soufflés as more than dinner party show-offs. Their look may be elegant—but their popularity (and low cost) makes them a perfect choice for family suppers.
- Soufflés are practical, too. Combining a little bit of this and that, they're one of the simplest ways to use up a cup of leftovers.
- Dessert soufflés start with a slightly smoother base; cornstarch added. Be imaginative—mix in liqueurs, fruits, ground nuts.
- Your motto should be: "Show quickly, serve quickly." Assemble family or guests at the table—ready to enjoy the magic of a soaring soufflé.

Step-by-step Cheese Soufflé



Prepare basic white sauce with flour, butter and milk. Heat until at full boil. Add 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese and stir until melted.

Spoon about 2 tablespoons hot cheese sauce into 4 beaten egg yolks—to warm the yolks slightly. Blend until well combined.

Pour yolk mixture back into cheese sauce, stirring to prevent lumping. Move off burner; cool to lukewarm. Stir occasionally.



Beat 6 egg whites (at room temperature) until they hold a soft peak yet still have a gloss. Test: Soft mass should cling to beater when lifted.

Fold half the beaten whites thoroughly into cheese sauce with an over/under motion. Then fold in remaining whites.

Pour into greased soufflé dish. To form "top hat" (see opposite page), run metal spatula 1" from edge, about 2" deep. Bake.

Photographs by Irwin Horowitz

ROAST CHICKEN

continued from page 97

LEMON CHICKEN
pictured on page 96

1 5½-pound roasting chicken
1 teaspoon salt
Freshly ground black pepper
¼ teaspoon thyme
2 lemons

Preheat oven to 350°F. Rinse chicken and pat dry. Remove excess fat from body cavity. Sprinkle cavity and skin with salt, pepper and thyme.

With skewer or sharp knife, pierce each lemon about 20 times. Stuff into cavity; close *tightly* with skewers, toothpicks or needle and thread. Tie legs together loosely with string.

Place chicken, breast side down, in shallow roasting pan. Roast 1 hour. Remove from oven and turn chicken breast side up. Insert thermometer into thigh, making sure you don't touch bone. Roast 30 minutes more. Increase oven temperature to 400°F. and roast an additional 20 minutes or until internal temperature reaches 185°F. (To test for doneness, move leg back and forth. If it moves easily, chicken is done.)

Remove lemons from cavity and serve chicken with pan juices. Makes 6 servings, about 355 calories each.

PEKING CHICKEN
pictured on page 96

1 5½-pound roasting chicken
1½ tablespoons dry sherry
1 teaspoon salt
Basting Sauce
¼ cup honey
1 tablespoon sherry
1 teaspoon soy sauce
1 teaspoon freshly grated ginger or ½ teaspoon ground ginger
Chinese pancakes or flour tortillas
2 bunches green onions
Duck or plum sauce

Rinse chicken and pat dry. Remove excess fat from body cavity. Rub cavity and skin with sherry; sprinkle with salt.

In small bowl combine basting sauce ingredients; brush on skin. Refrigerate remaining sauce. Place chicken on rack in shallow roasting pan. Refrigerate *uncovered* overnight to dry.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Remove chicken from refrigerator; brush with drippings from bottom of roasting pan. Tie legs together loosely with string. (Add about 1 cup water to bottom of pan to prevent sauce from burning.) Roast 1 hour, breast side down. Remove from oven and turn breast side up. Insert meat thermometer into thigh, making sure you don't touch bone. Brush with remaining sauce. Roast 1 hour more or until internal temperature reaches 185°F. (To test for doneness, move leg back and forth. If it moves easily, chicken is done.)

Just before serving, steam Chinese pancakes or flour tortillas in vegetable steamer or colander over boiling water to heat through, about 5 to 7 minutes. (Or, wrap in a damp towel and place in microwave for 3 minutes.) Slice chicken and arrange on platter with green onion brushes (see below).

In center of each pancake, place a slice or two of chicken, a green onion brush and duck sauce. Roll up pancake, folding one end over to form a package. Makes 6 servings, about 440 calories each without accompaniments.

To make green onion brushes: Trim root end of green onion, then cut 3 inches from root end. Starting about 1 inch from each end, shred lengthwise all around. Chill in bowl of ice water up to 4 hours. Drain before serving.

POT-ROASTED CHICKEN
pictured on page 96

4 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup chopped celery
1 cup peeled, grated tart apple
1 cup peeled, grated sweet potato
6 pitted prunes, chopped
¼ teaspoon salt
Pinch black pepper
1 5½-pound roasting chicken
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 cup chicken broth
1½ tablespoons all-purpose flour
⅔ cup heavy cream

In skillet melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add celery and cook until transparent. Add apple and sweet potato and cook 5 minutes. Remove from heat; add prunes, salt and pepper. Cool to room temperature.

Rinse chicken and pat dry. Remove excess fat from body cavity. Stuff cavity with sweet potato mixture. Close with skewers, toothpicks or needle and thread. Tie legs together loosely with string. Preheat oven to 350°F.

In large Dutch oven melt remaining tablespoon butter and oil. Brown chicken on all sides over medium-high heat. Turn breast side up and pour in chicken broth. Cover; cook 1½ hours.

Remove chicken from Dutch oven; cover and keep warm. Pour pan juices into cup. Skim off about 1½ tablespoons fat and return fat to Dutch oven. Add flour and cook until smooth and bubbly, about 1 minute. Add pan juices and cream; bring to a boil. Boil 1 minute. Serve gravy with chicken and stuffing. Makes 6 servings, about 580 calories each.

ROSEMARY/GARLIC CHICKEN

1 5½-pound roasting chicken
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 garlic cloves, crushed
1 teaspoon rosemary, crushed
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons dry vermouth

Preheat oven to 350°F. Rinse chicken and pat dry. Remove excess fat from body cavity. In small bowl make a paste of 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, garlic, rosemary and salt. Put about ⅓ of paste into cavity. Tie legs together loosely with string. Rub remaining paste over skin.

Melt remaining 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; add vermouth. Fill injector or baster according to directions and inject chicken several places in breast, thighs and legs. Place chicken, breast side down, in roasting pan. Roast 1 hour. Remove from oven and turn breast side up. Insert thermometer into thigh, making sure you don't touch bone. Baste with pan juices. Roast 50 minutes more or until internal temperature reaches 185°F. (To test for doneness, move leg back and forth. If it moves easily, chicken is done.) Skim off excess fat from pan juices and serve juices with chicken. Makes 6 servings, about 405 calories each.

MOCK TANDOORI CHICKEN

Marinade
2 medium onions, cut in chunks
1 cup plain yogurt
5 garlic cloves
2 teaspoons freshly grated ginger or 1 teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon cumin
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground red pepper
1½ teaspoons dried coriander
1 5½-pound roasting chicken
Raita
1 cucumber, peeled, seeded and shredded
1 cup plain yogurt
¼ teaspoon salt

Marinade: In food processor or blender, combine all ingredients. Blend until smooth.

To remove skin from chicken: Beginning at breast, with small, sharp knife, cut skin and pull away from flesh. Cut skin near bottom of leg and at joint of wing tip (not necessary to remove skin from wing tip and bottom of leg). Remove excess fat from cavity. With skewer or knife, pierce chicken flesh at 1-inch intervals. Tie legs together loosely with string.

In bowl or large plastic bag, combine marinade and chicken. Be sure marinade is inside cavity as well as covering the outside. Cover and refrigerate overnight or up to 24 hours.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Place chicken, breast side down, in shallow roasting pan. Roast 1 hour, basting occasionally with marinade. Remove from oven and turn breast side up. Insert meat thermometer into thigh, making sure you don't touch bone. Roast another 20 to 30 minutes or until internal temperature reaches 185°F. (To test for doneness, move leg back and forth. If it moves easily, chicken is done.) Carve and serve with sauce. Makes 6 servings, about 280 calories each without sauce.

Raita: Combine ingredients in small bowl. Serve well chilled. Makes about 1½ cups sauce, about 10 calories per tablespoon.

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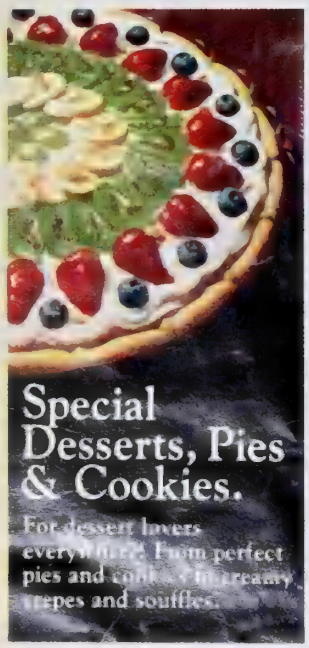


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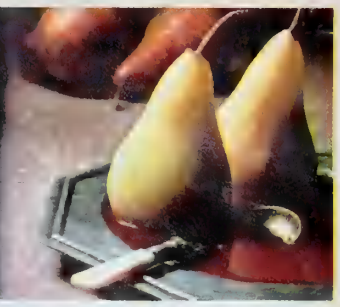






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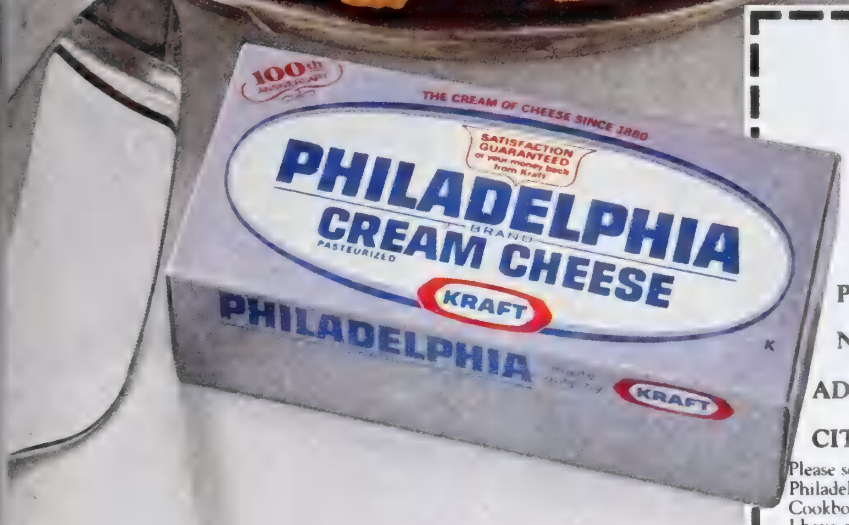
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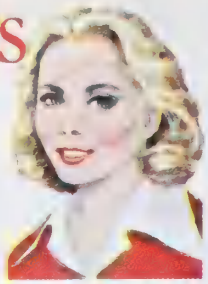
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DOLLAR'S WORTH from Mary Willis



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Before taking medicines, read labels and follow dosage directions carefully.

SOUFFLÉS MADE SIMPLE

continued from page 107

SOUFFLÉ TIPS

- The way you handle the eggs is the key to a perfect soufflé. Separate yolks from whites when eggs are refrigerator-cold, as there is less chance of yolks breaking. Egg whites won't whip up unless fat-free; even a trace of yolk will hinder the process. Make sure bowl and beaters are spotlessly clean, too. Beat egg whites at room temperature for highest volume. The beaten whites should be stiff but not dry and stand in glossy peaks. If overwhipped, they become grainy and break up when folded into the soufflé base.
- The base or sauce part can be made well in advance but the egg whites must be folded in immediately after beating (or they get watery), just before soufflé goes in the oven.
- "Fold" is a technique to incorporate the airy whites into the heavier mixture without losing the volume. To do this: Cut rubber spatula down center of bowl, picking mixture up from the bottom and over the top. Rotate bowl as you work. The first half of the beaten whites should be folded in thoroughly. With the second batch, it's fine if some whites still show.
- Straight-sided soufflé dishes come in three sizes: 1, 1½ and 2 quarts. (Capacity is measured up to ½ inch from top of dish.) If you choose the right size, you won't need to attach a collar for a baked soufflé. With cold soufflés, a paper or foil collar can be used to create the look of a raised, lighter-than-air dessert.
- Make sure oven is preheated. Place soufflé dish on lowest rack of oven.
- A soufflé is ready when puffed, browned and firm. To test for firmness: Press tip of finger on top or move oven rack gently back and forth. If top bounces or shakes, close oven door carefully, bake 5 minutes more; check again.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ
pictured on page 106

4 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 tablespoons all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon bottled red pepper sauce
1 cup (4 oz.) shredded Cheddar cheese
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
6 egg whites, at room temperature

Grease a 1-quart soufflé dish; set aside.

In heavy 2-quart saucepan melt butter or margarine over low heat. Remove from heat; blend in flour, dry mustard, salt and paprika. Gradually stir in milk. Add red pepper sauce. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a full boil. Remove from heat; add cheese. Stir about 2 tablespoons sauce into e yolks, then gradually stir yolks in cheese sauce. Let cool to lukewar about 15 minutes. Stir occasional *(Can be made ahead to this poi Cover surface directly with plas wrap. Let stand at room temperatu up to 1 hour or refrigerate up to hours. Bring to room temperature a stir before proceeding with recip* Preheat oven to 350°F.

In large mixer bowl beat egg whit on high speed just until they hold soft peak. Do not overbeat. Add h the whites to cheese mixture; fold gently and thoroughly. Fold in remai ing whites (it's not necessary to be thorough with second addition). Po into soufflé dish. Bake 35 to 40 mi utes. Serve immediately. Makes 4 s vings, about 370 calories each.

Variations

HAM AND CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

1 recipe Cheese Soufflé (see this page)
¾ cup (3 oz.) ground cooked ham

Prepare Cheese Soufflé as directed b use only 3 tablespoons butter or m garine and ½ cup shredded chee Stir in ham after adding egg yol Bake 35 to 40 minutes. Makes 4 se ings, about 350 calories each.

BACON AND CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

Substitute 6 slices of bacon, crisp cooked and crumbled, for the grou cooked ham.

CHICKEN SOUFFLÉ WITH MORNAY SAUCE

Soufflé
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 tablespoons all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
Pinch nutmeg
1 chicken bouillon cube, crumbled, o teaspoon instant chicken bouillon
1 cup milk
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 cup ground cooked chicken
1 tablespoon fresh or frozen chives
6 egg whites, at room temperature

Sauce
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup all-purpose flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
Dash white pepper
1 cup chicken broth
¾ cup milk
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 cup shredded Gruyère or Swiss cheese

Grease a 1-quart soufflé dish; aside.

Soufflé: In heavy 2-quart saucep melt butter or margarine over l heat. Remove from heat; blend in flo salt, pepper and nutmeg. Add bouill cube. Gradually stir in milk. Co over medium heat, stirring constant until mixture comes to a full boil. R move from heat. Stir about 2 tab spoons into egg yolks, then gradua stir yolks into sauce. *(continue*

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SOUFFLÉS MADE SIMPLE
continued

Add chicken and chives. Cool to lukewarm, about 15 minutes. Stir occasionally. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover surface directly with plastic wrap. Let stand at room temperature up to 1 hour or refrigerate up to 24 hours. Bring to room temperature and stir before proceeding with recipe.)* Preheat oven to 350°F.

In large mixer bowl beat egg whites on high speed just until they hold a soft peak. Do not overbeat. Add half the whites to chicken mixture; fold in gently and thoroughly. Fold in remaining whites (it's not necessary to be as thorough with second addition). Pour into soufflé dish. Bake 30 to 35 minutes. Serve with sauce. Makes 4 servings, about 625 calories each with sauce.

Sauce: In heavy 1-quart saucepan melt butter or margarine over low heat. Remove from heat; blend in flour, salt and pepper. Gradually stir in chicken broth and milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a full boil. Remove from heat; stir about 2 tablespoons sauce into egg yolks, then gradually stir yolks into sauce. Return to heat; cook and stir just until mixture comes to a boil. Remove from heat; stir in cheese. Keep warm until ready to serve.

MUSHROOM SOUFFLÉ

An outstanding accompaniment for roasted meat or poultry.

¼ pound fresh mushrooms
½ teaspoon lemon juice
Butter or margarine
¼ cup minced shallots
4 tablespoons all-purpose flour
⅛ to ¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash thyme
1 chicken or beef bouillon cube, crumbled, or 1 teaspoon instant bouillon
1 cup milk
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
6 egg whites, at room temperature

Mince mushrooms; toss with lemon juice. (If using food processor, add lemon juice before mincing.) In medium skillet melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine over low heat. Add mushrooms and shallots. Sauté over medium heat, stirring frequently, until liquid has evaporated, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat; set aside.

Grease a 1-quart soufflé dish; set aside.

In heavy 2-quart saucepan melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine over low heat. Remove from heat; blend in flour, salt, pepper and thyme. Add bouillon cube. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a full boil. Remove from heat. Stir about 2 tablespoons into egg yolks, then gradually stir yolks into sauce. Add mushrooms. Set aside to cool to lukewarm, about 30 minutes. Stir occasionally. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover surface directly with plastic wrap. Let stand at room temperature up to 1 hour or refrigerate up to 24 hours. Bring to room temperature and stir before proceeding with recipe.)* Preheat oven to 350°F.

In large mixer bowl beat egg whites on high speed just until they hold a soft peak. Do not overbeat. Add half the egg whites to mushroom mixture; fold in gently and thoroughly. Fold in remaining whites (it's not necessary to be as thorough with second addition). Pour into soufflé dish. Bake 35 to 40 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings, about 185 calories each.

LEMON SOUFFLÉ

A lemon-lover's delight—at only 160 calories a serving.

Sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
Dash salt
¾ cup milk
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
6 egg whites, at room temperature

Grease a 1½-quart soufflé dish; sprinkle with sugar and set aside.

In heavy 1½-quart saucepan combine ½ cup sugar, cornstarch and salt; mix well. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Cook and stir ½ minute longer. Remove from heat. Stir about 2 tablespoons into egg yolks, then gradually stir yolks into sauce. Add lemon juice, lemon peel and vanilla. Let cool to lukewarm. Stir occasionally. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover surface directly with plastic wrap. Let stand at room temperature up to 2 hours. Do not refrigerate.)* Preheat oven to 350°F.

In large mixer bowl beat egg whites on high speed just until they hold a soft peak. Do not overbeat. Add half the whites to lemon mixture; fold in gently and thoroughly. Fold in remaining whites (it's not necessary to be as thorough with second addition). Pour into soufflé dish. Bake 35 to 40 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings, about 160 calories each.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

Sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
Dash salt
1 cup milk
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
2 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
6 egg whites, at room temperature
Confectioners' sugar
Vanilla ice cream (optional)

Grease a 1½-quart soufflé dish; sprinkle with sugar and set aside.

In heavy 1½-quart saucepan combine ½ cup sugar with cornstarch and salt; mix well. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Cook and stir ½ minute longer. Remove from heat. Stir about 2 tablespoons sauce into egg yolks, then gradually stir yolks into sauce.

Add chocolate; let mixture stand until chocolate melts, stirring occasionally. Stir in vanilla. Let cool to lukewarm, about 30 minutes. Stir occasionally. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover surface directly with plastic wrap. Let stand at room temperature up to 2 hours. Do not refrigerate.)* Preheat oven to 350°F.

In large mixer bowl beat egg whites on high speed just until they hold a soft peak. Do not overbeat. Add half the whites to chocolate mixture; fold in gently and thoroughly. Fold in remaining whites (it's not necessary to be as thorough with second addition). Pour into soufflé dish. Bake 35 to 40 minutes. Sprinkle top with confectioners' sugar. Serve immediately with ice cream, if desired. Makes 6 servings, about 220 calories each without ice cream.

BRANDIED ORANGE SOUFFLÉ

Sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
Dash salt
¾ cup milk
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
¼ cup orange-flavored brandy
1 tablespoon grated orange peel
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
6 egg whites, at room temperature

Grease a 1½-quart soufflé dish; sprinkle with sugar and set aside.

In heavy 1½-quart saucepan combine ½ cup sugar, cornstarch and salt; mix well. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Cook and stir ½ minute longer. Remove from heat. Stir about 2 tablespoons into egg yolks, then gradually stir yolks into sauce. Add brandy and citrus peels. Cool to lukewarm, about 30 minutes. Stir occasionally. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover surface directly with plastic wrap. Let stand at room temperature up to 2 hours. Do not refrigerate.)* Preheat oven to 350°F.

In large mixer bowl beat egg whites on high speed just until they hold a soft peak. Do not overbeat. Add half the whites to brandy mixture; fold in gently and thoroughly. Fold in remaining whites (it's not necessary to be as thorough with second addition). Pour into soufflé dish. Bake 35 to 40 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings, about 190 calories each. **End**



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ENTER KRAFT'S "GREATEST GRATED RECIPE" CONTEST AND WIN A GOURMET TOUR OF EUROPE.



GREAT GRATED SCAMPI

1 2½ to 3 lb broiler fryer cut up
¼ cup PARKAY Margarine
2 medium onions, sliced
1 15-oz can tomato sauce
½ cup (2 ozs.) KRAFT Grated Parmesan Cheese
¼ cup chopped parsley
½ teaspoon oregano leaves
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
dash of salt & pepper
1 cup (5 ozs.) cleaned cooked shrimp
½ cup dry red wine
Hot cooked rice

Brown chicken on both sides in margarine. Drain. Add onion, tomato sauce, cheese, parsley and seasonings. Cover. Simmer 35 to 40 minutes or until tender. Stir in shrimp and wine; heat thoroughly. Serve over rice.
4 to 6 servings

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Our 100% Parmesan is so zesty, our 100% Romano so robust—they don't stop at toppin spaghetti. Mixed in as an ingredient, our flavorful grated cheeses will make many of your favorite dishes even more delicious.

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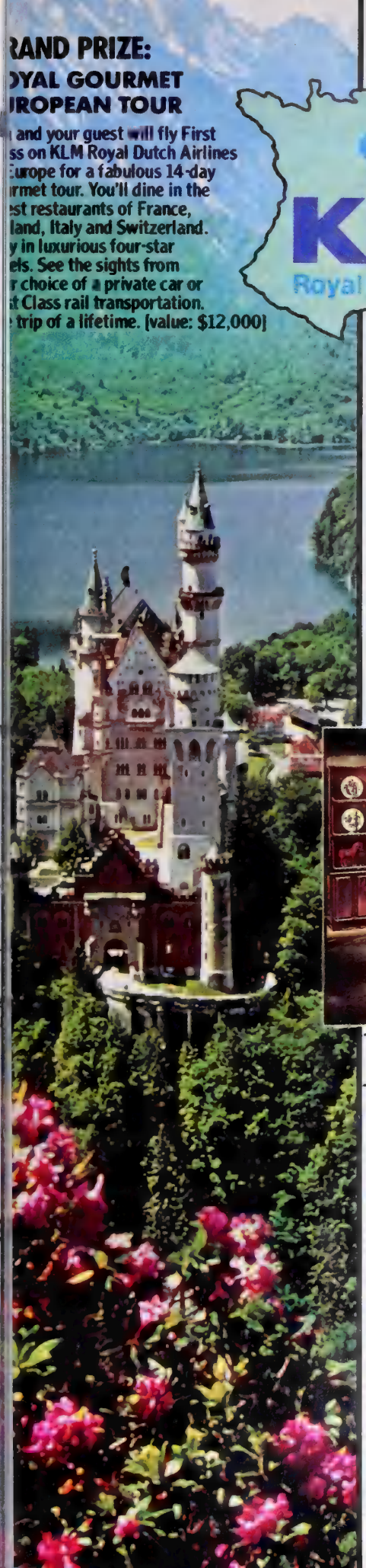
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*Fine silver plate

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OFFICIAL RULES

How to Enter:

1. Hand-print your name, address with zip code and telephone number on a 3" x 5" piece of paper. Enclose the UPC symbol from any size package of Kraft Grated Parmesan or Romano Cheese. No proof of purchase required from Florida residents.

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Four categories of recipes are offered. Handprint the recipe category you are entering in the upper right-hand corner of the 3" by 5" piece of paper. Failure to do this will invalidate your entry. The categories are:

1. Appetizers
2. Side Dishes (includes vegetables, salads & breads)
3. Main Dishes I (includes beef, pork or other red meat)
4. Main Dishes II (includes poultry, fish or meatless)

On an 8½" by 11" sheet of paper, clearly handprint or type your recipe using at least ¼ cup of Kraft Grated Parmesan and/or Romano Cheese as an ingredient. Write the recipe category in upper right hand corner.

2. Submit as many recipes as you wish, but mail each separately to:
Kraft "Greatest Grated Recipe" Contest
P.O. Box 87583
Chicago, Illinois 60680

3. Contest closes January 31, 1982. All entries must be postmarked by midnight January 31st and received by February 7, 1982. Entries become the exclusive property of Kraft, Inc. No entries or correspondence will be acknowledged or returned.

4. All recipes must be contestants' original creations. In case of duplicate recipes, the earliest postmark will be judged. No previously published recipes or other contest entries are to be submitted. Recipes must include ingredients listed by standard U.S. measurements, complete, clear preparation instructions, pan sizes, times, temperature, and number of servings. Ingredients should be readily available. Only legible entries will be eligible.

5. Entries meeting the requirements of Rules 1 through 4 will be judged by Product Exposure, Inc., an independent judging organization. The top 55 recipes will be kitchen tested in the Kraft Kitchens and the final winners judged by a panel of nationally recognized food experts chosen by the judging organization.

Entries will be judged in each of the four categories on the basis of:

1. Creativity	20%
2. Appetizing Appearance	20%
3. Taste	20%
4. Ease of Preparation	20%
5. Appropriate use of Kraft Grated Cheese	20%

All judges decisions are final. Winners will be notified by April 30, 1982.

6. All prizes will be awarded. One Grand Prize will be awarded from all entries submitted. Four First Prizes (one in each category), eight Second Prizes (two in each category) and 32 Third Prizes (8 in each category) will be awarded.

7. Contest is open to USA residents who are 18 years or older. Void where prohibited, restricted or taxed by law. Employees and immediate family of Kraft, Inc., its advertising agencies and the judging organization are not eligible. Excluded also are chefs, food editors and home economists who are involved in the preparation of recipes as a profession. Winners may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. By entry into the contest, winners consent to the publication of their recipe in any form and the commercial use of their recipe, name and picture. No prize substitutions or transfers. Travel accommodations are by sponsor's choice. All taxes are winners' responsibility. For winners list, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Greatest Grated Recipe Winners List, P.O. Box 87626, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

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California Avocado Chiffon Pie.

1 envelope Knox Unflavored Gelatine
6 Tablespoons sugar
2 eggs, separated
1½ cups milk
1 California Avocado, peeled, pitted and mashed (1 cup)
1/4 cup lemon juice
9-inch graham cracker crust

In medium saucepan, mix unflavored gelatine with 4 tablespoons sugar; blend in egg yolks beaten with milk. Let stand 1 minute. Stir over low heat until gelatine is completely dissolved, about 5 minutes. With wire whip or rotary beater, blend in avocado and lemon juice. Pour into large bowl and chill, stirring occasionally, until mixture mounds slightly when dropped from spoon.

In medium bowl, beat egg whites until soft peaks form; gradually add remaining sugar and beat until stiff. Fold into gelatine mixture. Turn into prepared crust; chill until firm. Brush generously with additional lemon juice. Garnish, if desired, with whipped cream. Makes about 8 servings.

©1981 California Avocado Commission.

smallest communities? I recently stopped by Snow Kill, Maryland (population 2,200), and found a fine library that would be worthy of a city of 00,000. Each year, we have more symphony orchestras, more little-theater groups, more colleges and universities. have been especially impressed by he little museums that are growing ip around our country, bringing art nd history to millions who cannot get o the huge museums in New York and Washington. This kind of richness, often unnoticed, abounds in our country, making day-to-day living varied nd rewarding.

Americans are willing to wrestle with grave moral problems. In the lecade ahead I expect a great national lebate on abortion, prayer in schools, he teaching of science, violence on elevision, censorship in all fields and reedom of speech in general. As we lebate, discuss, argue and learn, I believe most people will find themselves n positions much like mine. I agree with the reformers on some items, vigrously oppose them on others.

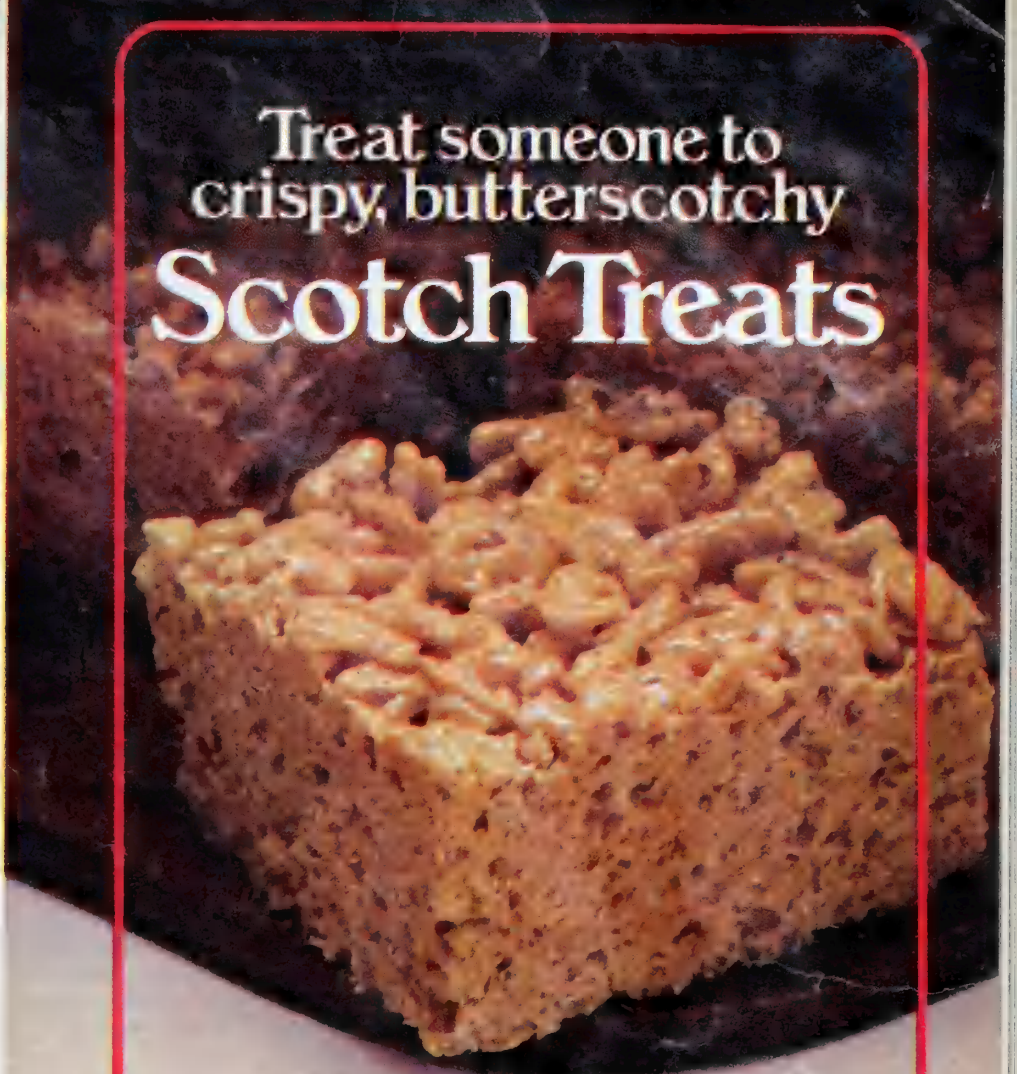
In general, we Americans are and vill remain contradictory in our judgnents. For example, I know a man who rails against government intervention but who wants the government to dredge out the Ohio River so s to ensure Pittsburgh's access to the ea. A woman friend of mine is bitterly opposed to abortion because it eprives a potential child of its life but s equally opposed to day-care centers or indigent children. Another woman avors abortion on demand but is trongly opposed to increased Pentagon budgets because war kills peole. Because of certain violent experinces I am in favor of gun control, but am also in favor of nuclear power.

Well, when we tackle grave moral roblems we are apt to find ourselves aught in many contradictory posiions, and I am sure these confusions vill persist; but the debate in itself hould be vigorous and healthy. What e pray for is a consensus and I beeve that one will eventually evolve. ut then, I expect to gain no more han 40 percent of what I strive for nd will be satisfied with 30 percent.

Now, let's note some of the most sigificant changes in our lives:

The routine of family life has hanged radically. Consider that owadays meals are often not at estabshed hours. The television set has eplaced the bookcase. Jeans have relaced dresses and wash-and-wear olyester, not cotton, is king. When I iscussed kitchen appliances with a roup of homemakers they said, "We ouldn't live without *(continued)*

Treat someone to crispy, butterscotchy
Scotch Treats



SCOTCH TREATS
3 cups Kellogg's® Rice Krispies® cereal
One 6-oz. pkg. (1 cup) Nestlé Butterscotch Flavored Morsels
½ cup peanut butter

Place cereal in large mixing bowl. Set aside. Melt over hot (not boiling) water, Butterscotch Flavored Morsels and peanut butter, stirring constantly until smooth. Pour over cereal. Stir until well-coated. Press mixture evenly into buttered 9 x 9 x 2-inch pan. Chill until firm (1 hour). Cut into 1½-inch squares.

Yield: 36 squares



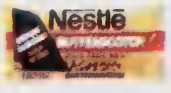
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them." But they surprised me by saying, "The most valuable machine in our home is not the television. It's the clothes dryer."

Americans seem to be growing conservative. The 1980 election, especially for the Senate and House of Representatives, signaled a decided turn to the right insofar as political and social attitudes were concerned. It is as if our country spent the 1960s and 1970s joyously breaking out of old restraints and now wishes to put the brakes on, as cautious people often do after a binge. We should expect to see a reaffirmation of traditional family values, sharp restraints on pornography, a return to religion and a rejection of certain kinds of social legislation. In fact, because Great Britain, Australia and Canada voted conservatively in the years prior to our election, a belief arose that the world as a whole was turning conservative, but this quickly proved to be an illusion. Canada rejected its right-wing government, France threw out its conservatives in favor of socialists and even Italy voted overwhelmingly against the Pope on the issue of abortion. The world rarely turns all one way or the other. Nations pick and choose what seems right for them at the moment, and after a long spell of liberalism, a conservative swing seemed appropriate to many American citizens.

Patterns of courtship and marriage have changed radically. Where sex was concerned, I was raised in an atmosphere of suspicion, repression and Puritanism, and although husky young kids can survive almost anything, many in my generation suffered grievously. Without reservation, I applaud the freer patterns of today, although I believe that it's been difficult for some families to handle the changes. I live in a generally conservative area, and I can scarcely exaggerate the confusion that hit us, about 1968, when our local young people began bringing home friends of the opposite sex from college, expecting their parents to put them up in one bedroom over the weekend. But when the earthquake subsided (9.7 on the Richter scale), we found that most of these young people contracted stable marriages and have had children, and manage their homes at least as well as I do mine.

American women are changing the rules. Thirty years ago I could not have imagined a group of women employees suing a major corporation for millions of dollars of salary which, they alleged, had been denied them because they had been discriminated against. Nor could I imagine women in universities going up to the men who ran the athletic programs and demanding a just share of the physical education budget. But they're doing this—and with the support of many men who recognize the justice of their claims. At work, at play, at all levels of living women are suggesting new rules.

Increasingly, women head families. The new freedom gained by women has been strikingly evidenced in the number of women—divorced, widowed or unmarried—who head stable, organized families. In 1960 there were three million who did so; in 1979 there were eight million, and when the 1980 census figures are available, they will doubtless show many more. I grew up in such a family and well-wishers were always lamenting how awful it was not to have a man in the house, but today many women handle that problem with strength and good sense.

Liberated women are not necessarily happy women. I have always been a vigorous supporter of women's liberation. When, to the amazement of our citizens, a woman lawyer set up shop in our small town, I was one of her first clients. I also had a wonderful woman agent, a woman secretary-manager, a woman accountant. I believe all the recent changes in male-female relationships, especially in the business world, have been for the good. But I have been aware for some time that this new-found freedom for women has not automatically ensured a greater happiness for them than what they knew before.

Life is like a great computer; what you feed in is what you get back—basically the same material, even if rearranged a new way. Though there have been many changes for women, the psychological laws governing the relationships between women and men have not changed very much. It seems to me that the liberated woman, even today, has to make almost the same basic choices as the housewife where personal happiness is concerned.

The new rules seem very tough on the young men. I would suppose that it is two or three times more difficult for a young man today to conduct a successful courtship and marriage than it was in my day. The rules have changed so drastically that the young man often does not know what conventions apply. But I am assured by experts that I am hopelessly old-fashioned in my attitudes and that new generations of young men will come along to whom the pleasant task of coping with the new woman will present no problems whatever. He will be more secure emotionally than the men of my generation and eager to enter into a new kind of sharing marriage. I will wait and see.

Women's liberation has been helpful to men, too. American men owe a tremendous debt to women like Betty Friedan, Germaine Greer and Gloria Steinem who have asked the questions men were often afraid to voice. In so doing, they offered a kind of national therapy. They broadened the options available to men and uncovered emotional possibilities which our society had been insisting men keep buried. Many young men *never* wanted to become John Waynes. They were content to be themselves without any heavy macho overlay. Long ago, I decided that human beings were distributed along a 100-percent scale of sex-linked attributes. I found that I liked women who stood at the 80-20 division on the feminine side and I concluded after much analysis that I checked in at something like 70-30 on the masculine. I could not otherwise explain my obsessive love for art, music, poetry and the gentler manifestations of nature, and since then I have always believed that my ability to work in these fields stemmed from the fact that I possessed a modest feminine component in addition to a predominantly masculine one.

Now let's look at how a handful of problems have modified or threatened the way we live.

America is terrified about its rising crime rate. And it has a right to be. Not only is there mayhem *(continued*

OCTOBER RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchen and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

DESSERTS
Amazin' Raisin Cake p. 9
Apple-Cream Cheese Torte p. 70
Basket p. 70
Brandied Orange Soufflé p. 114
California Avocado Chiffon Pie p. 120
Chocoholic Cheesecake p. 70
Chocolate Mint Sticks p. 70
Chocolate Soufflé p. 114
Creamy Lemon Cheesecake p. 53
Lemon Cheese Bars p. 53
Lemon Soufflé p. 114
Mock Lemon Meringue Cake p. 53
Peanut Butter Bars p. 70
Pineapple Foster p. 26
Pineapple Parfait p. 26
Rainbow in a Cloud p. 71
Scotch Treats p. 121

ENTREES
Apple Kraut Kielbasa p. 26
Bacon and Cheese Soufflé p. 112
Cheese Souffle p. 112
Chicken Quiche p. 68
Chicken Souffle with Mornay Sauce p. 112
Chicken Zucchini Stir Fry p. 123
Great Grated Scampi p. 118
Ham and Cheese Soufflé p. 112
Khachapuri p. 68
Kielbasa with Beans and Tomatoes p. 26
Kielbasa with Onions and Peppers p. 26
Linda Capson's Honey Pork Oriental p. 131
Lemon Chicken p. 108
Michigan Farm Pasties p. 68
Mock Tandoori Chicken p. 108
Peking Chicken p. 108
Pot-Roasted Chicken p. 108
Rosemary/Garlic Chicken p. 108
Russian Vegetable Pie p. 68
Swiss Cheese Puff with Lobster Sauce p. 68

MISCELLANEOUS
Savory Mushroom Potato Soup p. 26
Tropical Salad p. 26

VEGETABLES
Mushroom Soufflé p. 114
Potato Cakes p. 26
Potatoes the French Way p. 26
Tomato Zucchini Salad p. 68

Kikkoman's Success Story

It's Chicken Zucchini Stir Fry. Featuring Kikkoman Soy Sauce—naturally brewed to enchance flavor, never overpower. And Success® Rice—no measuring, no mess, guaranteed perfect every time. A winning combination!

hicken Zucchini Stir Fry

- bag Success Rice
- quart water
- Tbsp. Kikkoman Soy Sauce, divided
- whole chicken breast, boned and cut into thin strips
- Tbsp. cornstarch, divided
- tsp. sugar
- small clove garlic, minced
- 1 can (8 oz.) pineapple chunks in juice
- 2 stalks celery, diagonally cut into ¼ inch thick slices
- 1 medium zucchini, sliced
- 1 medium onion, cut into 1-inch squares
- 2 Tbsp. vegetable oil, divided
- ½ tsp. curry powder

ook bag of rice in water and 2 Tbsp. soy uce according to package directions. Mean-hile, combine 1 Tbsp. each cornstarch d soy sauce with sugar and garlic; stir in icken to coat. Let stand 15 minutes. rain pineapple; reserve all juice. Add enough ater to juice to measure 1 cup; combine ith remaining soy sauce and cornstarch. Heat Tbsp. oil in large frying pan or wok er medium-high heat. Add chicken and curry wder; stir-fry 2 to 3 minutes, or until tender. emove. Heat remaining oil in same pan; ld vegetables and stir-fry until tender, yet isp. Stir pineapple juice mixture into pan ith chicken and pineapple and cook until ixture boils and thickens. Serve immediately ith cooked Success Rice.
lakes 4 servings.



on the public streets and parking lots, with murder becoming increasingly common, but the sanctity of the private home is also being invaded. Out of 1,000 average homes, 89 can expect a major burglary next year, and 123 different ones will experience robbery. That represents a tragic breakdown in public safety and makes crime prevention a number-one priority. If the new administration can substantially reduce this frightening rate, it could ensure itself a long life. If it does not, there are ominous signs that vigilantism is ready to erupt.

Middle America is abandoning its cities. Beset by fears, citizens have fled, seeking refuge in the suburbs, with a loss to the city of both population and revenue. In certain cities, such as Detroit and Philadelphia, the actual destruction of residential areas has been appalling, entire blocks having been vandalized and made uninhabitable. More damaging, in some ways, has been the fact that even those who do remain refrain from going out after dark. I have always loved to stroll about cities, but recently, in Washington and Dallas, police have stopped me to warn, "You should not be on these streets alone after dark." Are we back where London and Paris were in 1710 when citizens dared go abroad only with bodyguards?

America is worried about its schools. If I had a child today, I would send her or him to a private school for the sake of safety, for the discipline that would be enforced and for the rigorous academic requirements. But I would doubt that the child would get any better education than I did in my good public school. The problem is that good public schools are becoming pitifully rare, and I would not want to take the chance that the one I sent my children to was inadequate. I know all the reasons for this sad decline: automatic promotions, court interference so that principals can no longer discipline, the seductions of television, a rising level of violence in our national life and a lessening of teacher dedication. Obviously the schools are not entirely to blame for the debacle. But I also know some things that ought to be done: Take the courts off the backs of the educators; refuse promotion to children who will not learn to read, write and do their arithmetic; seek moral support from parents; and establish schools of different emphasis for pupils of different talents. I am aware that in a democracy parents usually refuse to allow schools to be differentiated, but we should make the effort one more time to see if such a program could be made to work.

Some Americans must live on welfare. Since it seems obvious that our nation can produce all its needs with only a part of the available work force, some kind of social welfare assistance must be doled out to those who cannot find jobs. If we were to halt public welfare without providing an alternative, we would invite revolution, but in dispensing aid we need not accept slovenly habits of distribution or downright chiseling. When I think of a typical welfare recipient I think of a young neighbor woman whose husband was killed in a tragic accident, leaving her with three young children. In the bad old days she might have known destitution, but with family assistance she was able to hold her children together and produced three fine, taxpaying citizens. I like that kind of social assistance and am willing to support it. America is essentially a compassionate society.

America cannot find housing for its young families. I consider this the most serious danger confronting family life in America, and I am appalled that the condition has been allowed to develop. For more than a decade, travelers like me have been aware that in countries like Sweden, Denmark, Russia and India young people have found it almost impossible to acquire homes. In Sweden the customary wait was 11 years of marriage, and we used to ask, "What went wrong?" It seemed to us that a major responsibility of any nation would be to provide homes for its young people starting their families. Well, this dreadful social sickness has now overtaken the United States, and for the same reasons. The builders in our society find it profitable to erect three-bathroom homes that sell for $220,000 with a mortgage at 19 percent but find it impossible to erect small homes for young marrieds. For a major nation to show itself impotent to house its young people is admitting a failure that must be corrected.

Let's now see the bottom line. What are the prospects for a continuing good life in America?

Americans have fun. The high school girl dancing in jeans, the black boy swinging along the city street with his transistor radio, the young married couple camping in the Rockies, the businessman spending Saturday on the golf links, the old people playing shuffleboard in St. Petersburg . . . we're a nation with an enormous capacity for having fun. We are not oblivious to threats on the horizon: the decreasing value of the dollar, inflation that seems to be uncontrollable, the uncertain status of Social Security. But because our nation has survived dangers in the past we feel confident we can do so again. In the meantime we have a good time.

Our prospects are still good. I find our chances to be at least as good as those of any other nation and probably better. We have a physical setting of remarkable integrity, the world's best agriculture, a splendid wealth of minerals, great rivers for irrigation and an unsurpassed system of roads for transportation. We also have a magnificent mixture of peoples from all the continents with varied traditions and strengths. But most of all, we have a unique and balanced system of government.

I think of America as having the oldest form of government on earth, because since we started our present democracy in 1789, every other nation has suffered either parliamentary change or revolutionary change. It is *our* system which has survived and should survive, giving the maximum number of people a maximum chance for happiness. **End**



"Golden Hair speaks with forked tongue!"



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; 100's, 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

You and Your Money
by Sylvia Porter

Is a first-grader too young for an allowance? Best bets for Christmas giving to buy right now; working-paper requirements for students.

Our son recently entered first grade and he's begging for a regular allowance. Isn't this too early?
On the contrary, first grade is the time a boy or girl is ready for a regular, weekly allowance. You should be eager to start helping your child learn how to budget and save what he or she can. You degrade your son by forcing him to ask for money every time he wants to buy a treat, make an exchange of baseball cards, or whatever.

Keep the allowance simple and restrict its use to just a few items in addition to those he says are "musts." Check with neighborhood parents or his friends to make sure his allowance is in line with theirs. After a couple of weeks, review his "budget" to find out how realistic the allowance is, and how well he is handling his money.

I'm being married at Thanksgiving and my husband-to-be wants to make my diamond engagement ring an "investment" as well as a beautiful symbol of our union. He's shopping in all the nearby jewelry stores. He says he can choose the best stones and then he'll either take me to the store or give the finished ring to me when we're alone. Is this the way to buy diamonds as an investment?
Not in my judgment. If your fiancé is planning to spend as much as you hint at (in the five figures), I suggest that he go to a well-established, local jeweler you both know and tell him to choose the stones for your ring. The jeweler knows the diamond market, and he'll charge less commission on the diamond sale than a strange jeweler will charge as a customary markup on a finished ring.

Incidentally, as politely as you can, suggest to your fiancé that we're entering the worst season of the year—Thanksgiving to Christmas—for the purchase of expensive jewelry. If he waits much longer, he'll be paying the peak prices of 1981, no matter how reputable your local jeweler.

Although this is the earliest I've ever started my Christmas shopping, I'm determined to escape the rush and buy now. I know the category in which I'm concentrating my gifts, so one of my biggest problems is solved. But is this a good time of year to shop in this category—namely home furnishings?
Yes! These are the very best weeks of the year in which to buy items, big and small, in home furnishings. Among "bargains" (such as they are in this era) you will find: furniture, gardening equipment, glassware, hardware, lamps, electric blankets, quilts, ranges, rugs and carpets, silverware, thermostat timers. Perhaps you want to put your own household on the Christmas list. Need a water heater or oil burner? Hardly a typical gift item, but the bargains available at this time of year may be a bonanza for you!

I was sick this summer with a type of flu that kept me home from my small office for a full three weeks. Every day, I had to call in (all toll phone calls, from 56 miles away) at least three and, during the final week, as many as five times a day. Are these phone calls deductible as business expenses?
Yes, they are, and your monthly phone bills, with their itemized list of calls from your home, are your proof. Even though you do not maintain a business office at home, no one can argue their business aspect. Take the deduction when you file your tax return next year and keep your bills to prove your deduction should it be questioned.

We opened a gift shop in our town this year and we know we'll have to hire local high school students for temporary help during the Christmas season. What working papers must we have from the kids to be sure we don't violate any federal or state laws?
Request from each boy or girl you hire a federal age certificate or state certificate approved by the Federal Wage-Hour Division, and keep that certificate in your files. Most states require employment permits. About half the states require age certificates from teenagers under 18; the other half from teenagers under 16 years old. *Do not ask* for birth certificates. You might be innocently inquiring about information you are prohibited from asking under anti-discrimination laws.

I've been collecting stamps as a hobby since I was a child, and over the years I've spent a lot of money to build and protect my collection. This past July, I sold several stamps I bought long ago at what I admit is a really big profit. Do I have to pay taxes on the entire profit? Can I deduct any expenses?
You've touched on a subject about which most collectors are astonishingly uninformed: taxation of profit from their hobbies.

First, the profit you make from the sale of any collector's item (your stamps) that you've held for more than one year is a long-term capital gain, and you include only a relatively small percentage of that profit in your adjusted gross income. (Check the exact percentage before you file your 1981 income tax return, for the law governing this year's gains has been changed.) All your expenses connected with this sale are deductible up to 100 percent of your profit.

Second, you can deduct your personal hobby expenses for 1981 from your profit on your stamp sales this year: appraisal fees, for instance; cost of publications on stamps; other expensive items connected with your hobby that you buy; insurance premiums, etc.

Put all your records together *now*. Get expert estimates on your expenses the IRS will accept. **End**



"A 20-MINUTE CALL ANYWHERE COAST TO COAST WILL COST ME ONLY $3.84? WHAT'S THE CATCH?"

No catch. Just be sure to dial direct when the rates are lowest. That's any time Saturday and Sunday till 5.

Many of your visits by phone could cost less 20 minutes is just an example. And $3.84, that even includes tax, is for the maximum distance on out-of-state calls. The chart below gives you many more city-to-city prices.

Have a nice visit.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

Rate Chart

All prices are for 20 minutes out-of-state calls dial direct, without operator assistance, anytime Saturday Sunday till 5 p.m., or any night after 11 p.m. till 8 a.m. A different schedule of attractive dial/discount rates applies to both Alaska and Hawaii. To find the rate between two cities, trace down the vertical column of one city to its intersection with the horizontal column of the other city, as illustrated.

	ATLANTA	BOSTON	CHICAGO	CLEVELAND	DALLAS	DENVER	DETROIT	INDIANAPOLIS	MEMPHIS	MILWAUKEE	NEW HAVEN	NEW YORK	OMAHA	PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO	SEATTLE
ATLANTA		3 50	3 49	3 50	3 67	3 67	3 24	3 50	3 67	3 49	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 67	3 84	3 50
BOSTON	3 67		3 50	3 67	3 67	2 92	3 24	3 50	3 50	3 49	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 67	3 84	3 50
CHICAGO	3 50	3 50		3 67	3 67	3 24	3 08	3 50	3 49	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 49	3 84	3 50
CLEVELAND	3 50	3 50	3 67		3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 49	3 84	3 50
DALLAS	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50		3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 84	3 50
DENVER	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50		3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 84	3 50
DETROIT	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50		3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 84	3 50
INDIANAPOLIS	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50		3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 84	3 50
MEMPHIS	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50		3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 84	3 50
MILWAUKEE	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50		3 67	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 84	3 50
NEW HAVEN	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67	3 67		3 67	3 67	3 67	3 84	3 50
NEW YORK	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67		3 50	3 50	3 84	3 50
OMAHA	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50		3 50	3 84	3 50
PHILADELPHIA	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 67	3 50	3 50		3 84	3 50
SAN FRANCISCO	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84	3 84		3 84
SEATTLE	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 50	3 84	

Beauty Journal

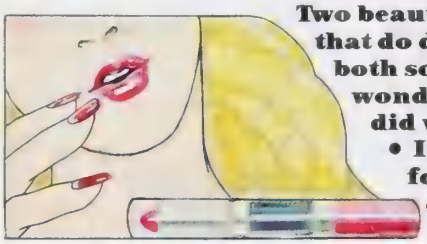


For brisk October...a windfall of beauty news: flick on just the right mascara, spritz on a brand new scent, try on a two-in-one makeup.

Eye on mascara

Here's an update on how to apply (and take off) a fringe of fluttering lashes. *Different Strokes* • If you hop into the sauna after exercise class, you'll want a mascara that won't wash away when wet. To put a water-insoluble shield around each lash, try Aziza Really Waterproof Mascara. • On the run from dawn till dusk . . . or later? Plain staying power's a plus. Germaine Monteil Truly Marvelous Mascara won't smudge or flake. • Contact lens wearers should steer clear of mascaras with thickening "fibers." Tiny bits may slip under a lens and irritate. L'Erin's Thick & Full gives a lush look without fibers. *Taking It All Off* • Delicate lashes and skin are no place for rough treatment. *Don't* scrub with soap and water. Oily removers like Cover Girl Conditioning Eye Makeup Remover or baby oil whisk away mascara and soothe dry eye tissue. Non-oily ones like 30 Second Eye Makeup Remover by Revlon let you apply fresh makeup right away without smudging, won't blur your vision if you want to read or watch TV. Apply any remover with a clean tissue and gently wipe downward. *Dos and Don'ts* from Tom Yeager, Maybelline's vice president of research and development: • *Do* wash hands before applying. • *Do* cap tube tightly after each use. • *Do* stop using makeup and see a doctor if you have any irritation or infection. • *Don't* let anyone borrow your mascara; it's easily contaminated. • For the same reason, *don't* add saliva or tap water to mascara. • *Don't* apply mascara where accidents could happen—in a moving car, for example. • We recommend you *don't* use a mascara longer than six months; if you notice any change in odor or appearance sooner, throw away.

Dynamic duos



Two beauty newcomers that do double duty—both so clever, you'll wonder what you did without them. • If you've ever found yourself clashing with sizzling red on your lips, bright coral on your nails—the two-ended wand, *above*, is for you. One end's a creamy lipstick, the other a matching nail polish. Tuck one in your desk, one in your makeup kit for quick touch-ups. In eight shades (shown here, Blended Berries). Match-Up by Nu-Masca, $3.95. • Another two-fer idea—to make eyes loom larger. A pencil-thin stick "feathers" brows with a small round brush. Other end has a liner pencil to define and rim eyes. In five shades. Brow Brush and Liner Pencil by Max Factor, $1.75.

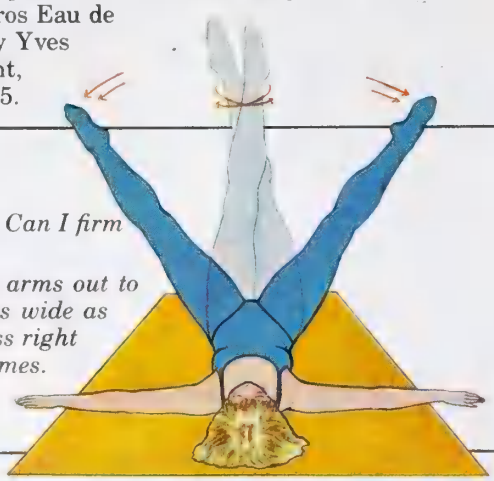
Fragrance memo

For you (and him), new scents you'll both grow to love. • The mythical romance between the God of Fire and the Goddess of Love inspired Diane Von Furstenberg to create this heady bouquet of violets and 300 other essences. Volcan D'Amour Eau de Toilette Spray, 1.5 oz., $25. • Everyone wants at least one spirited scent that's fun, easy-to-wear. Senchal Lasting Cologne Natural Spray, 2.5 oz., $10. • The bottle is artfully shaped in the golden form of a woman. Inside, Sculptura Perfume by Jovan, 1/8 oz., $6. • Cast your own spell with "black magic," a mysterious scent blending rich florals with exotic spiciness. Magie Noire Eau de Toilette Natural Spray by Lancôme, 1.7 oz., $22. *For that man:* • The rugged West is captured in a fresh cologne aptly named Stetson. By Coty, 2 oz., $7. • To ancient Greeks, the warrior Kouros symbolized masculine perfection. This scent aspires to that goal. Kouros Eau de Toilette by Yves St. Laurent, 3.3 oz., $35.

Exercise of the month

Q I jog a few times a week, but my inner thighs are still a little flabby. Can I firm them up with exercise?—S.P., Dallas, Texas.

A Tone this tricky spot with these leg scissors: Lie flat on your back, arms out to side (for balance), palms down. Raise your legs straight, then open as wide as you comfortably can. Hold for two counts; then bring legs together, cross right foot over left, left over right as shown. Open legs again and repeat 8 times. Work up to 20. Lower back problem? Check with your doctor first.





LEARN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN JUST MAKING YOURSELF UP AND MAKING YOURSELF BEAUTIFUL.

There's a lot more to beauty than lipstick and eyeshadow. True beauty comes from within.

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How Pets Can Make You Healthier

Pets do more than keep us company. Recent research shows that animal friends may even help us live longer.
By Roger Caras



We read so much about what we should be providing for our pets—proper diet, immunizations, exercise, veterinary checkups, a safe, loving home. What do we get in return? Plenty! Scientists are discovering that animals benefit us in ways we might never have guessed. For instance . . .

Physical well-being. Scientists already know that people who live alone become sick more often, get more serious forms of the diseases they contract, and even die earlier than people who are "bonded" to another human being. Now researchers strongly suspect that human-animal bonding has a similar life-prolonging effect. Drs. Aaron Katcher and Erika Friedmann at the University of Pennsylvania and Dr. James Lynch at the University of Maryland found that pet ownership can even influence the outcome of heart disease. Katcher, Friedmann and Lynch studied heart attack victims for a year after discharge from the University of Maryland coronary care unit. Hoping to learn which factors affected post-heart attack survival, the experimenters recorded "social variables" in the patients' environments, including marital status, income, churchgoing habits, number of friends and whether the subjects owned pets. In the first year, only three of the 53 pet owners died of cardiac-related causes, compared to 11 of the 39 patients without pets. Pet ownership surpassed even marital status as the social factor with the greatest effect on survival. In another study, Katcher and Friedmann showed that contact with a pet lowers blood pressure. When animal owners talked to or fondled their pets, the subjects' blood-pressure readings dropped to below resting level. (In contrast, blood pressure rises—sometimes dramatically—when people talk to other *people*.)

Lessons in life. Pets offer psychological benefits as well as physical, even for the very young. Two of the most difficult concepts for a child to grasp are selflessness and responsibility. Psychologists have found that pets prepare kids for the challenging transition to adulthood by gently teaching them that they're not the center of the universe . . . and at the same time, that what they do or *don't* do influences other living beings.

Help for those in crisis. I've visited schools for emotionally disturbed children where professionally conducted programs of pet care and livestock raising are powerful components of treatment. These kids, who've experienced a long string of failures at home, in school or on the playground, succeed with animals because pets are "non-judgmental"—they need attention and care, but don't make unfair demands or set rules.

Contact with animals helps troubled adults in a similar way. Alcoholics in one institution I visited are each given a puppy to raise upon admission; caring for the creatures teaches patients to face responsibility at a level they can handle. And Dr. Samuel Corson of the Department of Psychiatry at Ohio State University, reports that animals turned out to be "icebreakers" at the University's psychiatric hospital. When patients who hadn't responded to any kind of treatment were given the chance to interact with dogs and cats, many became receptive to therapy at last. Dr. Corson suggests that much as blind people have Seeing Eye dogs to help them function in the world, the emotionally distressed might be helped by "feeling-heart" dogs.

Company for the elderly. Humane societies across the country have reported the spectacular success of programs in which nursing homes for the elderly adopt a well-socialized pet or are visited by volunteers accompanied by pets. In such homes, formerly isolated, uncommunicative residents have been transformed, sharing memories of animals they've known and arguing good-naturedly about whose turn it is to feed or walk the adoptee. Perhaps it's an animal's unqualified approval that brings the residents out of their shells, or perhaps these lonely people find comfort in being *needed* once again. Whatever the reason, there's no doubt that animals can provide the elderly not only with an antidote to loneliness, but with a sense of purpose and increased self-esteem.

Of course, as valuable as pets are to us, it's important not to exaggerate their role. Animals are catalysts, not cures—they can't *substitute* for good health practices, therapy for the disturbed or human companionship for the elderly. Still, pets do have a special contribution to make. Scientific research is only beginning to support what animal lovers have known instinctively for 250 centuries: The human-animal bond can be of tremendous benefit to *both* partners. **End**



"My daughter said, 'Mom, this is the best thing you've ever made!'"

When Mrs. Gilbert Capson of Salt Lake City, Utah, heard that from her daughter, Dorothy, she knew she had a winner. Her creation, "Honey Pork Oriental," made with French's Brown Gravy Mix won a "French's Prize Recipe Award" for turning ordinary pork into a really special dish. You'll find original, prize-winning recipes from creative cooks everywhere on the back of each French's Prize Recipe Sauce, Gravy, and Seasoning Mix package.

Linda Capson's Honey Pork Oriental

2 pounds pork shoulder steaks
2 tablespoons oil or melted shortening
1 envelope French's Brown Gravy Mix
⅜ cup water
¼ cup honey
3 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
1 teaspoon French's Ginger
½ teaspoon French's Garlic Salt
4 carrots, thinly sliced
1 medium onion, cut in 6 wedges
1 green pepper, cut in squares
cooked rice

Cut pork in 1-inch squares, discarding bones. Brown pork in oil in large skillet, stirring frequently, 15 minutes. Combine French's Brown Gravy Mix, water, honey, soy sauce, vinegar, ginger, and garlic salt. Add to skillet, cover and cook 20 minutes. Add carrots; cook 10 minutes. Add onion and pepper, cook 5 to 10 minutes. Serve with rice. 4 to 5 servings.



French's® Prize Recipe
For cooking that could win a prize.

Here the lowest.
There the lowest.
Everywhere the lowest.
Who's really the lowest?

All these different brands of cigarettes, each claiming to be the lowest in tar.

Just who are you supposed to believe?

Well, we say, why should a tar-conscious smoker have to put up with this kind of confusion?

Why should you have to do research in order to find out if you can trust the "lowest" tar claims of your cigarette?

So we've done the research for you. We've assembled the tar level numbers of all the leading cigarettes that say they're the lowest.

And the results are right here in the chart below–which can light up the situation before you light up another cigarette.

See for yourself what's what. (And what isn't.)

Numbers don't lie.

And they prove there's only one Ultra Lowest Tar™ brand–Now.



Box

Box 100s

NUMBERS DON'T LIE. NO CIGARETTE, IN ANY SIZE, IS LOWER IN TAR THAN NOW.

	80's box	85's soft pack	100's box	100's soft pack
NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	Less than 0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method, except the one asterisked (*) which is av. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81.

NOW
The Lowest
The lowest in tar of all brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The Money-Savers Dictionary of Smart Shopping

Here's an A to Z guide to everything you need to know to save precious dollars on expenses—and protect yourself as a consumer. By Carol Krucoff

A is for Auctions, a fantastic source of fine quality furniture.



lso a source for jewelry or housewares wonderfully low prices. Here's ad- ce from Andrea Lubershane and Erik anin, co-authors of *The Inflation ighter's Guide to Best Buys in the ashington (D.C.) Metro Area:*

Carefully examine all merchandise efore an auction starts, checking for acks and defects as well as for man- facturer's marks and dates. Decide w much an item is worth, taking to account the cost of any repairs at may be needed, and stick with at figure.

While privately run auctions are the ost common, some state, local and deral agencies sell unclaimed goods used government property to the ghest bidder. Contact your local po- e or sheriff's department for specific formation.

The U.S. Postal Service auctions off ndeliverable parcels yearly in about locations nationwide. Ask your stmaster for details.

The Government Service Admin- ration sells surplus articles, from ed business machines to motorcy- s. Call the nearest Federal Informa- n Center for the number of the clos- t GSA personal property division.

The Internal Revenue Service and e Small Business Administration ction off property seized from delin- ent taxpayers or from failed busi- sses that owe tax money. The law requires both agencies to advertise the sales in local newspapers.

B is for Bargaining, a cornerstone of smart shopping.



For novice bargainers, here are a few hints:

- Ask the merchant, "Is that the best you can do?" on an item. Often in a flea-market environment, dealers will go down at least ten percent.
- If you have learned that a competitor is selling the item for less, let the merchant know and ask him to meet the lower price.
- Always ask for a discount on any merchandise that has a flaw, if you're paying cash instead of charging.

C is for Coupons, which can shave money off your grocery bill.



What you may not know, however, is how to get the most from your coupons, so here's some advice from the Consumer Affairs Department at Safeway Stores, an international supermarket chain:

- File the coupons in a shoebox, either alphabetically or by categories (pet food, cleaning supplies, frozen foods, etc.). Coupons due to expire soon should be placed in the front of your file to be used first.
- Make a shopping list before you go to the store, check it against your file, then attach those coupons for products that match your needs.
- Swap coupons with friends. If you spot a good coupon for a product you don't regularly use, clip it for someone who does. Ask your friends to do the same for you.

D is for Discount Stores, an increasingly important part of the shopping scene.



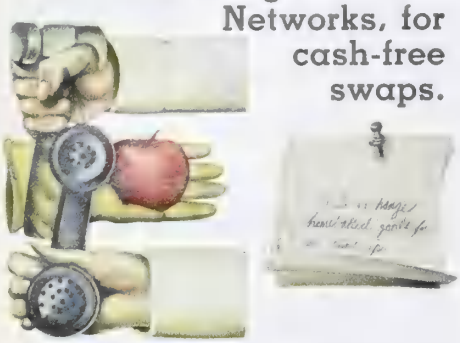
You may not find special service at discount houses, but you'll probably find good buys—if you know how to shop wisely. Remember to:

- Start by visiting a good department store or boutique with a wide selection. Examine the merchandise and prices, so you'll recognize a good buy.
- At the discount store be prepared to try on garments in a communal dressing room or wear a leotard so you can slip on clothes in shops with no fitting room at all.
- Try on and inspect everything carefully. The chance of finding irregulars or seconds is higher at discount operations than at traditional stores, and many discounters prohibit returns or exchanges.

(continued)

The Money-Savers Dictionary

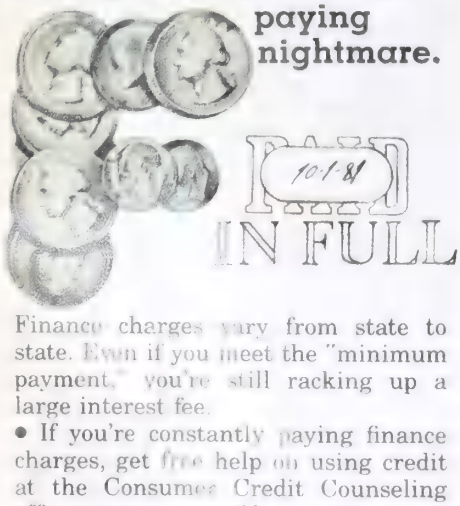
E is for Exchange Networks, for cash-free swaps.



Try bartering a skill or an item with your neighbors. For example, you can trade a car tune-up for a haircut, or your used lawn mower for an old sewing machine. To start an exchange network in your area:

- Set up an information system with a group of neighbors. Many networks keep file cards classified by skills or items to be traded. The staff can be "paid" with goods or services.
- For an information kit on setting up an exchange network—including a list of groups around the country—send $2.50 to Volunteer/The National Center for Citizen Involvement, 1111 North 19th Street, Suite 500, Arlington, Va. 22209.
- While the Internal Revenue Service makes exceptions for some "neighborly exchange of services," anyone who anticipates bartering goods or services worth more than $100 should consult a tax specialist.

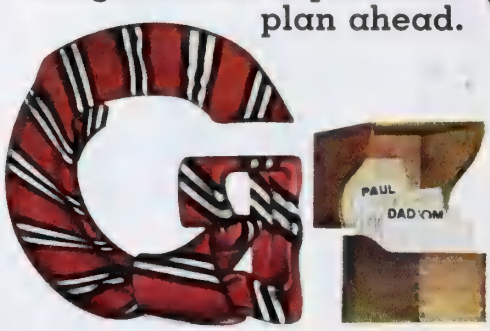
F is for Finance Charges, which can turn sweet savings into an interest-paying nightmare.



Finance charges vary from state to state. Even if you meet the "minimum payment," you're still racking up a large interest fee.

- If you're constantly paying finance charges, get free help on using credit at the Consumer Credit Counseling office nearest you. Check your phone book or write the National Foundation for Consumer Credit, 1819 H Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.
- Shop around for credit, advises Frances B. Smith of the National Consumer Finance Association, because interest rates will differ.
- For a free Consumer Budget Planner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the National Consumer Finance Association, 1000 16th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

G is for Gift-shopping, a budget-buster if you don't plan ahead.



Stretch your gift-buying dollars by:

- Doing your holiday shopping yea round, whenever you see somethi appropriate at a good price.
- Buying some nice, inexpensive gi for emergencies.
- Remembering that the most mea ingful gifts may cost nothing at all; f example, a plant you raised from cu tings or providing an evening of fr baby-sitting.

H is for His-or-Her, or, buying in the boys' dept.



Designer sportswear often sells f about 25 to 50 percent less in the bo department. Recently, one store so name-brand polo shirts for $22 in t ladies' sportswear section and $16 the boys' floor.

Here are some approximate si equivalents: If you wear a wome 5-6, try a boys' 14; women's 7-8, bo 16; women's 9-10, boys' 18; wome 11-12, boys' 20. *(continue*

TEN TIPS FOR SAVVY SHOPPERS

1. Avoid shopping when desperate. Whenever possible, plan ahead for major purchases and gifts, and take advantage of off-season sales.

2. Cultivate salespeople. A chummy clerk will let you know when the store is going to have a sale and clue you not to buy an item that's going to be reduced soon.

3. Complain if the product you buy is defective or doesn't hold up as long as it should. When all else fails, write to the president of the company. You *will* get results if you're concise and cordial, but firm.

4. Ask to be put on mailing lists that let you know about store specials and keep you in touch with "going prices" on items.

5. List desired features of any item you're shopping for. Make sure you get what you want—and *only* what you want—so you won't be paying for extras you've decided you don't need.

6. Buying in quantity. When you spot a sale on anything you use regularly—from laundry soap to panty hose—stock up.

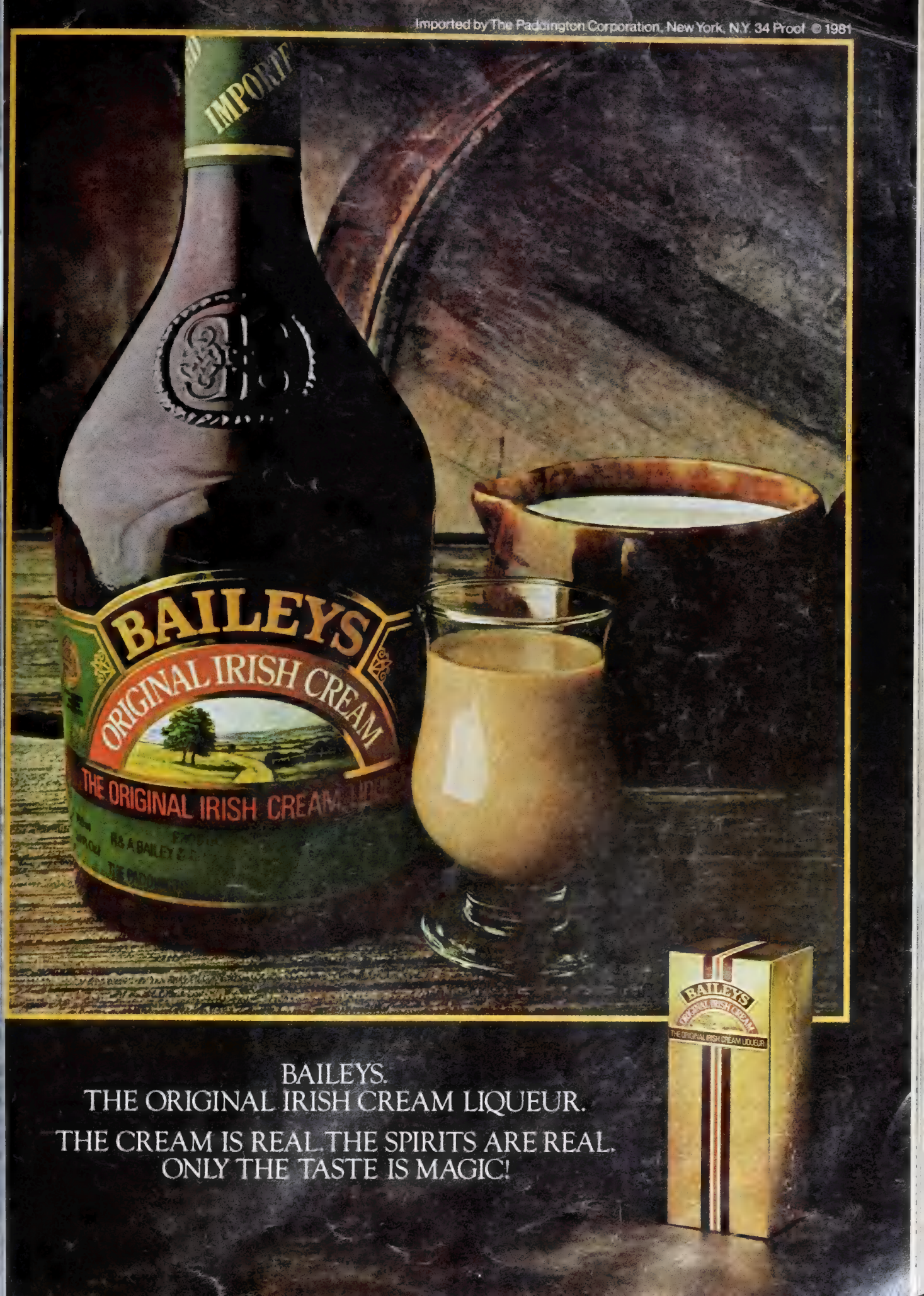
7. Buy clothes and accessories that go with what you already have. Don't snatch up one of thi season's gorgeous wide belts, a pai of trendy metallic shoes or a smash ing shawl unless you're sure they' complement wardrobe "staples."

8. Give up pre-conceived idea about where you "ought" to shop. Flea markets, thrift shops and con signment shops often offer good-look ing merchandise at a spectacula savings.

9. Remember that time is money. Sometimes the effort and hours spen to get the very best deal aren't worth frazzling yourself for. If you see ex actly the fall suit you've been crav ing—and you can snap it up on you lunch hour—maybe you're better of buying it then and there and gettin back to work.

10. Reward yourself for being such a smart saver. After all th haggling and coupon swapping an shopping around, don't you deserv at least one slightly extravagant self indulgence? Perfume, perhaps or a month's worth of exercise classes Being frugal shouldn't be depressing and the extra pennies—once in a while—should be just for you!

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I is for Information, which is not only power—it can mean money, too. Some good sources of information:

- The Consumer Information Center offers hundreds of booklets—many of them free—on everything from growing herbs to injury-free jogging. For a free catalog, write CIC, Dept. CA, Pueblo, Colo. 81009.
- The National Referral Center at the Library of Congress can help you find answers to nearly any question through their comprehensive computer system. Telephone requests for referral services are preferred, but mail or in-person requests are also accepted. Call (202) 287-5670, or write the Library of Congress, National Referral Center, Washington, D.C. 20540.
- The Council of Better Business Bureaus has low-cost booklets on topics such as pest control, interstate moving and sales contracts. For a free list of materials, contact your local BBB or send a self-addressed, stamped, business-sized envelope to the Council of Better Business Bureaus, Inc., 1515 Wilson Blvd., Suite 300, Arlington, Va. 22209.

J is for Joining, a good way for consumers to unite for lower costs. Among the associations you can join:

- A health-maintenance organization provides member individuals and families with medical services. They are often run in conjunction with teaching hospitals.
- A carpool is still one of the best ways to save on commuter transportation. On the national level, you can join the RideXchange—a new, long-distance, ride-sharing service that links prospective travelers with drivers going their way. Membership costs $10, a listing costs $1 and a computer search for referrals costs $2. For information call (800) 638-2775, or (301) 585-6995 in the Washington, D.C., area.

K is for Knockoffs, the great imitators that may look like the high-priced item but cost a lot less. Super-buys if you're aware that you're getting a copy, knockoffs can also be super rip-offs if you think you're getting the real thing. To make sure you're not fooled:

- Familiarize yourself with designers' logos. Recently a rash of counterfeit designer jeans were being sold with slight changes in the logos—such as spelling Calvin Klein, "Calvin Klien."
- Check for signs of good workmanship, such as small stitches, finished seam edges and bound or handsewn buttonholes. Try on the garment and stretch, bend and swing your arms to see how it responds. If a knockoff is well-made, why pay more for the designer's name?

L is for Looking Good, which doesn't have to cost a fortune.

- To save on haircuts, try a local beauty school, use the "junior staff" at a good salon or check classified ads for "freelance" hairstylists.
- For special occasions, you can set your hair at home and then go to a hairstylist for just a comb-out. Of course, you can also wash and blow-dry your hair at home so you pay a salon for only the cut.
- Or, cut your own hair with instructions from *How to Cut Hair* by Bob Bent, Simon and Schuster, $6.95.
- Free hair-coloring advice and information is offered through the Clairol hotline, (800) 223-5800.
- For frequent cosmetics users, mail-order beauty clubs, which advertise in newspapers and magazines, usually send a first kit of cosmetics free or at a nominal cost and then send others periodically on approval. Kits cost about eight dollars each and contain cosmetics valued at roughly three to five times that amount.

M is for Mail Order, a convenient and low-cost way to shop. For those who buy by mail, the Federal Trade Commission has this advice:

- Note the delivery time stated. If you're not promised a delivery date, FTC rules require the seller to ship the merchandise no later than 30 days after your order is received. If you don't receive it shortly thereafter, you can cancel and get a refund.
- Keep a copy of your order form, the merchant's name, address and the date you sent your order, your canceled checks and charge account receipts.
- Complain first to the company if you have a problem. If it's not resolved, contact a consumer protection office, or ask your local postmaster for the name of the appropriate "inspector-in-charge." Also notify the FTC, Washington, D.C.; your input may help show a pattern of practices requiring action.

N is for Nerve, since you can't be shy and get your money's worth as a consumer. The number one rule for the nervy consumer is to complain about shoddy merchandise and services. Ralph Charell, author of *How to Get the Upper Hand*, says he exchanged his own justified consumer complaints for a sum in excess of $75,000. Other consumer commandments are:

(continued)

- Ask for a raincheck on sale items that are out of stock (unless the ad specified a limited supply).
- Ask about mailing lists and dates of special sales. Making friends with a salesperson can't hurt.
- Inspect an item before you take it home, particularly if it comes in a sealed package of any kind.
- Always get the name and title of anyone with whom you have contact when you do business.
- Take a merchant to small claims court if you've exhausted other avenues of compromise when you feel you've been cheated.

O is for Outlet Shops, where you can buy imperfect goods, discontinued styles or out-of-season stock direct from the manufacturer. While outlets have traditionally been located near a factory, many manufacturers are opening them away from their plants. For example, Formfit, which makes women's intimate apparel, has 13 outlets from Maine to Utah that sell merchandise 40 to 60 percent off the regular price. (For a list of locations, write Formfit, Inc., Linnehan Bldg., Bar Harbor Road, Ellsworth, Me. 04605.)

- The *Save on Shopping Directory* by Iris Ellis lists 10,000 outlets, arranged geographically, in the United States and Canada and costs $7.95. Call (800) 228-2034 (charges only) or write SOS, Box 10482, Jacksonville, Fla. 32207.
- Known as the "outlet capital of the world," Reading, Pa., has an estimated 165 factory stores and several "outlet shopping centers." One of the largest of these is the Reading Outlet Center, with 30 shops. If you plan to be in the area, write for a free directory and $1-off coupon to: Reading Outlet Center, 801 North Ninth Street, Reading, Pa. 19604.

P is for Professional Supply Stores, where you can find high-quality goods—some of which aren't available in retail stores—at low cost. Some suggestions:

- Barber and beauty supply stores feature shampoos, rinses, conditioners, dyes, combs, pins and scissors. Some also stock cosmetics.
- Medical supply stores have first-aid equipment, heating pads, elasticized bandages, ice packs and surgical dissecting tweezers that are great on your eyebrows.
- Restaurant supply stores sell heavy-duty cooking equipment, oversized serving pieces, as well as hard-to-find specialty items.
- Office furniture stores have sturdy desks, tables, credenzas, breakfronts and file cabinets. Some also sell used furniture at low prices. *(continued)*



Q is for Quantity, because buying more can mean paying proportionately less. One of the best ways to do this is by forming a cooperative with your neighbors.

- The Cooperative League of the USA has several free pamphlets on setting up co-ops that can save you money on everything from books to legal services. Send a self-addressed, stamped, business-sized envelope to them at 1828 L Street N.W., Suite 1100, Washington, D.C. 20036.
- At the supermarket, you can buy "subprimals," cuts of beef or pork that range in size from five to 30 pounds. For information on handling and storing subprimals, write for a free booklet, "How to Save Money with Large Cuts of Meat," pamphlet 651J, Consumer Information Center, Pueblo, Colo. 81009.

R is for Rebates, the saver's dream. Although technically a rebate requires paying full price, then getting a percentage of your money refunded, it usually adds up to a significant discount.

- Manufacturers or stores may offer promotional rebates that vary according to the item's price—an $80 food processor might feature a $10 rebate or a $5,000 car could come up with a $500 rebate.
- Banks in about 350 cities offer cash-rebate savings accounts (sometimes called "Savings Plus" accounts) that entitle the depositor to rebates averaging seven percent when he or she pays cash at selected local restaurants or stores. The rebates are credited monthly to the shopper's account. To find a participating bank near you, call the Savings Plus Systems' toll-free number (800) 328-5107.

S is for Sales Calendar, since saving calls for good timing. Traditionally, clearance sales occur in mid or late season when retailers try to empty their shelves, but nearly every month boasts at least one day of storewide bargains. Here are some suggestions on the "right time" to buy:

- January is post-holiday clearance time. Look for good prices on air-conditioners, appliances, coats, clothing, gifts, linens ("white sales"), mens' suits, radios, rugs, resort wear, shoes, stereos, toys.
- April brings Easter sales. After the holiday, look for reduced prices on cards, candy and gifts. Good prices on infants' and children's clothing, bathrobes, cleaning supplies, fabric, paint, ranges and sleepwear.
- July, one of the best buying months, offers good prices on bathing suits, clothing, shoes, freezers, fuel oil, bedding, curtains, furniture, garden equipment, outdoor furniture, refrigerators and rugs.
- September has back-to-school sales, with prices usually below those offered in August. Look for children's clothing, sporting goods, tools, new cars, car batteries, china, fabric and housewares.
- October features Columbus Day sales. Check out values in hosiery, housecoats, lingerie, coats and clothing.
- November has Veterans Day, Thanksgiving and pre-holiday sales. You can find good buys on shoes, used cars, blankets, fabric, resort wear, silver and table linens.

T is for Thrift Shops, great spots for saving and making money. Some shops will accept your used items in exchange for keeping a percentage of the selling price. You can deduct the fair-market value of goods donated to charitable thrift shops like Goodwill from your federal income tax. Some tips for thrift shoppers:

- Look for "finds" in toys, small appliances, books, furniture that can be refinished and clothes that are not used for long (such as maternity dresses or toddlers' outfits).
- Check out thrift shops located in more expensive neighborhoods, since they attract some beautiful articles.
- Be sure to get in writing that any expensive item you buy (furs, jewelry, antiques) is what the dealer has purported it to be.

U is for Used Cars, a smart way to save. To avoid picking a lemon, the Council of Better Business Bureaus offers this advice:

- If you don't intend to trade in every year or two, you're better off buying an older, low-mileage car in good condition than a newer, high-mileage car that's been abused.
- Ask the owner or dealer for copies of service records, dealer references and records of the original purchase. Ask a dealer for names and addresses of people who bought used cars from him more than six months ago, and contact these people to see if the car proved reliable.
- For a set of four automotive booklets, including "Tips on Buying a Used Car," send a check for $1 along with a self-addressed, stamped, business-sized envelope to the Council of Better Business Bureaus, Inc., 1515 Wilson Blvd., Suite 300, Arlington, Va. 22209. For a free copy of *The Car Book*, a 68-page Dept. of Transportation publication that tells you how to buy a new or used car, write for booklet 628J, at the Consumer Information Center, Dept. CA, Pueblo, Colo. 81009.

V is for Vacations, which don have to leave you bankrup Tourist homes, for instance, provic high-quality, low-priced accommoda tions—usually less than $30 a nigh for a bed and a regional breakfast, lik grits, ham and eggs in the Soutl About 500 guesthouses countrywic are listed in the *Guide to Guesthous and Tourist Homes* by Betty Rundbac and Nancy Ackerman, $5, from Tou ist House Associates, Inc., Box 355 Greentown, Pa. 18425.

- Colleges and universities across th country will also provide accommoda tions, often at less than $10 per nigh usually during traditional schoo break times. You can often use th campus recreation and cultural facil ties. A listing of nearly 200 campuse is included in *Mort's Guide to Lou Cost Vacations and Lodgings on Co lege Campuses*, $6, from CMG Pul lishing, Inc., P.O. Box 630, Princeto N. J. 08540.
- You can swap your home for som one else's at the beach, in the mou tains or in a foreign city. Home e change agencies list interested partic pants who then contact each other ar make necessary arrangements. Whi savings can be considerable, hous trades require a great deal of advanc planning and careful checking. Age cies charge about $20-$50 for a listin One of the least expensive is the Vac tion Exchange Club, 350 Broadwa New York, N.Y. 10013.

W is for Washing, sinc proper care can add se sons of life to your clothing. Th Federal Trade Commission require manufacturers to include care labe on all garments. Read those labels an figure laundry costs into the overa expense of a garment. A "bargain" sil blouse that costs $3 to dry clean ca mean spending an extra $75 in on year.

For extra washing care, Fran Vitek, president of the National Aut matic Laundry and Cleaning Counci has this advice:

- Take clothing that must be dr cleaned to coin-operated dry-cleanin machines and save about 30 percent.
- Most knitwear can be hand- or ma chine-washed on a gentle cycle (excep angora, which should be dry cleaned Be sure to reblock and reshape.

Y is for Xerographic Repr duction, so you can sprea the word on bargains to you neighbors. To start a "savings info mation service":

- Keep a running list of any new sho that offers good values. Include th shop's name, address and hours, plu what you bought and for what price.

• Add any super finds, such as a hair salon that discounts pedicures on Wednesdays or a bakery that sells misshapen pastries at half price.

• When you get several items, type up the list, duplicate it and slip it under your neighbors' doors or post it on a community bulletin board. Encourage your neighbors to do the same. Or, organize a "bargain newsletter club," where members pass information on to a secretary.

Y is for Yard Sales, fun spots to find a hodgepodge of used items for just pennies and a great way to unload things you no longer use. Best buys are usually toys, kitchenware, books, sturdy furniture and kids' clothing. Yard-sale shoppers should:

• Shop early in the day to get the best selection; shop late to get the best prices.

Yard-sale holders should:

• Put price labels on all items to avoid being scalped in the heat of bargaining.

• Take advantage of free advertising, often offered in community newsletters or on supermarket bulletin boards.

Z is for Zoo and Museum Shops, ideal places for novel and often low-cost gifts and collectibles. Here are some suggestions:

• The National Zoological Park features probably the best collection of panda items in the world—including a large wool panda, made in China, with movable head and limbs for $4.95 plus $1.50 handling. They also have a bookstore and a gallery featuring jewelry and art objects. For a mail-order listing, write: Friends of the National Zoo, Mail-Order Department, National Zoological Park, Washington, D.C. 20008.

• The Smithsonian's gift shops offer many good buys, including: Oscar the Octopus, a six-foot long kite for $7 plus $1.95 shipping and handling; and canapé sticks in the shape of animals, crafted in Kenya, set of six, $7 plus $1.50 shipping and handling. For a free catalog, write Smithsonian Mail-Order Services, P.O. Box 2456, Washington, D.C. 20013.

• The San Diego Zoo's gift shops are popular for silk-screen animal T-shirts ($4, children; $9, adults) and a selection of stuffed animals that range from $3 bean-bag creatures to a $125 custom-made gorilla. The Zoo has no catalog but will take mail-order requests. Contact San Diego Zoo, Merchandising Dept., P.O. Box 551, San Diego, Calif. 92112. **End**



"Good morning, Droopy. Roger Snodgreen says I should examine your root system."



the shattering of plans, links, assumptions—the sudden loss of an important limb of one's security. That early and often paralyzing form of depression should lift quite remarkably after a time, sometimes abruptly, as if one had awakened one day measurably lighter, more buoyant, able again to go into the world. The resulting intermittent depression is hardly distinguishable from grief. And to do the work of grieving is the crux of the mourning process.

Grief is a necessary part of accepting the fact that vital bonds of affection have been broken. That is as true for those divorced or abandoned by the one they love as it is for those who are bereaved. So natural is the need to grieve, there is in the body an almost discernible well of sadness. Scientists have noted that chemical excretions from the bodies of people recently bereaved are different from those of people unaffected by a loss. Rather than indicating weakness, being able to grieve openly is one sign of the human spirit's strength and spontaneity in restoring itself.

Acceptance is that point toward the end of the long dark hours that marks a stage of acceptance often curiously neutral in emotion. Not depressed, angry or elated, the person is primarily relieved and feels more peaceful than he or she has in a long time.

Pathfinder steps to full recovery

After interviewing many pathfinders whose forward movement had been interrupted by the blow of a life accident, I observed several additional steps that seemed essential to full recovery. Since Kübler-Ross defined the stages of the mourning process primarily by observing people who were themselves dying, it stands to reason that refinements are necessary for people whose lives will continue. The critical tasks that I would suggest to turn adversity into strength are these:

Making sound detachments: When we switch schools as children, leave home as try-out adults, every time we move, change jobs, "break up" a romance, dissolve a business relationship, we have made a major detachment. And a major detachment is a small death. Yet in our concentration on the importance of forming attachments, little attention has been paid to preparing for healthy—possibly even growth-inciting—detachments. The psychological literature scarcely mentions the subject.

Since 1970, the number of single-parent families has increased by 79 percent, leaving one family in five with children under the age of 18 a detached unit. In the midst of this staggering fragmentation of the family, imaginative variations on split parenthood are emerging. In the grip of the most acute pain, anger, fear and confusion, some people are able to make extraordinary efforts with thought for the future. Such people are making sound detachments.

Intervention: Consciously changing our inner image (initially negative) of what we will be like after the accident or plunging into some constructive action during the recovery process hastens the conclusion to the work of grieving. It is not outside events that heal us or bring us back. It is doing the tough repair work from the inside. Consulting our past behavior in a similar situation for guidance on where we may have misused defenses can only be helpful. Gradually, we must form a new inner image of ourselves that reflects the new outer reality—not a grim image, but one that casts us in a role that appeals to us in new ways. Julia Walsh began to see herself as an adventurous stockbroker. And for Julia, that intervention brought a lifetime of reward. It proceeded as she entered an advanced management program at Harvard Business School.

"I went in with all kinds of fear and trepidation," she admits today, "playing the dumb female role all the way. The first month was really tougl Then I sat through thirteen weel with one hundred sixty guys who wer supposed to be the top men coming u in the world—and they had more prol lems than I did!" Her laugh is fresl unstressed.

She realized that because when sh had started out there were virtuall no women in the financial field, sh had tied herself up with "women can dos." Women "couldn't" sell stock t men; "couldn't" be adventurous fc fear of being thought "unstable"; coul only do a circumspect business wit widows and older ladies. Well, good bye to all that. She decided that sh would be as dynamic as Julia Wals had it in her to be.

There was another turnaround i Julia's image of herself. It had neve crossed her mind to remarry. *Forever have made my pledge* was the de mented legacy of some religious lesso she had learned too well, too long ago But now she was bored silly with being single!

Julia Walsh returned home fron Harvard Business School a changed woman and in the market for a nev sort of merger. "I am a person wh should be married," she realized. " like the tradition. I like children. Mar riage is, in a sense, a protective device

"I was pretty determined *(continued*



"I'm going home to father!"

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Now you can feel slim and comfortable all month long. Fast acting Diurex Water Pills are the gentle, medically safe* way to relieve uncomfortable menstrual bloat.

And only Diurex Water Pills contain potassium plus two non-aspirin pain relievers to help relieve menstrual cramps, aches and pains, as well as low-backache, tension, headache, breast tenderness and the "blues."

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*Taken as directed

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PATHFINDERS
continued

I wanted to be married in the Church," she told me. "That's a tough one for a gal forty years old. You don't find many attractive men between forty and forty-five sitting on the shelf. So I married a man with seven children—think about that!" She laughed heartily. "It was just so easy, the merger. Tom and I are very good friends. He's a lovely human being. The children wanted it, too. You couldn't put that kind of group together with anything else but a commitment to a permanent institution.

"The girls laugh now about the transition period when we became one family," she said when there was time to take a retrospective look, "but there were some pretty rough times there, too. I kept all the relationships surface." She responded to any inquiry from a child in a rational, problem-solving way, never skidding on the thin ice of emotional problems that might have been hidden below. She was aware that she could not duplicate at home the constant attention to detail that went into her business life.

To my mind, Julia's real secret in building a good life for herself and her sons after their life accident was providing children with a built-in support group—a family as institution. The price of Julia's success in her career was a superficializing of emotional relationships.

There is always some price. Julia Walsh's compromise turned out well. "The fact that I never had any serious health or psychological problems with any of the children was the greates blessing of all," she says. But she ad mits to being afraid, still, of touchin greater emotional depths, especially i herself. Toting up all her successfu investments in life along with the deb its, Julia Walsh is filled with a sens of her good fortune in having achieve partial victories—in having dealt wit her life accident and gone beyond th event to create for herself a new leve of well-being.

Transcendence: Transcendence is realm beyond all the negative emo tions of mourning, beyond even th neutral point of acceptance. When i happens that a life accident creates pathfinder, the person is able to tran scend his or her former self as well. A positive self-fulfilling prophecy i made as one comes out of the dark hours. And around a new work, idea purpose, faith or a love inspired by the accident, one's goals are realigned Transcendence is an act of creativity One creates a partial replacement fo what has been lost. The light at the end of mourning is glimpsed, and it is cause for new joy.

Rarely does creative endurance o courage, much less leadership, become possible without the introduction o adversity. One can almost watch the painful emotions produced by a life accident—denial, anger, depression, fear—become catalyzed into a harder compound in certain people. Call it grit. It is upon developing that grit and daring to enter an unknown territory beyond negative emotions that the untested sometimes emerge different people. They transcend themselves and become pathfinders. **End**



"Fill 'er up with candy or the dog goes berserk."

MONSTER IN THE CLOSET

continued from page 89

"What's wrong, Tadder?" His daddy ked him again.

"There was a monster!" Tad cried. n my closet!" And he burst into ars.

His mommy sat with him; they held m between them, soothed him as st they could. There followed the tual of parents. They explained there ere no monsters; that he had just had bad dream. His mommy explained w shadows could sometimes look ke the bad things they sometimes owed on TV or in the comic books, id Daddy told him everything was all ght, fine, that nothing in their good ouse could hurt him. Tad nodded and greed that it was so, although he new it was not.

His father explained to him how, in e dark, the two uneven piles of ankets had looked like hunched oulders, how the teddy bear had oked like a cocked head, and how the throom light, reflecting from Teddy's ass eyes, had made them seem like e eyes of a real live animal.

"Now look," he said. "Watch me ose, Tadder."

Tad watched.

His father took the two piles of ankets and put them far back in d's closet. Tad could hear the coat ngers jingling softly, talking about ddy in their coat-hanger language. hat was funny, and he smiled a little. ommy caught his smile and smiled ck, relieved.

His daddy came out of the closet, ok Teddy and put him in Tad's arms. "And last but not least," Daddy said th a bow that made both Tad and ommy giggle, "ze chair."

He put the chair outside the closet or and then closed it firmly. When came back to Tad's bed he was still iling, but his eyes were serious.

"Okay, Tad?"

"Yes," Tad said, and then forced mself to say it. "But it was there, ddy. I saw it. Really."

"Your *mind* saw something, Tad," ddy said, and his big, warm hand oked Tad's hair. "But you didn't see monster in your closet, not a real e. There are no monsters, Tad. Only stories, and in your mind."

He looked from his father to his other and back again—their big, ll-loved faces.

"Really?"

"Really," his mommy said.

But as his mother and father went the door the fear settled on him ain like a cold coat full of mist. *Oh ease*, he thought, but there was no ore, just that: *Oh please oh please.*

Perhaps his father caught his ought, because Vic turned back, one hand on the light switch, and repeated: "No monsters, Tad."

"No, Daddy," Tad said, because in that instant his father's eyes seemed shadowed and far, as if he needed to be convinced. "No monsters." *Except for the one in my closet.*

The light snapped off.

"Good night, Tad." His mother's voice trailed back to him lightly, softly, and in his mind he cried out, *Be careful, Mommy, they eat the ladies! In all the movies they catch the ladies and carry them off and eat them! Oh please oh please oh please—*

But they were gone.

So Tad Trenton, four years old, lay in his bed, all wires and stiff Erector Set braces. He lay with the covers pulled up to his chin and one arm crushing Teddy against his chest, and there was Luke Skywalker on one wall; there was a chipmunk standing on a blender on another wall, grinning cheerily (IF LIFE HANDS YOU LEMONS, MAKE LEMONADE! the cheeky, grinning chipmunk was saying); there was the whole motley Sesame Street crew on a third: Big Bird, Bert, Ernie, Oscar, Grover. Good totems; good magic. But oh the wind outside, screaming over the roof, skating down black gutters! He would sleep no more this night.

But little by little the wires unsnarled themselves and stiff muscles relaxed. His mind began to drift. . . .

And then a new screaming, this one closer than the nightwind outside, brought him back to staring wakefulness again.

The hinges on the closet door.

Creeeeeeeeeeee—

That thin sound, so high that perhaps only dogs and small boys awake in the night could have heard it. His closet door swung open slowly and steadily, a dead mouth opening on darkness, inch by inch and foot by foot.

The monster was in that darkness. It crouched where it had crouched before. It grinned at him, and its huge shoulders bulked above its cocked head, and its eyes glowed amber, alive with stupid cunning. I told you they'd go away, Tad, it whispered. *They always do, in the end. And then I can come back. I* like *to come back. I like* you, *Tad. I'll come back every night now, I think, and every night I'll come a little closer to your bed . . . and a little closer . . . until one night, before you can scream for them, you'll hear something growling, something growling* right beside you, Tad. *It'll be me, and I'll pounce, then I'll eat you and you'll be in me.*

Tad stared at the creature in his closet with drugged, horrified fascination. There was something that . . . was almost familiar. Something he almost knew. And that was the worst, that almost knowing. Because—

Because I'm crazy, Tad. I'm here. I've been here all along. I've been here all along, I stick around, I keep my ear to the ground. I'm the monster, Tad, the old monster, and I'll have you soon, Tad. Feel me getting closer . . . and closer. . . .

Perhaps the thing in the closet spoke to him in its own hissing breath, or perhaps its voice was the wind's voice. Either way, neither way, it didn't matter. He listened to its words, drugged with terror, near fainting (but so wide awake); he looked upon its shadowed, snarling face, which he almost knew. He would sleep no more tonight; perhaps never sleep again.

But sometime later, sometime between the striking of half-past midnight and the hour of one, perhaps because he was small, Tad drifted away again. Thin sleep in which hulking, furred creatures with white teeth chased him deepened into dreamless slumber.

The wind held long conversations with the gutters. A rind of white spring moon rose in the sky. Somewhere far away, in some still meadow of night or along some pine-edged corridor of forest, a dog barked furiously and then fell silent.

And in Tad Trenton's closet, something with amber eyes held watch.

"Did you put the blankets back?" Donna asked her husband the next morning. She was standing at the stove, cooking bacon. Tad was in the other room, watching cartoons and eating a bowl of Twinkles. Twinkles was a Sharp cereal, and the Trentons got all their Sharp cereals free.

"Hmmm?" Vic asked. He was buried deep in the sports pages. A transplanted New Yorker, he had so far successfully resisted Red Sox fever. But he was masochistically pleased to see that the Mets were off to another superlatively cruddy start.

"The blankets. In Tad's closet." She brought the bacon, draining on a paper towel and still sizzling, to the table. "Did you put them back on his chair?"

"Not me," Vic said, turning a page. "It smells like a mothball convention back there."

"That's funny. *He* must have put them back."

He put the paper aside and looked up at her. "What are you talking about, Donna?"

"You remember the bad dream last night—"

"Not apt to forget."

She nodded. "He thought the blankets were some kind of—" She shrugged.

"Boogeyman," Vic said, grinning.

"I guess so. And you gave him his teddy bear and put those *(continued)*

blankets in the back of the closet. But they were back on the chair when I went in to make his bed." She laughed. "I looked in, and for just a second there I thought—"

"*Now* I know where he gets it," Vic said, picking up the newspaper again.

Later, after Vic had shot off to work, Donna asked Tad why he had put the blankets back on the chair if they had scared him in the night.

Tad looked up at her, and his normally animated, lively face seemed pale and watchful—too old. His Star Wars coloring book was open in front of him. He had been doing a picture from the interstellar cantina, using his green crayon to color Greedo.

"I didn't," he said.

"But Tad, if you didn't, and Daddy didn't, and *I* didn't—"

"The monster did it," Tad said. "The monster in my closet."

He bent to his picture again.

She stood looking at him, troubled, a little frightened. He was a bright boy, and perhaps too imaginative. This was not such good news. She would have to talk to Vic about it tonight. She would have to have a long talk with him about it.

"Tad, remember what your father said," she told him now. "There aren't any such things as monsters."

"Not in the daytime, anyway," he said, and smiled at her so openly, so beautifully, that she was charmed out of her fears.

But Tad screamed that night too, screamed that it was in his closet, the monster, the monster!

The closet door hung ajar, blankets on the chair. This time Vic took them up to the third floor and stacked them in the closet up there.

"Locked it up, Tadder," Vic said, kissing his son. "You're all set now. Go back to sleep and have a good dream."

But Tad did not sleep for a long time, and before he did, the closet door swung clear of its latch with a sly little snicking sound, the dead mouth opened on the dead dark—the dead dark where something furry and sharp-toothed and sharp-clawed waited, something that smelled of sour blood and dark doom.

A couple of weeks later, Vic was about to leave on a business trip and Donna began to get a little spooked. She told Vic one morning, in a kind of laughing, nervous way, that things in Tad's closet sometimes appeared moved around. Well, Tad did it, Vic had responded. You don't understand, Donna said. He doesn't go back there any more, Vic . . . never. He's scared to. And she had added that sometimes it seemed to her that the closet actually smelled bad after Tad's bouts of nightmare, followed by waking fear. Disturbed, Vic had gone into the closet and sniffed. He had smelled nothing but mothballs. The closet, finished wall on one side and bare lathing on the other, stretched back some eight feet. It was as narrow as a railroad car. There was no boogeyman back in there. Vic got a few cobwebs in his hair. That was all.

Donna had suggested first what she called "good-dream thoughts" to combat Tad's night fears, then prayer. Tad responded to the former by saying that the thing in his closet stole his good-dream thoughts; he responded to the latter by saying that since God didn't believe in monsters, prayers were useless. Her temper had snapped—perhaps partly because Donna had been spooked by Tad's closet herself. Once, while hanging some of Tad's shirts in there, the door had swung quietly shut behind her and she'd had a bad 40 seconds fumbling her way back to the door and getting out. She had smelled something in there that time—something hot and close and violent. The upshot was her curt suggestion that since there *were* no such things as monsters, Tad should put the whole thing out of his mind, hug his teddy and go to sleep.

Vic either saw more deeply or remembered more clearly about the closet door that turned into an unhinged idiot mouth in the dark of night, a place where strange things sometimes rustled, a place where hanging clothes sometimes turned into hanging men. He remembered vaguely about the shadows the streetlight could throw on the wall in the endless four hours that follow the turn of the day, and the creaking sounds that might have been the house settling or that might—just *might*—be something creeping up.

His solution was the Monster Catechism, or just the Monster Words if you were four and not much into semantics. Either way, it was nothing more (nor less) than a primitive incantation to keep evil at bay. Vic had invented it one day on his lunch hour, and to Donna's mixed relief and chagrin, it worked when her own efforts to use psychology, Parent Effectiveness Training and, finally, blunt discipline had failed. Vic spoke it over Tad's bed every night like a benediction as Tad lay there under a single sheet in the sweltering dark.

"Do you think that's going to do him any good in the long run?" Donna asked.

"Admen don't care about the long run," Vic had answered. "They care about fast, fast, fast relief. And I'm good at my job."

The night before Vic left Tad beg to cry. "What's the matter?" Vic ask

"When you're gone, there's nob to say the Monster Words, that's matter, that's a *lot* the matter," answered now, wiping the tears off cheeks in disgust and embarrassme

"Well, listen," Vic said. "They written down. That's how I can them the same every night. I'll pr them on a piece of paper and t them to your wall. And Mommy read them to you while I'm gone."

"Yeah? Will you?"

"Sure. Said I would."

"You won't forget?"

"No way, man. I'll do it tonight."

Tad put his arms around his fath and Vic hugged him tight.

That night, after Tad slept, Vic w quietly into the boy's room and tacl a sheet of paper to the wall with pushpin. He put it right next to T Mighty Marvel Calendar, where kid couldn't miss it. Printed in lar clear letters on this sheet of pa was:

THE MONSTER WORDS
For Tad

Monsters, stay out of this room!
You have no business here.
No monsters under Tad's bed!
You can't fit under there.
No monsters hiding in Tad's closet!
It's too small in there.
No monsters outside of Tad's window!
You can't hold on out there.
No vampires, no werewolves, no things bite.
You have no business here.
Nothing will touch Tad, or hurt Tad, this night.
You have no business here.

Vic looked at this for a long ti and reminded himself to tell Donna least twice more before he left to re it to the kid every night; to impress her how important the Monster Wo were to Tad.

On his way out, he saw the clo door was open. Just a crack. He clo the door firmly and left his son's roo

Sometime much later that eveni the door swung open again. H lightning flickered sporadically, t tooing crazy shadows in there.

But Tad did not wake.

That was at the beginning of the su mer, and before the summer was ov the monster really *did* come out of T Trenton's closet. It wasn't what Tad or anyone else—had expected, b monsters so rarely are; their faces ways shock because of their essent familiarity. The face of the monster only the face, perhaps, of the ted bear gone all wrong and terrible—teddy bear that snarls.

The time was not distant, as that b summer drew on, when Tad wou need the Monster Words . . . when would need them very badly. E

Faithful Fries.



Ore-Ida French Fries. Great-tasting every time you make them.



All-Righta!™

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IET THAT CHANGED LIVES

continued from page 82

takes into consideration nutritional equirements and calorie limitations, ıt does away with complex calculaons and the sense of being rigidly egulated. Permitted foods (which ally include everything except reıed sugars) are divided into six main oups: milk products, vegetables, uits, breads, meat, fats. Each item sted under a particular food category the nutritional and caloric equivent of—and therefore "exchangeıle" for—any other item in that oup (see chart, page 78). As part of eakfast, for instance, you can choose ıe slice of toast or 1/2 cup of bran. For nch, you may prefer one cup of gurt to 1/4 cup of cottage cheese. ne night you might decide on a porın of shrimp and another night, an uivalent portion of chicken. (At first, d carefully weighed each portion, but etty soon he learned to recognize hat three ounces of sole looked like.) Once you understand the ground ıles, what you have is a very personal etary program. The essential thing that you're dealing with portions, ıt complex calorie calculations. Simy determine what your total daily aintenance or dietary requirement , then balance your menus accordingly, using the exchange lists (see sample menu, page 147).

A new way of eating

This regimen has gained great currency among health-conscious diabetics, heart patients and others who wish to minimize the complications of a variety of conditions. Then there are "normal" healthy people like the rest of us who are beginning to re-think our bodies' needs. (Before going on this or any diet, however, it's important to check with your doctor.) The appealing simplicity and immense freedom and range of choice accounts for the Exchange System's popularity. What is really significant, though, is how the system differs from the "average" American diet:

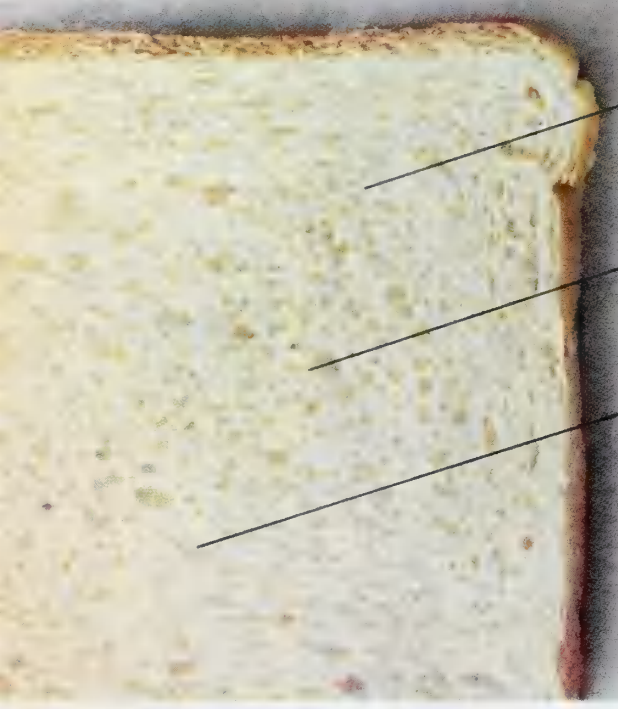
- Animal protein, particularly high-fat meats and cheeses, and fats themselves (especially saturated fats), are no longer the chief source of nutrients and calories.
- Complex carbohydrates—including whole grain and cereal, vegetable and fruit sources—are the new emphasis of one's daily meals.
- These carbohydrates provide bulk and fiber for digestive health, as well as essential nutritional value.
- The System eschews, as much as possible, foods like saturated fats and refined sugars that are implicated in or exacerbate illnesses like coronary disease, circulatory disease and, of course, diabetes.
- This is an incredibly economical eating program: The savings on food bills are substantial because vegetables and grains are so much cheaper than meats.

Me, the reluctant convert

At first, I thought of all this as another one of Ed's new personal requirements: a "special diet," Ed's diet for Ed's problem. For his sake, we now had to read labels to avoid sugar. It just so happened that eliminating sweets fit my own latest weight-reduction scheme as well. After Ed's release from the hospital, I rarely if ever ate sugar products in the house myself because I thought it would be unfair for him to be confronted with ice cream and cake each time he opened the refrigerator. Soon, I didn't order them elsewhere, either. I was, in fact, losing my overwhelming craving for refined sugar.

Since we ate more and more of our meals at home together, I began to share in the radical reduction of fats and oils used in preparing foods. We now ate mainly chicken and fish (in smaller and smaller quantities) and discovered a variety of grains and vegetables. But I was a meat-and-salad woman *(continued)*

Arnold Brick Oven White.
There are so many rich ingredients in this white bread, it isn't white.



Just enough golden honey and creamery butter for a richer taste and color.

Slow baked with fresh yeast for a unique texture.

Unbleached wheat flour that's high in protein. Other white breads look pale by comparison.



ARNOLD
Honest Bread

©1981 Oroweat Foo

DIET THAT CHANGED LIVES

continued

and ate both in vastly greater proportions than Ed. My sole concern still was controlling my appetite and losing 12 pounds. It just didn't seem possible that a "healthy" person like me could learn something about diets from a diabetic.

By June, however, I noticed that I was looking a bit slimmer and feeling better: more relaxed, efficiently energized, less prone to binges. I attributed the changes to our banishment of refined sugar. Then I came across a booklet sponsored by several medical groups, including the American Diabetes Association and the American Dietetic Association, that outlined "Ed's diet" as a means of weight loss, weight maintenance and fitness for everyone. I had nothing to lose but my preconceptions and ten more pounds, so I went on a 1,200-calorie exchange program.

Of course, the Exchange System "worked." The real marvel was *how* it worked—how manageable the regimen is and how great I began to feel. I have never felt deprived. You can trust your appetite after awhile on a high-carbohydrate plan: Overeating is quite difficult and surprisingly undesirable. For the first time in my adult life, bingeing became a rarity. The weight dropped away rather easily in a few months. I could have lost it faster, but I felt slow and steady reducing was better. (And I was right: The pounds have stayed off.)

I also took pleasure in the simple and wholesome foods we prepared. The two of us began to experiment with new recipes for our own "nouvelle cuisine." We discovered—or rediscovered—thick pea soup and bean soups, the kasha and millet, noodles and vegetable knishes of our Eastern European grandmothers. I started gathering excellent new cookbooks and recipes.

There were unexpected benefits, too: better digestion and sleep, clearer skin and a general sense of well-being. But the real truth is that I was slowly but surely getting hooked on health.

Exercising for life

Beyond controlling stress and relearning how to eat, there was yet another aspect of our lives that needed attention. We both had neglected exercise for so long that it was a wonder we looked as fit as we did. Now Ed's doctor wanted him to begin a program of regular exercise to facilitate the effective use of insulin in the body. And once again, my desire (to shape up and slim down) met his need.

We began by walking together t work and back. Soon, we were takin long walks on weekends. Miles an miles and miles. It was astonishin how effortless this regimen seemed could exercise without ceasing to se things or think), and how strong I wa becoming. We eventually signed up fo karate classes. Working to increas our physical and emotional fitness ha become a vitally important part of ou days. Neither Ed nor I have been i better condition in our adult lives.

Today, we take our enthusiasm fo saner living, wise nutrition and vig orous exercise almost for granted. E is a well-controlled diabetic, a doctor' dream of a patient: no cheating (o temptation), no complications. And am a strong, slim woman whose dis turbing problems with compulsive eat ing and seesawing weight have faded Although it took a sad shock to mov us in the right direction, what we hav experienced is a gradual evolution i our thinking and lifestyle rather tha a sudden, revolutionary transforma tion. The road to health is open t anyone. Once you begin to feel better you want to feel even better still. That's when you start taking respon sibility for your physical life in a real and enduring way.

Last night, to celebrate a lovely, almy day, we spent the evening at the heater, then walked to Chinatown for late dinner: a simple vegetable and ofu soup, a small but exquisite shrimp ish and mountains of steamed vege-ables as well as a piquant cabbage alad. We did binge a bit—a fortune ookie apiece with our fruit platter—nd following a walk uptown we reated ourselves to an unaccustomed afé au lait. Eighteen months ago, I ould never have foreseen how illness nd pain could lead to so much health nd wholeness. But now, there is no oubt in my mind that Ed and I are ntering the best years of our life to-ether.

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ample menus prepared by the author, ased on the Exchange System Diet. We've rovided suggested menus for two complete ays (at 1,200 calories per day) and five dditional dinner menus.

REAKFAST
oz. Jarlsberg or Swiss cheese melted on
½ toasted bagel
cup skim milk
grapefruit

UNCH
cup cold pasta, tossed with diced
vegetables (carrots, cucumbers, etc.) and
2 Tb. vinaigrette dressing
pear
cup plain, nonfat yogurt

DINNER
4 oz. poached flounder
1 small steamed potato
½ cup steamed carrots
1 tsp. butter (for potato or carrots)
endive salad (with 1 tsp. vinaigrette dressing)
¼ cantaloupe

SNACKS
1 baked apple with ½ cup hot skim milk

BREAKFAST
1 poached egg on ½ toasted English muffin (1 tsp. butter)
½ cup fresh pineapple slices
½ cup skim milk

LUNCH
2 Tb. peanut butter on 2 slices whole-grain bread
Shredded carrot & zucchini salad, tossed with lemon juice
Fresh or water-packed cherries (10–15)
1 cup plain, nonfat yogurt

DINNER
1 cup split pea soup
3 oz. baked chicken breast, basted with Dijon mustard
1 steamed artichoke (2 Tb. vinaigrette dressing)
Spinach & mushroom salad seasoned with herbs & vinegar
½ cup fresh fruit salad

SNACK
½ cup skim milk
1 pear

ADDITIONAL DINNER MENU SUGGESTIONS

3 broiled chicken wings, seasoned with soy sauce
½ cup kasha or brown rice
1 cup fresh stir-fried string beans (2 tsp. vegetable oil)
Red cabbage salad (vinegared)
1 cup strawberries in ½ cup plain, nonfat yogurt

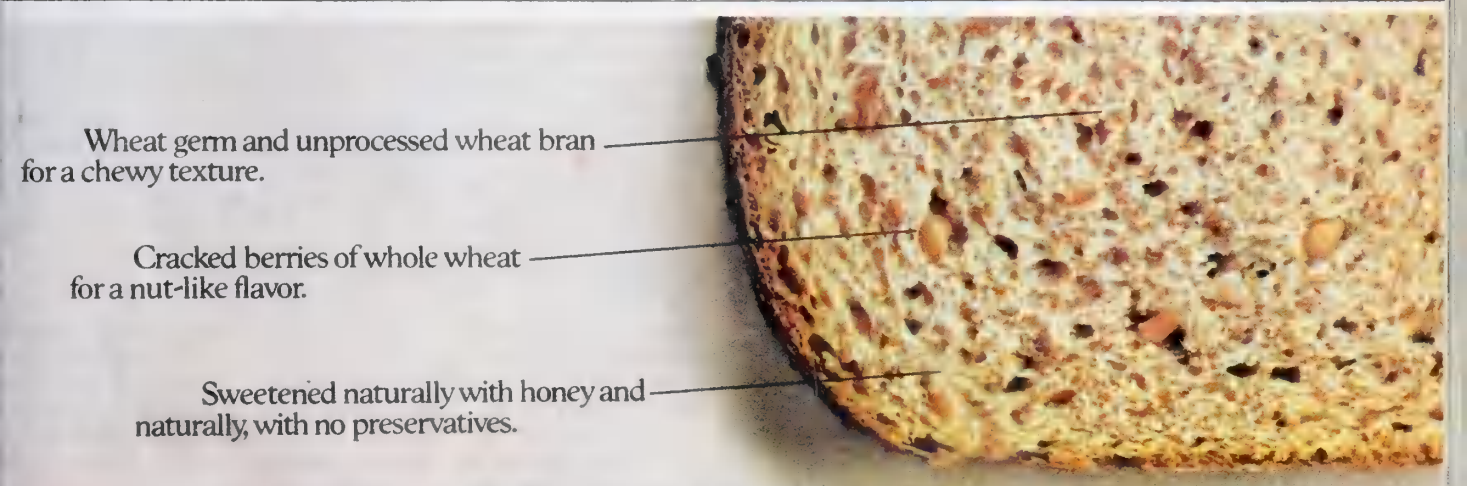
1½ cups hot spinach noodles tossed with ¼ cup cottage cheese and 3 tsp. butter
1 cup steamed zucchini
Mixed green salad (1 Tb. vinaigrette)
½ cup unsweetened applesauce

Mussels (approx. 20) steamed in white wine
Steamed corn on the cob (1 tsp. butter)
Broiled eggplant slices (1 tsp. veg. oil)
Romaine & watercress salad (1 Tb. vinaigrette)
⅓ cup cantaloupe

½ cup cooked black beans with 3 oz. cooked ground beef and spices
½ cup brown rice
½ cup ratatouille made without oil
Mixed green salad with red onions
⅛ honeydew melon

3 oz. bluefish, broiled in ¼ cup skim milk
Steamed asparagus spears
Lemon wedges
Mixed green salad (1 Tb. vinaigrette)
Grapes (approx. 10–20)

End



Arnold Honey Wheat Berry.
The natural goodness is preserved by leaving out the preservatives.



ARNOLD™
Honest Bread

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DECORATE—SAVE ENERGY

continued from page 105

KNIT ARAN AFGHAN
pictured on page 105

SIZE: Approx 52" x 60"

MATERIALS: Coats & Clark Red Heart Preference, 100% DuPont Orlon acrylic, 4 ply worsted weight yarn, 8 (3 oz) skeins #992 Copper Kettle (A) and 11 (3.5 oz) skeins #4 Cream (B). Knitting needles size 11, or any size to give gauge.

GAUGE: With 2 strands of yarn and St st, 8 sts = 3", 4 rows = 1".

TAKE TIME TO CHECK GAUGE

Note: Yarn is used doubled throughout. Afghan is made in 5 panels of 6 blocks each. The 2 outside panels have a wider outer border on one side to match the total width of inside borders.

STITCHES: *Seed St* (sd st): Row 1: *K 1, p 1. Rep from * to end. Row 2: Knit the purl and purl the knit sts of previous row.

Popcorn St (PC): In next st, k into the front, back and front of st (3 lps on needle), turn. P 3, turn. K 3, then with left hand needle slip 2nd and 3rd st over the first (1 lp on needle).

CENTER PANELS: Make 3. With A, cast on 25 sts. Work 6 rows sd st for border. *Note:* When changing color, always bring new color under yarn just worked to avoid hole. **Row 7:** With A, k 1, p 1 (border), join B, k 21, join 2nd A, p 1, k 1 (border). **Row 8:** With A, k 1, p 1, with B, p 21, with A, p 1, k 1. **Rows 9-14:** Rep (Rows 7 and 8) 3 times. **Row 15:** With A, k 1, p 1, with B, k 7, PC, k 5, PC, k 7, with A, p 1, k 1. **Row 16** and all even rows: Rep Row 8. **Row 17:** With A, k 1, p 1, with B, k 6, PC, k 1, PC, k 3, PC, k 1, PC, k 6, with A, p 1, k 1. **Row 19:** Rep Row 15. **Row 20:** Rep Row 8. **Rows 21-26:** Rep (Rows 7 and 8) 3 times. **Rows 27-32:** Rep Rows 15 to 20. **Rows 33-38:** Rep (Rows 7 and 8) 3 times. End B. **Row 39:** With only, k 1, p 1, k 21, p 1, k 1. **Rows 40-4** Work in sd st. Rep (Rows 7 to 44) 5 time Bind off in sd st.

SIDE PANELS: *Panel #1:* With A, cast o 27 sts. Work 6 rows sd st. **Row 7:** With A (k 1, p 1) twice (outside border), join B, k 2 join 2nd A, p 1, k 1. **Row 8:** With A, k 1, p with B, p 21, with A, (p 1, k 1) twic Keeping borders as established, work as fo center panel. *Panel #2:* Work as for Pan #1, reversing border to have on Row With A, k 1, p 1, with B, k 21, with A, (p 1, 1) twice.

FINISHING: Block panels. Sew 3 cente panels together through stitch loops o edges. Keep seams flat. Sew side panels t center with wide border on outside edge. *Bow ties:* Make 20. Cut 80 strands A, mak ing each 10" in length. With 4 strands to gether, tie bow in center of border wher blocks meet. **En**

"SAFE" DRUGS

continued from page 54

and then go around to several doctors.

The medical profession as a whole is genuinely concerned about drug misuse and abuse. The majority of doctors prescribe drugs with great care, weighing the potential benefits against the potential risks. But, as Dr. Goessel points out, patients have both a right and a responsibility to be involved in these decisions about their treatment. Here are some guidelines to help you formulate questions about your prescription:

- *The illness:* Know what the drug is being prescribed for. And if the source of the problem seems to be emotional stress, ask for recommendations on dealing with the problem itself rather than the symptoms.
- *The drug:* Find out the generic and the brand name of the drug and what it is supposed to do.
- *Side effects:* Ask whether the drug may have side effects, and when they warrant notifying the doctor.
- *Interactions:* Tell the doctor about *any and all* medications you are already taking (including over-the-counter ones); ask about foods that might interfere with the drug's action.
- *Alcohol:* Always ask about its effects on the prescribed drug. Even one drink can be dangerous, so follow the doctor's advice rigorously.
- *Precise instructions:* How much, how often and for how long should you take the drug. Make sure this information is included on the prescription so the pharmacist can label the bottle.
- *Dependency:* Always ask whether the drug can be addictive. If so, ask whether there's an equally effective but non-addicting alternative.

Are you addicted?

If you think you have—or might be heading for—a drug problem, ask yourself these questions:

1. Do you need to take more of the drug to get an effect?
2. Do you find yourself thinking about the drug, or do you become concerned about being able to get it?
3. Do you find yourself taking the drug before any symptoms appear?
4. Do you change doctors or see more than one doctor to get another prescription?
5. Do you find yourself trying to talk your doctor into refilling your prescription just one more time?

If the answer to any of these questions is yes, *don't* try to stop taking the drug without medical supervision. Withdrawal symptoms are unpredictable. Sometimes they consist of an exaggerated version of the symptoms the drug was originally meant to control—for example, overwhelming anxiety and insomnia in the case of tranquilizer withdrawal, but convulsions can at times occur, even when the dependency has been of relatively short duration.

The following organizations will help you find counseling and detoxification services in your area:

- *Pills Anonymous.* (212) 874-0700.
- *The National Institute Drug Abuse Clearing House.* They will send you a list of 3,500 treatment programs around the country. Write NIDA, Dept. LHJ, P.O. Box 1909, Rockville, Md. 20850.
- *Alcoholics Anonymous.* If you're addicted to drugs *and* alcohol, your local AA can help. They are listed in the white pages of your local telephone directory. **End**

Dr. Simon is director of the department of pharmacy at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City. He is co-author (with Harold Silverman) of The Pill Book: The Illustrated Guide to the Most Prescribed Drugs in the United States *(Bantam, 1979) and the forthcoming* The Pill Book, II.

Deborah Chase is a freelance writer who specializes in medical subjects.

DRUG GUIDE

continued from page 54

ANTISPASMODICS
(Stomach calmers)

chlordiazepoxide: Librax*; *meprobamate* Milpath*; *phenobarbital:* Donnatal*, K nesed*

*Contains additional active ingredients

These contain sedatives (tran quilizers or barbiturates) that caln the symptoms of "nervous stomach" b relaxing the muscles of the stomacl and intestines.

Antispasmodics are prescribed fo such things as ulcers, irritable colon spastic colon and ordinary digestiv upset. For chronic or frequent gas trointestinal problems, these drug are not a wise choice: They provid symptomatic relief only, and constan use can result in dependency.

ANTITUSSIVES
(Cough Suppressants)

A cough suppressant (antitussive signals the brain to stop coughing. I is used when a constant cough inter feres with a patient's rest, or when the cough is spasmodic and produces no phlegm (usually caused by environmental factors).

Codeine is a powerful cough suppressant found in a number of prescription cough-control medications While it is very effective, codeine can also be habit-forming. In most cases where an antitussive is recommended dextromethorphan is an equally effective (and non-addicting) alternative.

SEDATIVE/ANTI-ANXIETY AGENTS
(Tranquilizers)

*chlorazepate**: Azene, Tranxene; *chlordiazepoxide**: Librium; *diazepam**: Valium; *meprobamate:* Equanil, Miltown; *oxazepam**: Serax; *prazepam**: Centrax

* Of the benzodiazepine family

The most widely *(continued)*

prescribed drugs in America are the so-called "minor" tranquilizers (as distinct from the "major" tranquilizers, used to treat psychotic disorders). Valium alone, for example, accounts for nearly 60 million prescriptions a year.

Intelligently prescribed and used, these drugs are valuable for dealing with short-term crises. But drug abuse experts question the wisdom of using them to help an individual cope with day-to-day, ongoing problems. And because tranquilizers have a high potential for abuse, long-term or excessive use carries the risk of compounding the original problem by an addiction.

A certain amount of tension and anxiety is a normal reaction to stress and can be dealt with by other means than medication. Moreover, tension and anxiety are not problems in themselves, but rather symptoms—sometimes signaling an emotional problem that is best helped with skilled counseling or therapy.

SEDATIVE-HYPNOTICS (Sleeping Pills)

amobarbital:* Amytal; *butabarbital*:* Butisol; *chloral hydrate:* Noctec; *ethchlorvynol:* Placidyl; *flurazepam:* Dalmane; *glutethimide:* Doriden; *methaqualone:* Quaalude; *methyprylon:* Noludar; *pentobarbital*:* Nembutal; *secobarbital*:* Seconal; *secobarbital/amobarbital*:* Tuinal
* Of the barbiturate family

Like anxiety, insomnia is a symptom, not a disease. And, like tranquilizers, sleeping pills can mask symptoms while creating an even more serious problem.

Hypnotics (as these drugs are often called) operate in generally the same area of the brain as tranquilizers. But the true hypnotic depresses the sleep center of the brain, while the tranquilizer quells anxiety, thus enabling the sleep mechanism to function.

Hypnotics can be effective on a short-term basis, particularly for hospitalized or other patients for whom rest is critical to recovery. But as a long-term solution to insomnia, they are dangerous. The rapid onset of tolerance—especially with the barbiturates—can lead to accidental overdose and death.

Paradoxically, one of the symptoms of long-term use of hypnotic drugs is insomnia. Moreover, these drugs can interfere with sleep even on a short-term basis: Most hypnotics depress REM sleep, the dreaming stage that comprises about 25 percent of total sleep time. Your body, however, will simply make up the REM sleep the next night (as much as a 45 percent increase), causing nightmares and other sleep disturbances.

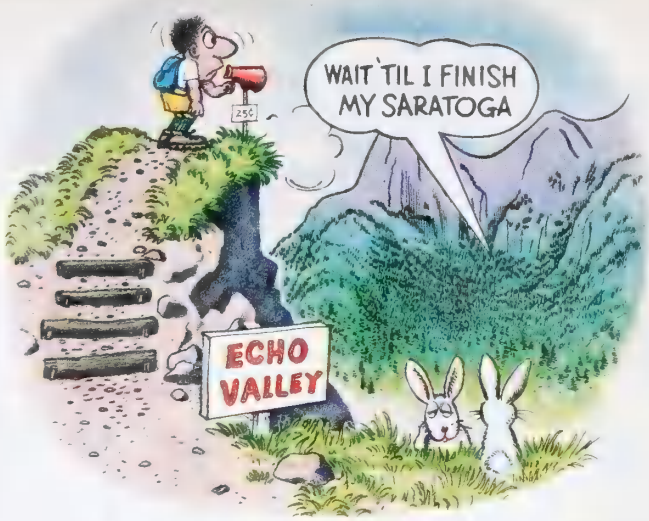
OVER-THE-COUNTER MEDICATIONS: WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

Over-the-counter medicines are *not* addictive in the sense we have been discussing. But all drugs cause some change in body function, hence they have a potential for harm as well as good.

All over-the-counter medicines are required by law to carry full information on the label—including what the medicine is and how and when to use it. *Read* the label and *follow* the instructions carefully. If you still have questions, and especially if you are already taking prescription drugs, consult your pharmacist or physician. Two general rules: Never use over-the-counter medications to deal with chronic problems that haven't been evaluated by a doctor, and never exceed the recommended dosage.

Antacids: These can be effective for treating occasional gastric problems caused by overindulgence. However, in some people—particularly frequent users—certain antacids can have a secondary effect of stimulating the stomach to produce more acid. This makes it necessary to take another antacid tablet, and an ongoing cycle is initiated.

Eye drops: Those containing a decongestant relieve irritability and redness by shrinking tiny blood *(continued)*



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WE HELP SOME DOCTORS' CHILDREN

DRUG GUIDE
continued

vessels in the eyes. However, in a few people sensitive to decongestants (about five percent of users), a rebound effect can occur: The vessels swell again—larger than they were before you used the drops. More drops are required to relieve the problem, creating a cycle of use and need.

Laxatives: Used occasionally, they can provide relief from uncomfortable constipation. However, laxatives containing *phenolphthalein* or *anthraquinone* (which stimulate peristaltic waves) can, if taken daily for a period of months, cause a symptom known as "lazy bowel." This means that the bowel is unable to perform without the use of laxatives, and an escalating dependency is created. Consult a doctor for constipation that persists longer than two weeks.

Nasal decongestant sprays or drops: These relieve stuffiness by shrinking the tiny blood vessels in the nose and sinuses. However, as with eyedrops, a rebound effect can occur in decongestant-sensitive people. The blood vessels then become more swollen than they originally were, making it necessary to spray again. Eventually, the medication creates its own problem, even after the original condition has been resolved. **End**

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SOURCES FOR HOUSE PLANTS THAT REALLY GROW
PAGES 62 and 64: *Geranium "Dr. Livingston"*: Carobil Farm, Church Road, R.D. 1, Brunswick, Me. 04011. Shady Hill Gardens, 821 Walnut Street, Batavia, Ill. 60510.
Cane and Angel Wing Begonias: Country Hills Greenhouse, Rt. 2, Corning, Ohio 43730. Hewston Green, Ltd., P.O. Box 725, Woodinville, Wash. 98072. Laurav of Salisbury, Undermountain Rd., Rt. 41, Salisbury, Conn. 06068. Logee's Greenhouses, 55 North Street, Danielson, Conn. 06239. McComb Greenhouses, Route 1, New Straitsville, Ohio 43766.
Tropical Bleeding Heart: Burgess Seed and Plant Co., 905 Four Seasons Road, Bloomington, Ill. 61701. Mobile Gardens, R.R. No. 1, Box 250, Salisbury Turnpike, Rhinebeck, N.Y. 12572. Hewston Green Ltd., P.O. Box 725, Woodinville, Wash. 98072. Sunnybrook Farms Nursery, P.O. Box 6, 9448 Mayfield Road, Chesterland, Ohio 44026.
Lantana, Polka Dot and Spider plants available at most florists and garden centers.

FASHION: COAT TALES
PAGE 100: JEAN BETANCOURT wool hat. EVAN PICONE sweater and pants, gloves by HANSEN KNITS.
PAGE 101: TRIFARI jewelry, LIFE STRIDE pumps, COACH LEATHERWARE bags, wool hat from HANSEN KNITS, MIGNANI boots.

DECORATING: DECORATE TO SAVE ENERGY
PAGES 102–103: Wallcovering: "Norwood" from Country Classics, by Strahan. Sofa by Hickory Hill, "Heritage Basket" #10060-2, about $700. For information write Hickory Hill, 420 Great Neck Rd., Great Neck, N.Y. 11021. All other furniture from Habersham Plantation. For an outlet near you, write Habersham Plantation, No. 5 Collier Rd., Toccoa, Ga. 30577. Curtain rods: "Superfine" adjustable traverse rods by Kirsh. Rag rug, homespun pillow from American Country Store, 969 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021. Pictures, accessories from Habersham Plantation. Homespun throw from a private collection. Window quilt from Appropriate Technology, P.O. Box 975, Brattleboro, Vt. 05301.
PAGE 104: *Bedroom*: Sheets, pillow shams, comforter in "Thoroughbred Tweed" pattern from the "Ireland I Love Collection" by Fieldcrest. The "Answer Blanket" by Martex. Rag rug on drying rack from American Country Store. Hooked rug on floor, "Plymouth" imported by Trans-Ocean. Available in department stores or write Trans-Ocean, 919 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Quilt on bed from a private collection. Accessories by Habersham Plantation. Window shade: Fieldcrest sheet fabric fused to "Style-A-Shade" backing made by Stacy Fabrics Corp. Mohair throw from Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022. Cat from private collection.
PAGE 105: Window shade: Fabric is "Quilting Bee" #7382, 36" wide, cotton, through decorators and department stores from Greeff Fabrics. Project executed by Sew Smart, Toccoa, Ga. Desk blotter and expansion file from Etoile 72, 887 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021. Fabric draping alcove "Counterpane" #98143, 54" wide, jacquard weave rayon and cotton, through decorators from Greeff Fabrics. Comforter: "County Fair" by Springmaid. Check pillows by International Printworks Inc., 110 Gould St., Needham, Ma. 02194, available at Fabrications stores nationwide. Kerosene heater: Radiant I by Kero-Sun. For instructions on how to make draft-blocking cat, write Dept. LD, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Books on how to make energy-saving window treatments like those on pages 102–105: *Movable Insulation* by William B. Langdon, Rodale Press, Emmaus, Pa., 18049, $9.95. Women's Energy Tool Kit, by Joan Byalin for Consumer Action Now. To order, send $6.45 to Consumer Action Now, Dept. LJ, 110 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

■ For information on caulking, weatherstripping, storms and insulating: "In the Bank ... or Up the Chimney?", $1.70, Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402; specify stock number 023-000-00411-9.

■ For information on insulation: "The Energy-Wise Home Buyer," Housing and Urban Development (HUD), Publications Service Center, Room B258, Washington, D.C. 20410. "Save Energy Safely" and "Installing Insulation Safely," both from the Consumer Product Safety Commission, P.O. Box 5880, Bethesda, Md. 20014.

■ For inexpensive energy-saving tips: "Energy Savers Low Cost No Cost," Dept. of Energy Technical Information Center, P.O. Box 62, Oak Ridge, Tn. 37830.

SUPER-COUPLES
continued from page 99

Marlo: "Before our marriage, my professional dates were written in my calendar in ink, and my personal commitments were scribbled in pencil. *They* could be erased. Now our time together is in ink. In any marriage, where both spouses have careers, work is bound to pull them apart. It's a matter of balance."

Phil admits he's sometimes jealous of her time. "She's the only person I've ever had a relationship with," he once said, "who has so much energy and enthusiasm for people *other* than me." He recalls once hearing on the radio that she had led 40,000 people on a pro-ERA march in Washington, while he waited impatiently for her call.

Marlo is still the family feminist, but in a case of the student surpassing the teacher, it is probably Phil, through his program, who has spread her views the furthest. With his favorite audience of one, however, Phil is anything but controversial. "We are in agreement," Marlo observes, "on most things political and social. Our attitudes are what drew us together to combine our lives." In fact, she smiles, "We're only competitive when we're playing tennis."

Indeed, to Marlo, "the important part of marriage is a shared love and a shared vision of life. Women," she says, "are raised to accommodate men's dreams and aspirations, but few men are brought up with the idea that they should have an interest in their wives' dreams. They're unaware that such an interest and respect gives real importance to their lives as a couple.

And what does Phil think? He dedicated *Donahue*—his book—to Marlo "who taught me things I thought I knew."

HER BLUE-EYED MONSTER

After 23 years of marriage, Joanne Woodward has quelled her insecurities and started to enjoy being Paul Newman's leading lady.

Somehow he manages to get better looking each year. At 56, Paul Newman should be paunchy (he sometimes drinks a case of beer a day) or perhaps balding, but instead he is still the impossible dream of millions of women and the unsurpassable rival of millions of men.

All of which used to make Mr. Newman "terribly neurotic." Explains Joanne Woodward, "While I was staying home to take care of the kids people were treating Paul like a king. There was a time when I resented him no end. There was a crisis in our lives that could have led to a divorce."

Instead, Joanne has managed to find satisfaction on her own terms. After receiving an Oscar for *The Three Faces of Eve* when she was 27, she has switched to playing the role of mother to their six children (including three from Paul's first marriage). Later, she couldn't find as many choice parts as she'd hoped for. But now, at 51, Joanne has managed to reestablish her popularity (mostly via television appearances) without sacrificing her reputation. This fall, for the first time in 17 years, she will return to the New York stage (in *Candida*).

Plagued by the feeling that his po

ayals in recent films (*Slap Shot, Fort pache*) don't measure up to his early ork, Newman, meanwhile, has spent increasing amount of time direct- g. Luckily, "He doesn't throw his ight around," says his frequent star, anne, "and there's no competitive- ss between us."

Still, much of the Newmans' work is separate projects, which means ey're together—mostly in their Con- cticut farmhouse—only six months t of the year. Joanne calls that "pe- liar," but says, "I'm happy I don't ve to anticipate Paul walking rough the door every evening and ing him martinis." Not every man would agree, but Joanne feels re that "it makes us appreciate each ner more. It also fends off the redom of routine. I've never been red in my life, and I can't remember ime Paul was either."

ndeed, the Newmans have done tty well for a couple who has some- nes admitted having almost nothing common. A relentless jock, Paul has ablished himself as a serious race- driver, but on the rare occasions en Joanne comes to the track, nee- point claims much of her attention. culture buff, she can occasionally g Paul to the ballet.

Still, Joanne cautions, "We do re." Their concern for liberal ses is mutual—and together y've lent time and money to groups e Planned Parenthood. Besides, the ldren have provided a bond—unfor- ately one that's sometimes sealed h' pain. Newman's only son, Scott, d of a drug overdose at 28, and they aware of the pressure that their rdom places on their daughters, v ages 22, 20 and 16. Joanne is not aid to say the obvious: It hasn't n a bed of roses.

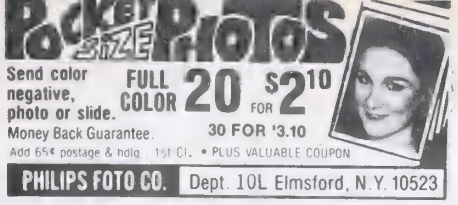
But the couple have managed, with e (recently, for instance, he char- ed a yacht on the Hudson to cele- te her birthday) and humor. Jokes il, sounding temporarily unliber- l, "We have the decision-making res down to a science. Joanne kes the little decisions and I make big ones. She buys the house and ides which scripts I'll do. I decide ut nuclear disarmament and who next Supreme Court nominee uld be."

THE ACTRESS AND THE ACTIVIST

h former radical leader Tom Hay- , Jane Fonda has found a sense of mitment that acting alone never e her.

ecade has passed since Jane Fonda icized U.S. policy over Radio noi. But her left-of-center views can arouse passion in many quarters. too, can husband Tom Hayden, her partner on hundreds of podiums since 1973 . . . even though they are more cautious now and (gasp!), by their own description, "middle-aged." "I'm less inclined to shoot from the lip than I might have been in the sixties," says 42-year-old Tom. Adds Jane, 44, "We have a responsibility to think before we speak."

What hasn't changed is their agreement on just about every social or political issue—a somewhat startling accord in view of their different backgrounds. The daughter of Henry Fonda and socialite Frances Brokaw, who killed herself when Jane was 12, she was groomed as a sexy starlet by her first husband, director Roger Vadim. It was when the rebellion of the 1960s was in full swing that Jane became involved with political causes. By then, Hayden, born to a middle-class family in Detroit, had been beaten up campaigning for civil rights in the South, and had helped start the Students for a Democratic Society. He, too, was briefly married once before. *(continued)*







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SUPER-COUPLES
continued

Lately, they have been speaking out on issues like nuclear power and rising health-care costs via his Campaign for Economic Democracy—a major liberal force in California Democratic politics. Hayden runs the organization from an office near their solar-heated Santa Monica home, where they live below their means with Jane's daughter, Vanessa (by Vadim), and their son, Troy.

Fonda's acting pays the bills, but her superstar status seems to nag at her: "I make films that are products—I am hyped as a product. I am made to seem bigger and better than I really am. It distorts reality and creates tension in the household. Fortunately, Tom and my children don't let me get away with taking myself too seriously."

Hayden's philosophy does have a way of keeping Jane in her place. "When it comes to power and influence, it seems to me that the person is perishable," he says. "The power is in what you stand for. At the moment the Reagans are clearly the most powerful couple in the country, but what ever became of the Fords and the Carters?"

BREAKFAST SAGES

The one media figure Garry Trudeau isn't likely to attack in his *Doonesbury* cartoon strip is wife (and *Today* show co-host) Jane Pauley.

She rises every weekday morning at 4:30, prepares three or four interviews and then goes on TV while most of the country is sleeping. He has to create a comic strip that's funny—seven days a week. So it wouldn't surprise anyone if she, drowsy, sometimes asked him for questions, or if he, desperate, sometimes asked her for jokes.

"Garry and I do cross-connect in our work," admits Jane Pauley, 30, who is paired in more people's minds with *Today* co-host Tom Brokaw than with her real mate, *Doonesbury* creator Garry Trudeau, 33. "I may volunteer that a line is wrong, or that the rhythm isn't right. My laughter is watched and measured." But, Jane cautions, "Garry was a Pulitzer Prize winner before he met me. I fear sometimes that my perspective on the strip might cause a subtle but fatal shift, so I step back from making too many comments."

Intensely private, Garry shuns the media spotlight, which means staying home when Jane makes the rounds of celebrity parties. When they do go out together, "If a photographer steps in front of us, Garry spins off," Jane says. Indeed, few of the millions of *Doonesbury* readers even know what Trudeau looks like.

Four years ago, Jane herself was a virtual unknown. Picked in a nationwide talent search to replace Barbara Walters on *Today*, she reportedly makes $300,000 a year, but she's still plagued by the rookie image and persistent rumors that her job is threatened. More likely, her role will only increase when Brokaw leaves the show at the end of the year. A good friend, Brokaw introduced Jane to Garry. At the time, the cartoonist was living in New Haven, Connecticut, where he'd started *Doonesbury* as a student at Yale. When he was 22, the strip was picked up by Universal Press Syndicate and it soon was more than a counter-culture favorite. The strip currently appears in 620 newspapers and, in book form, has become a perennial best seller.

The couple wed in June 1980 and now divide their time between a New York City apartment and a summer home on an island off Connecticut. While she sometimes scoffs at his fervent jogging (of which she doesn't partake), their worst fights, she says, are over movies.

They rarely find themselves rivals, says Jane, before she quips: "But then five million people watch me every morning. I believe only four million, nine hundred ninety-nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine people read *Doonesbury*."

POLITICS MAKES TIRED BEDFELLOWS

Presidential aide Elizabeth Dole needs no introduction on Capitol Hill; her husband, Robert, is the Republican senator from Kansas.

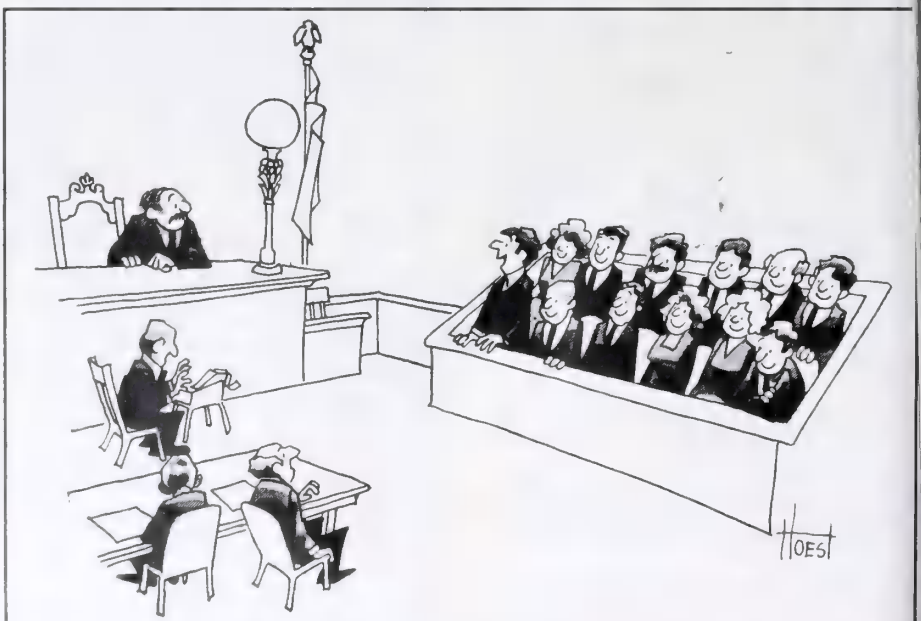
The Founding Fathers thought their artful checks and balances would keep the legislative, judicial and executive branches of government independe but even they failed to foresee the d when two branches would be joined marriage. As the Assistant to t President for Public Liaison, and t most powerful woman on the Whi House staff, Elizabeth Dole must loyal to one man—the President. H husband, chairman of the Senate F nance Committee, in turn, has mo than one woman to think of: he responsible to two and a half milli constituents back home in Kansas.

Do they occasionally have to ke information from each other? Sur But it doesn't really cause any pro lems. "There's so little opportunity f us to communicate anyway," says th 45-year-old, North Carolina-born Eli abeth, who frequently works late i her office on the second floor of th White House. Robert, 58, often stay on the Hill late and, she says, "Ofte it's ten or eleven before we get home.

In fact, since their wedding seve years ago (the second marriage fo him, the first for her), they've hardl stepped off the political fast track. Sh was, after all, his bride for only eigh months when he was nominated fo the vice presidency in 1976. Now, thei political and personal careers hav meshed nicely, she says . . . even i they sometimes feel like ships passin in the night. "There's so much goin on all the time," she explains, "tha the nicest thing a hostess can do is t buck tradition, and put my husban and me beside each other at a dinne party. It gives us time to catch up."

REAL ESTATE MERGER

Leona Helmsley runs a chain of 3 hotels, and that's only a small part o her husband Harry's holdings.



"We find the defendant guilty as charged, but we'd like to talk to him later about movie rights to his alibi!"

For Leona Helmsley's Fourth of July birthday, her husband—"My Harry," as she calls him—has developed a rather quaint tradition. He lights up the Empire State Building in red, white and blue. That's not as extravagant as it sounds, though, since Helmsley, 72, owns this skyscraper of skyscrapers—and a lot more of New York City, too. It's estimated that his real estate holdings total a mind-boggling $5 billion. Not bad, since he started his working life as a $12-a-week office boy.

Leona is no slouch either. Beginning as a receptionist in the 1960s (when a divorce forced her to support her son), she became one of the city's most successful real estate brokers, and by 1968, when Helmsley hired her, he was willing to pay her $500,000 a year on her reputation alone. Their dating began later and was followed by a proposal (on bended knee) in 1972. (Harry's first marriage of 30 years had ended in divorce.) Last year, Harry named his wife president of Helmsley Hotels, a 13-state chain that includes New York's opulent Helmsley Palace and St. Moritz hotels. And Leona is not a figurehead. She works hard, but even so, sounds frequently more like an old-fashioned wife than a hard-nosed business executive. "My husband is my career," she insists. "I'm up when he's up, and I'm ready to do nothing when he's ready to do nothing. I think that makes for a more compatible marriage."

Harry, by all accounts a doting husband, agrees. "Being in the same business does bring you together," he says. "It's not so good if the man alone is getting the glory and the wife is in the background smiling sweetly."

The marriage certainly has its rewards, material and otherwise. They are likely to spend evenings relaxing at their penthouse apartment in the Park Lane Hotel (which they own) or taking a dip in their private indoor swimming pool. And for his wife's next birthday, Harry will surely fulfill her special wish. Leona explains: "I just want him to take me to a movie and buy me some popcorn."

KEEPING UP WITH THE CAREYS

Chicago real estate whiz Evangeline Gouletas said "I do" to a life of non-stop politicking when she married New York's Governor, Hugh Carey.

"I never thought I'd meet anyone with as much energy as I have," recalls Evangeline Gouletas-Carey, who until last spring was wearing out three secretaries per 12 to 14 hour working day as a Midwestern real estate mogul. New York's Governor Hugh Carey admits he, too, has "a prejudice against idleness, idle actions and idle time-wasting occupations and preoccupations."

That said, the couple's courtship was appropriately whirlwind. The thrice-divorced Evangeline finally met her match at President Reagan's Inaugural Ball last January. In February, the couple had their first date—a quiet dinner—and in March the governor proposed. They wed in April, beginning a "working honeymoon" the next day.

Now, the governor claims, his bride is adjusting nicely to his 18-hour workdays—and there's time for fun, too! Mornings start with a brisk jog, a round of tennis, maybe a little swimming. Then they're off and running on a full agenda of government and social functions that sometimes keeps them out until after midnight.

A fleet of state jets, helicopters and limousines shuttles them between the 40-room governor's mansion in Albany (with its staff of 17), their New York apartment (owned by American Invsco, the Gouletas family company), and Carey's summer home on rural Shelter Island, off Long Island, where they may weekend with his 12 children (Carey's first wife, Helen, died of cancer in 1974) and eight grandchildren.

As if all this activity weren't enough, the Careys talk enthusiastically about the languages they're learning together. She's teaching him a little Greek, they've tackled French, and Spanish, too, is on the agenda. Engie, as the Governor affectionately calls his wife, is super-organized, plays instructional tapes in the shower and brags that her closet is so well-arranged that she can "go in and get dressed with my eyes closed."

Indeed, it looks like Hugh may be the one who will have trouble keeping up. "A complaint I've heard—and it's a proper complaint—is that sometimes I fall asleep right away at the end of the day," he chuckles.

A SUPER-COUPLE SAMPLER

Here's what some of the country's other dynamic duos say about mixing love, marriage—and work.

"We're great debaters, but there's no competition between us," admits **Phyllis George**, whose husband, **John Y. Brown**, made millions marketing Kentucky Fried Chicken before they wed in 1979. Then he became the governor of Kentucky, with the ex-Miss America helping. Says Phyllis: "My husband told me, 'I thought I was the best salesman I ever met—till I met you.'"

In 1978, when **Anna Fisher** was selected as one of NASA's first six women astronauts, her husband **Bill** was simultaneously rejected. "Naturally, he was disappointed," says Anna, "but when one of us does something well, it reflects on the other. I believe he was overcome by happiness for me." Perhaps that attitude paid off. Bill was accepted by NASA on his second try in 1980, and now the Fishers, who are both Houston MDs, may become the first super-couple in space.

"Masters and Johnson" has become almost a generic term for the study of human sexuality. But behind the names are two strong-willed, driven individuals. "We wouldn't *(continued)*

THE MARRIAGE AND POWER MIX: A PSYCHOLOGIST'S VIEW

Remember the film *A Star Is Born*, about a showbiz super-couple? As the woman rose to fame, her husband felt so threatened he began to fall apart. But that, according to Dr. Irene Kassorla, author of the best-selling *Nice Girls Do*, is "only a popular cliché, and not the way it really happens." Besides, she asserts, "I could have straightened that couple out."

In her Beverly Hills practice, Kassorla straightens out a lot of rich, powerful and very successful pairs, and she is convinced that a marriage between super-achievers is "the ideal."

Why? Because they usually have a great deal of respect for each other and a store of confidence and emotional strength. It's just a myth, she says, that competition drives a super-couple to ruin. "In reality, there's a feeling of cooperation, camaraderie, loyalty and caring. I think people who are tremendously successful are usually more generous with each other and less likely to compete.

"For example, if I have plenty of money in the bank, it's easier for me to donate money to the Red Cross. Similarly, if I have plenty of success in the bank, it's easy for me to say to my spouse: 'Oh, you did that well. You're so wonderful.'"

The biggest problem for super-couples, oddly enough, is scheduling—not the enormous ego conflicts that others suspect, Kassorla says. "They need to plan very carefully because their work often takes them away from each other." The separations, per se, may be more good than bad for a couple, she believes, as long as the time together is rich. "You've got to have some space, some air, and this almost happens automatically when husbands and wives both have busy, demanding careers."

Next Month in LADIES' HOME Journal

ELVIS
For the first time you'll understand his terrible tragedy. Exclusive best-seller bonus.

PULL-OUT CHART
Safety and first aid for all kitchen emergencies

SYLVIA PORTER
Our money expert answers the questions readers most often ask

BINGE EATING
New ways to control the chronic problem

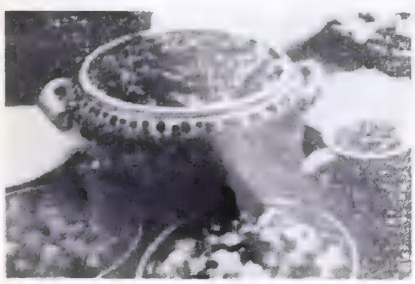
THE MIDDLE-AGED MARVELS
How Mary Tyler Moore (& Sophia, Shirley, Ali, etc.) stay looking so great!



JAMES CLAVELL
An unforgettable story by the author of "Shogun" and "Noble House"

BEAUTY BREAKTHROUGH!
The perfect 6-minute makeup

SPECIAL PARTY SECTION
Hundreds of recipes, tips and tricks—from elegant dinners to crowd-pleasing buffets, plus 8-page tear-out Party Planner



SUPER-COUPLES
continued

be human, I believe, if we didn't recognize a touch of jealousy in ourselves," says **Virginia Johnson.** Her husband, **William Masters,** began to feel competitive, for instance, when he realized she had grown past the protégée stage. And Virginia has had to quell her annoyance at his more dramatic lecturing style. She admits: "When I look up to find he has audience interest and I do not, my consternation is total."

"I don't think I could have married someone who was not obsessively interested in something," exclaims **Eugenia Zukerman**, whose first novel, *Deceptive Cadence*, was published in 1980. **Pinchas**, her husband of 13 years, agrees. "It would be boring to have a person who's only there to hand me what I need." They both have devoted their lives to music: Pinchas as a world-famous violinist and conductor; Eugenia as a flutist and, as her husband says, "my extra pair of ears."

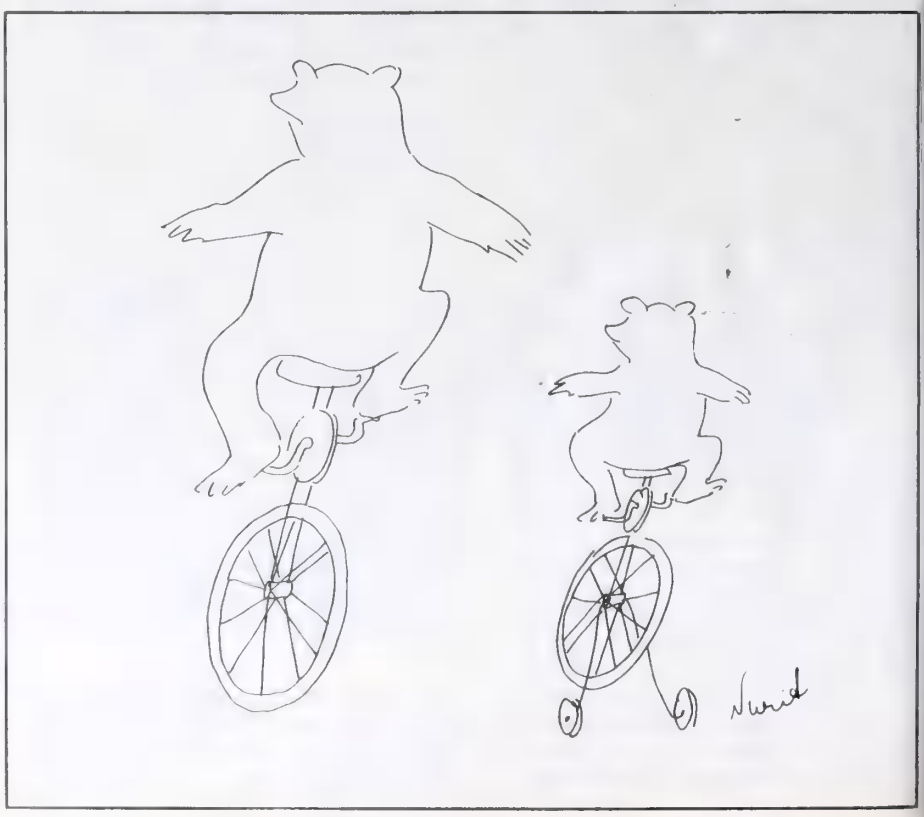
"Music is another language that we share," she adds.

In 38 years of marriage, playwright **Jean** *(Lunch Hour)* **Kerr** has written a script for peaceful coexistence with husband, **Walter**, drama critic of Sunday's *The New York Times*. It goes like this: "We never work in the same room. He's upstairs, I'm downstairs, and we meet at the refrigerator three times a day for a diet soft drink."

"John follows the beat of a different drummer," says super-model **Cristina Ferrare**. Her husband **John Z. DeLorean** resigned his $650,000-a-year General Motors vice presidency in 1973, the year after they were married, to design and market his own car. Since his book, *On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors*, was published, he has become something of a cult figure—a celebrity in his own right. "People stop us and ask for his autograph," Cristina says. "That never happened to him before and he gets embarrassed. I'm used to it, but it's become an ego thing for him. John pretends he doesn't like it when I sign autographs, but when it happens to him, he will sign all night long."

If ever there was a couple to prove that opposites attract, it must be fashion designers **Pearl** and **Albert Nipon**. She is the epitome of the aggressive businesswoman. He is so soft-spoken that sometimes his words are barely audible. But together they have raised four kids and built a very successful $30-million-a-year fashion business. "We couldn't have attained this success unless we were together," says Albert, whom Pearl describes as kind, gentle and understanding to everyone, but no longer as shy as he was before they met. She says she is no longer as overbearing. "He toned me down and I spiked him up. Our personalities complement each other. I'd hate to have two people as gregarious as I. He puts a soft edge on it." **End**

This article was compiled by Fred Bernstein, Katherine Barrett and Stephen Decatur.



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Editor's Journal
By Myrna Blyth





Photograph, top right, by George Janoff

Twenty years ago neophyte novelist James Clavell posed with his daughter, aged 6. Clavell, the author of Shōgun *and the current best-seller,* Noble House, *with his daughter, Michaela, today.*

The time is 1960. A young screenwriter, inspired by an incident involving his daughter, interrupts his work on a screenplay to write a short story. He tucks the story away in a drawer. A couple of years later his agent sells the story to *Ladies' Home Journal*, and it is published in the October, 1963, issue. The *Journal* receives over 2,000 letters about the story, many from members of the John Birch Society misinformed about its meaning. However, many others applaud the work and its clear message—that we must vigilantly guard our precious freedom.

The time is 1981. The young screenwriter is now the highly acclaimed novelist James Clavell. Michaela Clavell, the author's daughter, decides to make a small book out of that controversial short story. She intends to print it privately and distribute it to only a few people. But Clavell, a proud father, shows the beautifully designed book to the head of a major publishing company. She immediately decides to publish the work for a much larger audience. To put the final piece in place, the *Ladies' Home Journal* is asked if we want to republish the story. Of course we do. The story remains strong and chilling, and its message is just as important today as it was 18 years ago.

Other memorable features in this November issue—an excerpt from a new biography, *Elvis*, a graphic portrait of the dissolution of the superstar we all loved. Also, an important report by Christina Crawford about child abuse; a special entertaining-at-home section chock-full of recipes and hints as well as an eight-page pull-out guide to help every hostess; plus a new feature, *Your Journal*, filled with information and ideas that are especially useful at this busy time.

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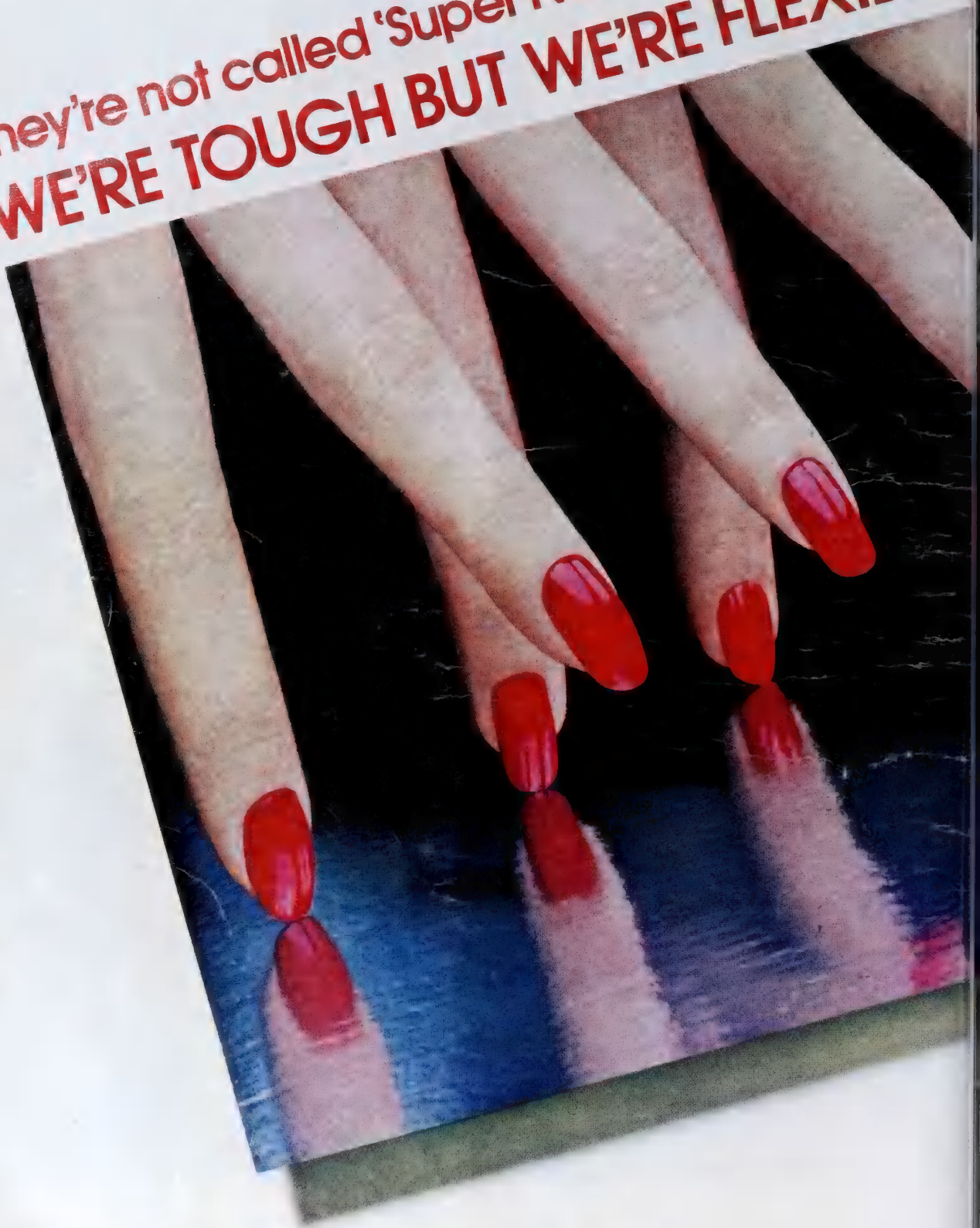
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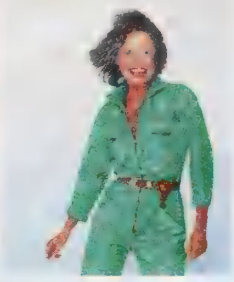
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LADIES HOME
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN
Journal
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Articles

2 Editor's Journal

3 Can This Marriage Be Saved?
"Marriage Was Better the First Time Around"
By Lois Duncan

36 It's Not Easy to Be a Woman Today!
"What I Have to Be Thankful For"
By Judy Wax

41 Your Journal
Ideas and information to help and amuse during busy November

45 LHJ Kitchen Hazards Chart
Easy-reference pull-out for preventing and treating first-aid emergencies

48 How to Control Binge Eating
The binge-and-purge syndrome that affects millions of women

Bulimarexia: The Latest Facts
By Kathryn Lance

Confessions of a Closet Eater
By Jackie Barrile

58 Unfaithful Wives
Why "nice" women are having affairs
By Linda Wolfe

69 Conspiracy of Silence
By Christina Crawford
The author of Mommie Dearest speaks out on the epidemic of child abuse

78 Anatomy of a Road Accident
By David Nimmons
A moving account of a tragedy that could happen to any family

142 You and Your Money
By Sylvia Porter
Answers to questions readers most often ask

144 20 Things to Be Thankful For
A variety of blessings to count this Thanksgiving season

146 My Favorite Hints
By Mary Ellen Pinkham
Read the hint expert's best tips—then enter our helpful-hint contest

Entertaining Section

Terrific menus, recipes, decorating ideas to help you during this great season of home entertaining



95 Give the Best Parties Ever
By Sue B. Huffman

96 Come for Dinner
98 We're Serving Buffet
100 Drop in for Brunch
102 Join Us for Cocktails
104 It's a Beer Tasting

106 Tabletop Makeovers
By Joan Tully
How to mix your old china with new for simple but stunning effects

110 Centerpieces in the Party Mood
Create something special to set your party's tone

131 The LHJ Guide to Entertaining
A special pull-out section with dozens of tips for hosting terrific parties

168 Recipe Index

Book Bonuses

27 Elvis
By Albert Goldman
Here for the first time is the real story behind Elvis' tragic last years. First of two parts

74 The Children's Story
By James Clavell
An unusual story with a strong message about freedom

Special Feature

80 Middle-Aged Marvels
By Sherry Suib Cohen
Six stars in their 40s—and 50s—give their secrets for more beautiful living in the prime of life

Good Looks

14 Beauty Journal

70 Inner Beauty
Sexy New Lingerie for Every Body
By Maureen Lynch
For every figure, pretty underthings are back

76 The 6-Minute Makeup That Gets You Through the Day
A step-by-step beauty plan that's fast—and lasts

Cover photograph by Annie Liebovitz. Photographs pages 80-81, Annie Liebovitz; Charles William Bush; page 82 (clockwise from left, Diego Goldberg, Sygma, Michael Rains, Charles William Bush, Karen Epstein/Camera 5, Robert Deutsch/IGI; page 83 top and page 90 inset, Judy Lawne; page 84 bottom, Steve Nelson.



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1 1/3 cups water
Crunchy Coconut Topping (below)

Grease and flour 13"x9"x2" baking pan. In bowl stir first 3 ingredients, set aside. In large bowl with mixer at high speed beat next 3 ingredients for 3 min or until fluffy. Reduce speed to low; beat in real mayonnaise and chocolate. At low speed add flour mixture in 4 additions alternately with water, beating just until blended after each addition. Pour into pan. Bake in 350°F oven 45 min or until tester comes out clean. Cool completely in pan. Serves 15.

Crunchy Coconut Topping: In saucepan, stirring constantly, bring 3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar and 1/4 cup margarine to boil over medium heat; boil 2 min. Add 3 Tbsp milk, 1 1/3 cups flaked coconut and 1/2 cup chopped walnuts. Stirring constantly, boil 1 min. Spread on top of cake. Broil 6" from heat 3 min or until golden brown. Cool.





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"Marriage Was Better the First Time Around"

Both widowed, Curtis and Helen thought they'd happily share their golden years, but personality differences tarnished the dream.

By Lois Duncan

This case is based on information from the files of the Family Counseling Service, Albuquerque, New Mexico, a private, not-for-profit family mental health agency, partially funded by the United Way. The agency is a member of the Family Service Association of America and accredited by the Council on Accreditation of Services for Families and Children, Inc. The true story reported here is from counselors' reports of interviews. The counselor in this case was Robert K. McMain, Supervisor of Clinical Services.



CURTIS' TURN

"I've just made a rotten discovery," announced Curtis, 68, a tall, ruggedly handsome man with a booming voice. "Last night, during one of our shouting matches, my wife admitted that she's never gotten any enjoyment out of going to bed with me. She even said that sometimes she can't stand to have me near her.

"What's wrong with that woman? When we married six years ago she seemed to be as much in love as I was. She professed to enjoy all the same things I did, and we had a lot of fun together. I thought I'd found the perfect partner to share my retirement years. Now the whole relationship seems to have blown up in my face.

"Helen says she's depressed because her last teaching position was phased out, and at sixty-three she hasn't been able to find another one. Well, I'm retired, and that isn't any dream come true either. I liked my work and was good at it, but the company forced me to retire at sixty-two. I felt cheated and shortchanged, especially since I didn't get started on my career until late. During the Depression, it took me ten years of night school to get my engineering degree, and then World War II came along and I was drafted.

"Soon after I got out of the service, I married for the first time. My wife, Jean, and I enjoyed nineteen good years together. We both loved children—I still do—and we had five of our own. They were all good kids and the years when they were growing up are filled with wonderful memories. Marriage was certainly better the first time around!

"Jean died of a massive coronary following routine surgery. The shock of losing her was indescribable. Four years later, I married a woman who worked in my office building. That was a mistake, I know now, but I was lonely. I lived with that woman for five years and could never please her. When she found out I was going to have to retire, she walked out on me. My kids were grown by then, so I sold my house and bought the mobile home that I now share with Helen.

"I courted Helen for two years, and at first we got along all right. We'd go camping or to concerts or just drive around and see new places. Gradually, however, I began noticing things about her I didn't like. A strong-willed feminist, Helen doesn't know how to let a man take care of her. She also started getting critical. Everything I did, every plan I made was wrong as far as she was concerned. Now she's gotten to the point where she won't even go for a drive in the car with me. She says we shouldn't be spending money on gas.

"Helen took her retirement money—which wasn't much—as a lump sum, so my pension and Social Security provide our income. I figure if I want to fill the gas tank, that's my right. Admittedly, inflation has caused problems, but we're not exactly paupers. At our ages, I think we should be using what we have for our own enjoyment.

"Spending money, however, throws Helen into fits. She won't buy anything unless it's on sale, and she makes her clothes out of remnants. Before we were married, she used to sketch and paint as a hobby; now she's given up art because she says we can't afford the supplies. Although I've tried to explain that everything I have is hers, she resents being financially dependent on me. A couple of years ago, I put my bank account into both our names, but Helen refuses to write checks against it. She refers to the mobile home as 'yours,' not 'ours.'

"Helen doesn't even want to share my religion. I go to the same church my family has belonged to since 1698. Helen, on the other hand, fell away from her religion years ago and is an *(continued)*

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agnostic. Although she's attended my church a few times, she says it's too 'cold' for her. What's that supposed to mean? How could anything be colder than nothing?

"When Helen and I married, we vowed to stand by each other, and we both take that pledge seriously. That's why I agreed to counseling—although I can't believe it will do much good. That woman's impossible. Do you know what she screamed at me last night? 'I almost hate you.'"

HELEN'S TURN

"I did scream that," admitted Helen, 63, a petite, white-haired woman with the sort of fine-boned face that grows lovelier with the years. "I added something else, though, that Curtis has omitted. Perhaps he didn't hear it; he only listens to half of what I say. I told him, 'I almost hate you—*and I don't want it to be that way.*'

"I care deeply for Curtis, but living with him is a nightmare. He doesn't want a wife, he wants a child-mother-prostitute in one dependent package. Well, I'm not about to be any one of those things. I'm not a clinging-vine type, I won't be put on a pedestal and I most surely will not allow myself to be hauled into bed when I am feeling depressed or angry.

"I have always been a self-reliant person. As a child, I knocked myself out trying to win acceptance from a demanding, neurotic mother. I was a straight-A student, who graduated from high school at sixteen and from college at twenty, but Mother regarded me as a nothing. During my twenty-three-year marriage, I was still striving to prove myself. I earned two advanced degrees, put my husband through college, gave him three children and was in the process of earning a law degree when he died.

"For the next ten years, I supported and reared my daughters alone. The small inheritance from my first husband was quickly used up. Weekdays, I taught school; weeknights, I worked in a mental institution; and weekends, I did paperwork for an attorney. Only after my girls were grown did I have a chance to be a full-time homemaker. My youngest daughter, divorced with a baby, needed me to help her. I sold my home to get rid of the huge mortgage payment and rented an apartment for the three of us. Then, while my daughter worked, I stayed home with little Danny—and I loved every minute of it!

"During this time, Curtis and I began dating. His warmth, generosity and kindness to my daughter and grandson won me over. Danny had emotional problems, and Curtis was the strong, male figure he needed desperately in his life. Even now at age ten, Dan worships 'Grandpa,' and I have to admit no blood grandfather could be more devoted than Curt is.

"When Curtis proposed, I told him yes immediately. Looking back, I can't believe I acted so impulsively. I'm normally not a person who jumps into things without carefully weighing the pros and cons, and in this case I must have been out of my mind.

"Curtis and I have divergent views on everything: money, sex, recreation, religion—you name it. Curt can't believe there is any way but his way. It's his money, his home, his car, his life. If I'd spoken up sooner maybe Curt would have changed, but now the pattern is established.

"I should have insisted, even before the wedding, that we refurnish Curtis' mobile home together. To me, our marriage was a fresh start. I gave away almost every solitary item—furniture, china, linen—that was a part of my previous life. Not so with Curtis. All our furniture, dishes and knickknacks are from his former marriages. Sometimes I feel that the ghost of Jean is sitting with us in the living room. There's a hassock, for instance, that is probably the most ghastly thing ever made, but Jean picked it out for him, so Curtis has kept it.

"As for the checkbook, Curtis took years getting around to making it a joint account, and that was only a token gesture. We live on Curtis' money. Ideally, I'd be contributing, but I'm too old to get another teaching position. I never taught at one place long enough to accrue much of a retirement, and I want to wait until I'm sixty-five to get my full Social Security benefits. I've written one or two checks against Curt's account and felt guilty for days. Although Curt says the money belongs to both of us, he spends it as he wishes. He even does all the grocery shopping himself. He likes going to certain stores, and for a man without a job, rituals like that are important.

"I hate retirement! I need challenge and change to feel alive. Curtis is luckier. He can roll with the punches and see only what he wants to see. He doesn't seem to realize how tenuous our present situation is. What if we had a sudden medical emergency? We need some sort of financial security.

"Curt shows the same kind of childlike naiveté about his church affiliation. Because his family membership has gone back for generations, he thinks he is as important to the church as it is to him. I've attended often enough to know different. The ministers and congregation are caught up with prestige and material wealth. The vibes of love and warmth are totally missing. In these later years, I too, feel the need for a spiritual element in my life, but I know I'm never going to find it there.

"I don't want to hurt my husband. Basically, he is a good and loving person, but I feel as if I'm being absorbed by him. I hear myself shrieking hysterically at someone I care about. I think of myself as a quiet, philosophical person, but Curt has turned me into a fishwife."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Curtis and Helen were in therapy for over two years," said the counselor. "During that time, I occasionally thought the situation was hopeless. They had come into marriage with virtually nothing in common, and personality patterns don't easily change at their ages. In my opinion, the best we could hope for was that they would learn to accept and appreciate each other's individual differences.

"The stresses that accompany aging are difficult enough for couples who have a lifetime of shared experiences behind them. For Curtis and Helen, who did not have this foundation, pressures were doubled. They had to adapt not only to forced retirement when both felt able to continue working, but they also had the normal physical and emotional problems common to newlyweds of any age.

"One important thing these two shared was a strong determination to honor their marriage vows and to support each other 'through richer, through poorer; in sickness and in health.' This commitment was tested when Curtis was hospitalized for a serious operation. Helen's loving concern never wavered. On the night before Curtis' surgery, a friend invited Helen to a prayer group sponsored by a neighborhood church. As Helen later expressed it, 'Psychology had gotten me as far as it was going to.' She attended the group, and to her surprise she felt immediately at home there. Curtis, meanwhile, had asked his own church for support during his ordeal and did not receive *(continued)*

THE IRREVERSIBLE

By Berniece Bunn Christman

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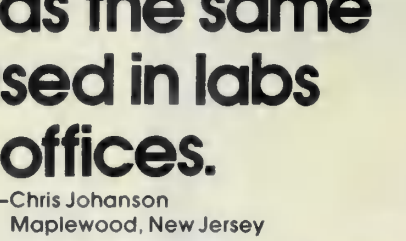
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—Chris Johanson
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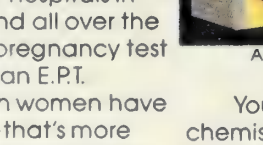
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it. His minister forgot about him totall 'What I did feel,' he says, 'was Helen a her new friends praying for me.'

"When he left the hospital, Curt accompanied Helen to the pray group, and eventually they took o membership in the church that spo sored it. Their new spiritual togethe ness helped them reach out to ea other on other levels as well.

"Helen's greatest complaint was th Curtis did not allow her to be an ind vidual. In many ways, this was tru Loud and forceful, Curtis tended seize every opportunity to run t show. During our sessions, he learn to tone down his domineering natu and listen to Helen when she tried express herself. Although Curtis' ope ation didn't bankrupt them, it ma him take her warnings about financi security more seriously, and he bega to discuss money matters with her.

Discovered shared interests

"Since their fixed income could n be altered, they started brainstormi about inexpensive things to do t gether. As they discussed this, the discovered some shared interests, suc as a love of history. They began goin to museums and making one-day tri to historical sites. They also visite art galleries, which restimulate Helen's interest in painting. Curt persuaded her to splurge on some a supplies, and she has again taken up hobby that gives her much pleasure.

"Curtis and Helen's marriage is sti not free of problems. They remain tw very different people who disagree o many issues. Curtis still has a ten dency to dominate his wife, and Hele still has occasional moods of depre sion and perversity. At one poin when Curtis volunteered to get rid the decrepit hassock from his firs marriage, Helen refused to let him 'I've gotten used to it,' she told him leaving him to exclaim in bewilder ment, 'I'll never understand her!'

"Through hard work and per severance, however, the two of ther have learned to cope with each other moods by communicating rather tha shouting. Both say that they feel mor confident about working out futur marital differences.

"Their sex life, while slightly im proved, is still not totally satisfying t Curtis. He faces this philosophically 'Marriage has three planes,' he ob serves, 'the spiritual, the mental an the physical. When Helen and I en tered counseling, we were batting zero-thirty-zero. Today we're more lik hundred-seventy-ten. It may not b perfect, but you can't say it's not im proved.'" **En**

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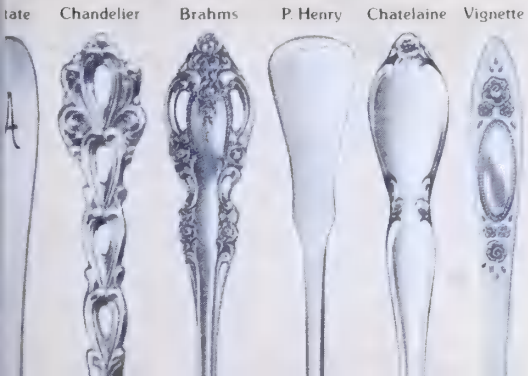


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Beauty Journal



November beauty news ranges from no-nonsense foot care talk . . . to a firmer-upper arm exercise . . . to a fun and fanciful way to gleam your nails.

Common Corns

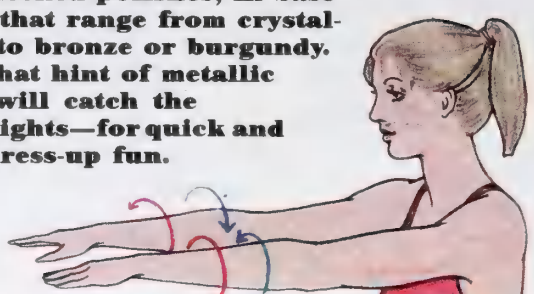
It's common sense: If you squeeze your feet into too tight, too narrow or too short shoes, your feet will fight back. The body's defense system shows up in the form of a "corn." Under a microscope, a corn appears as a cone-shaped growth that penetrates into the foot tissue. Although small in size, it can cause terrible pain. • *Types: Hard* corns usually form on the tops of toes, frequently on crooked "hammer" toes. *Soft* corns come between the toes, especially where two toe bones rub together. *Seed* corns generally grow inward on the sole of the foot, in small groups. • *Treatment:* After switching to a pair of comfortable shoes, you can treat a corn with one of the simple, over-the-counter preparations, such as Dr. Scholl's products. For quick removal, try either a medicated disk to press on the dead skin portion or a liquid to apply drop by drop (a slightly slower process). Both products contain salicylic acid (caustic) and must be handled carefully. Do not use if suffering from diabetes, inflamed skin or impaired circulation. After about 48 hours, you should soak feet in warm water and be able to remove loosened corn. To relieve shoe pressure, you can cushion corns with doughnut-shaped pads made from soft felt or foam rubber. • *Chronic corns:* If corns, even minor ones, keep coming back, make an appointment with a podiatrist for professional removal and care of sensitive areas. In chronic and/or extreme cases, corns can be symptoms of more complex foot ailments, and surgery may be required to correct underlying bone structure.

Brand New

Let's talk turkey about timely new beauty finds to help you look your best. • Create a headful of curls, anytime, anywhere. Innovative curling wand heats up with its own supply of butane—needs refilling about once a month. Clicker by Gillette, $23. • Plump is prettier . . . at least on delicate skin around eyes, mouth. To fight thin lines and encourage new cell growth, try a treatment that claims to show results in two weeks. "Age-Zone" Controller by Charles of the Ritz, ⅓ oz., $12.50. • Mother Nature is at her worst now, huffing and puffing cold air to make skin dry and rough. Smooth on a non-greasy lotion with softeners. Raintree Hand & Body Lotion, 10 oz., $2.50. • Magic act—watch nail polish disappear. Dip finger in a jar containing a pre-soaked sponge and presto—polish vanishes. Pretty Nails, 8 oz., $5. • Affordable luxury. Hairspray doesn't have to be icky-sticky to control. Not if it leaves a trace of mink oil for shine and silkiness. Mink Difference, 7 oz., $2.50.

Party Nails

During the workaday week, your nails are probably polished a sensible, neutral color. But what do you do if a party's pending and you're too short of time for a new manicure? For flash in a dash, slick on a pearly topcoat right over your practical nail color. In iridescent shades that go from glowing pinks to shimmering violets, these gleamers are instant attention-getters. For even more glimmer, try a glaze of the new silver- or gold-flecked polishes, in base tones that range from crystal-clear to bronze or burgundy. Just that hint of metallic glint will catch the nightlights—for quick and easy dress-up fun.



Q I want to wear a strapless evening dress during the holidays, but my upper arms are kind of flabby. Help! M.C., Phoenix, Ariz.
A Firm upper arms with this simple exercise: Sit cross-legged on the floor, keeping back straight. Raise arms up to shoulder level, straight out in front of you, palms down (as shown). Make 10 small circles, rotating arms away from each other, then 10 toward each other. Keep elbows straight. Gradually go up to 3 complete sets, alternating direction after each 10 circles.

Exercise of the Month



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ELVIS

By Albert Goldman

His story will shock and fascinate you.

Toward the end of his life, Elvis Presley lived like a mad monarch. Our story begins with a portrait of the King at the close of his reign. (For more dramatic scenes from the life and death of this superstar, see page 34.) This searing look at Elvis will, for the first time, help you understand his terrible tragedy.

At the time of his death in 1977, Elvis Presley's was the second most commonly reproduced image in the world. The first was Mickey Mouse. Not since the days of Charlie Chaplin has any solo performer attained such universal popularity.

Elvis received his title, King of Rock 'n' Roll, as early and as naturally as any hereditary monarch. And the private life of the Rock King conformed as closely to the royal model as did his public presence. Around his throne flocked all the familiar types found in every court: fawning lackeys, fearless bodyguards, his household physician, earnest petitioners, impoverished kinsmen, grasping tradesmen and even grieving mothers, bringing their sick children to be healed by the King's touch.

Immense crowds gathered everywhere he appeared; the fanatical devotion amounted to worship. Eventually, Presley began to wonder whether his true vocation might be that of spiritual leader, a kind of super-evangelist preaching a great crusade of spiritual enlightenment and moral regeneration. Who, after all, had greater power over people than Elvis Presley? Whose presence had more charisma? Who could work those ballparks and football stadiums with greater authority and skill? It was a vision that tantalized Elvis till the last days of his life.

Elvis also compared himself frequently with the president of the United States. He declared that if he so desired he could himself be the president. (No less an expert than Richard Nixon assured Elvis that he had the power over people's imaginations that would enable him to obtain high office.)

In his last years, Presley's failing health combined with his growing paranoia would drive him to take refuge in Graceland, his Memphis mansion. At every opportunity, he would fly back to his "palace" and shut himself up inside it for weeks, sometimes months.

Pretend now that you are in the King's entourage—one of the select few allowed to enter and share the private world of King Elvis Presley. *(continued)*

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A youthful, shirtless Elvis enjoys his early success (top, right), *but later the excesses of stardom are revealed in his swollen face* (center).





No wonder Colonel Tom Parker (above) *is grinning at the young Elvis. By 1957, the 19-year-old singer had become a $20-million-a-year property. "We've been good for each other," the Colonel said.*



An All-American Sergeant Presley greets reporters after his 1960 release from the army following two years of service in Germany (below).





Elvis, now the proud owner of an $18,000 Rolls-Royce, welcomes the Christmas season at Graceland.

Though the holidays are long past, Graceland still looks like a picture on a Christmas card. Prominently displayed on the front lawn is an elaborate crèche.

When you step through the ten-foot oak door and enter the house, you stop and stare in amazement. Having just contemplated the biblical scene, imagine the shock of stepping into the drawing room of Graceland and finding yourself in what looks like a gaudy turn-of-the-century bordello.

Though it cost a lot of money to fill the house with the things that appealed to Elvis Presley, nothing in it is worth a dime. Every piece of furniture is elaborately carved and gilded, but it's that dreadful fake antique that gangsters dote on: garish and uncomfortable.

The house is filled with statuettes, vases, jars, boxes, plaques, goblets, shells. Wherever Elvis goes in his travels, he indulges his passion for knickknacks and curios. And he never allows anything to be cast out of Graceland. Once an object, no matter how trivial, comes into his possession, it remains with him for the rest of his life. A domestic appraiser once remarked that Elvis appeared to have furnished Graceland largely from roadside stands.

The King's bedchamber is the most bizarre room in the hillbilly palace. The walls are padded *(continued)*

Photographs by Wide World Photos, UPI, Shaver.

Gail Jones lost 22 pounds



and a lot of essential vitamins and iron.

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Diet all you want. But for extra protection, take Femiron® Multi-Vitamins and Iron. You won't lose anything except weight.



with button-studded strips of black artificial suede. The crimson carpet covers not only the floor but rises at the foot of the bed like a red wave, atop which rides an enormous color TV set.

And what a bed! An immense slab, nine by nine, a double king-size, with a built-in plastic backrest and retractable armrests of speckled metal. To one side is an easel supporting a large photograph of Elvis' mother, on the other side is a sepia-toned portrait of Jesus Christ. In the corners of the room crouch big round seats covered with white fake fur, like enormous bunnies.

As in a funeral parlor, the light in this inner sanctum is always dim. The air is chilled by powerful refrigeration units that groan night and day to keep the King from sweating. The odor of the room is sometimes fetid, like a Bowery flophouse full of incontinent old men. And the most grotesque object in this black and crimson padded cell is the King himself.

Propped up like an obese woman recovering from an operation, Elvis bears a startling resemblance to the picture of his mother, which he contemplates so fixedly for hours at a time. His crown of blue-black hair, showing lots of gray at the roots, reflects his mother's hair. His creaseless, moon-shaped face matches her expressionless facial mask.

Elvis' immense bulk owes entirely to the eating habits that he developed as a child under his mother's loving care. He gorges himself with food at any time of the day or night. Concealed in his clothes closet is a full-size refrigerator kept stocked with snacks for those unpredictable attacks of the "munchies" that beset speed freaks (amphetamine addicts). Sometimes he seeks to curb the ill effects of his between-meal "snacks" by stocking his ice box entirely with yogurt. But after lapping up a couple of yogurts, his hunger is still not sated. Nothing can stop his compulsive gobbling, until he has emptied 20 or 30 of the waxy boxes.

Or, if his sweet tooth is really aching, he will ring up his valet, Hamburger James, at three in the morning and send him out to some all-night market to buy $100 worth of popsicles. As the rest of the world is brewing coffee and frying eggs, James will be toting up to his master's lair a huge bowl of Eskimo Pies, Fudgsicles, Dreamsicles and Nutty Buddys. Next afternoon, the bowl will be back in the kitchen full of dry, stained sticks.

This compulsive eating is the sole cause of the mysterious, much debated "disease" that blew him up to his final weight: 255 pounds.

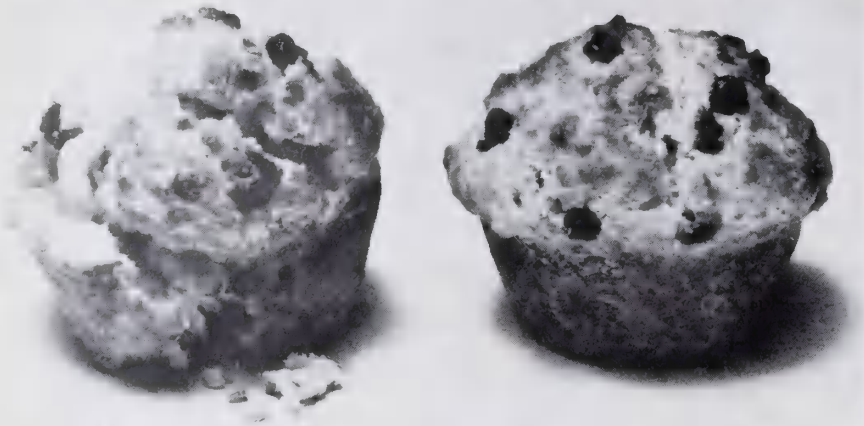
Never alone

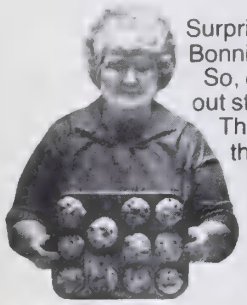
Elvis is never alone during his long retreats at Graceland. He has never been alone for more than a few moments in his entire life. Now, especially, it is necessary that someone be with him 24 hours a day lest he die from a drug overdose. The King's gentlemen of the bedchamber must perform many services. The first and foremost is the ritual of the injection.

Unlike most drug addicts, Elvis never takes a mainline shot. He associates intravenous injections with the despised character of the "junkie," a type he would like to see rounded up and committed to lifelong imprisonment. So all his liquid drugs are administered intramuscularly by skin popping. Years of being injected four or five times a day have made Elvis resemble a pincushion. If a tiny drop of dye had been included with every shot he has received, he would now resemble the Tattooed Lady in the circus. When it's time for his Dilaudid or Demerol or speed, one of his attendents must go up and down the back of Presley's body or behind the legs or even between the *(continued)*


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Which muffin took first prize at the Illinois State Fair?





Mrs. Michael's muffins pop out perfect with Baker's Secret bakeware.

Surprise. Both blueberry muffins were made from Mrs. Bonnie Michael's prize winning recipe—*but in different pans.* So, only the muffin at the right popped out perfect. Without sticking or tearing.

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No tearing.
No kidding.

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Baker's Secret™ BAKEWARE

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ELVIS
continued

toes to find a bit of skin that has not been punctured.

Once the injection has been administered, the King has to be watched carefully to make sure that he doesn't gag on his food. Times without number his men have saved him from choking. And when he is too feeble to negotiate the distance himself, he has to be carried to the bathroom. At one point, when he was barely breaking consciousness twice in 24 hours, he was put in man-size diapers.

When the King is conscious and craves entertainment, he has a number of ways of enjoying himself in his drug trances. He may watch, through droopy-lidded eyes, one of the three TV sets in his bedroom, and with many lapses of consciousness, rerun all his favorite films. He may brood over the Kennedy assassination or imagine himself Clint Eastwood in *Dirty Harry* or ogle his Danish porno films.

It must not be thought that during his weeks or months of withdrawal from the world that the King has no awareness of the life about him. He can tune into any room or scrutinize the fans at the gate by means of remote-controlled cameras that are planted all over Graceland and feed back to a monitor beside Elvis' bed. It is a common experience in this strange house to be in the midst of a conversation and notice suddenly that the camera on the ceiling has panned around and is focused on your face. The King is watching!

The only thing that can rouse Elvis from weeks lost in opiates is the need to go back on the road. Short of a jolt of heaven-sent electricity, nothing can restore him to life. That is why Elvis would not think of venturing forth without having at his side his white-haired, low-keyed, methodically proficient personal physician, Dr. George Nichopolous.

Even when he has been revived by the doctor's medicines and hauled to his feet like a fallen statue by his mistress, Linda Thompson, Elvis is hardly in a condition to do two weeks of one-night stands. Imagine how he feels on such nights, when he examines himself in the mirror with the practiced eye of a great star and a supreme narcissist. Elvis always hated his "chicken" neck (disguised generally with a high collar). Even as a poor lad working in a factory he had found the money to mask the gap between his front teeth with a cap (the reason no photograph taken before his 20th year shows him smiling).

He suffers always from the sense that he is too short, which is why in every item of footwear he owns, from a boot to a slipper, there is a half-inch lift. Even his hair troubles him because it has turned almost completely gray. Recently, he has had a discreet facelift. Now all these problems appear trivial in comparison to the hideous image he presents in the mirror.

So huge has Elvis grown, in fact, that none of his famous costumes will fit him. As costume after costume is fetched forth, there is bound to come a moment when the notorious Presley temper flares. Suddenly, Elvis "flashes"—and a costly gold watch embellished with fire opals, explodes against the bathroom wall. Instantly his poor old father, Vernon, is down on his creaky knees trying to retrieve the pieces. Elvis sneers at the shattered watch and rumbles, "Let it go Daddy—it's jes' money!"

Finally dressed, with two bulges on either hip showing that he's packing his pearl-handled Patton Colt .45 pistols, Presley goes downstairs. (Inside his left boot is a two-shot Derringer.)

His own personal jet

During the ten minutes it takes to reach the airport, Linda tries to make conversation while Elvis sulks. He likes to boast that he is the only entertainer ever to own, for his personal use, a four-engine jet airliner, a plane fashioned after the president's plane Air Force One. But the interior is styled far more luxuriously than it would be for any head of state, save perhaps an oil sheik.

As the big plane soars majestically across the country, air controllers add personal greetings to their professionally phrased messages: "Wish I were with you." "Tell Elvis we love 'im! Now, I'm gonna hand you over to Denver." All across America, the invisible voices from the ground hail the King as he advances on his royal progress.

On arrival in Las Vegas, his entourage begins preparing his hotel suite. They unpack from specially constructed boxes Elvis' library: 250 volumes dealing primarily with the occult. Next to his bed are his closest companions, the Bible and the *Physician's Desk Reference* (to drugs), and also the publications of the Self-Realization Fellowship.

The next job is stocking Elvis' bathroom, including the shampoo for dyed hair and the great variety of laxatives and enemas. Like many junkies, Elvis suffers from a paralyzed colon.

When Elvis travels he carries his various pills and tablets in the top drawer of his makeup kit. (His syringes and injectable drugs are carried in a smaller auxiliary case.) The prize item in the kit is the gold-and-blue enamel shield that Elvis received when he was appointed an agent of the Bureau of Narcotics *(continued)*

"I know nothing's stronger."

Anel Wilson, Market Research Interviewer



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ELVIS
continued

and Dangerous Drugs by Richard Nixon. There it lies, just below all those illegally prescribed pills.

The moment Elvis reaches his bedroom, he places his two guns on the table beside his pillow. Next, he takes a handful of sleeping pills. Tonight, the trip excites his habitual insomnia. It is Linda's job to soothe and coax him until he submits to sleep.

As Linda reads to Elvis, he suddenly says in a querulous little boy's voice, "Mommy, I have to go to the bathroom!" "All right," says Linda, "Mommy will take you."

Demands for pills

Back in the bedroom, Linda is opening the Bible to read to Elvis his favorite passage. "Mommy," Elvis whines as soon as the reading concludes, "I need more of my sleeping medications." This refusal to sleep, this demand for more pills, always precedes one of Elvis' bad spells, which invariably conclude with an overdose and a big panic. Linda has been with him enough years to know the dangers of giving in to his demands. So when he says to her, "I need more sleeping medication—I'm awake," she replies firmly, "Honey, you are not awake. You're asleep. Just close your eyes."

This is always the way they carry on, because Linda controls the pills, and Elvis loves to wheedle them out of her. She denies him again and again; he protests, whines, pleads and even stirs as if to reach for the bottle himself. Finally, she can bear it no more. Staring down at him reproachfully, she says: "Do you want to die that badly? Why don't you take one of those guns there and blow out your brains? Just do it quickly and don't make the people who love you suffer by watching you kill yourself inch by inch." It's an astounding statement. Nobody ever talks to Elvis like that . . . and gets away with it.

For a moment, he stares at her in astonishment. Then he starts to giggle and gurgle like a baby. Half closing his eyes, he snickers and murmurs in baby-talk, "Okay, Mommy. Aw'll go sleepy." Amazed to see him back down for once, she returns to her soothing mother voice and murmurs: "Just lie there and close your eyes, Baby Buntin'—and hush!"

Albert Goldman is a writer, teacher and critic, and a widely acclaimed biographer and author of seven books, including the best-selling Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!! *In writing* Elvis, *he conducted more than 500 interviews and researched the singer's life for over three years.*

SCENES FROM THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SUPERSTAR

When Elvis Presley returned to America after his years in the army, he was a changed man. His mother's death, his father's remarriage, his own "sufferings" in the service, his anxiety about the interruption of his career, had eroded the great self-confidence he displayed in early years.

At this time, he abandoned control over his career and submitted himself completely to the machinations of Colonel Parker and his cronies in Hollywood. Instead of being an innocent and naive kid who, publicly, impersonated a wild figure, Elvis now became the All-American Boy on-camera; off-camera he indulged himself in an endless debauch of sex and drugs.

In the 60s, there was a sudden escalation in his consumption of drugs. Benzedrine or amphetamine compounds—pep pills—had been part of his life since his first days on the road, and his use of them continued in the army. Back in Hollywood, he suddenly began consuming a range of drugs that produce narcotic and hypnotic, as well as stimulant, effects. Soon, Elvis was buying seven or eight thousand dollars worth of pills at a time.

During the spring of 1964, Elvis began to experience a crisis of self-loathing. He abandoned his customary lifestyle and locked himself up in his bedroom for days at a time, refusing to speak with anyone. The Guys (Presley's entourage) felt that if Elvis didn't find something fresh to live for, some new inspiration, he might crack up. Such was the situation when Pr ley was introduced to and became f cinated by spiritualism, the occult a Eastern religions.

Elvis also made many efforts communicate by mental telepat though invariably he wound up usi the telephone. Nonetheless, he alwa assured the Guys that, if he died, would find a way to communicate wi them from beyond.

But the most spectacular products this obsession with transcendent phenomena were Elvis' voices and sions and the miracles he claimed have worked.

On one occasion, while drivi across the desert, Elvis suddenly cri out: "Do you see what I see? That's face up there!" With tears streami down his cheeks, he babbled: "M prayers have been answered. I ha seen Christ and Antichrist and I kn what I have to do!" Presley felt th this was the moment in his life whe like Paul on the road to Damascus, was shown the way.

The calling he experienced m keenly, however, was that of healer the sick. He had always wanted to be doctor and he had been reared in culture that believed in faith healin Now he undertook to do the sa thing himself, explaining to frien that these efforts cost him a great de because he had to take the pain of t afflicted one into his own body.

Elvis was just winding up his fi

(continued on page 17



"I'm down here, Dad, cleaning your pipes."


8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
It's new. It's beige.
More
Lights
100s
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



"What I Have to Be Thankful For"

I had to make one of the biggest decisions of my life. Would I make the best choice?
By Judy Wax

That September when I learned I was pregnant again, I couldn't wait to tell my husband, Jim. He adored our daughter Amy, who was almost two. Driving home from the doctor's office, I recalled Amy's one-week-old "birthday" party, when Jim bought her a cupcake, put in a candle and invited all the neighbors over to sing to her. They teased him about that for months, but Jim didn't mind. He loved Amy and enjoyed being a father, so we'd recently decided to make our family a foursome.

When I arrived at our house, I noticed Jim's car already in the driveway. "Jim," I announced happily as I walked in the door, "guess what—I'm pregnant!"

Nothing. No smile, no hugs, no "Let's celebrate!"

"Oh, that's nice," he said half-heartedly. Needless to say, Jim's reaction amazed me. How could he not *care* that I was going to have another baby?

At dinner I was tense and miserable. Jim seemed totally remote and preoccupied, not the warm, supportive husband he'd always been. As he got up from the table, he staggered and fumbled with the dinner plates he was carrying into the kitchen. "What's the matter?" I asked, becoming frightened. His jaw fell open. He began to drool. He could hardy speak.

Four hours later, Jim, who was 32 and had had nothing more than a cold in years, lay in the hospital emergency room. He was disoriented. His speech was slurred. And his left side was completely paralyzed. Within 24 hours he was comatose. Signing consent form after consent form, I watched the frustrated doctors eliminate possible causes for his condition. He had *not* had a heart attack or a stroke. There was no tumor. They could find nothing wrong with him, they said, yet my husband was dying.

This can't be happening to me

As I drove home from the hospital that first night, I remember thinking this could not be happening to me. Here I was, 28, pregnant, a wife and mother. Just a month before, Jim and I had discussed how good our life had been together during the four years of our marriage. Once home, I called my mother, who had taken Amy to her apartment so I could stay at Jim's bedside. I updated her on his condition and then told her I was pregnant. For a moment she was silent. "Everything will work out," she said finally. I went to sleep on my mother's promise.

The next day, from the hospital, I phoned Jim's mother, who lived in another state, to tell her about his condition. His coma was deeper, I told her. They had discovered fluid on his brain and had drilled into his head to relieve the pressure. And, I added, I was pregnant. Again the silence.

"How far along?" she asked.

"Just a few weeks."

"You're not going through with it, are you?" she asked.

I don't remember exactly what I answered, except to assure her that I was. How could she possibly suggest an abortion?

When I left the phone booth, Jim's doctor was waiting. All the specialists he'd called in were at a loss for a *(continued)*

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CHEX PARTY MIX



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PARTY MIX RECIPE

½ cup butter or margarine
1¼ teaspoon seasoned salt
4½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 cups Corn Chex® cereal
2 cups Rice Chex® cereal
2 cups Bran Chex® cereal
2 cups Wheat Chex® cereal
1 cup salted mixed nuts

Preheat oven to 250°. Heat butter in large shallow roasting pan (about 15 x 10 x 2 inches) in oven until melted. Remove. Stir in seasoned salt and Worcestershire sauce. Add Chex and nuts. Mix until all pieces are coated. Heat in oven 1 hour. Stir every 15 minutes. Spread on absorbent paper to cool. Makes about 8 cups.

© Ralston Purina Co. 1981

diagnosis, he explained quietly. Jim's condition was deteriorating rapidly. Suddenly, I began to think that maybe I was being foolish and irresponsible by going through with the pregnancy. I was still convinced that everything would work out—that Jim, Amy, the baby and I would live happily ever after.

I had supported legalization of abortion for years because I felt strongly that no woman should be forced to have a child she didn't want. But me? I had never pictured this as an option for myself. Yet I had to admit that Jim's mother was a very practical woman—and an honest one. She knew our finances were limited. I had quit my job when Amy was born, so we lived on Jim's modest salary. If anything happened to him, could I manage as a single, working mother with Amy in diapers and a new baby? Maybe Jim's mother was right. If Jim recovered, we could have another child under better circumstances.

That afternoon, my obstetrician offered to prescribe some tranquilizers for me, and when I refused, I knew I'd already made my decision. I didn't want to risk taking drugs. I wanted to keep our baby healthy—and alive.

One week later, the doctors diagnosed Jim's illness as encephalitis, an often fatal brain infection. Those who were lucky enough to survive were frequently left crippled, retarded or blind. The possibility that I might lose Jim was becoming more real each day. He was still deep in a coma. His brain waves were nearly flat. The doctors doubted he'd last until morning.

That night, as I lay in bed dreading a phone call from the hospital, my thoughts riveted on what seemed a bizarrely inconsequential detail. If Jim died and the baby was a boy, could I ever call my son the name I had once called my husband? Jim lay on his deathbed and I was worried over the baby's name!

Who believes in miracles?

Jim didn't die that night. In fact, over the next few weeks a miracle began to happen. The depth of his coma slowly lessened. Six weeks after Jim became unconscious, he uttered his first words; two weeks later he was transferred to a rehabilitation hospital, where he painstakingly learned once again to sit up, walk, talk, dress and feed himself. Still, the doctor was not certain Jim would continue to recover or whether he'd ever be self-sufficient again.

Seeing Jim that helpless was not easy. His first overnight visit home was on New Year's Eve. He was still working on bowel and bladder control. I spent the night changing his diapers and crying.

More than once I wondered whether I'd made the right decision. By this time I was five months pregnant. Jim needed more physical and emotional help than I could give. Amy was becoming extremely jealous of the attention he demanded. After four and a half months of hospitalization, Jim came home in February. Ever so slowly he progressed from wheelchair to walker to cane, but he still could not be left alone.

When the labor pains began, my mother came to baby-sit for Amy and Jim, and my brother took me to the hospital. As I lay alone in the labor room I remembered how Jim had nervously dressed and undressed six times before we decided it was time to take me to the hospital to have Amy, and how we'd held hands moments before she was born. Now I was alone, and he needed a baby-sitter.

My labor was short and within three hours on May 1, I finally saw the healthy little boy who'd spent so much time in hospital waiting rooms with me. I named him Larry, after my husband's father. Not Jim.

The next few months were busy ones. Defying all expectations, my husband discarded his cane and returned to teaching in September. Amy abandoned her diapers and helped me with Larry's. He was a happy, easy-going baby—and has grown into a delightful, bright little boy. He was the youngest child to enter his school's program for gifted children.

When things returned to normal at home, my husband and I discussed my decision to have Larry. Jim told me he would have understood if I had decided on an abortion. But now he's forever thankful I didn't. So am I. **End**

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It's good for you to look beautiful.

your JOURNAL

NOVEMBER

A collection of ideas and information to help, inspire and amuse during the busy days of November.

TO YOUR CREDIT

ou'll have something to cheer about next April 15 if ou do your spring cleaning early, before December 1, 1981. Several charities accept cast-off clothing and rniture as donations, which are tax deductible just ke donations of money. To establish the worth of what ou want to give away for deduction purposes, you ust arrive at what the IRS calls "fair-market value." his depends on how much the items cost originally, eir age, condition and antique value, if any. Some rganizations will help you determine this value when ou donate items by filling in a specific tax credit on our receipt; others will leave it up to you (and the dgment of the IRS). One group—The Salvation rmy—publishes a guide of average prices they harge for items in good condition. Check the Yellow ages for the branch near you and ask for a copy; it's ery helpful. Three national organizations happy to ccept donations for resale:

The Salvation Army accepts clothes, furniture, bicyes, appliances. When you ask for a tax credit, you will et a receipt for your goods; it's up to you to estimate he value.

Goodwill Industries takes in clothes, dry goods, itchen utensils, books and sometimes furniture. They sue a receipt for a specific tax credit based on their aluation of your goods. Goodwill even accepts cars nd it's possible your tax credit will give you more than trade-in.

Planned Parenthood takes clothing and furniture. ou can ask either for an evaluation by the organizaon or for a receipt so you can take your own tax edit.

To claim your credit on federal tax forms, include the ame and address of the organization receiving your oods, the receipt and a description of your contribuon (and the date made), and both the original cost nd current fair-market value of each item. —JULIE MAXEY

STRATEGY FOR THE FLU SEASON

Everybody dreads a debilitating, midwinter bout of the flu, when sneezing, coughing, fever, chills and aches can persist for ten days or longer. But can "flu shots"—vaccines prepared from killed influenza viruses—prevent such miseries? That depends. According to Dr. Harrison Stetler, of the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, "There are many strains of the flu virus. They are all capable of mutating rapidly, and thus becoming vaccine-resistant." Dr. Stetler reports that when an "antigenic drift" (*slight* change in the character of a virus) occurs, a vaccine prepared from last year's variety will still be as much as 80 percent effective in warding off the disease for most people, and will at least lessen the severity of an attack. When an "antigenic shift" (complete alteration of a virus) happens, however (about every ten years, though predictions are seldom accurate), the "old" vaccine is useless.

That being so, are flu shots worth the expense and bother? Yes, for everyone who falls into one of the "high-risk" categories listed below. These people are especially prone to complications resulting from the flu, such as bronchitis, sinusitis and even life-threatening pneumonia, and, in children, Reyes' Syndrome, a potentially fatal metabolic disorder. (Remember that the vaccine doesn't take effect for two weeks, so fall is the best time to be inoculated; and an annual booster is essential.)

Who should get flu shots:

- Children and young adults born after the 1954 Russian flu epidemic. Two shots are recommended for people in this age group.
- Anyone aged 65 or older.
- Anyone suffering from anemia, diabetes, kidney disease, disturbances of the immune system, or disorders of the circulatory, respiratory or pulmonary system.
- People undergoing chemotherapy for cancer, because the drugs suppress the action of the immune system.

Some people, however, should definitely *not* get flu shots. They include:

- People with a sensitivity to eggs, since the viruses used in the vaccines are grown in eggs.
- Infants under six months old.
- Pregnant women, unless they have any of the disorders listed above—and even then, not until after the first trimester.

GENE SHALIT AT THE MOVIES

Half the fun of going to the movies is hitting the candy-popcorn stand in the lobby. nd half the fun of owning a theater is *owning* the candy stand, because that's here the money is. You see, up to 90 percent of the price of your ticket goes to the ovie-maker, not to the theater. But the theater does keep 100 percent of everyning you spend at the candy stand. Okay, which candy would you guess is the vorite in movies across the country? Time's up. The big winner is (flourish of umpets): *Raisinets*. Now, for the first time, the *Journal* takes the wraps ff the Candy Best-Seller List: **Raisinets, Twizzlers, Goobers, Nestles Crunch, eese's Peanut Butter Cups, Chocolate Covered Almonds, Milk Duds, M&M's oldenberg's Peanut Chew.**

The folks at Raisinets (who also make Goobers), reveal that they sold 20 million oxes in movie theaters last year. Since there are about 100 in a box (114 in the box counted the other night), American movie-goers last year chucked down more an *two billion* chocolate-covered raisins. And when you figure that the average rice of candy in a theater is $1, you can see why theater owners are so happy to e you running into their lobbies, tooth sweet.





AUTUMN PLACE MATS

Colorful fall leaves encased in clear transparent Con-tact paper make festive seasonal place mats. Each mat can be a unique design or part of a matched set.

1 With your children's help, collect pretty leaves. You will need 5–8 for each mat, depending on the size of the leaves. To flatten leaves, tuck them between sheets of wax paper and press between the pages of thick books for five days.

2 Next, cut two 11"x 18" rectangles of transparent Con-tact. To make the plastic lie flat, re-roll each rectangle, backing-side out, then unroll.

3 Place one rectangle down on flat surface. Arrange your leaves on the sheet, keeping design away from edges. Place other sheet, backing-side up, on a flat surface. Peel off backing. Transfer leaves to the sticky plastic.

4 Now peel the backing off half of the remaining rectangle. Then place the plastic, sticky side down, over the sheet with leaves and roll the plastic out on top of the sheet, from the center outwards. Repeat with remaining half.

5 Trim as necessary to suit your table. Use the place mats by themselves or show them off on top of a light-colored tablecloth. You can use this same method to make customized leaf coasters.

THANKSGIVING PRAYER

By Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

Lord God Almighty, at this time of national Thanksgiving we, the American people, u in gratitude for the manifold blessings You have conferred upon us as a nation.

As You guided the founders of our count in the long ago, so guide us now. We need Your help as they did.

We humbly pray for a continuation of th peace we currently enjoy, for a prosperity that will include all our people and for a de ening of the fraternal spirit of brotherhood among us.

Grant oh Lord that we may gratefully venerate and protect the wonderful land Yo have given us.

We lift up our hearts to the noble hills a snowcapped mountains and give thanks fo the fertility of the vast areas where the wir caresses waving grain, for the cattle on a thousand hills and all other evidences of Yo abundant goodness.

In these United States of America, the la of opportunity, men and women from every race, which You have created, are gathered together and they all name You as their God and Father. We give grateful thanks for the unity we have developed in diversity–Amer cans all, united in faith and in love of coun

On this Thanksgiving Day we pray that Y will preserve the United States of America forever and ever.

AMEN



CHARLIE'S BROWNIE CUPCAKES

3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1/2 pound butter
1 1/2 cups coarsely chopped walnuts
4 eggs, beaten
1 3/4 cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup flour

Melt chocolate and butter in a double boiler. Add nuts and mix well. Beat together eggs, sugar and vanilla. Stir in flour and add chocolate and nuts. Mix well. Bake at 325° for 20-25 minutes. Cool before frosting.

Cocoa Frosting:

1 stick butter
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 tablespoons cocoa

Combine all ingredients and boil for one minute. Remove from heat and beat until smooth and stiff enough to frost cupcakes, about 5 or 6 minute Yield, 24 cupcakes.

PEANUTS characters c 1952, 1958 United Feature Syndicate, Inc. From the GREAT PEANUT COOKBOOK with recipes by Jane Dutton, illustrated by Charles M. Schulz. Published in September by Determined Productions, Inc

The Name Hit Parade

New parents are choosing more conservative names for their offspring than did their counterparts during the 70s. This is the conclusion of Leonard Ashley, Brooklyn College Professor of English and former president of the American Name Society, a nationwide group that collects and collates data on the names we give our children. "Male names are becoming more 'masculine,'" he says, "and female names more 'feminine.' For awhile both boys and girls were being given 'genderless' names such as Joey or Bobby, or they were called by family names: Porter, Carter, Brent. Now we're back to Catherine and John."

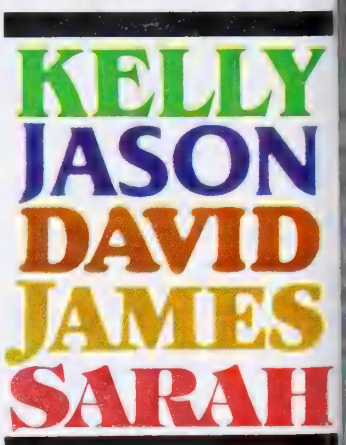
Whatever the portent of the 80s trend in names, fads and fashions in names do come and go. "Ida," for example, was one of the top-ten girls' names in 1898, but now it seems dowdy and old-fashioned. Likewise, "Sherry" enjoyed a brief but astounding flurry of popularity in the mid-50s—meaning that statistically, most of the women named Sherry in the United States are now in their mid-20s!

Herewith, the current lists of the top ten choices:

GIRLS 1. Jennifer 2. Amy 3. Sarah 4. Michelle 5. Kimberly 6. Heather 7. Kelly 8. Rebecca 9. Catherine 10. Elizabeth

BOYS 1. Michael 2. Jason 3. Matthew 4. Brian 5. Christopher 6. David 7. John 8. James 9. Jeffrey 10. Daniel

—JOE BODOLAI



MODERN MANNERS By Charlotte Ford

. I like the drumstick, but never take it because I'm uncertain how it should ›e eaten. At a formal dinner one would eat a drumstick with one's knife and fork. At an informal dinner—and this would include most holiday dinners—it is entirely ıppropriate to eat a drumstick with one's hands, after having removed and ·aten as much meat as possible with a knife and fork. One friend says hat when eating the drumstick, he asks the hostess for some paper ıapkins, so that he will not get her lovely linen ones greasy.

2. When a woman takes a man to lunch, who orders first? The guest ıt lunch or dinner always orders first. By bestowing this courtesy, the ıostess signals to the waiter that she will receive the check. When the vaiter arrives to take the orders, the hostess may say with a smile to her ıuest, "What are you having, Eric?" If a woman feels uneasy playing host, he may always call the restaurant in advance to arrange with the *maitre d'* hat she be given the check.

3. My son and his girlfriend are living together. At family parties and other gatherings I never know how to introduce them. t is not your duty to explain non-marital living arrangements; simply give the first and last names of both members of the couple. "Sylvia, nay I introduce Mary Martin and Sam Johnson." Observant guests will quickly notice that a special relationship exists between these two. Two people who live together, by the way, should never be introduced as husband and wife. Lying may make you feel more comfortable, ›ut it is confusing and embarrassing to others.

BASIC GUIDE TO BUYING BOOTS

Whether you're looking for foot-stompin' cowboy ›oots, exquisite kidskins or bright yellow ıaloshes, boots are a serious fashion investment. Before you buy, figure out your needs. Boots fall nto three basic categories: casual for everyday of leather and synthetic; $50-$90); dressy (from hin calfskin to buttersoft suede; $100 and ›ver); and foul-weather (vinyl and molded ubber; $50 and under). To help you choose, ıere are shopping tips.

Cost has little to do with lifespan. In fact, ›oots made of cheaper synthetic materials ›r thicker leather often outlast the more lelicate, more expensive ones, which tend to pot or stain when wet. • Better boots come /ith a steel shank for arch support (read abels, ask the salesperson). Also, look for turdy, even stitching to prevent leaks around he sole. ▪ Leather or synthetic linings both /ear well, but leather "breathes," keeping feet rom perspiring. Make sure lining is completely mooth; unlined boots should have flat seams hat won't cause blisters or snag hosiery. •Check hat zippers are covered. Zippers that curve oward the toes are a plus for on/off ease especially with high arches). • Five steps for rying on: 1. Shop at day's end when feet are lightly swollen. 2. Put on the same type f socks or stockings you'll usually wear /ith the boots. 3. Try on both boots; ›uy to fit your larger foot. 4. Wiggle our toes in all directions. 'ress down; you should have bout 1/2 inch between ongest toe and boot tip. ›. Take a stroll around the store for a comfort test. Heel should fit with little ·lippage. • Buy boots to flatter your good points, minimize flaws. Thin legs look best n soft materials that create curves. Try mid-calf boots worn with nubby, textured tockings. Heavy legs? Shop for straight-styled boots with a minimum of details. ‹nee-high boots are fine; just make sure the tops aren't too tight. Test: You should be ble to slip two fingers between boot and leg with ease.



WHICH WOODS BURN BEST?

Nothing is nicer on a cold, crisp day than a fire in the fireplace or wood stove. Nothing is worse than a fire that fizzles. The wood you choose to burn can make the difference. Your best bet: dry, seasoned hardwoods.

The top hardwoods for fires—in the East—are ash, red oak, white oak, beech, yellow birch, sugar maple and shagbark hickory. In the West, Oregon white oak, bigleaf maple are best. East or West, pecan, dogwood, walnut, cherry and western hemlock are good second choices. A few hardwoods, however, do not burn well—aspen (popple poplar), cottonwood and basswood. A note on birch: While yellow birch is a good burning wood, gray birch is not, and though white birch is decorative in your wood stack, it is not worth the top dollar charged for it.

Softwoods (including most pines) are rich in resins, burn hot and fast, and add crackle to a fire. They also add creosote, that tar-like deposit that gums up chimneys. Use them sparingly for kindling to set off slower burning hardwoods.

The condition of wood is also a key to a good fire. For starters, keep your kindling bone dry. Second, be sure your logs are air-dried. Such seasoned wood heats from 20 to 44 percent more efficiently than newly cut wet or green wood. Green wood burns slowly, using the fire's heat to dry itself out rather than heating you. Firewood should be seasoned for at least six months (better a year to 18 months) before burning. Don't burn very old wood; it has probably rotted.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine; 100's, 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

kitchen. According to the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission, last year 137,000 people were treated for cuts; 20,000 for burns; 10,000 were injured by small appliances and 2,800 were scalded.

mishaps, what to do in an emergency and how to prevent these accidents from happening. This chart was prepared with the help of Dr. John Mihran Davis, director of the emergency room at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center; the New York City Fire Department; and the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission. By Jill Jonnes

CLIP AND SAVE

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL KITCHEN HAZARDS CHART

	COMMON ACCIDENTS	WHAT TO DO	SAFEGUARDS
FIRES	**Grease or broiler fire**	Do not use water, which will only float the burning grease, not extinguish the flames. • If a skillet of food is on fire, turn off range and slip a lid over pan to cut off all oxygen. • If the broiler catches fire, turn off broiler and use potholders to open oven door. Cover flames with wet towel to cut off oxygen and douse with baking soda to smother the fire.	When cooking with grease, watch for signs of overheating or bubbling over. Keep broiler free of heavy grease buildup and other food drippings.
FIRES	**Burning appliances**	If possible, unplug. In any case, do not use water or you risk electric shock. Snuff out flames with a large, *dry* towel.	Do not allow food to accumulate in the bottom of toasters or broilers. Stay in the kitchen when appliances are in use.
FIRES	**Clothing or hair catches on fire**	Do not run or you may feed the flames. Stop, drop to floor and roll.	Do not cook in flowing garments or with long hair loose.
BURNS	**First-degree burns** (surface redness accompanied by soreness and sting)	Hold ice against tender burn area with clean cloth. Do not use butter or oil, which causes blistering.	Use potholders to avoid direct contact with hot surfaces.
BURNS	**Second-degree burns** (blisters with swelling and redness)	Take off any clothing soaked with boiling liquid. Use ice to soothe burned areas. Do not apply ointments or antiseptics. Cover with non-adhesive gauze and bandage loosely. Extent and placement of burn are crucial. Emergency hospital treatment is needed: • if 10% of an adult's body or 15% of a child's (one arm equals about 9% of total body surface) has been burned. • if the victim shows signs of shock (pale face; cold, clammy skin; sweaty forehead and palms; weak pulse; accelerated breathing or lack of consciousness). He should be kept flat and wrapped in a light blanket. • if the face or eyes are burned. Burns on joints also need immediate medical attention because scar tissue may develop that could inhibit movement. • if a whole finger or hand is burned, or the skin has been broken or swelling persists. Tetanus shots and antibiotics may be needed.	Be especially careful with boiling water, hot oil or perking coffee. To avoid being scalded with hot steam, never open a pressure cooker prematurely. Turn handles of pots and skillets toward the back of stove so children cannot pull them down. Keep *all* cords out of the reach of youngsters. Set home water heaters at low temperatures to avoid scalding from hot tap water.
BURNS	**Third-degree burns** (top layers of skin are burned away)	The affected area will not be painful immediately because nerve endings are damaged, but apply ice to surrounding skin. Do not apply cold water. (See second-degree burns.)	Be especially careful near open flames when children are around.

EMERGENCY PHONE NUMBERS

Police _____ Pediatrician _____

Fire Department _____ Internist _____

Ambulance _____ Poison Control Center _____

A basic emergency kit to be kept in a convenient place in the kitchen, but out of reach of children, should include: • small (2½ lbs.) dry-chemical fire extinguisher, known as an ABC; • fireproof blanket, available at hardware stores; • large bath towel; • small clean towels; • large box of bicarbonate of soda; • sterile cloth pads and bandages; • ipecac, a medicine to induce vomiting; • activated charcoal.

	COMMON ACCIDENTS	WHAT TO DO	SAFEGUARDS
CUTS	**Serious cuts or gashes**	Using clean, dry towel or layers of gauze, apply pressure to the wound. If blood penetrates cloth, add more layers. Clotting may take three to ten minutes, so maintain pressure. • If possible, raise wound area above rest of body. • Do not apply tourniquet, which will stop flow of blood to too large an area. • If the wound is deep or wide, stitches, antibiotics and a tetanus shot may be necessary. • When a portion of a finger has been sliced off, pack it in ice and rush to the hospital.	Keep cutting instruments well-sharpened; many accidents occur with dull knives. Pay attention when using a knife. Cut away from body and use cutting board. Do not leave knives loose in a drawer or dish rack, and keep all such utensils out of the reach of children.
CHOKING AND POISONS	**Choking on food**	If the victim is gagging or turning blue, perform the Heimlich Manuever to dislodge food: *Adults* • Put arms around victim's waist from behind. • Make fist with one hand and place thumb side against abdomen, just below rib cage. • Cup palm of other hand over fist and press into the abdomen with a short, upward thrust. Repeat, if necessary, until food pops out. *Children under four* • Lay child on his back on a flat surface such as chair or table. • Use index and middle fingers of both hands to press against abdomen just below the rib cage with a short, upward thrust. *Yourself* • Grasp fist with cupped palm of other hand. Thrust upward into abdomen below rib cage.	Especially for small children and adults with false teeth, cut food into bite-size pieces and discard any tiny bones before serving.
	Poisons	Treatment for poisoning depends on the substance and the amount consumed. If one suspects a poison has been swallowed: • Identify substance and the amount ingested. • Call local poison control center or hospital emergency room immediately for instructions. Do *not* treat without medical advice. Proceed to the hospital as soon as possible. *Induce Vomiting* If non-caustic substance such as aspirin, barbiturates, tranquilizers or some arsenics has been ingested, objective is to remove substance from the body immediately. • Use emetic such as ipecac syrup. Follow label instructions for dosage. • *Do not wait* for vomiting before rushing to hospital. *Do Not Induce Vomiting* Caustic substances such as acid (in some drain or toilet-bowl cleaners), lyes (in some non-phosphate detergents, paint removers, cleaning agents) or oil-based distillates (turpentine, gasoline, kerosene, paint thinners) should be diluted in the stomach. Vomiting will only cause further internal damage to the throat and esophagus. • Dilute poison by drinking copious amounts of milk or water. • Absorb poison by swallowing activated charcoal powder. Read directions for dosage. *Note:* In all cases of vomiting, hold victim so that fumes will not be breathed into lungs.	Don't leave cleaners, detergents, medicines or other potentially dangerous substances where small children can get them. Use child-proof locks on all cabinets containing such products, and label bottles clearly. Use child-proof caps. Never transfer a potentially harmful substance into an unmarked or mislabeled jar that an adult might mistake for something innocuous.
OTHER INJURIES	**Electric shock**	• Shut off power source, if possible. Otherwise, disengage victim from current using padded potholder mitts to protect yourself. While there may be little visible damage, internal injury may have occurred. Victim needs emergency treatment if dazed or in shock. • Keep him flat and wrapped with a light blanket. • Remove any mucus or foreign matter from throat and nose.	Make sure outlets are covered and no extension cord wires are exposed. Do not use electrical gadgets with wet hands or leave appliances near water.
	Eye injuries	• In the event of contact with soap, detergents or chemicals, wash affected area with cold running water for up to 15 minutes. Cover with gauze and proceed to emergency room. • If a rough-edged particle gets in the eye, do not flush out. To avoid abrasions, keep the eyeball immobile by lightly pressing a sterile pad against the lid and rush to the hospital.	Point aerosols away from eye and wear goggles. Don't use potentially dangerous materials when home alone.

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Introducing Mink Difference.™
The new hair spray that puts a silky hold on your hair.

The Difference is Mink.

Enriched with precious mink oil in every drop, Mink Difference hair spray is really different. Not only does it hold your hairstyle beautifully, it makes it feel beautifully soft and silky, like mink.

Run your fingers through your hair and find out what you already know—a little mink in a woman's life makes a big difference.



Enriched with precious mink oil in every drop.



How to Control Binge Eating

Experts now recognize the binge-and-purge syndrome as an eating disorder that affects millions of women. This special report includes medical information, one victim's own story, plus practical advice on how to stop bingeing.

Bulimarexia: The Latest Facts

By Kathryn Lance

We all overeat sometimes, especially during the holiday season. You might serve yourself a second helping of *everything* at the dinner table with the family, or sneak a hefty slice of pie between meals. For some women, however, gorging is more than just an occasional overindulgence. It's a compulsive ritual. They are chronic bingers who steal into the kitchen for a massive, premeditated assault on the refrigerator. Then, wracked with pain and guilt, they purge themselves with laxatives, diuretics or even forced vomiting.

Dr. Marlene Boskind-White, a psychologist in Ithaca, New York, has christened the newly isolated eating disorder "bulimarexia" from the word *bulimia* meaning "insatiable appetite."

Initially, the syndrome was confused with anorexia nervosa—a closely related disturbed eating pattern that can end in self-starvation—because periodic bingeing is common to both disorders. "The difference is that the anorexic is obsessed with achieving extreme thinness," explains Leslie-Jane Maynard, founder of Dieters Counseling Service in New York, "while the bulimarexic has a fear of getting fat. Unlike the anorexic, who seldom eats, the bulimarexic may eat normally most of the time. But she also goes *(continued)*

Confessions of a Closet Eater

By Jackie Barrile

And so it begins again. Why can't I stop? Why do the contents of the refrigerator seem to call me alone? That familiar excitement is building now, the craving that only huge amount [illegible]power, forget that I promised my[illegible] do this again. Blood is pounding in my head. I can see the food sliding down my throat, so smooth and soothing. The refrigerator door is open now. My friend and accomplice, food, awaits me.

If I pop the cinnamon rolls from the freezer into the microwave, they should be ready by the time I polish off the hamburger and French fries I bought on the way home. This calls for at least half a bottle of ketchup.

Mmmmm, delicious. With a stick of butter and the last of the strawberry preserves, the rolls are superb! If I don't keep eating the nausea will stop me so I'll have some cold cereal with lots of sugar. And don't forget the stale cookies.

Here I am again, standing at the kitchen counter stuffing everything in sight into my mouth. Nothing is more degrading. But I can't do anything to stop myself from bingeing like this. It's as if I'm outside my body watching myself gorge. One moment I'm furious at myself, and the next I'm engulfed in the ecstasy of consuming more and more. Sometimes I want to cry out for help. Yet I'm terrified that someone would hear me. What if I'm interrupted before I've had my fill? I can eat 4,000 calories at a time. Luckily, the kitchen is strictly my domain. Neither my husband nor my son even venture in for a glass of milk. No one ever notices that I've picked the refrigerator clean again.

(continued on page 56)



Photograph by Nick Samardge



THE NEW TASTE THAT DRIVES YOU ON A DIET.

Endless vistas of cottage cheese.
Still life with radish.
The relentless boredom of carrots
ıd celery.
Conventional diet food is enough to
ive you *off* a diet. Happily, Weight
'atchers 19 *New* Frozen Meals are
ɔod enough to drive you *on*.

Like this Lasagna dripping with spicy tomato sauce.

Rich, velvety gravy seeping into a mound of fragrant steamy turkey and stuffing.

Lean, juicy beefsteak smothered in a thick brown gravy.

Authentic Chinese food.

Yes, *even Sausage Pizza*.
Now you can have them.
Even if you're on a diet.

So if you're really serious about dropping those extra pounds, our exciting new taste can help.

After all, how can you go off your diet, if the taste you want is on it?



WEIGHT WATCHERS®
19 NEW FROZEN MEALS.
TRY IT.
YOU'LL DIET.

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on compulsive binges, and immediately purges the excess calories to avoid putting on weight."

Countless closet eaters

Experts suspect there are hundreds of thousands of bulimarexics, far more than anorexics. Yet these covert eaters often remain "in the closet." This is partly because, unlike anorexics who are ghostly thin, bulimarexics are usually of normal weight and don't look as though they have an eating problem. Furthermore, they guard their guilty secret ferociously.

What pushes a woman from overeating occasionally to compulsive bingeing and purging? "Having an occasional binge or even bingeing and purging on weekends doesn't mean you're bulimarexic," explains Maynard. "But these are clear warning signs. If you find yourself frantically shopping for high-calorie food or eating everything in the refrigerator, things are out of control."

You may be prone to bulimarexia if you:

- exhibit excessive concern about your weight and use self-induced vomiting, laxatives or diuretics to lose extra pounds;
- frequently overeat when you're depressed, lonely or anxious;
- alternate between binges and fasts;
- feel guilty or secretive about binges and their aftermaths;
- eat high-calorie foods duri binge;
- find yourself frequently pla binges and then gorging alone;
- exhibit many of these sym while of normal or near-n weight.

The compulsive gorging ritual becomes established during peri abnormal stress, and soon the r itself—shopping for the food, p ing and eating it, and the final c ing purge—literally becomes tive. "We don't really know wh addiction should take this form, Maynard. "As with alcoholics or abusers, bulimarexics are usir outside substance as a psychol crutch to bring inner comfort. even experience a 'high,' which w a 'binge narcosis.'"

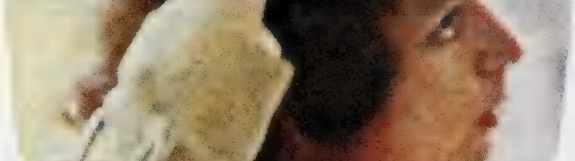
Some bulimarexics have close tives who are obese or alcoholi typically the routine is le through peer groups. Models and cers are often taught the gorge- method by others in their profes And as many as 20 to 30 percent college-age women occasionall gage in binge-purge rituals with in their dorms, according to esti from analysts at ANAD (An Nervosa and Associated Disorder organization that helps people eating disorders. ANAD reports only five percent of all bulima are men, most of whom tend to c in professions such as sports, maintaining weight is important

The tendency toward eating ders such as bulimarexia is fu fostered by our society's obsession thinness. We see that unrealist thin image projected everywher the supermarket, on TV. . . . message is that you're no go you're not thin," says Dr. Bos White.

Whatever the reasons for sli into the binge-purge habit, bulimarexics feel guilty because know their behavior is abnormal they find stopping the cycle wi professional help very difficult.

"The women I treat feel very c control," says Maynard. "Outw they have ideal lives, with succe jobs and lovely families, but u neath you find unexpressed ang drive for perfection and an incre lack of self-esteem. They feel l isolated and that no one unders them. Food becomes their only s of comfort, but fear of gaining w causes tremendous ambivalence, continues. "The reading on the room scale in the morning can ally determine the emotional ton the whole day."

(continued on pag



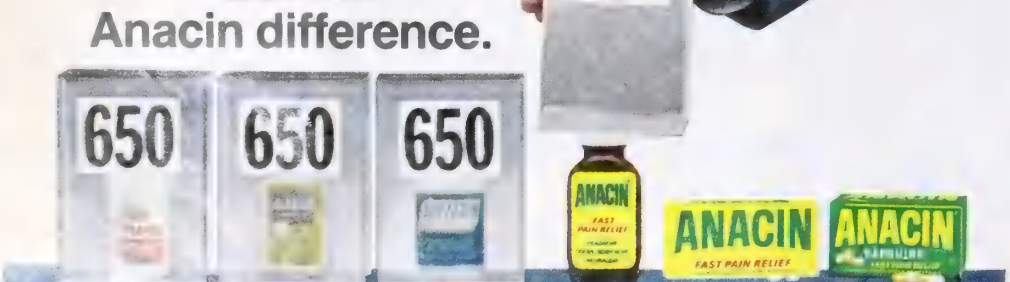
Mrs. Eleanor May, Headache Sufferer.

"I had this throbbing right in the top of my head till I took Anacin."

After taking Anacin pain reliever, Mrs. May's throbbing headache was gone.

Anacin® has more pain reliever. Two tablets of regular strength aspirin or non-aspirin products contain only 650 milligrams of pain reliever. But Anacin gives you more. 800 milligrams in a special formula. Mrs. May got rid of her headache fast. Next time you get a headache, get the Anacin difference. Tablets or capsules. Use only as directed.

Get the Anacin difference.



DEXATRIM CASE HISTORY #347
WEIGHT LOSS: 41 lbs; 10 weeks

SANDIE WOLLER





Name: Sandie Woller
Residence: Marinette County
State: Wisconsin
Age: 30
Sex: Female
Former Weight: 173
Present Weight: 132
Weight Lost: 41 lbs.
In How Many Weeks: about 10
Product Used: Extra Strength Dexatrim

Describe how product contributed to your weight loss: I honestly couldn't believe how Dexatrim really curbs your appetite. And I lost so much weight so rapidly. It has changed not only my looks but my personality and attitude as well. I look better and I feel better. And it was all so easy. I took one Dexatrim each morning and I simply wasn't hungry. Naturally I ate, but not nearly as much as before.

How did your diet compare to others you may have tried? I'm one of those people who has trouble losing weight so I've tried a lot of diets. And there's no comparison. Dexatrim worked. It helped me lose the weight I simply didn't lose with the other diets I tried.

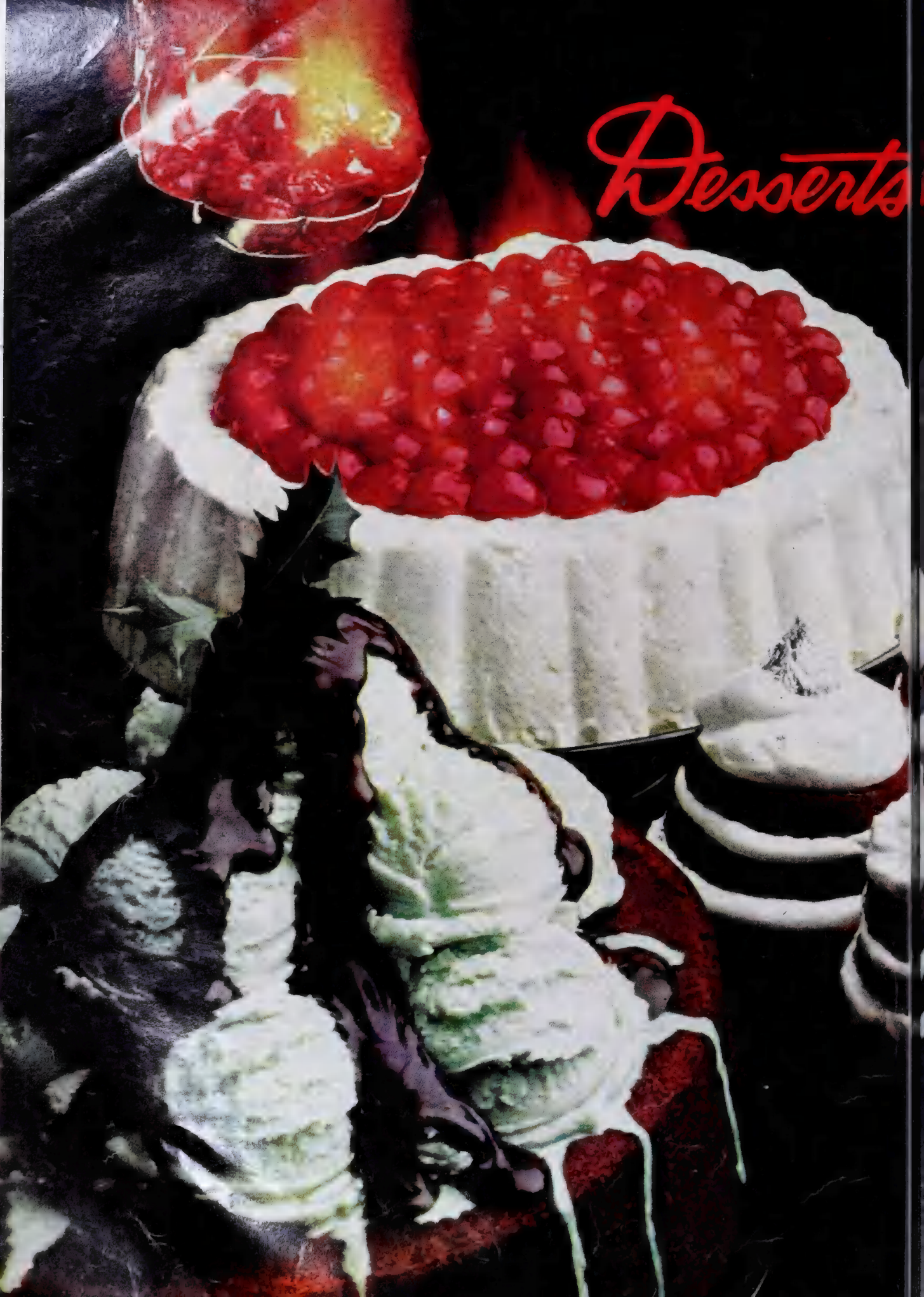
FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

Product: Extra Strength Dexatrim

Product Profile:
- Rated most effective diet pill formula available without a prescription.
- Clinically tested for seven years; proven effective.
- Approved as safe and effective by a medical advisory panel appointed by the U.S. Government.

Evaluation: No diet pill works harder to help people lose weight.

Use Dexatrim as directed. Amount and speed of weight loss varies with the individual


Desserts

Got a minute?

Join 3 generations of Duncan Hines bakers in...

...with American Dash!





One pan! One mix!
No more than 4 ingredients!
No more than 35 minutes!*

*Excludes baking and cooling time.

Gram's Flambé

1 pkg. Duncan Hines Deluxe Yellow Cake Mix
1 can (21 oz.) cherry pie filling
4 oz. frozen whipped topping, thawed
1 or 2 tablespoons brandy

Mix and bake as directed on pkg. in 10-inch fluted or tube pan. Cool and depan onto serving dish. Spread whipped topping around sides and along outer edge of top. Heat cherry filling, spoon into center. In small, long-handled pan, heat brandy until vapors begin to rise. Light and pour flaming over cherries. Serve immediately.

Mom's Christmas Tree

1 pkg. Duncan Hines Deluxe Swiss Chocolate Cake Mix
½ gallon mint (or mint chip) ice cream
12-oz. jar chocolate sauce

Mix and bake as directed on pkg. in 10-inch tube or fluted pan. Cool. Using scooper, scoop out ice cream balls and put in freezer. Depan cake onto serving dish and cover top with scoops of ice cream, building up layer after layer to make a Christmas tree. Dribble chocolate sauce over all. Freeze until ready to serve.

Kate's Snow Mountains

1 pkg. Duncan Hines Deluxe Devil's Food Cake Mix
8 oz. frozen whipped topping, thawed
24 candy kisses

Mix and bake in 24-cupcake pan as directed on pkg. Cool. Place cakes upside down and slice each into two or three layers. Spread whipped topping between layers, about ½" thick. Top mountains with last of whipped topping. Add a candy kiss. *Or two 12-cake pans.*

Recipes can also be made in 13" x 9" x 2" oblong pan.

Duncan Hines

BINGE EATING

continued from page 50

"Many bulimarexics, when they first learn to purge, think they've discovered the perfect diet aid," says Maynard. "They think that they can have their cake and not have it, too. But the truth is that habitual bingeing and vomiting is very unhealthy and it may even cause death." Constant purging can upset your electrolyte balance, the vital chemical equilibrium in the blood, which can seriously disrupt proper heart and muscle function. Also, people have died of heart attacks during a self-induced vomiting session and can strangle on their own vomit, or rupture their esophagus and bleed to death. Those binge eaters who depend on laxatives to purge excess calories may ruin the normal functioning of their bowels and then may have to depend on laxatives for the rest of their lives.

Treating the disease

In most cases, therapy is aimed at increasing the patient's self-esteem and teaching her new ways of dealing with problems and insecurities so that food is no longer the central focus of her life. Although family and personal history may be important as a starting point, Dr. Boskind-White, who, in conjunction with her husband, Dr. William White, holds weekend therapy sessons for bulimarexics, feels that the crucial question is not necessarily, "Why do I binge?" Rather ask, "How is bingeing serving me? What am I getting out of this behavior?" urges the doctor.

Bulimarexics must also learn to take responsibility for their eating habits, stress both Dr. Boskind-White and Leslie-Jane Maynard.

"These women talk about the bingeing as if an outside force takes over, something beyond their control," says Maynard. "Nobody is force-feeding you." The therapist counselor utilizes teaching behavior modification techniques that allow bingers to prove to themselves that they are really the ones in control.

"You can't realistically expect that you will never binge again," she adds. "To slip is human. If you strive for perfection in eating or anything else you're guaranteed to fail. If you slip—and you will—examine the circumstances that brought on the binge. Don't say, 'Oh, I've slipped, I might as well go on a real binge now.' You've only slipped . . . you've proved you're human."

No fad diets

By the same token, Maynard, author of the newly published *Brand-Name Diet*, does not believe in severely restricted or fad diets because it's hard not to slip. "I let my patients have an occasional high-calorie treat, and they still lose or maintain their weight. Learning that it's possible to have just one ice cream sundae instead of ten can be liberating."

Bulimarexia, like any addictive behavior, is not an easy path to follow. "You're taking a risk in recovering," says Maynard. "You won't be able to hide in the cookie jar any more. You'll still have problems. The difference is you'll be dealing with them in a new, healthy way." **End**

TEN WAYS TO CONTROL BINGE EATING

The following tips are based on techniques that have been effective with women under treatment for bulimarexia. Remember, however, that they are not a substitute for professional therapy.

1. Learn your own danger zones. Begin keeping a journal of your eating habits to become aware of when, where and especially why you binge. Recognize "danger zones," and then structure that time so you won't eat. At least then you will be prepared when you approach a threatening circumstance.

2. Control your portions. Leslie-Jane Maynard believes this is crucial. "Never eat food right out of the bag," she advises. "Put a snack on a plate and then eat in the dining room." Use a small plate for a small portion of some high-calorie treat or food.

3. Direct your thoughts. Each morning think about everything you will do in the course of the day and exactly how much you will eat. Don't say to yourself, "I won't binge"—that's negative. Instead, just see yourself eating normal amounts. Later, during the day, if you are about to enter a danger zone, such as the kitchen, spend a few moments beforehand visualizing yourself going in and doing what you have to do, but not eating.

4. Learn to eat "just one." Leslie-Jane Maynard counsels her patients to chew slowly and use the "three-bite system." "The first bite is discovery. It says, 'This is a cookie.' The second bite is affirmation. It says, 'This is what a cookie tastes like.' The third bite confirms one and two. 'Yes, that's a cookie, and that's what it tastes like.' Anything else is just repetition."

5. Don't let the "numbers racket" run your life. Remember that the readings on a bathroom scale or tape measure are not a value judgment on your worth as a person. "I advise my patients to get on a scale only twice a month," says Maynard, "once the week after their period and again the week after that to get an accurate reading."

6. Exercise, but in moderation. Exercise can help you in three ways. First, it burns calories. Second, it makes you feel good. And third, vigorous exercise helps release tension that might otherwise send you off on a binge. Dr. Boskind-White stresses moderation, however. "Most bulimarexics tend to overdo things."

7. Figure out how much your binges are costing you. For one week write down the price of everything you eat while bingeing—and how much it costs. When you add it up, you may be shocked into changing your behavior. Keep the binge money in a special fund to buy yourself a gift.

8. If you must binge, space out each bender. "Get out your kitchen timer," advises Leslie-Jane Maynard. "Set the dial so you have exactly five minutes to eat anything you want. Then re-set the timer for an hour later, when you can have another five-minute binge." Spreading out the binge may result in a lesser intake of food and it may prove to the binger that she has more control over herself than she had thought.

9. Bank your calories. "It's natural to want to overeat in social situations," Maynard says. "Let's say you're on a twelve hundred-calorie-a-day diet and you are invited to a party Saturday night. Starting Monday, cut your regular diet down by two hundred calories a day, to a thousand. By Saturday morning you have 'saved up' a thousand extra calories to 'spend' at the party. On Sunday, go back to the diet. However, you can't withdraw calories by bingeing and then pay back by starving—it doesn't work that way!"

10. Don't be afraid to ask for help. If you can't handle your bingeing on your own, you're not alone. For information on finding a reputable diet counselor and organizations, call or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

Dieters Counseling Service, Inc., Leslie-Jane Maynard, Director, 227 East 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022. Phone 212-421-1220.

ANAD (Anorexia Nervosa and Associated Disorders), Box 271, Highland Park, Ill. 60035.

Dr. Marlene Boskind-White and Dr. William C. White, Jr., 67 Malloryville Road, Freeville, N. Y. 13068.

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CLOSET EATER

continued from page 48

The guilt and aching are beginning to set in. Terrible gas pains are wracking my bowels with agonizing spasms. I feel disgusting and look worse. If I'm trying to commit suicide, there must be a cleaner way.

Dear God, I'm scared. The cramps are worse than ever. My back aches and my stomach has begun to throb. Have I gone too far this time? What will I tell the doctors if I end up in the hospital? Certainly not the truth, *anything* but the truth.

My family will be home soon. What excuse should I give this time? I can't always be coming down with a cold. I hope the fact that I'm sick again won't spoil their evening. How can I keep subjecting them to this? Well, it's not as if I'm ever going to do this again. I'm an adult. No sir, this is absolutely the last time, *finis*, over.

Who am I kidding? My binges are becoming more and more frequent, sometimes even three or four times a week. The depression always starts well in advance. Even when I'm eating normally I dread the inevitability of the next gorge. Soon, I begin to feel I'm no longer worthy of my family's affection, so I avoid them altogether and act silent and morose.

Tonight I decide to take a sleeping pill and go to bed early with the hope that I'll be unconscious when the worst of the pain strikes. No s luck. Every hour on the hour I'm the bathroom again. By morning, h ever, most of the throbbing stopped. I feel guilty, disgusted, a thetized. Also, not hungry. The d rhea usually lasts about two days, everything I eat within that pe will go right through me so I'll be a to zip my pants again soon.

What a relief! Now no one will know. Needless to say, I only bi when I'm alone. It's one thing to m polite conversation over a steak ner, but tamping down a choco cake with a quart of ice cream— ing until the only thing I feel is ph cal pain—requires total concentrat

Why do I keep doing this to mys The trauma of a hysterectomy with it the early onset of menopa four years ago seem to have trigge my binge eating. But I've been sessed with food ever since I wa child. I was rail thin, and qui struggled to force down food, but side my resentment was seething.

Today, when I gorge myself, using food as a weapon, lashing ou my parents, my husband and my Every cookie is an attack . . . e candy bar, another pathetic punch course, the truth is that when I this way, I'm only hurting mysel use food to avoid responsibility, to isfy the inner conflicts and emotic needs I can't handle alone. Food comes my baby-sitter, tension relea painkiller and authority figure.

How I sought help

Almost a year has passed since t last major binge. Something snap and I knew I'd had enough. Since my attempts to cure myself with clinical therapy had failed, I deci to see an analyst. Bingeing had b destroying my home life. Too often, mind was totally preoccupied w food. That left very little time to wo about my family. Also, my health gan to become a serious problem.

Though my impulse has always b to keep my dirty linen unaired, doctor helped me to delve into past, and examine how I have torted my memories of people events. All I wanted to talk about my food obsession, but she insiste think about why I binge as well.

After a few months I realized t the responsibility for controlling self was my own. I still slip occas ally. But for the first time, I am st ing to hold myself accountable what and how much I eat.

It isn't easy to write about so thing I'm so ashamed of doing. going public, I hope that anyone fering right now from binge eat will know that they are not alon and that they can be helped.

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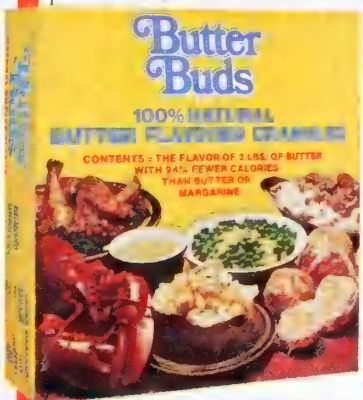
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UNFAITHFUL WIVES

SPECIAL REPORT

WHY MORE AND MORE "NICE" WOMEN ARE HAVING AFFAIRS

By Linda Wolfe



In almost every area of American life, the 80s seem destined to be the decade of conservatism. Yet recent studies have shown that adultery—and most especially female adultery—is on the rise. Puzzled by this seeming paradox, we asked author Linda Wolfe, a longtime observer of significant social trends, to examine the increase in women's infidelity. Her insights on this current social phenomenon are both provocative and profound—THE EDITORS

"I don't think I know of one married woman in my profession who hasn't had an affair."
—A 40-year-old professor of anthropology.

The woman quoted above made that stunning remark while telling me about an affair she'd had during a field trip in the Far East. I'd broached the subject of adultery cautiously, knowing that the anthropology professor—who had been married for 15 years—was a highly respected member of her profession. To my surprise, as soon as I mentioned unfaithful wives, she came out with her sweeping and startling statement about the love lives of her colleagues.

While the anthropology professor was surely exaggerating—perhaps to salve her conscience—there is no doubt that in the past two and a half decades, female adultery has become a familiar occurrence. Back in 1953, when Kinsey published *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*—a study of some six thousand women—he reported that one out of every four of the married women he had questioned had had some extramarital sexual experience. While there has never been another scholar as scrupulous, scientific—and well-funded—in the field of sex research as Kinsey, there *have* been a number of reliable studies done since his ground-breaking report. Each and every one of these has indicated that female adultery has, at least in the groups being considered, increased dramatically. A study of 100,000 married women by *Redbook* magazine in 1975 found that fully 40 percent of the wives over 40 had been unfaithful. The just-published *Cosmo Report*, a study of more than 100,000 women, found that an astonishing 54 percent of the total married respondents had been unfaithful.

Even more telling than these findings, however, have been statistics concerning the ages at which women *become* adulterous. In Kinsey's day, it was only by the age of 40—that is, with maturity and after a considerable number of years spent in a marriage—that so high a number as a quarter of women were likely to be unfaithful. Yet, just short of 20 years later, when The Playboy Foundation funded a study (published as *Sexual Behavior in the Seventies*, by Morton Hunt), it was found that a quarter of the *young*, under-24-year-old wives had had extramarital sex. A mere eight years after that, in *Cosmopolitan's* 1980 sample, 41 percent of the young wives had been adulterous.

All evidence indicates that female adultery in this country has not only been increasing, but occurring at ever earlier ages. Why? While ultimately a woman's extramarital sexual affair is usually prompted by personal stress, the idea of using adultery to solve that stress is one that has its roots in the outside world. Thus today, there appears to be both a *social* and *personal* landscape of adultery.

The social landscape of adultery

"My husband is a wonderful man. But he developed high blood pressure a few years ago and he started to take some medication for it, and, well, I don't know if it's his medicine or me or what, but somehow he just stopped *(continued)*

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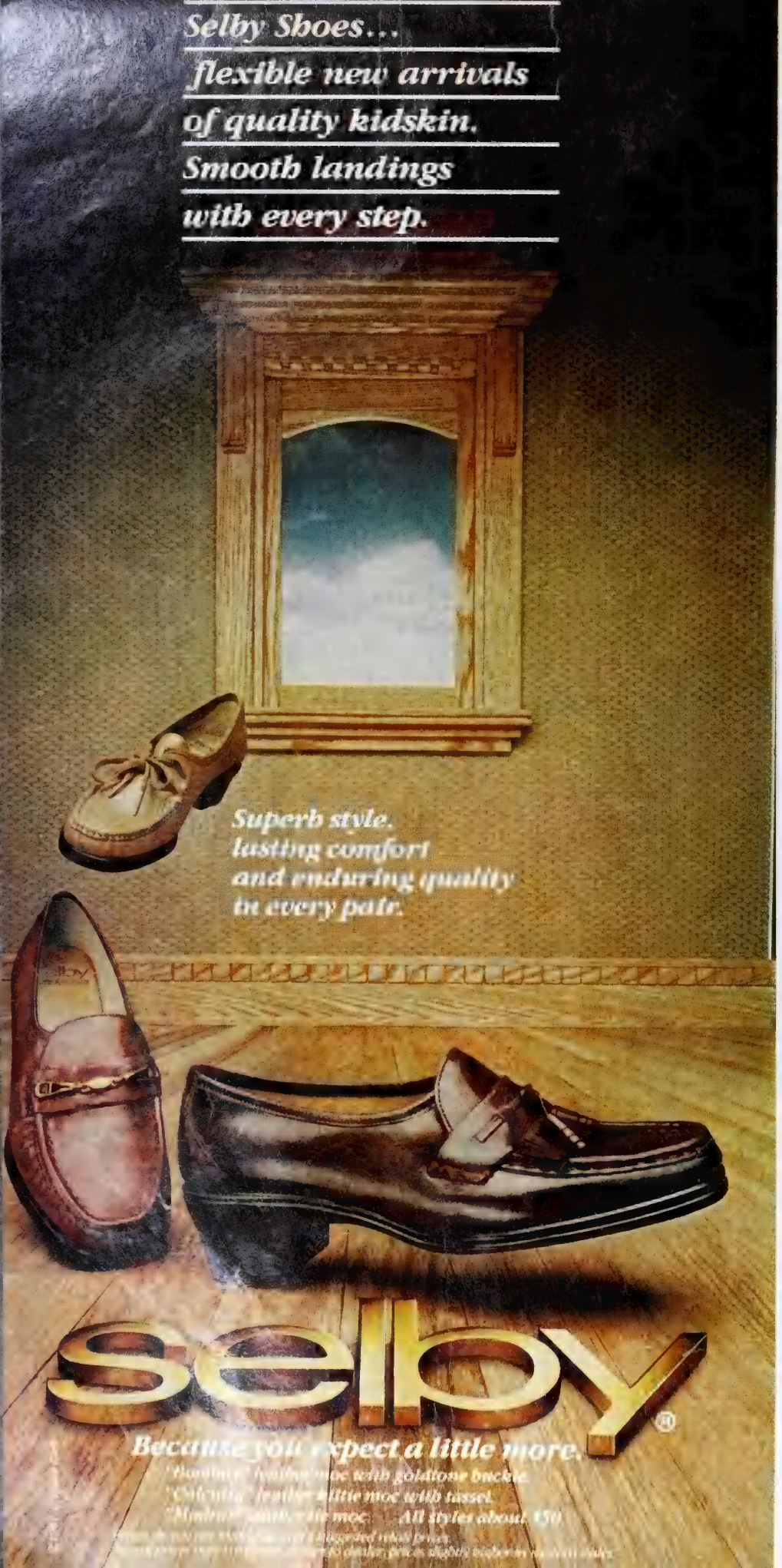
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UNFAITHFUL WIVES
continued

ing interested in sex. So when my ss, one night when we were working te, made a pass at me, well, I don't ow, my body was just hungry for sex. started having an affair with him, d at least once a week we manage to eak off somewhere."—A 46-year-old okkeeper.

Throughout history, of course, omen have wandered from the em-aces of their husbands into the arms other men. But the explanations for lultery offered by the women of yes-ryear were vastly different from ose of today's unfaithful wives. Take, r example, the wife of Leo Tolstoy. In ie late 1800s, when she was 53, she rmed an intense liaison with a ung musician, but she wrote in her ary that she was attracted to the an because, "I yearn for a poetic, iritual, even a sentimental relation-ip with someone—only to get away om this eternal sex." And when the eroines of the great novels of adul-ry—Anna Karenina, Madame Bo-ary—had extramarital sex, they had not for erotic satisfaction but in der to fill an emotional vacuum in ieir lives, one caused not by their sbands' poor sexual techniques but y their personalities.

Yet today it is not uncommon to ear an adulterous wife say, as a 35-ear-old housewife recently said to me, My lover is not nearly the man my sband is. My lover is something of n egotistical drifter. I don't think I ould ever like to live with him. But e's great in bed."

Women's adultery has become sex-alized. A number of scientific devel-pments have contributed to this sex-alization. There is, for example, the idespread use of birth control, and ie dramatic advances in obstetric edicine. The danger of becoming egnant used to serve to make omen fearful of sex, rather than thusiastic about it. But by now, the ge-old belief that men were somehow ore sexual than women has been re-aced by the knowledge that females ave a healthy, vigorous erotic drive.

Ironically, another contributing fac-r in the rising rate of female adul-ry has been the entry of women into ie work force. Not so very long ago, ie philandering married woman was pularly pictured as a bored house-ife. Thus, even in the mid-1970s, psy-iatrists used to believe that once omen got back into the work force, iere would be less and less infidelity.

Just the opposite has proved to be ue. A job often provides a woman ho has adulterous inclinations with ist the opportunity she requires to meet a suitable partner and the chance to see him when her husband imagines her to be at the office.

Just as significant to the rising adultery rate as the sexualization of women and their return to the work force has been yet another social change: our national preoccupation with self. Numerous social critics have noted this phenomenon, pointing out that we tend, as a people, to search constantly for a goal virtually unknown in the past: "self-fulfillment."

Because of this trend, I was not taken aback when one of the adulterous women I interviewed, a 45-year-old mother of four, offered this as her sole explanation for being unfaithful: "I started having affairs when I realized I wasn't getting as much from my marriage as I should have, and that I have only one life to live."

Her reasoning didn't astonish me because, by its very nature, adultery is a narcissistic or non-altruistic pursuit. But sometime after speaking with this woman, I had a moment of startling insight. In thinking about her words, I recalled that political and fiscal conservatism is most often defined as a non-altruistic philosophy. The philosophy results from people's concern for *themselves*—as opposed to their concern over the welfare of their neighbors. It occurred to me, then, that there is, perhaps, not really any great paradox between the fact that we as a nation have been becoming *(continued)*

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more conservative and at the same time more adulterous.

While there are excellent reasons behind our shift toward conservatism, in the realm of adultery the elevation of self-concern over the ancient vows of selfless loyalty between husband and wife can only be seen as a dismaying social change.

The personal landscape of adultery

"My husband and I have an excellent marriage. He's a thoughtful, considerate, sensitive human being. I don't know why I cheat on him. I guess I'm just a bad penny."—A 40-year-old secretary.

The social changes we have been speaking of do not, in themselves, cause adultery. They simply provide the well-watered ground upon which the seeds of an adulterous impulse land. But the impulse itself stems from personal psychological developments—problems that arise within an individual or within his or her marriage. Research has shown that, for all their protestations about having excellent marriages, replete with sex and consideration, adulterous individuals—and in particular women—usually feel emotionally isolated from their spouses. So one must, when listening to the adulterous, listen with a third ear. What is it that they are not saying? What is it that they are hinting about between the lines?

The secretary quoted above did not tell me (I was to learn about the tragedy afterward from her friends) that she and her husband had had a child who died several years earlier as a result of a genetic disease. The woman—on a plane beyond rationality—somehow blamed her husband for the child's disease and death. Her affair was, quite probably, a way of striking out at him.

The case records of psychiatrists and psychologists abound with similar situations. Behind virtually every extramarital affair there lies some strong feeling of disappointment or anger at a partner, or a sense that the husband and wife are not pulling together, moving toward common goals. Something is wanting. Something people expected from marriage has not been given them, or has been withdrawn from them. They venture into adultery seeking to make up for the missing or lost feeling, but do not want to admit—not just to others but to themselves—how lacking their marriages actually are.

One adulterous woman I interviewed insisted to me that although she and her husband rarely spend an evening talking to one another anymore, they enjoy each other's company more than that of anyone else. Her assertion was difficult to believe. Another woman insisted that her husband is the swellest fellow in the world—even though the two of them constantly disagree about disciplining the children. A third, who said her husband often put her down, remarked, "But that's because he's so *brilliant*."

All of these women looked upon their adulteries as having been prompted by some sexual urge rather than by their lack of emotional closeness to their husbands. But there was no doubt in my mind that the sexual urge was being prompted by the emotional distance. Making enjoyable love with a person one feels ignored by, overridden by, or insulted by, is very difficult indeed.

Yet why is it that rather than examine the problems that exist in their relationships, so many adulterous women prefer to maintain the myth that they have excellent marriages? The answer is surely that most women are still quite frightened by the idea of divorce—and adultery, while it is still socially condemned, seems to them to be preferable and less scary than ending a marriage.

This natural fear of the consequences of admitting to the absence of love in a marriage is aided by the fact that in our society, oddly enough, sex seems less significant than emotions. If we have an affair for "sexual" reasons, it somehow seems less worrisome than if we have one for "emotional" reasons. Or so we imagine. Thus there is a great deal of self-protectiveness in individuals who attribute their affairs to a partner's unsatisfying *sexuality*. And so the adulterous hide behind the myth that when they have an affair, it doesn't mean that *they* are dissatisfied in the marriages. Just that their bodies are. As if the two could be separated.

But here's the rub: *(continued)*

THE STAGES OF ADULTERY

While there are many different kinds of adultery—from casual one-night stands to intimate long-term affairs—the experience of adultery does tend to make women (and many men as well) go through the following predictable emotional stages.

Feeling blue, down or depressed. This is the most common state, just prior to adultery. A woman, no matter what her age, has been feeling "over the hill," as if she no longer has any worth or appeal. If she finds a lover, she will, at first, experience:

Euphoria. An affair, or even a single sexual episode, is likely to give the previously disconsolate woman a feeling of renewal and confidence. She may decide she needs no further reassurance—or that she can find it through other than sexual means (through work, her children, her friends, or a new rapport with her husband) or she may feel she cannot live without the rush of sexual confidence her extramarital experience brought her. Should she decide this, and continue to see lovers, the next stage is often:

Guilt. The woman now begins to feel ashamed of herself for having betrayed her marriage vows. She grows dubious about her lover, and her husband may appear newly desirable. She praises him. Above all, she feels angry with herself. But because the euphoria she experienced earlier was so delightful, she attempts to hang on to it by:

Rationalization. The woman tells herself that it is all just "sexual," and that she is entitled, for the various reasons discussed in this article, to experience erotic pleasure. She may then feel toward her husband either:

Gratitude or anger. Some women, once involved in an affair, become unusually loving toward their husbands, feeling that their spouses have somehow granted them the best of all possible worlds—domestic security as well as new erotic happiness, albeit with a stranger. Other wives focus on their husbands' flaws in order to gain the required courage to continue the affair. But whichever happens, eventually the woman begins to feel:

The need for closure. The woman asks herself: How long can I go on like this? What if my husband finds out? Or if I lose this lover? Intense confusion usually ensues, marked by:

Mood swings. The adulterous woman is alternately convinced she *cannot* give up her affair and that she *must*. She is apt to vacillate between a positive view of herself and a fiercely self-derogatory one. Her emotional confusion lingers until:

Resignation. The woman accepts her predicament and makes a decision—whether it is that she is going to give up the affair or give up her marriage. Years can go by before this final stage is reached.

How Would He Feel If You Looked Younger?



Remember how you felt when he began jogging seriously, slimmed down and could fit into those suits he hadn't worn in years? Or the day he put on jeans and an old plaid shirt to go fishing and looked so relaxed and carefree and, yes, young? Strangely exciting, wasn't it? Almost like going back in time and falling in love all over again. It wouldn't be surprising if your looking younger rekindled the same sort of feelings in his mind.

Why wait another day to discover the secret of looking younger, the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid cherished by millions of younger-looking women in countries around the world. Here in the United States the mysterious beauty fluid is known as Oil of Olay.®

You'll be aware that the beauty fluid is extraordinary the very first time you gentle it on your face and throat. The remarkable blend of tropical oil and precious emollients is similar to the fluids plentiful in younger skin... fluids that must be in delicate balance for you to look as young as you can. Oil of Olay penetrates quickly, immediately going to work hand-in-hand with nature to help replenish those necessary fluids and help restore their proper balance. Watch your skin drink in the delicately rich beauty fluid. You'll be astonished at its silkiness... never a hint of greasy look or feel, ever. Within seconds your skin is wondrously soft and satiny smooth as dryness is eased away. There's a renewed radiance, a fresh young-looking glow you probably thought was lost forever. And, perhaps best of all, the little wrinkle lines that make you look older begin to fade from sight.

It's not surprising that looking radiantly younger lifts your spirits and gives you that great feeling of confidence that comes when you're certain you look your best. And it's good to know that the change in your appearance is apparent to other people, too. Will any of your friends tell you that you look wonderful? Will your husband introduce you to his business colleagues with renewed pride? Or will an invitation to join him on a weekend fishing jaunt be the first clue he's noticed?



Once you've discovered the secret of Oil of Olay, you'll want to be one of the millions of younger-looking women around the world who make the beauty fluid the heart of their daily beauty ritual. Smooth Oil of Olay gently over your face and throat every single morning after washing or cleansing, to help maintain your skin's reservoir of vital fluids. You'll find the beauty fluid superb under makeup, too. Cosmetics glide on over your softly smoothed skin easily and evenly and stay fresher longer. And on those days when you decide to go without makeup, the beauty fluid imparts a natural, healthy-looking glow, the kind of radiance that, accented with eye makeup and the merest glimmer of lipgloss, can take you anywhere.

Many women also lavish on the beauty fluid at bedtime to let their skin sleep for hours in its own comfortable moist climate. And remember, with Oil of Olay there's no greasy look or feel... just a flattering radiance. There'll be other times when you'll want to smooth on the beauty fluid. Whenever your skin feels dry or uncomfortably taut... when you've been exposed to harsh weather or too much steam heat, after a bath or shower ... lavish on Oil of Olay to soften, smooth and soothe.

Aren't you curious how he'd feel about your looking younger? Then it's time you discovered the secret of Oil of Olay and found out.

BEAUTY SECRET

• A quiet evening, with just the two of you reading, listening to music or each puttering with your own hobby, can provide some of the most intimate moments together, even though you may not exchange a single word. Evenings like that are a perfect time to gentle on Oil of Olay® Beauty Fluid for a naturally fresh, appealing glow.



UNFAITHFUL WIVES
continued

Adultery today more often than not leads to divorce. And this progression accounts for the greatest change of all concerning adultery today.

The greatest change of all

"I started having an affair when my son was a baby. My husband and I had always fought. We fought over everything. There was no peace in our household. I had an affair just, I thought, in order to make my life tolerable. But I had no intention of ending my marriage. I wanted my son to have two *parents. It was only after three years of the affair—which was, by the way, with a man I didn't especially care for—that I realized that the lying, the guilt and the shame weren't worth it, and that divorce would be a more honorable solution."—A 37-year-old newspaper reporter.*

More important than the social or personal landscape of adultery is the fact that infidelity has lost, in a sense, its original purpose. Historically, people with intolerable marriages had no alternative, if they were to remain psychologically intact to some degree, but to seek partners outside their marriages. Divorce was virtually impossible, for some churches forbade it and others discouraged it. And most men and women of good-will frowned upon it. They also frowned upon adultery—but without doubt, divorce seemed the *greater* evil.

Today, the situation is reversed. We have come to accept divorce. As the woman quoted above implies, ending a marriage no longer seems dishonorable. But adultery still does. Most adulterous individuals carry a great burden of guilt and shame, whatever their verbal rationalizations. Consequently, once they do face up to the reasons for their affairs, they often begin to feel that they might, after all, feel more at peace with themselves if they left their spouses. Thus adultery always carries the risk of divorce.

I can't predict precisely how many of the women interviewed for this article will eventually divorce, but I have reason to believe that a good many will. In 1975, when I wrote *Playing Around*, I did in-depth interviews with 66 adulterous women. Of these, 21 said they were having affairs in the hope that infidelity would help *preserve* their marriages. In 1980, when I followed up on the marital histories of these 21 women, only three were still married. That's an astonishing scorecard—and one that indicates more devastatingly than any theorizing can—how perilous adultery is for those who want

Sometimes, of course, the divor will occur years after the adultery. B invariably, when it does, it will accompanied by the adultero spouse's setting out to establish a ne marriage or relationship, one in whi he or she can be faithful. For we ha not become a society that *admires* i fidelity, simply one that has a lot of Our romantic goal is still sexual lo alty. Sadly, our means to the goal increasingly, adultery—and then d vorce followed by sexual loyalty to new partner.

Today, with one out of every tv marriages coming apart, the face adultery has changed. Infidelity is n longer a temporary escape—in effect *preserver* of marriage—but the a most-certain precursor of divorce. Th increasing number of women who sl away for illicit trysts are not, after al enviably free creatures who flout the marriages guilelessly. They are trou bled wives reaching tentatively beyon unsatisfying relationships, hoping find a bridge out—no matter wh they may tell you to the contrary. **Er**

Linda Wolfe is the author of the r cently published Cosmo Report o *female sexuality, as well as numerou magazine articles.*

"Dove gave us softer, smoother skin in just 7 days."

Lou Ann Harkleroad, age 38, Chamblee, Ga.

Virginia B. Miller, age 31, Excelsior, Minn.

Kim M. Maviglia, age 34, Hillsdale, N.J.

Donna-Rae Lang, age 38, Littleton, Colo.

Barbara Medica, age 29, Canoga Park, Calif.

Janet C. Uthemann, age 35, Denver, Colo.

Betty Wyche, age 32, Plymouth, Minn.

Marsha Bayly, age 27, Ringwood, N.J.

Judy M. Olson, age 41, Minneapolis, Minn.

Georgina Kennedy, age 37, Waldwick, N.J.

Suzanne F. Neslund, age 32, Long Lake, Minn.

Junell Wingate, age 45, Wayzata, Minn.

Tracy Jenkins, age 33, Alpharetta, Ga.

Lynne San Phillip, age 36, Ridgewood, N.J.

Suzanne A. Hungerford, age 34, Encino, Calif.

Jane M. Grove, age 39, Wayzata, Minn.

Pamela Cohen, age 33, Van Nuys, Calif.

Rhona Klawans, age 31, Denver, Colo.

Mary Porter, age 30, Marietta, Ga.

Nicki Windsperger, age 30, Robbinsdale, Minn.

Shirley Scott, age 37, Van Nuys, Calif.

Connie Lee Glaholt, age 28, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dale Aiken, age 29, Atlanta, Ga.

These are the names of real women. Just a few of the hundreds of real women across America who took a real test: They stopped using soap and washed their faces with Dove® instead. To a woman, they reported that after seven days of Dove, their skin was noticeably softer and smoother. Sound miraculous? No, it's just that the Dove ¼ moisturizing cream formula really does work. Dove isn't soap. So it can't dry your skin or strip away its natural moisture like soap can.

Try it. Put your soap aside and use Dove for seven days. Your name could make the next list.





CRANBERRY-CARROT CAKE

1 ½ C sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp baking soda
½ tsp salt
½ tsp cinnamon
½ tsp nutmeg
1 C shredded carrots
½ C cranberry-orange relish
½ C finely chopped pecans
1 C sugar
½ C melted Crisco
2 eggs

Preheat oven to 350°. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, salt, spices. Add remaining ingredients; blend well. Spread in greased, floured 2-quart [illegible] pan, or 9" [illegible] pans. Bake 40 minutes; cool 10 m[illegible] Invert on wire rack[illegible] Glaze, and decorate[illegible] Makes 1 cake.

Confectioners' Glaze
1 Tbsp milk or light cream
1 C sifted confectioners' sugar
½ tsp vanilla
Combine all ingredients; beat [illegible] smooth.

CRANBERRY-CHERRY PIE

Filling
1 21-oz can cherry pie filling
1 16-oz can whole cranberry sauce
½ C sugar
3 Tbsp quick-cooking tapioca
1 tsp lemon juice
¼ tsp cinnamon
2 Tbsp butter or margarine
milk
Combine all but butter/margarine and milk; let stand 15 min.

Pastry
2 C sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp salt
⅔ C Crisco
3 to 4 Tbsp water
Combine flour, salt; cut in Crisco with pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture is uniform (should be fairly coarse). Sprinkle with water, a tablespoon at a time; toss lightly with fork. Work into firm ball; roll out half for bottom crust, half for lattice strips.

Preheat oven to 400°. Line 9" pie plate with half of pastry; add filling. Dot with butter/margarine. Place lattice crust over filling, seal and flute edges. Brush lattice top with milk. Bake 40-45 mins., or till crust is golden brown. (Cover edge of crust with foil after 15 mins. to prevent overbrowning.) Makes 1 pie.

'Nothin' warms up the holidays like home bakin' with Crisco."

Loretta Lynn

CHRISTMAS WREATH COFFEE CAKE

Batter
1½ C sifted all-purpose flour
2½ tsp baking powder
½ tsp salt
1 egg, slightly beaten
¾ C sugar
½ C melted Crisco
½ C milk
1 tsp vanilla

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt. Combine remaining ingredients. Stir all at once into flour mixture, just until blended.

Streusel
½ C firmly packed brown sugar
2 Tbsp all-purpose flour
¾ tsp cinnamon
2 Tbsp Crisco

Combine sugar, flour, cinnamon; cut in Crisco until crumbly.

Preheat oven to 375°. Place half of streusel in greased, 1-quart ring mold; top with half of batter. Repeat layers. Bake for about 30 minutes. Cool 10 minutes in mold. Invert on wire rack; cool. Drizzle with confectioners' glaze. (See recipe for Cranberry-Carrot Cake.) Decorate. Makes 1 cake.

RASPBERRY SNOW BARS

¼ C Crisco
⅓ C sugar
¼ tsp salt
¼ tsp almond extract
2 eggs, separated
1⅛ C sifted all-purpose flour
1 C red raspberry preserves
½ C flaked coconut
½ C sugar

Preheat oven to 350°. Cream Crisco, salt and ⅓ C sugar until fluffy; blend in almond extract, egg yolks. Mix in flour. Pat dough into ungreased 13 x 9 x 2" pan. Bake 15 minutes. Spread hot crust with preserves; top with coconut. Beat egg whites until foamy; gradually beat in ½ C sugar until stiff peaks form. Spread over coconut; bake 25 minutes. Cool completely on rack. Cut into 2 dozen bars.

CHOCOLATE-FILLED SUGAR BONS

1 C Crisco
½ C unsifted confectioners' sugar
1 tsp vanilla
2¼ C sifted all-purpose flour
½ tsp salt
1 box (4½ oz.) milk chocolate stars

Preheat oven to 375°. Cream Crisco, sugar; blend in vanilla. Add flour, salt; mix until blended. Wrap about 2 tsp dough evenly around each chocolate star. Bake 10-12 minutes on ungreased cookie sheet. (Cookies will brown on bottom only.) Cool briefly; remove to wire racks to cool completely. Frost/decorate as desired. About 40 cookies.

Our name speaks for itself.

"I'M A TOASTER-OVEN-BROILER THAT CLEANS ITSELF WHILE IT COOKS."

"I'M A FAMILY SIZE GRIDDLE WITH THE NO-STICK TOUCH OF SILVERSTONE."

"I'M A TOASTER WHOSE SLOTS ADJUST TO WHATEVER YOU'RE TOASTING. MUFFINS TO BAGELS TO BREAD."

"I'M AN OVEN THAT CONVECTION COOKS AND BAKES, BROILS, SLOW COOKS... AND EVEN DEHYDRATES."

"I'M A WAFFLE BAKER WITH SILVERSTONE, SO THERE'S NO STICKING. WAFFLE AFTER GOLDEN WAFFLE."



"I'M TOASTMASTER. I MAKE SENSIBLE, HARD-WORKING APPLIANCES THAT PEOPLE REALLY USE, AND USE, AND USE. I'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS. EARNING THE TRUST OF GOOD COOKS EVERYWHERE."

Toastmaster

If as many children were stricken by a disease as are victimized by child abuse, a national emergency would be declared. How long can we go on ignoring this epidemic of cruelty?



Conspiracy of Silence

By Christina Crawford, author of "Mommie, Dearest"

"I don't think she did it. Whenever I saw her, she was out playing with the kids, looking like a happy mother. She loved those children," a next-door neighbor protests to police and reporters. The 20-year-old mother in question has just been arrested for murdering her three-year-old daughter by scalding her in a tub of boiling water. The young mother explains that she was teaching her toddler a lesson. The little girl had taken a can of soda out of the refrigerator without permission.

A four-year-old boy is brought into the hospital emergency room by his distraught mother who suspects her husband of having sexually molested their son. The examination confirms that abuse has taken place. The mother presses charges and seeks a divorce. The father, an accountant, adamantly denies any knowledge or involvement. During the following six months, the father succeeds in convincing the court that he is "normal," innocent, and that his wife has made up these sordid stories in order to humiliate him in the divorce proceedings. This woman is now in danger of being declared an unfit mother and losing custody of her son to the same man who mutilated the boy's penis, forced him to practice mutual masturbation and then threatened to kill the child or castrate him if he ever told anyone.

In California's peaceful Carmel Valley, a 15-year-old boy kills himself in a juvenile detention center, where he has been placed for stealing a car. His father is successful in real estate, his mother is devoutly religious. After the boy's death, it is learned that his mother had a violent, uncontrollable temper, would often beat her son and once came after him with an ax because he didn't want to attend church. His father was *(continued on page 161)*

Photograph by Paccione

INNER BEAUTY

Sexy New Lingerie for Every Body



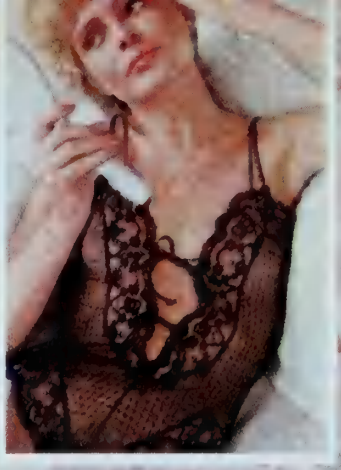
This page: Quiet study in endearing young charms. Shyly romantic camisole ($17) with pink satin ribboning, and bowed bikini ($8). By Diane Von Furstenberg Lingerie, P-S-M-L (8-16), in polyester cotton. Inset: Next to nothing, a body-skimming lacy camisole and teeny bikini. By Kayser, in nylon. Camisole: 32-38 ($15); bikini: 4-7 ($6.50).



Keep it a secret . . . or share the news . . . pretty little underthings are back in a big way. No matter if you dress for business or camping, you'll feel special with something flirty underneath. Literally for every body, sexy lingerie comes in all sizes (up to 48) —at prices that please. By Maureen Lynch, Beauty and Fashion Director.

This page: A whisper of sweet nothings. Flirtatious slither of cherry pink, lace-dipped camisole and adorable tap pants with a whirl of kicky pleats. Interludes by Cira, in Enkalure nylon. Camisole: 32-36 ($15); pants: 4-7 ($6.50).

Photographs by Palma Kolansky; hair by Pascal Boissier; makeup by Sajata, Margaret Avery and Bill Westmoreland. Accessory information, page 170.



Right: Naughty but nice. Nothing says "sexy" faster than a sheer black teddy—even if your figure is full. This one, sleek of line and cut high on the thigh. By Formfit, in nylon, 32-36 and 28-48 ($18).

Above: Executive gray, enchanting under your tailored suits. Discreet slide of silver, camisole ($25) and tap pants ($25). By Lorene Backland for Character, in polyester/satin, P-S-M-L (6-14).



Left: Brushing up on looking innocent. Sweetly demure, camisole ($24) and lace-edged tap pants ($17). By Hanky Panky, in cotton batiste, P-S-M-L (6-14).

Left: Rugged on the outside, beguiling within. A cotton bodyhugger (just an extra touch of warmth) that slips with ease under jeans or whatever. By Hanky Panky. P-S-M (6-10), $28.

Below: Getting ready for fast action (tennis, anyone?). Tender cotton eyelet underwire bra, matching snug bikini. By Kayser. Bra: 32-38 B-C ($10); pants: S-M-L ($5.50).





That fall she was almost six and she came home from first school—almost first day—and said in a proud rush: "Daddy, Daddy, listen: 'I plege'illegience to the flag . . .'"

Her tiny hand was over her heart and when she had finished the blur of words she peered up at me. "There," she said breathlessly and held out her hand.

"There what, my darling?"

"You owe me a dime!"

"Oh? What for?"

"The plege'illegience. Didn't I say it right? Oh, I'm sure I did. Didn't I?"

"Oh. Oh yes, yes, I think you did." At that time I was not a citizen. "But why a dime?"

"The teacher said everyone has to learn it and say it and then your dad or mum gives you a dime. That's what the teacher said."

I paid her.



"Thank you," she said, very satisfied. "How about another dime if I say it again?"

"One dime at a time. By the way, what's pledge *mean?"*

"Huh?"

"Pledge? Allegiance?"

She was perplexed. "Plege'illegience is plege'illegience!"

"Didn't your teacher explain what you were learning? Any of those long words?"

Her frown deepened. "We're to learn it and say it and then we get a dime. That's what our teacher said." Then she added happily, "I know I said it right. I was better than Johnny . . ."

During that day I asked all kinds of people of every age, "You know the 'I pledge allegiance . . .'" but before I could finish, at once they would all parrot it, the words almost always equally blurred. In every case I discovered that not one teacher, ever—or anyone—had ever explained the words to any one of them. Everyone just had to learn it to say it.

The Children's Story *came into being that day. It was then that I realized how completely vulnerable my child's mind was—any mind for that matter—under controlled circumstances.*

Normally I write and rewrite and re-rewrite, but this story came quickly—almost by itself. Barely three words were changed. It pleases me greatly because it keeps asking me questions . . .

Questions like what's the use of "I pledge allegiance" without understanding? Like why is it so easy to divert thoughts and implant others? Like what is freedom and why is it so hard to explain?

The Children's Story *keeps asking me all sorts of questions I cannot answer.*

Perhaps you can—then your child will . . .

A chilling tale of what happens in a classroom in a few devastating minutes. The author of *Shōgun* examines the value of freedom, and our right to keep it.

the children's story

BY JAMES CLAVELL

The teacher was afraid. And the children were afraid. All except Johnny. He watched the classroom door with hate. He felt the hatred deep within his stomach. It gave him strength.

It was two minutes to nine.

The teacher glanced numbly from the door and stared at the flag which stood in a corner of the room. But she couldn't see the flag today. She was blinded by her terror, not only for herself but mostly for them, her children. She had never had children of her own. She had never married.

In the mists of her mind she saw the rows upon rows of children she had taught through her years. Their faces were legion. But she could distinguish no one particular face. Only the same face which varied but slightly. Always the same age or thereabouts. Seven. Perhaps a boy, perhaps a girl. And the face always open and ready for the knowledge that she was to give. The *(continued on page 151)*

From THE CHILDREN'S STORY by James Clavell. Copyright © 1963, 1981 by James Clavell. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Delacorte Press/Eleanor Friede.
Illustration by Jeanette Adams.



The 6-Minute Makeup That Gets You Through the Day

Can you dash on your makeup in only 360 seconds and still look good long hours later? Yes! Just start with scrubbed skin (*left*) and follow our easy step-by-step plan.



Step 1: Foundation

It takes only 1½ minutes to apply a sheer base of foundation with your fingertips. Liquid foundation is easiest to work with. Choose a color one shade lighter than the ruddiest part of your face (generally, the nose/cheek area). Start in center of face, dot and blend in outward strokes. For sides of face and upper lip, blend downward to smooth over fine facial hairs. Use three fingers to smooth foundation around edges of face, paying special attention to hairline and neck. Run pinky finger under eyes, starting at inside corner, to get extra coverage for dark circles.



Step 2: Eyeshadow

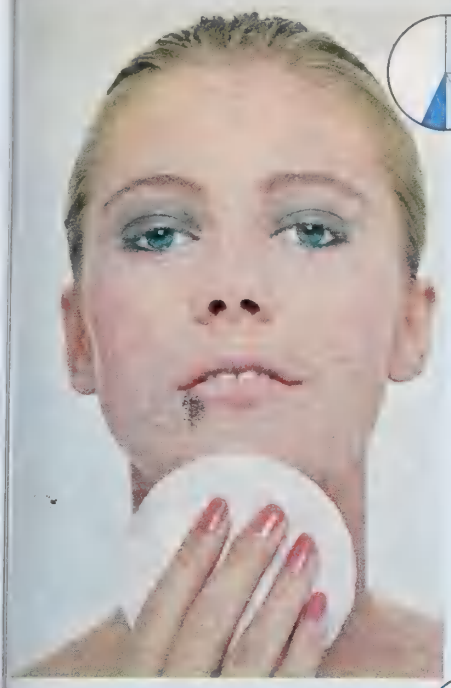
Streak on shadow in only a minute (fingers are faster than an applicator). Go from corner to corner on lid only (no extended wings!). Use your pinky as a deft tool to put color into the inner corner without smudging the side of your nose. Cover the entire lid area from lash line to crease line. A fast but flashy tip: Look for the newest shadows that combine two colors in one. For instance, a stone-colored brown or gray with glints of blue-green or lavender.



Step 3: Cream Rouge

Just 30 seconds to blush yo cheeks. We suggest cream rou rather than powder because t new creamy ones are easy to ble yet hold their color longer. Choo one of the versatile peach or beig pink shades—they're closest to sk tones and blend smoothly wi foundation. To find the spot to sta Press fingertips into cheeks at t area of your wisdom teeth. circular motions, blend rou toward ear and up over cheekbo to add a soft glo

Photographs by Alain Walch; makeup by Stan Pla hair by Robert Pearson.



Step 4: Powder

Add another 30 seconds to pat on powder with a big, soft puff. Shake it gently to remove excess powder before applying to face. Look for one of the "no color" shades, since the main point of powder here is to set your makeup and to give a matte finish to your skin. Other benefits of powdering: It helps conceal shadows (under eyes and elsewhere) by reducing the reflection of light; minimizes pores and fills in fine lines. Dust on entire face in a rolling motion, almost as if you're blotting your skin. If any powder particles cling to your lashes, don't worry. They'll act as a thickening base for your mascara.



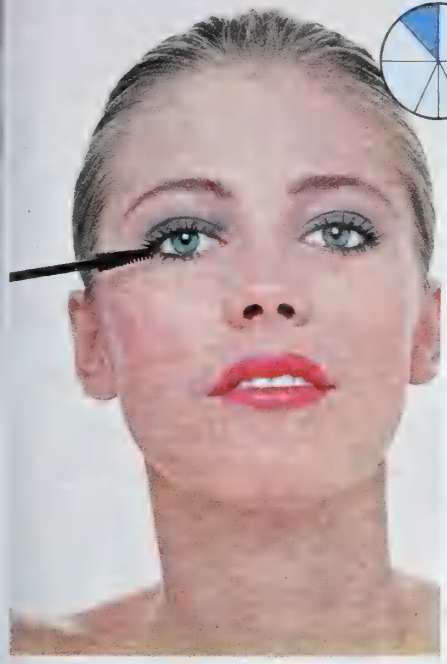
Step 5: Lipstick

One full minute for a flattering mouth. Put on your lipstick directly from the tube, letting the stick follow your natural lip line. Start in the center of your upper lip. Follow the curve of the highest, roundest part of the lip right to the outer corner. Go back to center and repeat with other side, keeping the same shape for each peak. For the lower lip, begin at far corner and apply color with one sweep from left to right (reverse if left-handed). Blot to set, then re-apply.

Step 6: Brow Pencil

Speedy brow treatment takes 45 seconds. Start with a clean, natural arch, tweezing all strays from underneath and between brows. (Do the night before, since this sensitive skin area reddens easily.) Leave brows full rather than finely shaped. If your brows have sparse spots or an uneven shape, fill in the gaps with a freshly sharpened eyebrow pencil. Pick a color slightly lighter than your hair shade. Place point of pencil at the bottom edge of brow and work in short, definite strokes, heading diagonally up. Brows should start directly over inside corner of eye and should never extend more than ⅛" beyond your natural hair growth.





Step 7: Mascara

Sweeps of mascara in 45 seconds. The surprise here is that mascara is left to the last step. Reason is to avoid its smudging. Black works best as the all-around color for everyone. Start with top lashes and apply in steady, base-to-tip movements. For lower lashes, hold mascara wand vertically and apply from side to side with a light hand. If your under-eye tissue is puffy, skip mascara on lower lashes; it tends to smear into dark circles. How many coats to wear? Just one well-applied coat of a waterproof mascara should last all day.

Polished and Perfect

Clocking in at six minutes flat (or less). This good investment in time can carry you through a busy day looking pretty, with a minimum of lipstick and powder touch-ups.



Anatomy of a



It happens in a flash but its effects can go on forever, touching the lives of many. This is the heartrending story of a family tragedy that could happen to any of us, at any moment. By David Nimmons

8:01 P.M., Thursday, August 7, 1980.

The California dusk was deepening as the Ryan family piled into their brown Cutlass and drove down the driveway of their Vacaville home. In the front seat, Jewell Ryan smiled at her husband Dick. Just four days before, they had celebrated their third anniversary, and Jewell knew she had never loved him more. He was warmhearted and solid, as Irish as his name, with a perpetual smile and the keenest blue eyes Jewell had ever seen.

In the back seat, their two-year-old daughter Bridget giggled and played with her half-sister Mary, Jewell's daughter by a previous marriage. Mary was 20 and a hairstylist in town.

This summer was special for Mary. She was in love, really in love, for the first time. "Dave thinks I'm perfect, Mom!" she'd laugh, her eyes full of the funny secret that she really had him fooled. Tonight she and Dave were going to a horror movie, and Mary didn't want to be late. It was just past 8 P.M., and her mother and Dick were about to drop her off at her father's house, moments away, on their way to the library.

At 8:05, Gerald Badial, an unemployed 22-year-old, was on his way home from Andrews Park. He'd been drinking and he felt powerful behind the wheel of his 1970 Mercury Cougar. The car had been his just three days, and he enjoyed the way it could cut through traffic. The lights of Davis Street blurred as he pushed down on the accelerator.

The Ryan car was just turning left onto Davis Street. In the back seat, Bridget giggled at the funny animal noises Mary was making. The sound of her daughter's laughter was the last thing Jewell remembered before her life exploded.

There was a hellish roar, a deep rending of angry metal as the car bucked in a sickening arc, hurtling sideways 40 feet. Jewell didn't kno what had happened. The front seat was littered wi Bridget's picture books, and she could feel bloo running sticky and warm from her own forehead.

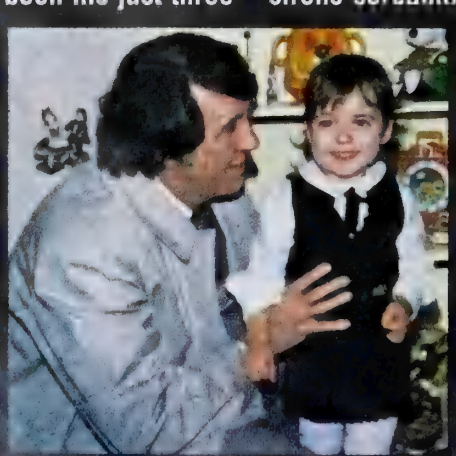
Jewell felt a knifing pain, and her heart thumpe wildly. "This is what it's like to die," she thought.

Then she saw Dick. He lay slumped over the stee ing wheel, now tilted at a strange angle. His face wa turned away, but she could see his skin was gra Jewell reached out and touched his arm. "Dick?" Sh prodded him. But he didn't answer or move. . . .

Turning, Jewell saw Bridget laying face-up, unmov ing, on the top of the back seat. Mary lay crumpled o the back seat, her face frozen in a grotesque cr There was no sound.

A hand reached in and led Jewell to the curb where a woman handed her a cloth for her forehead Dazed and confused, she sat shaking. The ambulanc men were there now, and Jewell saw them removin Mary and Bridget from the U-shaped mass of meta that was their car. But they hadn't taken Dick.

Maybe he wasn't hurt as badly as the girls. They al semed to be standing around. "My God, why doesn somebody take them to the hospital," Jewell hear herself asking. Finally the ambulances pulled away sirens screaming.



Before their tragic deaths in August, 1980, little Bridget Ryan was the light of her father Dick's life (left). Now they and Bridget's half-sister Mary (shown with the little girl, facing page, above) live only in the memories of the many people deeply affected by the accident—not only Jewell Ryan, the bereaved mother and wife, but many other relatives, friends, the doctors and baby-sitters. (Above) They gather at the gravesides to mourn those family members whose lives were cut short by the driver who had too much to drink and was on probation from a previous accident. Only Jewell was spared (shown inset, right), but to a life alone.

Road Accident

Riding in the front seat of the fire department bulance, Jewell heard the driver of the other car aning behind her. His leg seemed badly hurt, and felt compassion for what he st be going through—he emed so young and in so much n.



She didn't know then what had ppened. Nor did she know that man was drunk, that his blood ohol level of .16 percent was ll over California's .10 percent gally drunk" limit. That means man his size would have to nk the equivalent of nine beers nine shots of 100-proof whis- within an hour's time.

Nor did she know then that the man was driving at st 76 mph when he hit the Ryan car and, according witnesses, may have been traveling at up to 90 mph in a 30 mph residential zone. She was also unaware, that awful evening, that he was on probation for a previous drunk driving offense.

At 8:15 P.M., three blocks down Davis Street, Jewell's first husband and Mary's father, Tom Thompson, was in his pajamas watching television when he heard the sirens. His daughter was due home any minute. Mary had been living with him for the last two years and took care of him in an extra-special way. Each night he'd come home from his job as a guard at the state prison and she'd have his dinner on the table with a smile for her tired father. And some nights she'd stay home just to be with him, so he wouldn't be lonely.

At the same time, Mary's *(continued on page 88)*



SHAPE UP BALLET EXERCISES from Mary Tyler Moore's ballet teacher, Sally Whalen

Mary's lean lines and youthful figure didn't happen magically; she's been doing lots of bending and stretching, reaching and lifting. . . graceful ballet movements to tone her body into excellent condition.

Starting with 20-minute sessions three times a week at the *barre* (improvise with the back of a chair), you, too, can firm up, improve your posture, strengthen your back—and look a lot better. Follow these exercises based on Mary's ballet program. (Check with your doctor, of course, before beginning any fitness routine.) Now turn on your favorite music . . . and begin.

1. Élevé—strengthens calves, ankles and toes

Stand straight, facing barre (or chair back), heels together,

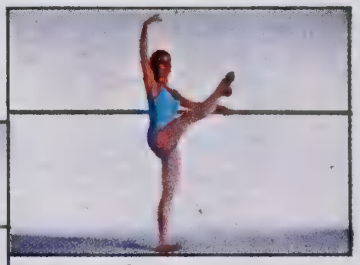


legs and toes turned out. Bring arms, slightly bent at elbows, above head. Rise up onto balls of feet for four counts and return to starting position. Repeat four times.

2. Developpé—firms the entire body, mostly the legs

(Exercise should be done slowly; movements should be smooth and controlled.)

Stand straight, toes turned out, with barre at your left, holding on with left hand for balance. Touch right heel to left toe, then slide sole of right foot up inside of left leg to knee. Straighten leg (don't forget to point your toe), and extend it in front of you to four counts. Then swing extended leg out to right side to four counts and lower to the ground behind, touching left



heel to right toe.

Slide right foot up back of left leg; straighten leg, extending it back to four counts, then to the side. Lower in front, touching right heel to left toe. Repeat two times with each leg.

It wasn't long ago that a woman of 40 was considered a "matron." Now glamorous women we admire are often over 40 . . . and we think of them not only as young, energetic and accomplished, but gorgeous and sexy as well. It seems that reaching 40 today is just like being a "10" four times over. The six stars we've chosen here certainly are! Read on and learn the beauty secrets of these middle-aged marvels. By Sherry Suib Cohen

MIDDLE-AGED MARVELS

3. Rond de jambe—firms thighs and buttocks

Stand straight, toes turned out, back to barre, holding on with both hands for balance. Touch right heel to left toe; extend and lift right leg out to right side, keeping knee straight. Then bend knee, letting right toe



brush down the inside of left calf, straightening knee as you extend leg up again, without touching floor, to form circle. Exercise should be done in one fluid motion. Repeat circle eight times on each side.

4. Stretch at the barre—firms abdomen, back of thighs and buttocks

Stand facing barre, holding on with left hand for bal-



ance. Place right heel on barre, toes pointed; bring right arm, slightly bent at elbow, over head; bend forward over right leg. Reach past foot as far as you can, keeping left leg straight. Straighten and bend torso back as far as you can. Return to starting position. Repeat four times each leg on barre, front and back.



5. Porte de corps—firms arms and waist; strengthens back

Stand straight, toes turned out, with barre at your left, holding on with left hand for balance. Extend right arm over head, slightly bent at elbow. Touch right heel to left toe. Bend forward from waist towards floor, bringing arm down. Straighten up, carrying arm in front of you. Then bend back from waist, as far as you can, bringing arm back. Straighten up, carrying arm gracefully out to side. Repeat four times on both sides.

6. Grand battement—good for the entire body

Stand straight, barre at your left, holding with left hand for balance. Put left leg behind right leg and touch left toe to right heel; raise right arm, slightly



bent at elbow, above your head. From this position, extend and lift right leg off the floor as high as you can in front of you, trying not to bend supporting leg. Slide back to original position. Repeat four times to the front, then to the side, and then to the back (starting with right leg behind left leg). Repeat with left leg.

MARY TYLER MOORE:

Her faithful TV fans still think of her as Mary Richards, the nice girl-next-door, with the kind of pretty, wholesome looks that impress but don't threaten. With a flash of her broad smile, she really could make the world seem a good place to be.

But that role is long over for the real-life Mary Tyler Moore. Mary, Queen of Situation Comedy, is middle-aged but not complaining. As she has said, "A full-bloom rose is more beautiful than a bud."

It's true. Time has made Mary softer and more womanly—if no longer quite so cute. The road has not always been smooth or easy for her. Creases around her eyes and a sometimes tired look are clues to the dark moments she's had to face in the last few years: divorce from newly appointed NBC-TV president Grant Tinker, her husband of 18 years; the self-inflicted gunshot wound that led to the death of her son, Richie; and the failure of two short-lived TV variety shows after the successful run of her situation comedy.

But it was these events, offset by huge successes in *Ordinary People* and the Broadway show *Whose Life Is It, Anyway?*, that have allowed Mary to evolve as a person as well as an actress.

The exuberance she brought to the television screen as Mary Richards is finally *(continued)*

GREAT WAYS TO LOOK MARVELOUS

How to Keep Your Skin Young and Glowing

Expert tips from beauty consultant Aida Grey, author of The Aida Grey Beauty Book *(Lippincott, 1979) and founder of Institut de Beauté, Beverly Hills (clients have included Mary Tyler Moore, Ali MacGraw, Shirley MacLaine and Rita Moreno).*

- **A daily skin-care regimen is important at any age, but especially in later years, when keeping skin clean and moisturized can help minimize pores and prevent wrinkles. Use a liquid or cream-based soap** *(continued)*

MIDDLE-AGED MARVELS











It doesn't take more than a quick glance to see that these five women (whom we all admire today) are truly at the prime of life—confident about their style, trim and physically fit, fulfilled by what they do. Looking more radiant than ever at middle age, beginning left and continuing clockwise, are Shirley MacLaine, 47; Rita Moreno, 49; Ali MacGraw, 42; Sophia Loren, in fact, better than ever—at 47; and Barbara Walters, 50.

evident in her life today. "I'm in my forties now," she says. "My forties! And maybe I'm only just coming to understand what that character felt. I'm doing today what most people do at 23, and I'm having fun with my life as opposed to simply concentrating on work."

Now Mary is taking risks that lead to personal growth. "Living on my own is something I'd never done before," she admitted. "I married for the first time right out of high school."

She's also learning to like herself—and to relax. A compulsive planner, she has said, "I'd even plan a headache if I could!

"Not anymore. I'm just beginning to find out about myself. I'm out in the dark, feeling my own way. Sometimes I'm scared; sometimes I'm quite content. But I'm really enjoying my new freedom."

Mary recently joined the ranks of students at New York's Columbia University, where she is studying political science. And her interest in women's politics is growing.

How do these new attitudes affect her relationships with men?

"I'm at a point where I won't pursue a relationship if it's not interesting—not just to have a male body around. It's all right for me to go a month, two months, without any male companionship. Rather than be with somebody who's boring, I'd prefer to see a woman friend—or be by myself."

Looking Terrific: Mary's Secrets

"Mary knows what every woman her age should learn," says Hollywood hairdresser Allen Edwards: Shorter, softer hair brings out the cheekbones. When she wears her hair short and back off her face, it gives it a special energy and detracts from any 'downer' lines around the mouth.

"The important *(continued)*

rather than a harsh, drying bar soap; rinse very well, gently pat dry and apply a moisturizer immediately while skin is still slightly damp.

- **After moisturizing, apply special eye cream (widely available) to replenish moisture lost from the delicate tissue around the eyes.**
- **Good posture keeps your neck firm. So does this exercise: With your mouth open roll the tip of your tongue back toward the tonsils; hold and count to 10. Then curl the tongue upward toward the roof of your mouth; hold to the count of 25.**
- **Harsh winds and strong sun can age your skin. Use a makeup base containing PABA (a sun-blocking agent) or moisturizing aloe oils.**
- **Make sure the air in your home doesn't dry your skin. Turn down the heat this winter, and try a humidifier or even bowls of water set out on the radiator to keep moisture in the air.**
- **Smoking ages skin by affecting the circulation and causing you to tense up the muscles around your mouth; both encourage wrinkles. Smoking also depletes your body's supply of vitamin C.**
- **Avoid crash dieting; it will age skin prematurely by starving it of essential nutrients. And yo-yo dieting—alternate weight gains and losses—can cause skin to lose some of its elasticity.**
- **If you notice little lines forming above your upper lip, prevent lipstick from bleeding into them by first applying a base, then outlining lips with a pencil liner and filling in with lipstick.**
- **Your eyes should be emphasized at any age—but especially now. Do this by using *less* color on your cheeks and more on your eyes; choose soft pastel eye shadows rather than smoky grays and deep browns.**
- **Hormonal changes can cause middle-aged acne to appear. Poor diet, tension or a poor skin-care regimen can aggravate the problem. Visit a dermatologist before the condition worsens and becomes difficult to treat.**
- **Hands can give away your age if they're dry and chap-**

(continued on page 86)



EVERYTHING YOU EVER BELIEVED ABOUT THE GOODNESS OF SOUP HAS JUST BEEN CONFIRMED.

If you're like most people, you may have always suspected that there was something especially wholesome about a hot bowl of soup. Now your instincts have just been proven to be a fact: **Soup really is one of the most thoroughly nourishing, easily digestible foods you can eat.**

NUTRITION NEWS.

Using data from one of the largest studies ever made on nutrition conducted by Government health agencies, experts from leading universities identified differences in people's diets (published in "The American Journal of Clinical Nutrition"). **It was found that soup can be a significant part of a balanced, healthful diet.**

And when compared with other foods in a Nutrient Density Rating System* used by nutritionists, many of the most popular soups score very high. **In fact, some soups have more nutrients per calorie than other good foods.** Like green beans, lettuce and corn.

SOMETHING TO SLEEP ON.

Let's say you've come home from work too late to sit down to a big, heavy dinner. (A lot to digest isn't the best thing to go to sleep on.) A bowl of soup before bed might just be what your body needs. And it's so digestible.

And if, for example, that bowl of soup were **Campbell's Vegetable Beef, you'd be giving yourself more vitamin A in one serving than you'd get from nine eggs.** And, calorie for calorie, as much protein as peanut butter. If it were Campbell's Tomato Soup, you'd be getting the vitamin C equivalent of half a grapefruit.

EATING MODERN.

Everywhere, people are walking when they used to drive. Jogging when they used to walk. And because feeling good is looking good, people are paying more attention to getting more nutrition—with fewer calories. Soup is good for that, too. Many soups have more nutrients per calorie than lots of the foods people think are most healthy. **So you can see that soup can play a very important part in a nutritionally balanced diet.**

Campbell's

SOUP IS GOOD FOOD.

*Source: Hansen, R.G., Wyse, B.W., Sorenson, A.W., The Nutritional Quality Index of Foods, AVI Publishing Co., Inc., Westport, Conn. 1979
Note— mean value sources for nutrient comparison: USDA Handbooks No. 8 and 456 and Campbell Soup Co.

MIDDLE-AGED MARVELS
continued

thing is to change hairdos as you mature, and not hold on to what made you look good when you were twenty."

Mary has an enviably small waist and supple legs, but she works hard at keeping her dancer's figure. Sally Whalen, her ballet teacher for 25 years, says Mary never stops developing. "Mary discovered long ago that dance is not nearly as boring as calisthenics—she even built a studio in her home."

(See page 80 for a dance-exercise routine like Mary's that you can do.)

RITA MORENO:

"My agents will have coronaries when they hear that I told *Ladies' Home Journal* I'm almost fifty!" exclaims movie and Broadway star Rita Moreno. "But I don't give a hoot. Where I come from, the smart guys look for the woman with maturity and experience. It's the difference between jug and vintage wine!"

Almost 50? You'd never know it from the curvy figure and satiny skin. Rita's only sign of age is the silver threaded into her coal-black hair.

"Don't write anything about my keeping gray hair because I've 'earned my stripes,'" warns Rita. "That's symbolic junk. I leave my hair partly gray because it's pretty that way.

"I think it's terrific to be fifty. Today I'm a building with a basement. It's taken me this long to learn where all the faucets are, to realize I have some pretty solid plumbing—even a nice hot boiler! With that basement, the Rita building can't crumble. At twenty I didn't even feel I had a ground floor."

Moreno attributes part of her stability to her family; her nice, nuzzly husband, Leonard Gordon (a doctor), and her daughter, Fernanda, 14.

"I had the good sense not only to find, but keep that sweet man," she says. "My family is the air I breathe."

Part of Rita's appeal is her candor. She will even talk frankly about going through menopause. "In the beginning, it was pretty scary," she confides. "About six months ago my body and moods went a little wacky; I mean, I'm naturally mercurial, but not *that* mercurial. And I had one (thank goodness, only one) of those hot flashes. 'Whoa, Rita,' I said to myself, 'there's got to be some big chemical change going on in that body.' And sure enough there was.

"Once I understood what was happening, well, that was the end of my midlife crisis. I certainly wasn't going to let menopause get me down."

Other recent changes? "For the first time in my life," she chortles, "I don't take 'junk' from nasty waiters and surly cab drivers."

In fact, she talks back to anyone—agent, journalist or even her mother—when she feels it's necessary. "Mostly I like myself—and nothing beats that for looking and feeling wonderful. Look, I know twenty-year-olds who are boring, doddering old crones. And I know women who have bags under their eyes and whose arms have rolls who are well-loved and *gorgeous* to everyone who comes in their paths. No one should take chronological age seriously; that's not where happiness is written."

Looking Terrific: Rita's Secrets

"You want good skin? Stop smoking. I also leave my skin naked, without makeup, as much as possible so it can breathe. And I don't wear a lot of makeup anyway because that only makes the wrinkles show more. Powder sits in the crevices and makes them look like chasms. Sleep is also crucial. In your forties, you'd better get your eight hours nightly and a few naps besides, because the tiredness shows up in wrinkles much more quickly than at twenty.

"My muscles are as hard as rock because I exercise in a gym every day plus jog two miles a day; I have lousy circulation and that helps it a lot."

BARBARA WALTERS:

"In my twenties and thirties I was an expert at handling trauma. Now, I'm getting good at relaxation."

Just turned 50, Barbara Walters can finally take a deep breath, lean back and enjoy life. "Today I have a greater appreciation for the good, soft, quiet moments, and I try to stretch them as much as I can. I can go for lunch, say, with my women friends, something I could never do ten years ago; I used to consider doing something just for *pleasure* a waste of time.

"Not that I want to stop working Barbara says. "Not at all. But I ju don't have the same kind of ambitio as I did when I was younger. I thin my sensitivity to people has grown. A a result, I've become better at what do. Maturity makes me a better inte viewer. I know what questions hav hurt me in past interviews, so I'm more sensitive to people's feeling now.

"And now that I have more insigh more patience . . . well, I sometime wish that I had a small baby righ now. Wouldn't I be terrific with a sma child at this point in my life?" say Barbara, a little wistfully. "It's reall not such a crazy idea.

"I think a woman of forty has ar other forty years ahead to have lovely life. Let's face it—you can hav a terrible life when you're thirty. Th secret is to seize the moment *now*- and make the most of it."

Looking Terrific: Barbara's Secrets

"My hair is naturally dark, but lighten it because that looks better fo me on television. But I'll tell yo something—if I weren't on TV, I stil would not let my hair go gray. I thin you have to have extraordinarily beau tiful hair to be gray, and I feel gra streaks are aging, too.

"I cut my hair recently, not becaus I think older women can't wear lon hair, but because I got very bore wearing it the same way all the time Jose Eber (see page 86 for his hai tips), my haircutter in Beverly Hills suggested a softer, more layered lool than I'd been used to.

"I pay more attention to my bon structure than I ever did—and find white shader under the cheekbone outlines them. I also place more em phasis these days than I ever did o eye makeup." *(continued*



"Liking boys isn't much to look forward to, is it?"

Great Scott, Marge! We're out of Dial!

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Harry Cromley is one of them.

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All day long.

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MIDDLE-AGED MARVELS
continued

SHIRLEY MacLAINE:

Shirley MacLaine is 47 years old, yet with the verve, not to mention the coltish kick, of a 27-year-old.

"When I was 27," recalls the movie star and best-selling author, "I felt like a pebble on the beach. Now I feel like the *whole* beach; because my understanding's deeper, I know how much I'm capable of doing. For instance, I'm stronger physically than ever before. The sense of peace and confidence that has come with the years has provided me with *more*, not less, energy.

"I remember being a great deal unhappier when I was in my twenties," Shirley says. "And I'd *never* want to go through that confusion again."

A few years ago, Shirley looked older than she does today—partly because she had gained weight. How did she revitalize herself? By paying attention to her body, working out daily.

What's ahead? At the moment, she's holed up in her home finishing her third book. "It started out to be a novel," she confides, "but I decided to tell the truth. It's more exciting. Actually, more *fantastic!*"

Looking Terrific: Shirley's Secrets

"Climbing mountains (the Santa Monica mountains behind my Malibu home) every day I'm in California helps me keep in shape. But I don't climb only for the sake of my body, but because I'm addicted to feeling good. I get great joy from breathing in the beauty of nature. And I do back-breaking exercise for an hour and a half every morning . . . And, oh yes, eat a lot of grapefruit.

"I can't stand clothes that are tight, because they block off my psychic energy, and I can't stand to be tight with people, either."

ALI MacGRAW:

"For the first time in my life, I'm really happy," says 42-year-old Ali MacGraw. "I spent so many years loathing myself, there was nowhere to go but up. Analysis and maturity have paid off.

"I can be alone now, and I never could before. There's a gigantic difference between being alone and being lonely. After my divorce from Steve McQueen, I created an environment with my ten-year-old son, Joshua, that suits us exactly. Sure, I'd like to share it again with a man, because I'm basically a woman who adores an intense relationship. I'm most happy when I'm in love—but if no man comes along who's willing to deal with my eccentricities, that's okay, too.

"I realize I can't compete with the eighteen-year-olds in Malibu anymore. I don't try to. But I do know a few things they don't know.

"The secret," observes Ali, "is not to get lazy and panic. There is always something to look forward to. When I look at a woman like Georgia O'Keeffe, the artist, or Katharine Hepburn, it is very clear that intelligence and spirit have no date."

Reports Ali, "A friend once sneered that I still go to rock concerts—'Isn't it really embarrassing?' I think that kind of age judgment stuff is eyewash. I think that every single thing you can do is an adventure, and the minute you start saying, 'I don't want to ha that kind of adventure 'cause I'm grown-up,' you're closing the shut down on your life."

Looking Terrific: Ali's Secrets

"Several glasses of water daily is must for anyone with dry skin, and moisturizing cleanser is better th soap.

"Over forty means that I must ha more sleep, particularly when I working. I'm *very* disciplined abo sleep, just as I am about eating a exercising.

"And I wear clothes that *(continue*

WAYS TO LOOK MARVELOUS
continued from page 82

ped, or covered with spots. Liver spots occur because of an erratic breakdown in the skin's production of melanin (pigment). Commercial fade creams help, but try to stay out of the sun after using them.

YOUR HAIR: A Crowning Glory at any age—Tips from two top experts:

Jose Eber (Maurice Jose Studios, Beverly Hills), whose celebrity clients include Barbara Walters and Ali MacGraw; and Louis LaCari (La Coupe Salon; New York), whose clients include top model agent Eileen Ford and many leading cover-girl models.

- A layered cut, like Barbara Walters' new one—very short on top, longer at the neckline—gives a full, soft look. If you're in your middle years, a short haircut should not be severe, and longer hair should not be pulled tightly back. If you won't give up your long hair, make sure it isn't pulled flat, and add a little fullness with a soft perm or body wave.
- Coloring your hair a shade lighter than its natural tone gives a more youthful appearance, especially if your skin tone is fading a little. Look for the label "warm" on hair-coloring kits, or ask your hairdresser for a "warm" rather than a harder "ashy" tone when coloring your hair.
- When hair begins to gray, the gray hairs are often coarse and may corkscrew and stand out. Coloring just the gray strands will help them mesh in with the rest of your hair. On the positive side, if you've always had limp or fine hair, you'll notice it has more body once it goes gray.
- If you find that your hair is thinning, don't panic. Consult a dermatologist—and think about your eating habits. Thinning hair is often due to a scalp condition, poor nutrition or stress, and will grow back once the cause is cured. But if your hair is thinning because of age—and that can happen—consider a perm or body wave; the one-step process will give long-lasting fullness to your hair wit out the damage of constant teasin setting or blow drying.
- Around menopause, many wom find that their scalps become flaky. you have this problem, see your d matologist; he will recommend shampoo that will eliminate this.

FASHION TIPS—Sophisticated and savvy

Linda Lee, director of Macy's person fashion consulting service, offers the common-sense fashion suggestions you can be as stylish as our "Marvel.

- Forget yesterday's ideas about mi dle-age dressing. You can wear brig colors, jeans, bold prints, and you do have to rule out V-necks or low-c evening dresses at the first sign crepiness around the neck. Scarv and choker necklaces are great d guisers of this problem—and also e hance the overall look of an outfit.
- Skin does not automatically becon sallow when you reach 40, so do automatically reach for the mut tones on the dress rack. Improve sk tone with makeup—and feel free wear bright colors if you like them.
- Avoid clingy knit or jersey fabrics your tummy is not as flat as it was your 20s. Favor loose-fitting trouse and skirts instead.
- Choose a larger size rather tha cover up in a tunic if your waist begi to thicken. Remember, size is only number on a tag, and there's no reas to give up a fashionable look if larger size makes it right for you.
- Wear straight-legged rather tha tapered trousers if your hips ar thighs are not as trim as they wer anything that gets narrow at the bo tom emphasizes the width at the to Here again, select skirts or pants or size larger to fit your hips and tail the waist if you need to.
- Pay attention to fit and tailorin Choose quality over quantity; inve in one well-made garment rather tha buy two of lesser quality. And remem ber, a good figure always make clothes look more attractive. En

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MIDDLE-AGED MARVELS
continued

are comfortable—a silk shirt and jeans just about every day."

SOPHIA LOREN:

"I used to wear heavy things, heavy makeup; it was like a masquerade," Sophia, now 47, has said. "Today I like simple things, and I like myself better. Age is a condition. You have to cope with it as best you can. You have to know how to get older or you become a caricature."

Sophia is no caricature. Age has not taken away from her extraordinary looks, but it has given her a comfortable understanding of herself.

She used to change her hair color all the time. "I think it was due to instability. I wanted to try every day to look better. It was a kind of dissatisfaction with life.

"As I get older, I get quieter," she says, "because now I know myself better. When I was young, I was more aggressive, wilder even. Now I find myself more knowing. It is good, I think."

Her family is responsible for Sophia's contentment, and for her comfortable transition to middle age. No matter what the rumors, she maintains that she adores her husband, producer Carlo Ponti, and dotes on sons Cipi, 12, and Eduardo, 8. She insists, "I don't want to miss a minute of my sons' childhoods.

"Life is an arch," Sophia says. "You're born, you're young and then you get old. I'm not afraid of old age—it's nothing to fear."

Looking Terrific: Sophia's Secrets

Sophia uses a thin foundation that matches her skin color. She points out that her skin is dark toned, and if she tans in summer, it lasts all winter . . . so she tries not to get too much sun. Too much makeup on dark skin looks like chalk, she says.

For cheek color, Sophia uses a cream rouge and adds a darker shade for emphasis in the evening. She always uses a lip pencil to outline her lips and then fills in with a beige lipstick.

Sophia takes care of her skin with baby products, plus a facial once a month. This relaxes her face completely.

"I also need quiet to relax," she says. "I believe every woman, especially those over forty, need the rejuvenation that a few moments alone can provide.

"Most of all, I think a woman's beauty comes from re-inventing herself daily. All women should concentrate on finding their hidden talents and passions—and expressing them. That's where true beauty lies." **End**

ROAD ACCIDENT
continued from page 79

boyfriend, Dave Stevenson, a 24-year-old graphic designer, was wondering where Mary was. Then the phone rang; it was Mary's best friend, 19-year-old Gaye Graham. "There's been a wreck," she said. "You should get to the hospital."

Don't worry, Dave thought to himself. *These fender-benders happen all the time. They're never anything serious.*

But when he drove up to the dun-colored building and told the guard that his girlfriend had just been brought in by ambulance, David saw a strange look cross the man's face.

Inside, he was confronted by tidy rows of empty stretchers. Old and rickety, they were covered with worn olive sheets, each of which had been meticulously mended with green thread. Under the wan fluorescent lights, the walls seemed to glow with the same weary green. Everything was slowed down, and he felt he was in the middle of a plodding green dream. He had to keep reminding himself that this was real, very real.

Jewell's oldest daughter, 29-year-old Brenda Manzer, had received a similar phone call. "Your mother has minor injuries," she was told. Minor injuries . . . . The phrase comforted her all the way to the hospital.

But there, Brenda's knees nearly gave way. Jewell's face and hair were caked with blood, her left arm hung limply in a sling. As Brenda rushed to her side, Jewell looked up: "Dick—I think he's dead. He's dead. I don't know—I just feel it. And Mary and Bridget are unconscious."

Brenda couldn't believe what she was hearing. "No . . . she's wrong," she told herself, as nurses took her mother to the emergency room.

A few moments later, a police officer and the coroner approached. Her stomach tightened as the policeman told Brenda that her stepfather had died instantly. In her shaking hand, the coroner placed Dick's wallet.

Like a sleepwalker, Brenda joined her father, Tom Thompson, and Mary's boyfriend, outside Mary's room.

Her father spoke first. "They don't think Mary's going to make it." Overcome, Brenda reached out and slammed both her fists into her father's chest. She was screaming inside: "No, he's lying to me!"

Moments later, at 12 minutes after midnight, Mary—their radiant, laughing Mary—was dead.

Upstairs, the medics were working on Jewell to close the three-inch long slash that split her forehead and to set her shattered wrist. She had not yet been informed of the deaths. And she fought with herself to control her swelling terror.

It was not until 5:30 Friday morning, when Jewell was finally taken to her hospital room, that Brenda told her. "Now, it's Bridget, Mom. You've got to concentrate on her. There's nothing else you can do." Then, huddled in the half-light, they held each other and cried, mother and daughter without Dick, without Mary.

The next few days the whole family kept vigil at Bridget's bedside. Robert, 23, Dick's youngest son, read to his little stepsister, the way his Dad used to. He played her favorite songs on his tape recorder. Jewell was there every moment possible. She longed to reach out to her baby—to hold her, to rock her, but she could only look—no touch. The nurses told her not to, lest she disturb the web of wires that held Bridget in her tenuous sleep . . . .

Memories flood back

In those long hours beside the hospital crib, Jewell's memories of the last three years flooded back to her. The still child before her had been a symbol of the new life Dick and she had built together. She knew how proud he had been; how his world rose and fell over the sparkling toddler.

As she sat by the crib, Jewell's mind echoed with Bridget's nightly baby prayers, or Bridget, with her tiny watering can at her side as she worked in the garden. Over and over she prayed to herself during those first days. "Please, if I can have Bridget, I don't care if she's a vegetable. I'll spend my life taking care of her."

On Monday, August 11, Mary's 17-year-old sister Jennifer knocked on Dave Stevenson's door. It was his 25th birthday. It was also the day of Dick and Mary's funeral. Jennifer held in her arms the birthday present her dead sister had picked out three days before . . . a big stuffed dinosaur, her playful reminder that there were worse things in life than passing one's 25th birthday. Silently, Dave took the unwrapped gift and the card, still unsigned. "I've got to get down to the hospital," Jennifer told him. "The doctors want to see us."

Dr. Harald Reich sighed as he walked into the blue cubicle that served as his office and examining room. He hated what he had to do this morning. There was no easy way to tell a family that their beautiful child's life was over—that she was just being kept alive by machines.

Four doors down the hall, Dr. Robert Hylander put down the chart he was reading. An intern, it was the first time he'd had to face the death of a child. The night the Ryan family was brought in was only his second on call, and he had watched *(continued)*



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ROAD ACCIDENT

continued

Bridget deteriorate despite all they were doing. "All of o best efforts just didn't work," he said, his right ha clenching a fistful of air.

Dr. Reich's words to Jewell were gentle but direct: "I a sorry, but your little girl is not going to make it. She c go on forever, but there will be nothing there. Just t machines keeping her heart beating. . . ." Jewell thoug of her little Bridget, breathing, her skin warm. To h Bridget was alive. To the doctor, she wasn't. "But yo daughter may save two other lives," the doctor continue Two little boys from San Francisco, six and ten, we dying from terminal kidney disease. A transplant fro Bridget could save their lives. Would the family consid it? His words echoed in the air as he left the family alo to make their decision.

At 1:59 P.M. two days later, the doctors turned off t machines. Jewell had agreed to donate her daughte kidneys to the sick boys. On Thursday, August 14, exact a week after the accident, Bridget was laid in the san coffin as the father whose life she had filled with laught

Largest public health menace

When Gerald's car rammed hers on that August evenin Jewell Ryan became a statistic in what some call "t nation's largest public health menace" and others term national disgrace." Auto accidents kill more people und 40 than any other cause.

This year, 51,000 people will die in explosions of met and flame; fully half of these accidents involve alcohol.

Of 60 children born today, one will die, and three othe will be gravely injured in car accidents before they rea their 20th birthday. Drunken drivers will kill 70 peop today alone. They will injure 2,150 more. Yesterday w the same, and the day before that. It will happen tomorro and every day this year.

If the numbers are hard to grasp, consider this: If yo are out driving on a Friday or Saturday night, one out every ten cars around you will be driven by a person t drunk to control it. Only one in 2,000 of these drivers wi be arrested. Of those, virtually none will spend a day i prison.

Or consider: Since you picked up this magazine, som where a drunk driver has killed someone—someone lik Dick or Mary or Bridget, someone with family and friend parents, wives and children. Most of us think it can happen to our loved ones or ourselves . . . that's just wh Jewell thought, too.

Since that night, Jewell's life has been filled with pai and sorrow. Her left wrist was so badly mangled in th accident that her hand was useless. "I was as helpless as child in the first few months. In restaurants, my famil had to cut up my food." Her eyes drop in embarrassmen "I even needed help in the bathroom."

Jewell underwent grueling physical therapy every da for five months. "It was the worst pain I'd ever felt. I'v never felt that kind of pain." But the deepest hurt can from loneliness.

Every day for months, Jewell went to the cemetery. Sh sat by the graves, talking with her lost family. She migh start with Dick, but then she'd feel she was neglectin Mary or Bridget. "I felt so guilty, I'd jump from one to th next," she recalls. "It was unreal."

The hardest times for Jewell were the mornings, whe she awoke each day hoping she'd dreamed it all. Then th truth would rush over her again. She left the television o at night; any voice to keep the terrifying silence at bay, th silence that let her remember.

Each day held her in a web of memories: In the grocer store, she would reach, by habit, for Dick's *(continued*

A Very Gifted Camera



There's one Kodak camera that people give and receive more than any other. That's the Kodak Ektralite 10. It has electronic flash built right in, so you're always ready in a flash. And it's a slim, compact camera that's aim-and-shoot simple. That's gift-giving solved in a flash.

Kodak Ektralite 10 camera



Kodak

America's Storyteller

Eastman Kodak Company, 1981

favorite tomato soup. She returned the new bed they had bought for Bridget. Dick had just finished assembling it the day he was killed. The night of the accident would have been Bridget's first night in her own grown-up bed.

Reminders never ceased. One day, an envelope arrived with a bill for six overdue books from the library. They were the books that were flung all over the front seat that terrible night.

"They say the first year is the worst," muses Jewell. "The first birthdays, the first holidays, the first Christmas alone. August will always be such an awful month now. Our wedding anniversary the third, then the next week three deaths on three different days, then Dick's birthday was the twenty-third . . ."

Sometimes memories were part of the healing. Mary had always teased her older sister about the champagne Brenda kept. "I guess you just don't have any special occasions to drink it," Mary would kid her.

On December 20, which would have been Mary's 21st birthday, Brenda and Jennifer took the champagne out to the cemetery, shook it and popped the cork. The champagne mixed with their tears as they drank it. "If anyone had seen us, they would have carted us away!" Brenda says, smiling through misty eyes. "But we had a good cry, I'll tell you. Mary would have loved it."

Loose ends the worst

For Mary's boyfriend, David, the loose ends were the worst. In the beginning, it was painful even to think about Mary. "Right afterwards, I'd refuse to let it enter my mind. Then later, you want to, but you can't remember the little things, the details."

He pauses, a softness creeping into his voice as he continues. "One day I found Mary's calendar. After August seventh, all the pages were empty. That really threw me. . . . "

The driver of the other car, Gerald Badial, broke his leg in the accident. At 22, he already had a pattern of repeated offenses: A year earlier he had been arrested for drunk driving and put on probation for a year, a common sentence for first offenders. His next arrest, only three months later, was more serious. That time, a girl riding in his car was injured in the accident. The judge sentenced him to five days in the county jail, fined him $425 and placed him on probation for 36 months. He was still on probation from that accident when his car smashed into the Ryans'.

"If that judge hadn't let him out, my family would still be alive," says Jewell, her eyes swelling with angry tears. In this case, Judge William Jensen was tougher. At 9:15 A.M. on July 8, 1981, exactly 11 months to the day Mary died, he sentenced Gerald Badial to five years in state prison.

Tragically, Jewell could not be in court that day to hear the verdict. Three days before, her 44-year-old brother, Del, and his wife, Joyce, 40, were killed when the brakes on their truck failed. Jewell was at their funeral in Florida when Gerald was sentenced.

Forty-eight hours later, on Friday evening, Gerald Badial began serving his sentence. Ironically, it was the same prison where Mary's father, Tom Thompson, works as a correctional sergeant. "They gave me Saturday off," explains Tom. "I didn't want to be there when he came through." Tom was worried that another prisoner might injure Badial to gain favor. Tom asked the staff to place Gerald in protective custody. The next day, Badial was sent to another prison.

With time off for good behavior, it is likely that he will be released in three years and four months. "Three years and four months for killing my family." Jewell's mouth draws tight. "Then he'll be out driving again."

There wasn't a member of the Ryan family who didn't suffer, or a friend who wasn't deeply hurt, when Badial's Cougar careened down Davis Street on that hot August night last year. "I don't think any of us will ever be the same," says Jewell. "I used to think how lucky I was never to have lost anyone. Now I see parents with their little children and I feel like telling them: 'Love those children, and show them you love them.' When I see parents letting their children stand up in the car, I want to shake the parents and tell them: 'Don't take your family for granted. They may not be there tomorrow.'" **End**

DRUNK DRIVING: WHAT CAN BE DONE

"If my daughter had been murdered or raped, nobody would sympathize with the criminal, but she was killed by a drunk driver, so nobody takes it seriously," says Candy Lightner, founder and president of Mothers Against Drunk Drivers (MADD), and mother of Cari Lightner, killed by a hit-and-run driver on May 3, 1980.

Some call it the only socially accepted form of homicide, and with reason. Drunken drivers kill more than 25,000 people each year, yet rarely do they pay for that crime. Instead, charges are often plea bargained, and when prison sentences *are* given, they're usually light.

Perhaps the biggest problem is that first—and even multiple—drunk driving offenses are treated so casually. Many judges simply levy a light fine and place the offenders on probation. What's more, it's estimated that less than 20 percent of the drunk drivers convicted lose their licenses. And of those who do, 70 percent continue to drive illegally, according to the National Highway and Traffic Safety Administration.

What's wrong with the system? Partly, it's the attitude that juries and judges seem to share. They look at drunk drivers and they see themselves, their friends and their children. All too often, juries, lawmakers, even some police, take the attitude: "There but for the grace of God go I."

Unfortunately, there are also TV programs and movies that make reckless driving look like harmless fun. Says Virginia Macy, a member of the board of directors of the national Parent Teacher Association, "On TV, kids see characters in high-speed chases and accidents, but they never see the consequences: losing their license, injury, death."

In a way, the most disheartening—and yet at the same time hopeful—part of this problem is that drunk drivers could be stopped if only people cared. Tough laws and tough judges do make a difference. And that's just what groups like MADD are trying to get legislators and voters to see. For instance, the group formed by Candy Lightner has already helped pass some of the nation's strictest drunk-driving legislation in California.

The group also is working in Washington to help toughen federal laws; it has chapters in Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, as well as others starting in 20 more states.

If you are interested in helping, contact: MADD, 5330 Primrose Avenue, Suite 146, Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628. Or call: (916) 966-6233, a 24-hour phone line. Or, write to RID (Remove Intoxicated Drivers), P.O. Box 520, Schenectady, N.Y. 12301. Telephone: (518) 372-0034.

Also, set an example for people to follow. If you're drinking, don't drive. If you're hosting a party, offer snacks (food slows down the absorption of alcohol). Offer non-alcoholic drinks, and make sure that nobody who has had too much to drink gets behind the wheel. In some states, hosts who permit guests to drive home intoxicated are liable for damages if there's an accident.

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Give the Best Parties Ever

Excitement's in the air and invitations are flying—gathering friends to celebrate special times together. To help you entertain with the greatest of ease, we've carefully planned out five smashing parties . . . inventive new table settings . . . plus a terrific, 8-page, tear-out section, The LHJ Guide to Entertaining.

Dinner

Be a show-off. With the help of our Hostess Notebook, you can pull off an extravaganza for eight with style and grace.



Brunch

Surprise your crowd with a clever, new and very beautiful midday menu.





Buffet

Think ethnic. A tasty Mexican spread is an easy way to spice up your next entertaining evening. Olé!



Cocktails

Our party planner gives you festive foods for a crowd and a basic bar guide. Now all you need are 25 delightful guests!



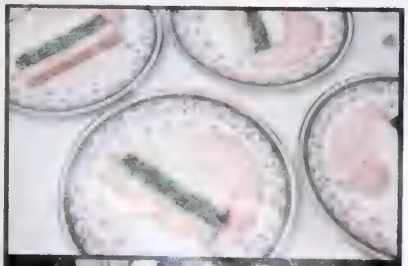
Beer

Discover the sparkling world of beers by setting up a tasting of many frosty brews for chug-a-mug fun.

By Sue B. Huffman, Food and Equipment Editor.

All food photographs by Nick Samardge.

Colorful and Rich: fish pâté, fudgy cake



Rainbow Fish Pâté with Pink Sauce. Creamy white fillet of sole, lush green watercress and pearly pink salmon make up the tri-color layering. A snap to prepare with the helping hand of a blender or food processor.



Delta Queen Cake. Moist and fudge-like torte, enriched with ground pecans. Cake is glazed with dark chocolate frosting, dusted with a ring of more nuts. Just a sliver will satisfy the most ardent dessert lover.

For tabletop accessories, see page 170.



Come for Dinner

The Hostess Notebook

Formal . . . without fuss. This is the dinner party you've dreamed of giving, with elegant food to dazzle your guests.

Menu for Eight

RAINBOW FISH PÂTÉ WITH PINK SAUCE
Make day ahead; refrigerate.

RUM-GLAZED CORNISH HENS
Slip seasonings under skin; glaze while roasting.

PECAN PILAF
Cook rice up to 24 hours in advance; reheat. Has nutty flavor like wild rice, at lower cost per serving.

CARROT/ZUCCHINI JULIENNE
Slice and blanch 8 hours ahead.

CRANBERRY RELISH
Unusual, with orange, fresh ginger and raisins. Can do up to 4 weeks ahead.

DELTA QUEEN CAKE
Do ahead, freeze. Glaze day of party.

PEARS/CHEESE
Lower-calorie alternative to cake.

Recipes, page 112.

Special Tips

- Always make a countdown list of cooking times, temperatures. Post it in a convenient place; check it off.
- Centerpieces of flowers, fruit and candles shouldn't obstruct the view across the table, or be overpowering in aroma. Consider silk flowers—a good investment.
- Start evening off with dishwasher empty so that dishes can disappear between courses. Clear out trash container, dish drainers, sink, too.
- If you offer jug wines, serve from handsome decanters or pitchers.
- Feed children, baby-sitter before guests arrive.
- How long for dinner? An hour and a half at most. Be alert when to remove plates and start the next course.

Entertaining with Flair

After years of more casual, come-and-get-it dining, there's a definite swing back to a finer style. Pay attention to details—or, to use an old-fashioned word, "niceties." Chill the plates for cold dishes (fish pâté); warm another stack for the main course. Easiest way to heat plates: in low oven or in dishwasher set on warming cycle. Try your hand at napkin folding (see page 135) or polish up napkin rings. Carefully plan the seating arrangement to create dynamic conversation.

We're Serving Buffet



The Hostess Notebook

A hearty spread with a Mexican accent. Perfect for serve-yourself fun, this crowd-pleasing meal is colorful, delicious and almost all do-ahead.

Menu for 16

EMPANADITAS
Little meat pies; can be frozen.

MARINATED VEGETABLES
Marinate 24 hours in spicy vinaigrette.

GUACAMOLE WITH CHIPS
Refrigerate up to 4 hours covered with plastic wrap.

MARGARITAS FOR A CROWD
Make in advance with frozen grapefruit juice.

CHALUPAS WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS: SHREDDED LETTUCE, SALSA, GREEN ONIONS, CHOPPED TOMATOES, SOUR CREAM, FLOUR TORTILLAS
A pork, pinto bean and chili casserole to simmer slowly.

GREEN ENCHILADAS
Corn tortillas with cheese filling, green chili sauce; prepare day ahead.

BLOND SANGRÍA
Unusual, with a white wine base. Add club soda, ice, before serving.

BEER

CARAMEL ORANGES WITH RUM CUSTARD SAUCE
Peel, slice oranges; sweeten with caramelized sugar.

Recipes, page 118

For tabletop accessories, see page 170.

For a Fun Fiesta

- Buffet entertaining happens when your guest list outgrows your dining table. Nevertheless, make sure that everyone has a place to sit down, even if it means bringing in extra chairs from other rooms or piling big pillows on the floor.
- Arrange all food on the serving table at one time so that guests can see at a glance what (and how much) you're serving—and pace themselves.
- Trick to a successful buffet is having the food look as appetizing to the last person in line as the first. Arrange single-serving foods, such as enchiladas, in neat layers; the rest, in wide-mouth bowls or baskets.
- An upbeat change from your plain white tablecloth—buy bright fabric or jazzy sheets (even seconds); cut to size.
- The main course of this buffet, Chalupas, means "small canoes" in Spanish. This pork/chili dish is eaten by filling flour tortillas with meat and piling on your choice of toppings.

Tortilla Tips

Pressing flat tortillas by hand out of flour dough *(harina)* can be tiresome, even tricky. To save time and effort, buy ready-made tortillas from the refrigerator or freezer section of your supermarket. To heat flour tortillas: Wrap a stack of 8 chilled (or partially defrosted) tortillas in aluminum foil. Repeat until all 32 needed for this menu are wrapped. Heat packets in 350° F. oven 30 minutes, until hot, steamy.







Drop in for Brunch

The Hostess Notebook

The most relaxed of all parties . . . a weekend gathering for good talk, good food. Make life easy with already-poached eggs (foolproof method, below) and a generous choice of go-withs.

Menu for 12

MUNCHIES
Store-bought pretzel sticks and nuts.

CHEESE WAFERS
Do one month ahead; freeze.

MILK PUNCH
Bourbon, rum or brandy base; prepare day ahead.

BLOODY MARYS
Make by pitcherful, add last-minute ice. Prepare one batch for Virgin Marys.

EGGS McMARVELOUS
Poach ahead; warm up just before serving.

CANADIAN BACON
Simply heat before serving.

CORNED BEEF HASH PATTIES
Ice cream scoop makes exact patty size.

TOASTED ENGLISH MUFFINS
Split, butter, broil. Reheat in low oven.

BLENDER HOLLANDAISE
Keep warm over hot water for one hour.

SAUCE PIPERADE
Spicy Spanish tomato sauce; do ahead.

CRAB NEWBURG/ARTICHOKE HEARTS
Use frozen or canned. Do day ahead.

SPICED APRICOT SAVARIN
Make day before; garnish with grapes.

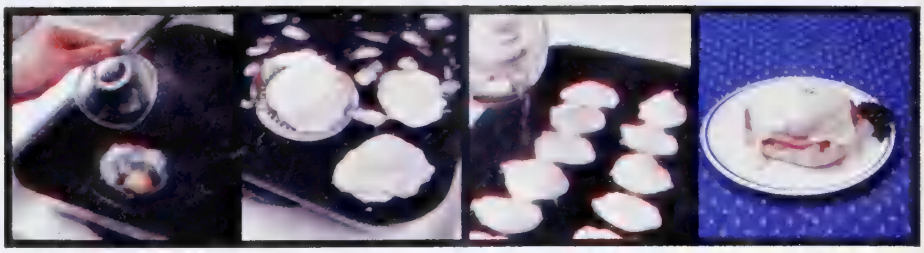
COFFEE

All recipes, page 127.

Better Brunching

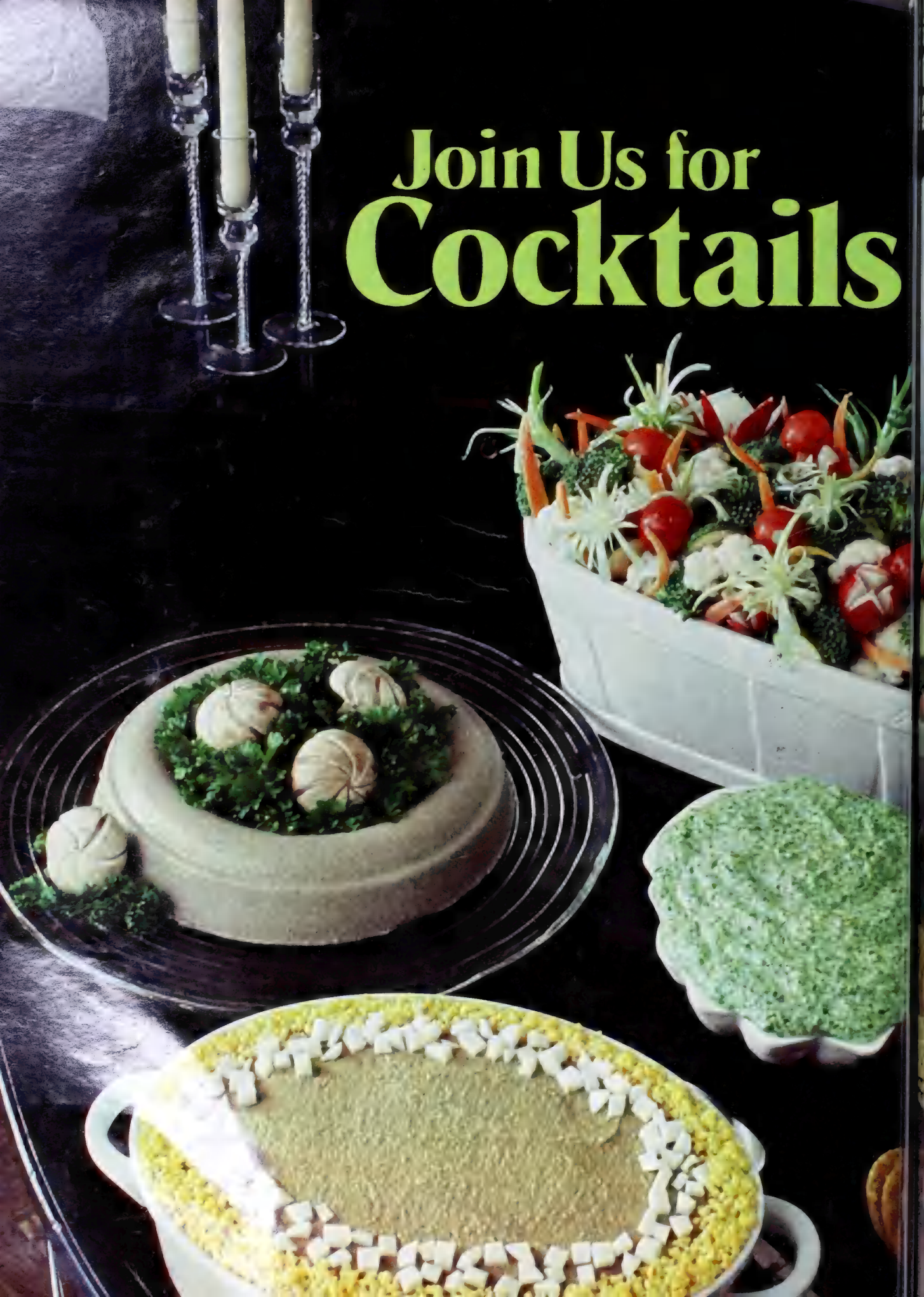
- Ask guests to gather around noon.
- Plan to serve food by one o'clock—to cut hunger pangs or over-imbibing.
- Serve just two kinds of drinks (plus one for teetotalers) to avoid being a slave to cocktail orders. Make big batches in advance.
- Splurge on a luxury or two, such as Canadian bacon and crabmeat. But stretch high-cost items to make them go further. One pound of the bacon, cut very thin, makes 25 slices (have your supermarket butcher do it). In a creamy sauce, two boxes of frozen crabmeat feed a crowd.
- Spiff up your brunch with country-style tablecloth and napkins (or use inexpensive bandannas), sturdy goblets for drinks.
- Serve the best coffee. Freshly brewed, dark and aromatic. Try experimenting with espresso, cappuccino or, for a warm glow, Irish Coffee topped with whipped cream.

Perfect Poaching



Work with 24 large eggs. *Quick trick to center yolks:* Immerse eggs (still in shell) in boiling water for *only* 8 seconds. Plunge into ice water to halt cooking. *To Poach:* Use large frying pan or roasting pan set over 2 burners. Fill ⅔ with water. Add 1 Tb. white vinegar per quart of water. Heat to simmering. *Above, Step 1:* Break one egg at a time into custard cup and slip into water. Cook until whites are firm, yolks still soft (about 3 minutes). *Step 2:* Remove with slotted spoon and place in pan filled with water and ice. Cover and refrigerate. Next day, take out, drain off water, bring to room temperature. Trim edges for a neater look. *Step 3:* Pour boiling water into pan. Cover and let stand 5-6 minutes. Transfer to platter. *Step 4:* Eggs McMarvelous!

For tabletop accessories, see page 170


Join Us for
Cocktails





The Party Bar

How Much for How Many. The big liquor question when planning a party is "How much to buy?" Use this guideline to help you figure. Pouring one jigger (1.5 oz.) per drink, you'll get this many drinks from:

750 ml (once called a fifth): 17 drinks
1 liter (formerly a quart): 22 drinks
1.75 liter (half gallon): 39 drinks

For wine, figure 5 to 6 glasses per 750 ml bottle for "cocktails."

Bar Checklist for 25. *Liquors:* 2 liters Scotch; 2 liters vodka; 1 liter each gin, rum, bourbon; one 750 ml rye or Canadian whiskey; 375 ml dry vermouth. *Wines:* two 1.5 liters white wine; 2 liters red wine. *Mixers:* 6 large bottles club soda or sparkling water; 2 large bottles each tonic, soda (ginger ale, cola); 2 quarts fruit juice; pitcher of water. *Basics:* lemons, limes, oranges, olives, pearl onions, bitters.

The Hostess Notebook

The biggest, flashiest party of all—with a well-stocked bar and plenty to nibble on.

Menu for 25

Opposite page:

PESTO DIP WITH CRUDITÉS
Prepare vegetables day before.

MUSHROOM MOUSSE
Molded spread; day ahead.

CHICKEN LIVER PÂTÉ
Month in advance; freezes well.

Above, clockwise from lower left:

SALMON CANAPÉS
Inexpensive with canned salmon.

SUGAR AND SPICE ALMONDS
Baked; orange, cloves, sherry

CHEESE PLATTER
Variety of tastes, textures: Jarlsberg, Bucheron, Pepper Brie, Gouda.

COCKTAIL LONDON BROIL WITH HORSERADISH/SOUR CREAM SAUCE
Marinate 1-24 hours; broil; slice.

SMOKED TURKEY BREAST WITH SWEET/SOUR MUSTARD
Comes frozen and fully cooked. Simply thaw and slice.

MIDEASTERN MEAT PIES
Do month ahead; freeze. Base of hot roll mix; spicy ground beef.

Recipes, page 115.

For tabletop accessories, see page 170.

Cocktail Dos

- Balance hearty, "could-be-dinner" food with lighter edibles for dieters or those going on to a full meal.
- Ask at your supermarket for a special case price for sodas.
- Make sure all food can be eaten easily and gracefully out of hand. Avoid the need for picks.
- Brush up on small talk. It's nice to include a personal fact or quip when making introductions.
- Guests shouldn't expect overly exotic drinks. If a guest asks for a Kiwi Daiquiri, you can say, "Sorry, we don't have it," and not feel the least bit embarrassed.
- An all-purpose wine glass is perfect for cocktails. The stemmed goblet won't drip water, which makes a napkin wrap unneccessary.
- If you have teenagers in your house, ask them to hang up coats, pass party food, oversee the music or empty fast-filling ashtrays.





It's a Beer Tasting

The Hostess Noteboo

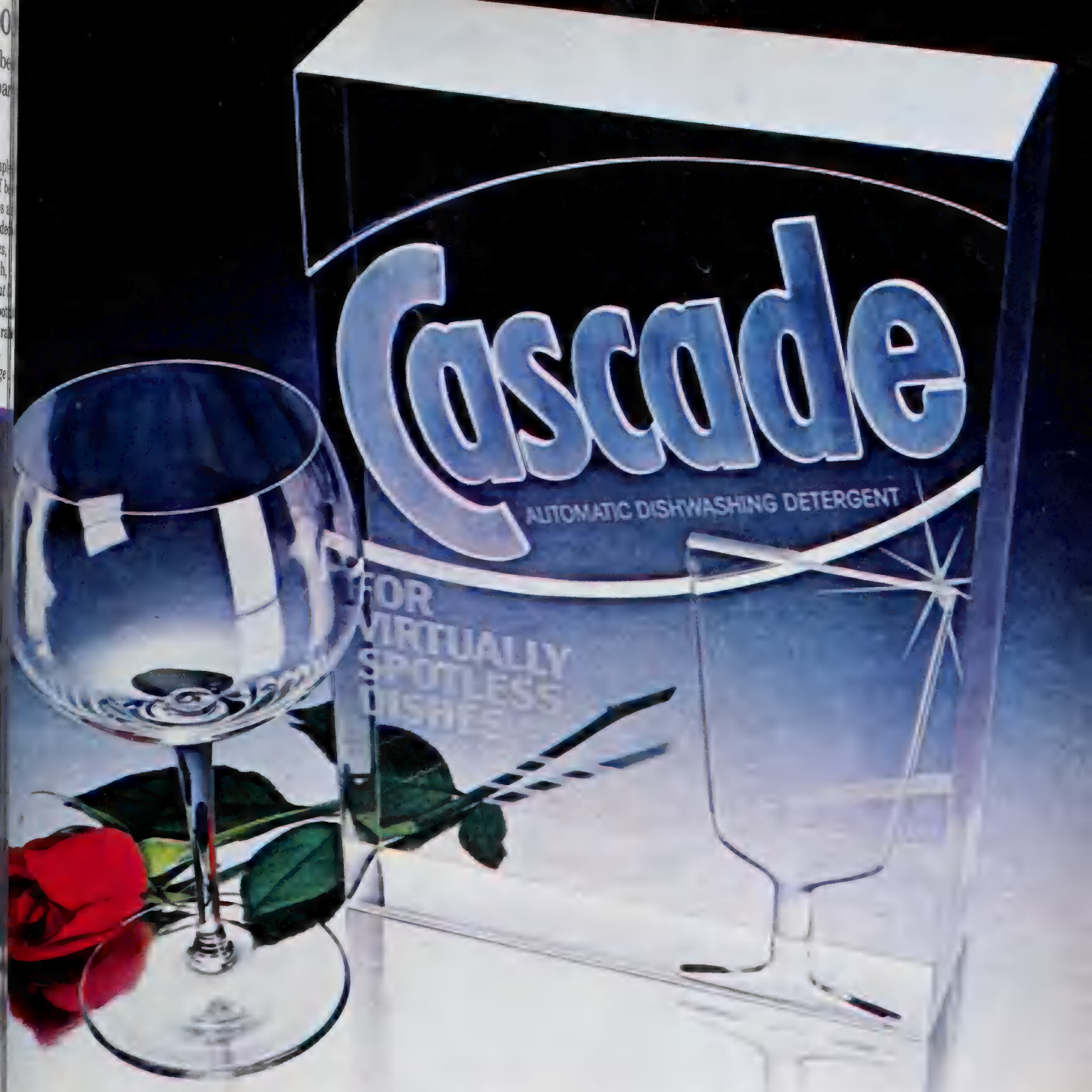
Everyone's heard of a wine tasting, but a be get-together is a newer, more fun way to par

Cheers, Beers

Gather a wide range of domestic and imported beers to sample including lagers—the most common, mellow yellow (90% of be sold) to deep amber; *light beers*—less calories, carbohydrates some say, less flavor; *bock beers*, sweet, dark; *dark beers*, adde color, malty flavor; *malt liquors*, highest alcohol content; *ales*, more aromatic, hoppy; *stouts*, syrupy, bitter; and *porters*, rich, foamy ales. To put together a beer tasting for 12–18, select *at* 5 different labels to try (figuring 3–4 samplings from each bot Be sure to include any local/regional brews to see how they ra against the bigger, well-known brands. Have all your guests alerted to look for the subtle nuances *(continued on page*



True brew. Serve American beers at 40°F. (directly from the lowest shelf of refrigerator). The headier, heavier, hoppier imports can be served slightly warmer to bring out robust flavor. Never shake or agitate beer can or bottle. Great beer buddies: crusty dark breads, German potato salad, assorted wursts.



The choice is clear.

Get the Cascade look...virtually spotless.

Most detergents can leave drops that spot. But Cascade's sheeting action leaves glasses virtually spotless...beautifully clear.



Tabletop Makeovers

A New Look for Your Old China

Eight terrific ways to mix the old with something new and turn your table into the talk of the town. By Joan Tully, Home Editor.

Take stock of your china cabinet. If you're like most, you'll find all sorts of odd sets: from hand-me-down china to the bargain you found at a tag sale. Problem is, nothing seems complete (or exciting) enough for your upcoming party. The answer is to mix-and-match what you have for an updated look, or fill in with things brand-new. Start with one service and work around it. Tips: 1. Decide how formal/casual or contemporary/traditional you want to be 2. If buying new, choose china in the same weight; don't mix fine china with chunky stoneware. 3. Accessorize wisely. Pick glasses, etc. that pull the look together. *Inset left and below:* A Rose is a Rose. Tone down gold borde of "China Bouquet," from the '40s, by slipping in a solid-pink plate. Pick up rose pattern with accessories.



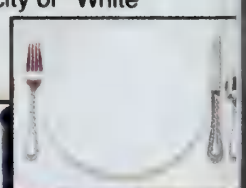


Early American Revival: A family favorite,"Pink Vista." Brighten it up for a country-fresh breakfast with blue spongeware and a pewter porringer on a homespun mat.





Jazzing Up White: Contrast the simplicity of "White Shoulders" against drama of black, the sophistication of beige. Bold flat-ware adds extra contemporary touch.





MAY THE BEST HAM WIN!



Compare your brand of boneless ham to new Golden Star Boneless Ham by Armour. If you don't think the Golden Star Boneless Ham is leaner, moister and more tender, we'll give you your money back.

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Tabletop Makeovers

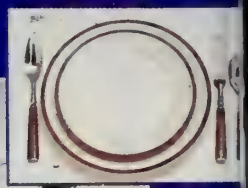
Modern Gets Softer: "Generation Mist" *(inset lower right), the* wedding china of the '60s, mellows with Danish blue flowers, classic flatware. Result: It's more inviting.

Heirloom Update. A dressy, discontinued pattern, "Blue Ridge" gets that country feeling with a clover-patterned plate, clean-lined flatware, quilted place mat.



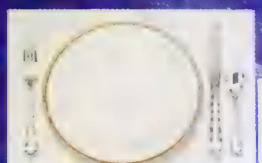


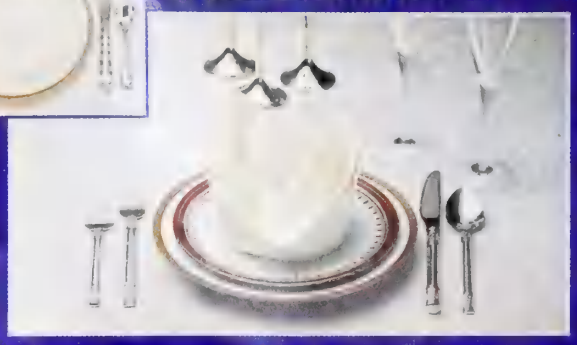
Exotic Refresher: Pristine "Domino" dinner plate turns glamorous with iris-emblazoned salad plate and rosewood-handled utensils tucked in a folded napkin.



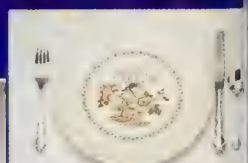


Formal Fantasy. Give new life to antique Limoge china. A second plate with gold/maroon edge echoes the original band but adds warmth and color.





Touch of Class. Old-fashioned "Grantham" earthenware salad plate was spruced up by an underliner of a similar but more modern geometric look.

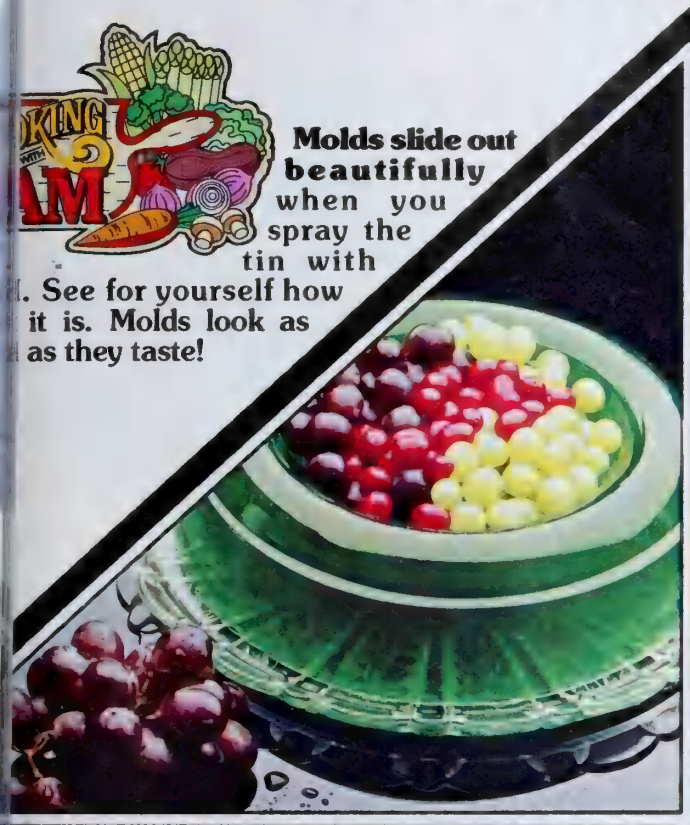




See page 170 for shopping information.

Make holiday cooking easier. Start with PAM.

Molds slide out beautifully when you spray the tin with PAM. See for yourself how it is. Molds look as good as they taste!



Mincemeat serves easy as pie... just start with PAM! Crust sticks to the filling, never the tin.

Here's another tip! Spray PAM on the server, too. Slices slide off without falling apart!



Poultry turns slip right out when you spray it with PAM! No dragging or tearing. And don't forget the roaster pan and rack. The food won't stick... and dried-on drippings practically plunge away!



Even gooey yams won't stick! (Try our delicious recipe and see.) With PAM in the casserole, you won't be stuck with messy cleanup either. Caked-on food just wipes away. No soaking, no scouring!



HOLIDAY YAM BAKE

1 can (40 oz.) yams, drained
1 can (8½ oz.) crushed pineapple and juice
2 Tbsp. light brown sugar
2 Tbsp. butter or margarine, melted
3 Tbsp. chopped pecans
¾ cup miniature marshmallows
PAM cooking spray

Drain yams. Mash well. Drain pineapple. Reserve juice. Add juice to yams, sugar and butter. Beat well. Stir in pineapple and pecans. Coat inside of 1½ qt. casserole with PAM. Spoon in mixture. Bake 20 min. at 350° Sprinkle with marshmallows. Bake 10 min. longer. (Serves 8)



Start with PAM.
Every recipe turns out right!

Centerpieces in the Party Mood

Go beyond the expected—capture your party's spirit by creating a special tabletop setting.

As a switch from a pretty but ho-hum arrangement of carnations or daisies, it's fun to top a table with something out of the ordinary. Explore a party store, shop the supermarket or search your shelves for materials, then let your imagination take over. *Right:* Mexican Fireworks. For a burst of color, criss-cross a paper cloth with bright ribbons. Coordinate stackable plastic plates and glasses with flatware, napkins tucked in paper bags. Set out squat candles to cast a cheery glow.

Photographs by Robert Grant. Mexican table by Ruth Katz; bean baskets, silk flowers by Diane Love; fruit, cacti arrangement by Marshall & Company. Shopping information page 170.



Nature's Bounty. Bring a bit of the outdoors in. Fill co basket (simply nail, glue) with fruit, wildflowers.



Bean Baskets. Buy natural foods (beans, dried fruits, nuts); display in baskets with country-plaid napkins.



Silken Touch. Set out a trio of delicate silk flowers in napkin-wrapped soda bottles, tie with skinny ribbons.



Growing Greens. Group small cacti, jades in shallow clay pot; pack with moss; tuck candles at edges.



"Lite Syrup? You're kidding. It's thicker than our syrup!"



Aunt Jemima® Lite Syrup.

1/3 less calories, high calorie taste.

Aunt Jemima® Lite Syrup. It's even thicker than the leading syrup. With all the rich flavor your family wants, but one-third less calories! And no artificial sweeteners. Try Aunt Jemima Lite Syrup. With the high calorie taste.

STORE COUPON

M02 4286



Save 15¢ on Aunt Jemima® Lite Syrup. **15¢**

RETAILER: As our agent you may accept this coupon from retail customers only when redeemed on the specified product(s). Quaker will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 7¢ for handling. Any other use may constitute fraud. Adequate proof of purchase must be submitted upon request. Customer pays any tax. This coupon is void if transferred, assigned, reproduced, taxed, licensed, restricted, or wherever prohibited by law. Offer good only in U.S.A. and military commissaries and exchanges. Cash value .001¢. Only retailers and Quaker authorized clearing houses send to The Quaker Oats Company, P.O. Box 4106, Oak Park, IL 60303. *TERMS OF OFFER:* Redeemable only on the purchase of specified product(s). Any other use may void all coupons submitted for redemption and such coupons may be confiscated. Limit one coupon per transaction.

COUPON EXPIRES July 31, 1982

No artificial sweeteners

4286 M02

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COME FOR DINNER

continued from page 97

FOOD CHECKLIST

1 dozen large eggs
1 pint heavy cream
½ pint sour cream
1 pound selected cheeses (we used Camembert and Montrachet)
1 orange
1 lime
3 lemons
5 carrots
4 zucchini
4 shallots
3 bunches watercress
2 bunches parsley
3 pounds cranberries
8 fresh pears
1 box dark seedless raisins
1 can (16 oz.) whole tomatoes
7 cups chicken broth
¾ pound shelled pecans
Dark corn syrup
1 vanilla bean
1 package (8 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate
1 bottle golden rum
Wine
1 pound sole fillets
½ pound fresh or frozen salmon
2 Cornish hens (about 1 lb. each)

Staples to have on hand:

1 pound butter
All-purpose flour
Cornstarch
Sugar
Salt
Pepper
Onions
Garlic
Coffee
Ground white pepper
Tarragon leaves
Thyme
Cinnamon sticks
Ground nutmeg
Bottled hot red pepper sauce
2 cups long-grain rice

SCHEDULE FOR DINNER PARTY

From one week to one month before:

1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory supplies.
3. Purchase staples, wine and liquor, plus all ingredients for Cranberry Relish and cake.
4. Make cake (do not glaze) and freeze.
5. Make Cranberry Relish; refrigerate.
6. Order Cornish hens, sole and salmon.

One day before:

1. Purchase remaining perishable ingredients.
2. Prepare pâté and sauce; cover and refrigerate each separately.
3. Thaw hens (if frozen) overnight in refrigerator.
4. Set table.
5. Prepare rice pilaf, but don't add pecans and parsley. Cover and refrigerate.
6. Remove cake from freezer; thaw at room temperature.

Morning of party:

1. Glaze cake; cover and set aside.
2. Prepare hens but don't roast; cover and refrigerate.
3. Julienne carrots and zucchini; blanch and set aside.
4. Chill plates for pâté.

Thirty minutes before guests arrive:

1. Unmold pâté; slice and arrange on dishes with sauce. Refrigerate.
2. Remove cheese from refrigerator; arrange with pears on serving platter (leave covered until serving time).
3. Prepare hens and sauce.
4. Spoon Cranberry Relish into serving dish.

Just before serving:

1. Reheat pilaf.
2. Finish cooking vegetables.

All pictured on pages 96–97

RAINBOW FISH PÂTÉ

Water
6 cups watercress leaves (about 3 bunches)
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 tablespoons chopped shallots
1 pound fresh or frozen sole fillets, cut into 1-inch chunks
1½ cups heavy or whipping cream
2 eggs
Salt
Ground white pepper
Pinch ground nutmeg
½ pound fresh or frozen salmon, skinned and boned
3 tablespoons lemon juice

If fish is frozen, thaw overnight in refrigerator.

Oil an 8½x4½x2½-inch loaf pan; set aside. Bring 2 quarts water to a boil. Add watercress. Boil 1 minute; drain in colander and run under cold water to stop cooking. Press out excess water.

In skillet melt butter or margarine. Add shallots; sauté until translucent. Place sole in food processor or blender with half the shallots. Process or blend until smooth. Add 1 cup cream, 1 egg, ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon white pepper and nutmeg. Blend or process until well combined.

Preheat oven to 400°F. Remove 2 cups of sole mixture and spread evenly in loaf pan. Add watercress to remaining sole and blend or process until watercress is puréed. Spread watercress mixture over sole layer in loaf pan. Clean processor or blender.

In processor or blender combine salmon and remaining shallots. Process or blend until smooth. Add remaining ½ cup cream, egg, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch white pepper and lemon juice. Process or blend until well combined. Spread evenly over watercress layer. Bake 25 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cool on wire rack about 30 minutes, then refrigerate until chilled. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)*

To serve, run knife around inside of pan and invert onto platter. Slice pâté ½ inch to ¾ inch thick. Serve with Pink Sauce (recipe follows). Makes 8 to 10 servings, about 310 calories per 8, 245 calories per 10, without sauce.

PINK SAUCE

1 can (16 oz.) whole tomatoes, drained and seeded
1 cup sour cream
¼ cup fresh parsley leaves
1 teaspoon dried tarragon
2 dashes hot red pepper sauce
½ teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Place all ingredients in food processor or blender; process or blend until smooth. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)* Makes about 1¾ cups, about 20 calories per tablespoon.

RUM-GLAZED CORNISH HENS

½ cup butter or margarine, softened
4 garlic cloves, crushed
1 teaspoon thyme
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 Cornish hens (1 lb. each), thawed if frozen
2 teaspoons salt
Glaze
½ cup dark corn syrup
¼ cup golden rum
Sauce
3 cups chicken broth
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons golden rum
1 tablespoon lemon juice

In small bowl combine butter or margarine, garlic, thyme and pepper. Rinse hens under cold running water; drain and pat dry with paper towels. Remove tails. Sprinkle inside of each hen with ¼ teaspoon salt. Separate skin from breast meat by pulling apart connective tissue. Put 1 teaspoon butter mixture under skin of each hen; replace skin. Rub hens inside and out with remaining butter mixture.

Fold wings behind backs and tie legs together with string. Place hens breast side down in large roasting pan. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 6 hours. Remove from refrigerator 1 hour before roasting.)*

Preheat oven to 425° F. Combine glaze ingredients; set aside. Roast hens 15 minutes. Turn hens breast side up and roast 35 to 45 minutes more, brushing hens with glaze several times during last 20 minutes of roasting. Transfer to serving platter and keep warm.

Sauce: While hens are roasting, simmer chicken broth in saucepan about 20 minutes or until reduced to 2 cups; set aside. In small bowl combine cornstarch, water and rum. Blend until smooth; stir into broth. Scrape brown bits from roasting pan; add to broth. Cook and stir until mixture comes to a boil. Simmer 1 minute longer. Remove from heat and stir in lemon juice. Makes about 2 cups sauce; serve with hens. Makes 8 servings, about 480 calories each with 2 tablespoons sauce.

PECAN PILAF

8 tablespoons butter or margarine, divided
1 cup chopped pecans
½ cup chopped onion
2 cups long-grain rice
4 cups chicken broth, heated
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon thyme
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

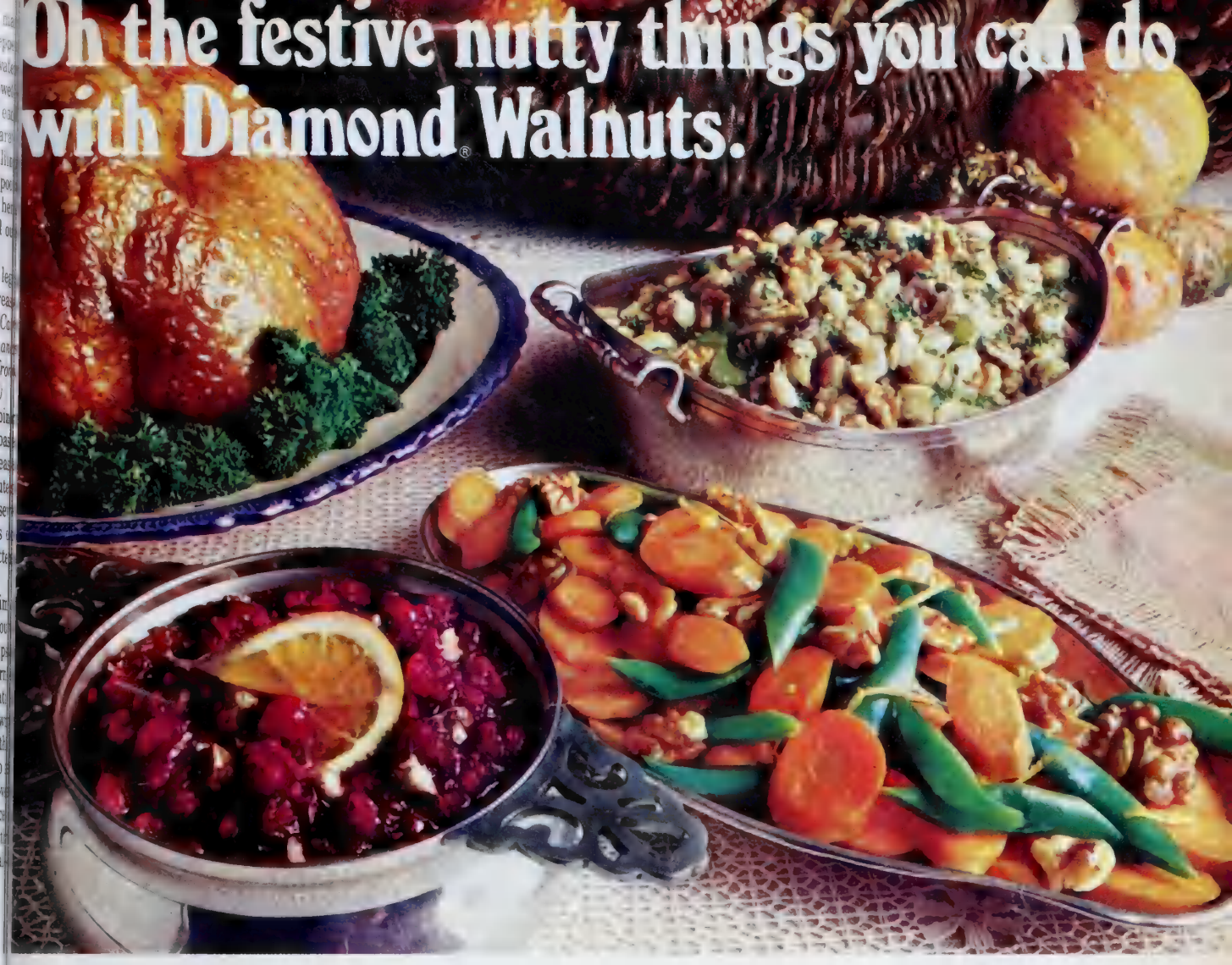
In large skillet melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add pecans and sauté 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove pecans; cover and set aside. In same skillet melt remaining butter or margarine. Add onion and sauté until tender. Add rice and stir to thoroughly coat grains. Add chicken broth, salt, thyme and pepper. Cover and simmer 18 to 20 minutes until rice is tender and all liquid is absorbed. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours. To heat, add ¾ cup water to cooked rice in skillet. Cover and heat 5 to 8 minutes until hot.)* Remove from heat, stir in nuts and parsley. Makes 8 servings, about 250 calories per ½ cup.

CARROT/ZUCCHINI JULIENNE

5 medium carrots, peeled
4 medium zucchini, scrubbed
1½ teaspoons salt

(continued)

Oh the festive nutty things you can do with Diamond® Walnuts.



Prepare this feast and your family will gobble it up.

Buttery Walnut Stuffing

2 quarts coarse day-old bread crumbs
1 cup butter or margarine
2 cups sliced celery
1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
1 cup coarsely chopped onion
2 teaspoons thyme, crumbled
½ teaspoon sage
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup giblet broth*
1 cup coarsely chopped Diamond Walnuts
¼ cup chopped parsley

Turn crumbs into large baking pan and toast lightly in oven at 350° F. for about 20 min., stirring once or twice. Melt butter in large skillet; add celery, mushrooms and onion. Saute lightly, stirring frequently. Stir in herbs, salt, pepper and broth. Pour over bread crumbs, tossing to moisten evenly. Stir in walnuts and parsley. Stuff into body cavity of turkey, or turn into baking dish and cover. To bake separately, bake for about 30 min. at 350° F. Uncover; bake 10 to 15 min. longer until top is lightly toasted. Makes about 2½ qts. stuffing, enough for 12-lb. turkey.

*Or, 1 chicken bouillon cube dissolved in ½ cup hot water.

Walnut Cranberry Relish

½ cup Diamond Walnuts
1 package (1 pound) fresh cranberries
2 medium oranges
1½ cups granulated sugar

Drop walnuts into rapidly boiling water; boil 3 min. Drain well and spread on flat baking pan. Bake at 350° F. for about 10 min. until crisp and very lightly browned.

Cool and chop. Rinse cranberries and oranges. Cut oranges into small wedges; remove any seeds. Grind, using fine blade (or process in food processor until finely ground). Grind cranberries, using coarse blade (or process, turning on and off, until coarsely chopped). Combine cranberries, oranges and sugar, mixing well. Chill until serving time. Stir in walnuts just before serving. Makes about 1 qt.



Walnut Vegetable Medley

¾ pound green beans
1½ pounds carrots
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ teaspoon grated lemon peel
½ cup Diamond Walnuts
¼ teaspoon seasoned salt

Cut beans into 1½-in. lengths. Pare and slice carrots. Cook vegetables separately in salted water just until tender-crisp, about 10 min. Meanwhile, melt butter with lemon peel in small skillet. Add walnuts and toast lightly over moderately low heat, stirring constantly. Drain vegetables and combine with walnut-butter mixture and seasoned salt. Turn into serving dish. Makes about 8 servings.

Oh the lovely nutty things you can do with Diamond Walnuts.



Turn plain cream pie into higher, lighter, creamy Dream Pie. So easy and m-m-m... so delicious!

On the left, a plain chocolate cream pie. On the right, a luscious Chocolate Dream Pie. It's made with Dream Whip® Whipped Topping Mix, extra Jell-O® Brand Instant Pudding, and milk. Look at the creamy light difference!

Dream Pie is easy to make because there's nothing to cook, and you make the pie all in one bowl.

Dream Pies look great, taste great, and hold their shape beautifully. You'll want to turn your plain cream pies into higher, lighter, creamy Dream Pies.

GF GENERAL FOODS

COME FOR DINNER
continued

6 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Cut carrots and zucchini into strips about 3 inches long and ⅛ inch wide. Bring 2 quarts of water to a boil; add 1 teaspoon salt. Place zucchini in strainer or colander. Immerse in boiling water and cook 2 minutes. Remove and rinse under cold running water to stop cooking. Drain and turn out onto towel to absorb excess moisture; set aside. Repeat with carrots but cook 3 minutes. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover vegetables and let stand at room temperature up to 6 hours.)*

In skillet heat butter or margarine. Stir in vegetables, remaining ½ teaspoon salt, lemon juice, sugar, pepper and nutmeg; heat through. Makes 8 servings, about 100 calories each.

CRANBERRY RELISH

1 pound fresh or frozen cranberries
1 seedless orange, finely chopped (include peel)
1¼ cups firmly packed light brown sugar
½ cup seedless raisins
1 teaspoon grated fresh ginger
1 3-inch cinnamon stick
Dash salt
1 cup water

In medium saucepan combine all ingredients. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer uncovered 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool. Spoon into jars with tightly fitting lids. *(Can be made ahead. Store up to 1 month in refrigerator.)* Makes about 4 cups, about 25 calories per tablespoon.

DELTA QUEEN CAKE

Cake
4 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
2 tablespoons brewed coffee
3 eggs, separated
¼ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup plus 1 tablespoon sugar
½ cup butter, softened
⅓ cup finely ground pecans
¾ cup all-purpose flour
Chocolate Glaze
4 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
1 tablespoon brewed coffee
¼ cup heavy or whipping cream
1 tablespoon finely ground pecans, for garnish

Cake: Preheat oven to 350°F. Lightly grease one 8-inch round cake pan. Line bottom with wax paper; grease paper and set aside.

In small saucepan, over low heat, melt chocolate with coffee, stirring constantly until smooth. Remove from heat and set aside. In small mixer bowl beat egg whites with salt at high speed until they hold soft peaks. Add 1 tablespoon sugar and continue beating until stiff; set aside..

In large mixer bowl cream butter and ⅔ cup sugar at medium speed until light and fluffy. Beat in egg yolks until well blended. Add melted chocolate and ground pecans to creamed mixture and stir only until well combined. Fold ¼ of the egg whites into chocolate. Then fold in about ⅓ more of remaining egg whites. When partially blended, sprinkle on ¼ cup of flour. Continue folding, adding flour and egg whites alternately, until all are used. Pour batter into prepared pan and bake on middle shelf of oven 25 minutes. Test outer 2 to 2½ inches of cake with toothpick. It should be dry; center should remain moist. Cool on wire rack 15 minutes. Invert and continue cooling on rack. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Wrap well and freeze up to 1 month. Thaw wrapped at room temperature up to 2 hours.)*

Chocolate Glaze: Combine chocolate, coffee and cream in small saucepan over low heat. Stir until chocolate is melted and smooth. Place cake on wire rack with a piece of wax paper under rack. Pour glaze over top, spreading onto sides with spatula. Let excess run off onto wax paper. Sprinkle with pecans. Makes 10 servings, about 345 calories per serving. **End**



Chocolate Dream Pie...as simple as a, b, c.

- 2 envelopes DREAM WHIP® Whipped Topping Mix
- 2¾ cups cold milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 packages (4-serving size) JELL-O® Brand Chocolate Flavor Instant Pudding and Pie Filling (or any other flavor)
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell, cooled

a. Prepare whipped topping mix with 1 cup of the milk and the vanilla as directed on package, using large mixer bowl.

b. Add remaining 1¾ cups milk and pie filling mix. Blend; then beat at high speed for 2 minutes, scraping bowl occasionally.

c. Spoon into pie shell. Chill at least 4 hours. Garnish as desired.

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JOIN US FOR COCKTAILS

continued from page 103

FOOD CHECKLIST

- top round steaks (about 1½ lbs. each)
- frozen smoked turkey breasts (3 lbs. each)
- pounds chicken livers
- pound ground beef
- pound mushrooms
- medium onions
- Cherry tomatoes
- Watercress
- Parsley
- Fresh dill
- Fresh vegetables: carrots, radishes, broccoli, cauliflower, green onions, zucchini
- small tart apple
- orange
- Cranberries
- 3 containers (8 oz. each) sour cream
- ½ pint heavy or whipping cream
- 1 container (15 oz.) ricotta cheese
- 1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
- Selection of cheeses for Cheese Board
- 2 jars (4 oz. each) prepared horseradish
- Lemon juice
- 1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes
- 1 can (15½ oz.) red salmon
- Dijon mustard
- Soy sauce
- 3 cups whole shelled almonds
- Blanched slivered almonds
- 1 package (13¾ oz.) hot roll mix
- About 4 dozen soft party rolls
- Thinly sliced firm pumpernickel bread
- French bread
- Assorted crackers for cheese, mousse, pâté
- 1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach
- Cocktail garnishes and mixes
- Brandy, dry sherry
- Wine and liquor for bar

Staples to have on hand:

- Butter or margarine
- Eggs, milk
- Parmesan cheese
- Mayonnaise
- Salad oil
- Beef broth
- Worcestershire sauce
- Unflavored gelatin
- Light corn syrup
- Sugar
- Raisins
- Garlic, basil
- Salt, pepper
- Curry powder
- Dill weed
- Cinnamon, cloves

SCHEDULE FOR COCKTAIL PARTY

From one week to one month before:
1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory supplies.
3. Purchase staples plus all ingredients for Chicken Liver Pâté and Mideastern Meat Pastries. Prepare both; wrap well and freeze.
4. Inventory bar; buy needed cocktail garnishes and fixings, wine and liquor.

Three days before:
1. Purchase remaining ingredients.
2. Prepare almonds. Store in airtight container at room temperature.
3. Prepare salmon spread. Cover and refrigerate.

Two days before:
1. Prepare Pesto Dip and Sweet and Sour Mustard. Cover and refrigerate.
2. Thaw turkey breasts in refrigerator in original wrapping.

One day before:
1. Prepare Mushroom Mousse and Horseradish Sauce. Cover and refrigerate.
2. Marinate round steaks.
3. Prepare vegetables for Crudités—store separately in plastic bags; refrigerate.
4. Finish making Salmon Canapés; cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate.
5. Thaw liver pâté in refrigerator.

Morning of party:
1. Purchase cheese and ice cubes.
2. Set up bar.

Afternoon of party:
1. Slice turkey and arrange on platter. Cover and refrigerate.
2. Set out almonds.
3. Garnish Chicken Liver Pâté. Refrigerate until serving time.

Two hours before guests arrive:
1. Broil meat; slice thinly and arrange on platter. Loosely cover and leave at room temperature.
2. Thaw Mideastern Meat Pastries on cookie sheets.
3. Arrange Crudités and dip. Cover; refrigerate.
4. Set out cheese on boards or trays; cover.

Just before guests arrive:
1. Heat Mideastern Meat Pastries.
2. Put ice in buckets.
3. Unmold mousse; garnish.
4. Set out remaining hors d'oeuvres, crackers and party rolls.

All pictured on pages 102–103

CHICKEN LIVER PÂTÉ

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 2 pounds chicken livers
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 1 small tart apple, pared and grated
- 2 teaspoons curry powder
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons brandy

Garnish
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- Parsley

Crackers

In large skillet melt ½ cup butter or margarine. Add livers, onions, apple, curry powder, salt and pepper. Cook about 10 minutes until livers are brown and onions are soft. Spoon mixture into food processor or blender container and process until smooth. Cut remaining butter or margarine into 4 pieces. Add with brandy to livers; process until smooth. Spoon into 4½-cup mold or tureen. Cover and chill. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Wrap well and freeze up to 1 month. Thaw in refrigerator about 24 hours.)* Garnish; serve with crackers. Makes 4½ cups, 45 calories per tablespoon. *(continued)*



JOIN US FOR COCKTAILS
continued

PESTO DIP WITH CRUDITÉS

1 container (15 oz.) ricotta cheese
⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach, thawed and well drained
⅓ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon dried basil
1¼ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
1 garlic clove, crushed
Crudités: carrot sticks, radishes, broccoli, cauliflower, celery

In food processor or blender combine all ingredients except crudités. Process until smooth. Cover and chill at least 1 hour before serving with crudités. *(Can be made ahead. Cover and refrigerate up to 48 hours.)* Makes 3 cups dip, 25 calories per tablespoon.

MUSHROOM MOUSSE

¼ cup butter or margarine
1 pound mushrooms, coarsely chopped
1 medium onion, chopped
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
½ cup beef broth
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
2 egg yolks
2 teaspoons dry sherry
½ cup heavy or whipping cream
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Fluted mushrooms and parsley, for garnish (optional)

In large skillet melt butter or margarine. Add mushrooms, onion and lemon juice; cook over medium heat until tender, about 15 minutes. Sprinkle gelatin over broth in small saucepan. Let stand 5 minutes. Cook over low heat until gelatin is completely dissolved. Cool to lukewarm.

In food processor or blender combine cooked mushrooms, cooled broth, cream cheese, egg yolks and sherry. Process until smooth. Stir in cream, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Spoon into 1-quart ring mold. Cover and chill at least 5 hours. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Refrigerate up to 24 hours.)* Unmold and serve with crackers. Garnish if desired. Makes about 64 appetizer servings, about 25 calories per tablespoon.

MIDEASTERN MEAT PASTRIES

1 medium onion, chopped
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 pound ground beef
1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes, drained and chopped
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup blanched slivered almonds
¼ cup seedless raisins, chopped
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 package (13¾ oz.) hot roll mix

In saucepan sauté onion in oil over medium heat until translucent. Remove from heat. Add *(continued)*



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continued

remaining ingredients except mix; mix well and set aside.

Preheat oven to 400°F. Cover 2 cookie sheets with foil; set aside. Prepare roll mix according to package directions but do not let dough rise. Divide dough in half. On foil-lined sheet, roll each half ⅛ inch thick. If dough is sticky, sprinkle lightly with flour. With floured cookie cutter or drinking glass rim, cut out 3½-inch rounds. Top each round with about 1 tablespoon meat mixture, spreading to within ¼ inch of edge. Bake 12 to 14 minutes until meat is browned and crust is golden. Remove from foil; cool on wire rack. Repeat with remaining dough, scraps and filling. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Wrap tightly and freeze up to 1 month. Thaw at room temperature 45 minutes on cookie sheet. Reheat in single layer on sheet in preheated 400°F. oven 5 minutes.)* Serve hot or at room temperature. Makes about 2½ dozen, about 110 calories each.

SMOKED TURKEY BREAST WITH SWEET AND SOUR MUSTARD

2 whole frozen smoked turkey breasts (about 3 lb. each), thawed
Watercress and cranberries for garnish
Party rolls
Sweet and Sour Mustard
1 cup (8 oz. jar) Dijon mustard
¾ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup sugar

Cut turkey breasts across grain into thin slices; arrange on platter. Garnish with watercress and cranberries. Serve with rolls and Sweet and Sour Mustard. Makes 25 3½-ounce servings, about 175 calories each without rolls or mustard.

Sweet and Sour Mustard: Combine all ingredients; stir well. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 5 days.)* Makes 1⅔ cups, about 65 calories per tablespoon.

COCKTAIL LONDON BROIL

3 top round steaks (about 1½ lbs. each)
¾ cup soy sauce
⅓ cup salad oil
6 garlic cloves, crushed
Parsley and cherry tomatoes for garnish (optional)
Party rolls or sliced French bread
Horseradish Sauce
1 pint sour cream
2 jars (4 oz. each) prepared horseradish
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Arrange steaks in single layer in shallow baking dish (or dishes). Combine soy sauce, oil and garlic; pour over steaks. Turn steaks, cover and marinate at least 1 hour. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours, turning steaks occasionally.)*

Preheat broiler. Drain steaks. Broil about 3 inches from source of heat about 5 minutes on each side for medium-rare (slightly soft to the touch). Cut on diagonal into thin slices. Garnish with parsley and cherry tomatoes if desired. Serve with party rolls or French bread and Horseradish Sauce. Makes 25 3-ounce servings, about 185 calories each without bread or Horseradish Sauce.

Horseradish Sauce: Combine all ingredients. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 48 hours.)* Makes 2½ cups, about 25 calories per tablespoon.

SALMON CANAPÉS

Spread
1 can (15½ oz.) red sockeye salmon, drained
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup sour cream
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon chopped fresh dill or 1½ teaspoons dried dill weed
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons softened butter
1 loaf thinly sliced firm pumpernickel bread
Topping
¼ cup sour cream
1½ teaspoons finely chopped onion
Fresh dill or parsley for garnish

Spread: In medium bowl flake salmon and sprinkle with lemon juice; set aside 15 minutes. Stir in remaining spread ingredients and chill. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 48 hours.)*

Lightly butter bread and spread each slice with 1½ to 2 tablespoons salmon mixture; cut into quarters. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)*

To serve: Combine topping ingredients. Spoon ¼ teaspoon topping on each canapé and add a sprig of dill or parsley. Makes about 3½ dozen canapés, about 50 calories each.

SUGAR 'N' SPICE ALMONDS

⅓ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 egg white
1 tablespoon dry or cream sherry
3 cups whole almonds
1 tablespoon grated orange peel

Preheat oven to 300°F. In small bowl combine sugar, cinnamon and cloves; set aside. In large bowl beat egg white and sherry just until frothy and opaque. Add almonds. Toss to coat evenly. Add sugar mixture and peel. Toss to coat evenly. Arrange on greased baking sheet in single layer. Bake 15 minutes. Stir gently. Arrange again in single layer. Bake 15 minutes longer. Turn off oven and leave in oven 20 minutes. Remove from oven. Cool completely. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Store in airtight container up to 2 weeks.)* Makes 3 cups, about 25 calories per tablespoon. **End**

WE'RE SERVING BUFFET
continued from page 99

FOOD CHECKLIST

1½ pounds dried pinto beans
32 flour tortillas
32 corn tortillas
2 cans (28 oz. and 16 oz.) tomatoes
Kosher salt
Grapefruit juice
Club soda
Dry white wine
1 jar (9 oz.) pimiento-stuffed olives
5 cans (4 oz.) green chilies
1 can jalapeño peppers
2 cans (13 oz. each) tomatillos
3 bags tortilla chips
4 pints sour cream
1 pint half-and-half cream
½ pound butter or margarine
1¼ pounds Monterey jack cheese
1 6-pound pork roast
1 pound ground beef
6 tomatoes
2 heads iceberg lettuce
3 bunches green onions
13 large seedless oranges
6 limes
2 avocados
2 lemons
4 small zucchini
1 pound carrots
1 head cauliflower
Rum, brandy
Tequila
Orange-flavored liqueur
Beer

Staples to have on hand:

Eggs
All-purpose flour
Cornstarch
Sugar
Salad oil
Vegetable shortening
White wine vinegar
Bottled hot red pepper sauce
Salt, pepper
Ground red pepper
Oregano
Ground cumin
Ground coriander
Chili powder
Chicken broth
Onions, garlic
Coffee
Milk or cream for coffee

SCHEDULE FOR TEX-MEX BUFFET

From one month to one week before:
1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory supplies and purchase staples including beer, wine and liquor.
3. Purchase ingredients for Empanaditas. Prepare, wrap well and freeze.

Two days before:
1. Purchase perishable ingredients.
2. Prepare Chalupa. Cover and refrigerate.
3. Make green sauce for enchiladas.

Day before:
1. Prepare Marinated Vegetables.
2. Prepare Margaritas. Cover and refrigerate in serving pitcher.
3. Prepare Caramel Oranges and Rum Custard Sauce. Cover and refrigerate in serving dishes.
4. Make Salsa. Cover and refrigerate.
5. Prepare fruits for Sangria mixture. Cover and refrigerate.

Morning of party:
1. Prepare Chalupa accompaniments. Arrange in serving bowls. Cover and refrigerate.
2. Prepare Green Enchiladas. Cover; refrigerate.
3. Chill wine and beer.
4. Thaw Empanaditas.

Afternoon of party:
1. Prepare Guacamole. Cover surface with plastic wrap; refrigerate.
2. Salt rims of margarita glasses.

One hour before cocktails:
1. Heat Empanaditas.
2. Arrange Marinated Vegetables in serving bowl.
3. Arrange corn chips for Guacamole.
4. Place Chalupa in oven.
5. Remove Green Enchiladas from refrigerator. Let stand at room temperature.

Ten minutes before cocktails:
1. Place Sangria mixture in serving pitcher. Add wine, club soda and ice.
2. Set out Guacamole and other hors d'oeuvres.

Thirty minutes before dinner:
Place enchiladas in preheated oven. (Remove Chalupa to stove top and place over low heat if there is not enough room in oven for both.)

Ten minutes before dinner:
Arrange Chalupa and accompaniments, enchiladas and dessert on buffet table.

(continued on page 122)



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spend the holidays

MPROMPTU DIP

5-oz. jars OLD ENGLISH Sharp Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread
cup dairy sour cream
cup chopped green onion

ombine process eese spread and sour eam; mix well. Stir in ion. Chill. Serve with ackers, chips or getable dippers. ½ cups

riation: Substitute RAFT Pasteurized ocess Cheese Spread th Bacon for OLD NGLISH.

HOT CHILI DIP

1 16-oz. can chili with beans
1 5-oz. jar OLD ENGLISH Sharp Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread
Corn chips

Combine chili and process cheese spread; heat over low heat until process cheese spread is melted. Serve warm with chips. 2 cups

Variation: Substitute KRAFT Pasteurized Cheese Spread with Bacon for OLD ENGLISH.

OLIDAY HEESE BALL

3-oz. pkg. PHILADELPHIA BRAND Cream Cheese
5-oz. jar KRAFT Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread with Bacon
5-oz. jar KRAFT Pasteurized Neufchatel Cheese Spread with Pimento
cup crushed canned French fried onions

ombine softened cream cheese and cheese spreads, ixing until well blended. Stir in ½ cup onions; chill. ape into ball; roll in remaining onions. Serve with crackers.

riation: Substitute OLD ENGLISH Sharp steurized Process Spread and KRAFT Pasteurized eufchatel Cheese Spread with Olives and mento for Bacon and Pimento.

APPETIZER CUT-OUTS

Cut bread slices with assorted cookie cutters. Spread with cheese spreads and garnish.

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WE'RE SERVING BUFFET

continued from page 118

All pictured on pages 98–99

EMPANADITAS

Pastry
- 4½ cups all-purpose flour
- 2¼ teaspoons ground cumin
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup vegetable shortening
- ½ to ¾ cup cold water

Filling
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- 1 cup finely chopped onions
- 1 garlic clove, crushed
- 1 pound ground beef
- 1½ tablespoons chili powder
- 1 teaspoon ground cumin
- ⅛ teaspoon ground red pepper
- 1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes, drained and chopped
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg beaten with 1 teaspoon water, for glaze

Pastry: In large bowl combine flour, cumin and salt. Using pastry blender or 2 knives scissor-fashion, cut in butter or margarine and shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle with water; stir with fork until pastry is just moist enough to hold together. Shape into a log. Divide into thirds and wrap separately. Chill at least 30 minutes or up to 48 hours.

Filling: Heat oil in large skillet. Add onions and garlic. Cook over medium heat until translucent. Add ground beef, chili, cumin and red pepper; cook until beef loses pink color. Add chopped tomatoes and salt and simmer 30 minutes. Cool. *(Can be made ahead to this point; cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)*

On lightly floured surface roll one piece of pastry ⅛ inch thick. Cut out circles, using 4-inch round cookie cutter. Place 1 tablespoon filling on one half of each circle. Moisten edge of circle with water and fold pastry in half. Seal edges together and press with tines of fork. Brush with beaten egg. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet. Prick centers with fork to allow steam to escape. Preheat oven to 425°F. Bake 15 to 18 minutes. Continue with remaining dough and filling until all are used. Cool on wire racks. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Wrap well. Freeze up to 1 month. Thaw at room temperature about 2 hours. To reheat, place on cookie sheet in single layer in preheated 350°F. oven 5 minutes until heated through.)* Serve warm. Makes about 4 dozen, about 90 calories each.

MARINATED VEGETABLES

Marinade
- 1 cup white wine vinegar
- ½ cup water
- ½ cup salad oil
- 1 tablespoon minced, seeded, canned jalapeño pepper
- 3 garlic cloves, crushed
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 large head cauliflower, broken into small flowerets
- 1 pound carrots, peeled and cut into thin sticks
- 4 small (about 1 lb.) zucchini, cut into ½-inch slices
- 1 jar (9 oz.) pimiento-stuffed green olives, drained

In large bowl combine marinade ingredients. Add vegetables and toss well. Cover and refrigerate at least 12 hours, stirring two or three times. Or transfer to sturdy plastic bag, secure tightly and turn several times. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Refrigerate up to 48 hours.)*

To serve: Arrange vegetables in bowl or on platter. Makes about 4½ quarts, about 35 calories per ½ cup.

GUACAMOLE

- 2 ripe avocados, peeled
- ⅓ cup finely chopped onion
- ⅓ cup salsa (recipe on page 123)
- 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- Tortilla chips

In large bowl mash avocados with potato masher. Add next four ingredients and stir until blended. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover surface directly with plastic wrap; refrigerate up to 4 hours.)* Serve with chips. Makes about 2½ cups, about 20 calories per tablespoon.

MARGARITAS FOR A CROWD

1 lime wedge
½ cup coarse kosher salt
2 cups tequila
2½ cups grapefruit juice, fresh or reconstituted
1½ cups orange-flavored liqueur
½ cup fresh lime juice

Rub rims of 16 stemmed glasses with lime wedge. Dip into plate of coarse salt; set aside up to 6 to 8 hours. In large pitcher combine tequila, grapefruit juice, liqueur and lime juice. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)* Stir and pour into salt-rimmed glasses, over ice. Makes 16, about 160 calories each.

CHALUPA

1½ pounds dried pinto beans
12 cups water
1½ cups chopped onions
1 (5 to 6 lbs.) pork loin roast
⅓ cup chili powder
2 tablespoons minced, seeded, canned jalapeño peppers
1½ teaspoons ground cumin
2 to 3 cups chicken broth
1 tablespoon salt

Accompaniments
1 large head iceberg lettuce, shredded
1 pint sour cream
6 tomatoes, chopped
3 bunches green onions, chopped
Salsa (recipe below)
32 flour tortillas

Wash beans; discard any stones or shriveled beans. Combine water and beans in large Dutch oven. Cover and bring to a boil. Preheat oven to 325°F. Add remaining ingredients except chicken broth and salt to beans. Cover and bake 4 hours.

Remove from oven. Place pork on cutting board; remove bones and excess fat. Shred meat into bite-size pieces; return to Dutch oven. Add 2 cups chicken broth and salt. Return to oven and bake uncovered 30 minutes. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cool, cover and refrigerate up to 48 hours. To reheat, remove fat and bake covered in preheated 325°F. oven for 1 hour or until heated through. Or simmer covered over low heat, stirring occasionally.)* Chalupa should have a thick, stew-like consistency. If necessary, add additional chicken broth.

Serve with accompaniments, allowing guests to make their own combinations using a flour tortilla as the base. Makes 32 Chalupas, about 365 calories each with tortillas but without accompaniments.

SALSA

1 can (28 oz.) tomatoes, drained
3 green onions, cut into 1-inch pieces
1 can (4 oz.) green chilies, drained
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon ground red pepper

Combine all ingredients in food processor or blender; process or blend until chopped. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)* Makes 1¾ cups, about 8 calories per tablespoon.

GREEN ENCHILADAS

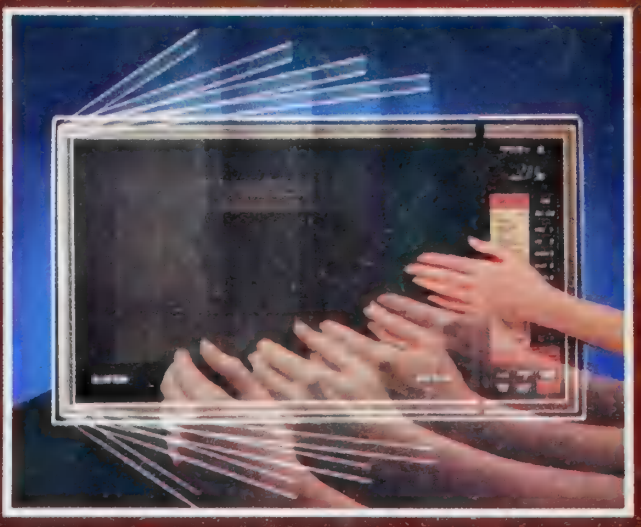
Green Sauce
2 cups chopped onions
2 garlic cloves, crushed
2 tablespoons salad oil
3½ cups chicken broth
¼ cup all-purpose flour
2 cans (13 oz. each) tomatillos (whole green Spanish tomatoes), drained
4 cans (4 oz. each) green chilies, drained
2 tablespoons minced, seeded, canned jalapeño pepper
½ teaspoon ground coriander
Salad oil for frying tortillas
32 corn tortillas
Filling
1¼ pounds Monterey jack cheese, shredded
4½ cups sour cream
1½ cups chopped green onions
1¾ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon bottled hot red pepper sauce

Green Sauce: In medium saucepan cook onions and garlic in oil until translucent, about 5 minutes.

Combine ¼ cup chicken broth with *(continued)*

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WE'RE SERVING BUFFET

continued

flour. Stir to a smooth paste; set aside. In blender or food processor combine onion mixture with remaining sauce ingredients. Purée. Return mixture to saucepan. Add flour paste, stirring until blended. Bring to a boil; simmer over low heat 20 minutes. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 48 hours. Reheat in medium saucepan 8 to 10 minutes.)*

Meanwhile, in small skillet heat ¼ cup salad oil over medium-high heat. Cook tortillas about 3 seconds on each side in hot oil to soften—do not let them get crisp. Drain on paper towels. Continue frying tortillas, adding oil as needed.

Grease two 13x9-inch baking dishes. In large bowl combine filling ingredients. Dip each tortilla into warm green sauce and place in baking dish. Place scant ¼ cup filling down center of tortilla. Roll up. Arrange seam side down in dish. Repeat with remaining tortillas and filling. Pour half the remaining sauce over each dish. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 8 hours.)* Bake 20 minutes in preheated 350°F. oven. Serve immediately. Makes 32 enchiladas, about 185 calories each.

BLOND SANGRIA

1 seedless orange, thinly sliced
1 lime, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup orange-flavored liqueur
⅓ cup brandy
1 bottle dry white wine (25.4 oz.), chilled
2 cups club soda, chilled

In bowl or pitcher combine orange, lime, sugar, liqueur and brandy. Cover and let stand several hours at room temperature. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)* Just before serving, pour in wine and club soda. Stir. Serve over ice. Makes 6 cups, 114 calories per ½ cup.

CARAMEL ORANGES WITH RUM CUSTARD SAUCE

Rum Custard Sauce
2 cups half-and-half cream
4 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ cup dark rum
12 large seedless oranges
1 cup sugar
1 cup water

Sauce: In medium saucepan heat cream until bubbles form around edge of pan. Meanwhile, in small mixer bowl beat egg yolks with sugar and cornstarch until light. Pour in heated cream and stir. Return mixture to saucepan and cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Boil 30 seconds, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; cool 5 minutes and add rum. Cover surface directly with plastic wrap to prevent skin from forming. Refrigerate until serving time. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Refrigerate up to 48 hours.)* Makes 3 cups sauce, about 50 calories per tablespoon.

Peel oranges, removing all white membrane. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 48 hours.)* Cut into ¼-inch thick slices. Layer half the oranges in serving bowl.

Meanwhile, place sugar and water in small, heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil over medium heat; continue cooking, without stirring, until sugar begins to turn a caramel color. Remove from heat and immediately pour about half the caramel over oranges in bowl. Keep sugar syrup warm. Layer remaining oranges in bowl; pour on remaining syrup. Cover and refrigerate several hours before serving. Serve with Rum Custard Sauce. Makes 16 servings, 155 calories each without sauce. **End**



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Walnut Stuffing



In-The-Bird Stuffing
Combine contents of Vegetable/Seasoning Packet from 1 package (6 oz.) STOVE TOP® Chicken Flavor Stuffing Mix, 1/4 cup butter or margarine, cut in pieces, and 1-1/2 cups hot water in a bowl; stir to partially melt butter. Add Stuffing Crumbs; stir to moisten. Makes 6 servings. Do not stuff bird until ready to roast. For 5-to-7-pound turkey, use recipe at left; for 8-to-12-pound turkey, double the recipe; for 13-to-20-pound turkey, triple the recipe. (Or, bake stuffing in 1-quart casserole, uncovered, at 400° for 25 minutes.)

Walnut Stuffing
Prepare In-The-Bird Stuffing as directed; add 1/2 cup chopped PLANTERS® Walnuts* with the Stuffing Crumbs.
(*Or use PLANTERS® Almonds or Pecans.)

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Because Fisher-Price knows when you get right down to the nuts and bolts, taking care of one's tools is very important.



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DROP IN FOR BRUNCH

continued from page 101

FOOD CHECKLIST

- pound Canadian bacon
- can (15 or 15½ oz.) corned beef hash
- can (12 oz.) corned beef
- can (28 oz.) tomatoes
- can (6 oz.) tomato paste
- tomato juice
- bottle white distilled vinegar
- dozen English muffins
- large green peppers
- bunches celery
- pound mushrooms
- bunch parsley
- 6 to 8 limes
- 4 lemons
- 1 orange
- Red and green seedless grapes
- ¼ pound Cheddar cheese
- 3 or 4 dozen eggs
- Milk
- Half-and-half cream
- 2 packages (6 oz. each) frozen king crab meat
- 1 package (10 oz.) frozen artichoke hearts
- Vodka
- Bourbon, brandy or rum
- Dry sherry

Staples to have on hand:

- flour
- shortening
- sugar
- salt, pepper
- fine dried bread crumbs
- bottled hot red pepper sauce
- Worcestershire sauce
- ground nutmeg
- vanilla extract
- ground cumin
- ground red pepper
- Sesame seed
- Whole cloves
- Cinnamon sticks
- 1 jar apricot preserves
- 1 package active dry yeast
- 1 box superfine sugar
- 1 pound coffee
- Garlic
- 1 bottle prepared horseradish
- 2 quarts milk
- 2½ pounds butter or margarine

SCHEDULE FOR BRUNCH

From one week to one month before:

1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory supplies.
3. Purchase ingredients for Cheese Wafers.
4. Make Cheese Wafers and freeze.

Three days before:

1. Purchase perishable ingredients.
2. Prepare Sauce Piperade; cover and refrigerate.

Two days before:

1. Prepare Crab Newburg; cover and refrigerate.
2. Make Savarin; cover tightly. Store at room temperature.

One day before:

1. Remove Cheese Wafers from freezer.
2. Poach eggs; cover and refrigerate.
3. Toast English muffins; cover.
4. Set up buffet table.
5. Prepare Corned Beef Hash Patties; cover and refrigerate.
6. Mix Bloody Marys and Milk Punch; cover and refrigerate.

One hour before guests arrive:

1. Set out Cheese Wafers and cocktail nibbles.
2. Set up coffee maker (brew later).
3. Chill punch bowl.

Thirty minutes before guests arrive:

1. Remove poached eggs from refrigerator; pour off water and set aside.
2. Garnish Savarin; place on buffet table.
3. Prepare Hollandaise Sauce; keep over hot water.

As guests arrive:

1. Pour Milk Punch into chilled bowl; sprinkle with nutmeg.
2. Fill ice bucket.
3. Pour Bloody Marys into pitcher.

Thirty minutes before serving:

1. Preheat oven to 350° F.; heat Canadian bacon, hash patties and English muffins in oven for 15 minutes; arrange on platters and place on buffet table.
2. Brew coffee.

Fifteen minutes before serving:

1. Reheat Crab Newburg and Sauce Piperade; place on buffet table.
2. Reheat poached eggs; arrange on platter and serve.

All pictured on pages 100–101

CHEESE WAFERS

½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup (4 oz.) shredded Cheddar cheese
1 cup all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon ground cumin
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon ground red pepper
1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon milk
Sesame seed

In large mixer bowl cream butter or margarine with cheese at high speed until very light, scraping sides occasionally. In small bowl combine flour, cumin, salt and red pepper; mix well. Stir flour into cheese mixture. Divide dough in half; form each into 6-inch roll. Wrap in wax paper. Refrigerate on flat surface at least 3 hours.

Preheat oven to 375° F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets; set aside. Combine egg yolk and milk; mix well and set aside. Cut rolls into crosswise slices ⅛ to ¼ inch thick. Place on sheets about ¾ inch apart. Brush with egg; sprinkle with sesame seed. Bake until golden, 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from sheets; cool on wire racks. (*Can be made ahead. Wrap well; freeze up to 1 month.*) Makes about 4½ dozen, about 35 calories each.

MILK PUNCH

3 cups milk
1 cup half-and-half cream
1 cup bourbon, brandy or rum
¼ cup superfine sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Nutmeg

(continued)



WHEN COMET® AND AJAX® FAIL...



Actual laboratory demonstration

slotted spoon and slip into ice water in a single lay When pan is full, prepare a second pan and repeat wi remaining eggs. Cover pans with plastic wrap or foil a refrigerate up to 24 hours.

Next morning, carefully pour off water from pans; cov and let stand at room temperature 1 to 2 hours.

Just before serving, pour enough boiling water into pa to cover eggs; sprinkle generously with salt. Cover wi foil and let stand 5 to 6 minutes. Using slotted spoo transfer to serving platter. Garnish with parsley. Mak 24, about 80 calories each. (Tip: To keep eggs hot, serve heat-proof platter set on electric warming tray.)

*To center yolks of eggs for poaching, dip room temper ture eggs (in shell) into boiling water for *exactly* 8 secon Immediately immerse in cold water. A long-handl strainer or wire basket makes dipping easy.

CANADIAN BACON

24 slices (about 1 lb.) Canadian bacon

Preheat oven to 350° F. Arrange bacon, overlapping slight in 13x9-inch baking pan. Cover tightly with foil and he in oven just until hot, 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 12 servin about 50 calories each.

CORNED BEEF HASH PATTIES

1 can (15 or 15½ oz.) corned beef hash
1 can (12 oz.) corned beef, crumbled
1 egg, beaten
3 tablespoons fine dried bread crumbs
2 tablespoons grated onion
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Preheat broiler. In large bowl combine all ingredients; m well. Shape into 12 patties; place on foil-lined broiler pa (Hint: Use level, #16 ice cream—¼ cup—scoop, then fla ten with pancake turner.) *(continued on page 17*

DROP IN FOR BRUNCH
continued

Combine all ingredients except nutmeg; stir well. Cover and chill thoroughly. (*Can be made ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)* Serve in chilled punch bowl. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Ladle over ice. Makes twelve 4-ounce servings, about 130 calories each.

BLOODY MARYS

8 cups tomato juice
2 cups vodka
¼ cup fresh lime juice
3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons prepared horseradish
¼ teaspoon bottled hot red pepper sauce
Celery stalks (optional)

Combine all ingredients except celery. Stir well. *(Can bemade ahead to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)* Serve over ice, garnished with celery, if desired. Makes twelve 6-ounce drinks, about 125 calories each.
Variation: For Virgin Marys, prepare as above but omit vodka. Makes twelve 4¾-ounce drinks, 40 calories each.

EGGS McMARVELOUS

Water
White distilled vinegar
Ice cubes and water
24 eggs*
Boiling water
Salt
Parsley

Pour water into large skillet, filling ⅔ full. (Or use a deep roasting pan over 2 burners.) Add 1 tablespoon vinegar for each quart of water. Heat over medium heat to simmering.

Meanwhile, fill large shallow pan or baking dish ½ full with ice cubes and water; set aside.

Break eggs, one at a time, into custard cup or saucer; gently slip into simmering water. Simmer until whites are firm and yolk is still soft, about 3 minutes. Remove with

ZUD® WORKS!

Comet and Ajax can't remove ugly rust and those blue and brown water stains from sink and tubs the way ZUD can. ZUD contains volcanic pumice *plus* a special stain dissolve to remove tough rust and water stains ordinary cleansers can't.



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Chips off the old block

It takes great American chocolate to make the great American chocolate chip cookie: Hershey's.

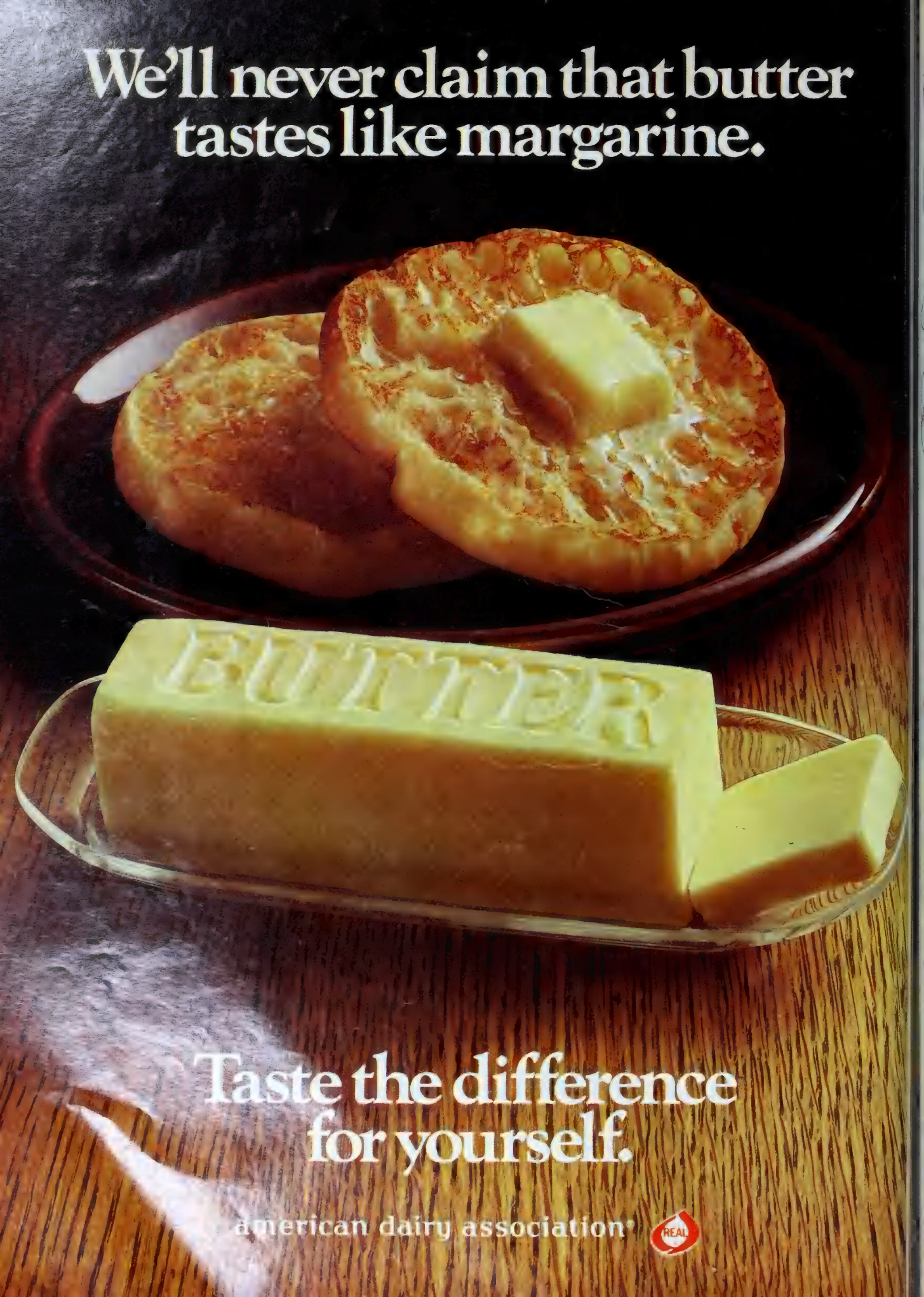
Chocolate. Rich, mouth-watering chocolate. That's what made Hershey America's chocolate company for 75 years – and that's what makes Hershey's Chocolate Chips so good.

Every chip is pure Hershey's through and through, and that makes every chocolate chip cookie a pure pleasure. (Can't you taste 'em right now – hot from the oven?)

Hershey has three kinds of chips to tantalize you three ways: the classic Semi-Sweet Chocolate Chips, Milk Chocolate Chips, and those great little Mini Chips that give you more C.P.C.'s (Chips Per Cookie).

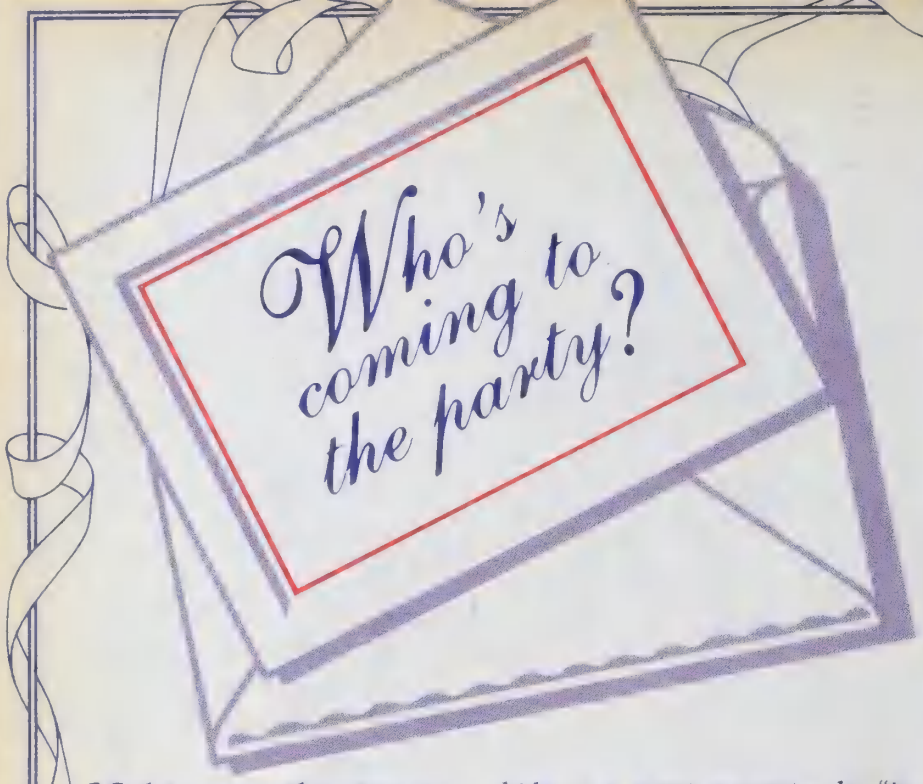
Of course, they are all real chocolate, made with all natural ingredients. In other words, they are *Hershey's* – real chips off the old block.




We'll never claim that butter tastes like margarine.
BUTTER
Taste the difference for yourself.
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REAL

THE LHJ GUIDE TO Entertaining

It's the holiday season—a perfect time to celebrate with a party of your own. You may want to invite a houseful of people for cocktails or a select group of friends for an intimate dinner. Whichever, here's everything you need to know, from menu planning to etiquette rules, that will help guarantee the best parties ever.



The Prudent Provider

Smart strategies for menu planning and shopping; pointers on pots, pans and paraphernalia.

✹ Choosing the right menu is a delicate balancing act. Set aside some time when you can pore over your cookbooks and recipe files to find the perfect combinations.

Consider the big three: color, texture and flavor. All food, especially party food, must be attractive. For example, avoid an all-beige or all-white menu—too many cream sauces, too much baking. Think of garnishes such as parsley, radishes or lemon peel to add color. Offer a variety of textures, from smooth and creamy to crisp and crunchy. And if one dish is strongly flavored with a particular spice, avoid that seasoning in other dishes.

As much of the menu as possible should be do-ahead. Keep last-minute preparations to a minimum. This may require self-discipline, especially when you have a favorite recipe that you'd love to show off but would keep you in the kitchen, away from the party.

Tailor the menu to what your kitchen can accommodate. Unless





Making up the guest list and sending out invitations.

✹ The very first step toward throwing a successful party: Plan a gathering that you yourself would love to attend. Do you delight in the stimulating conversation of a dinner for eight? Or is the hubbub of cocktail chatter and rubbing elbows with a nifty 50 your idea of fun? Whatever your choice, develop a blueprint for your dream party... putting together the most interesting people ... coordinating a fabulous menu ... in short, making every effort to have the event run smoothly. Remember to reserve a special burst of energy for the big night. We strongly believe in the theory that if the hostess is having a good time, chances are the guests will, too.

✹ Deciding whom to invite is a diplomatic consideration, especially for small gatherings. While social obligations should be met, don't get bogged down with a "Must Invite" list, and don't get in a rut by always having the same people. Aim instead for variety: Add new names to your list; ask old friends in different combinations. Different points of view, ages and backgrounds will spice up the mix.

✹ Make it clear from the start: Are children welcome? If they are, you'll want to plan in advance appropriate indoor or outdoor activities. Depending on ages, you may want to have one of your own kids or a guest youngster be "in charge." Fair weather or foul, always have some board games and craft projects close at hand. Possibly rent a movie or cassette to entertain them.

If the party is adults only, give guests plenty of notice so they can book sitters. Guests may have a hard time arranging child care for odd-hours parties, such as Sunday brunch. If that's the case, hire one sitter for the group. A neighborhood teenager or one of your own can mind the youngsters while the party is in full swing.

✹ When the party is for 12 or less, inviting by telephone is best. Written invitations are more efficient for large gatherings and can be more festive. An attractive card keyed to the party theme starts guests thinking "party" weeks before the big day. Include the hours of the party and "RSVP" on each invitation. For very large parties, "Regrets Only" will suffice if you don't want to be bothered by the telephone. Printed invitations are for formal occasions only.

✹ Be sure to invite well in advance: Three weeks is about right. Keep a guest list near the phone and check off responses as they come in.

✹ Blue jeans, sequins or in-between? No one likes to ask, but everyone wants to know the dress code. When telephoning, simply mention what you'll wear and let guests take their cue from that. On a written invitation, indicate dress by saying "casual" or "dressy."

you have two ovens, don't plan two dishes that require baking at the same time at different temperatures. If you want to serve a molded salad and a mile-high fancy dessert, make sure you have adequate refrigerator space. (For more room in the refrigerator, clear out items, such as condiments, that can be shelved for a few days without spoiling. As a last resort, ask a neighbor if you can "borrow" space.)

✷ Make a photocopy of or write out each recipe you choose, then keep all the copies together in a notebook or file folder. You'll save awkward shuffling through a pile of cookbooks.

✷ Organize your shopping. Make up a list of all ingredients, as well as wine, liquor, mixers and after-dinner liqueurs. Divide this master list into shorter ones, keyed according to store. For example, supermarket food can be transferred to one list and fruits and vegetables to a separate sheet for the greengrocer's, and so on. Don't forget a list for the variety or hardware store for candles, glasses, cooking gadgets, etc.

✷ Ice up! Be prepared with more than you think you'll need. To make your own, empty ice trays into plastic bags and store in freezer. Start a day or two before the party. For groups of more than eight, buy ice by the bag on the big day. Figure four cubes per drink. If you allow for melting, 40 pounds will chill drinks for a party of 25. Store ice in a picnic cooler or—if necessary—use the bathtub. *(continued)*

PARTY DIPS

No party is complete without a new dip (or two). Dips are also good conversation starters for your guests—guessing this ingredient or that. Here are several new combinations to keep people dipping and guessing; only you will know the secret.

MEXICAN

Combine 1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, 1/2 cup hot or mild taco sauce, 1 can (4 oz.) chopped green chilies, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1/2 teaspoon cumin and 1/4 teaspoon salt in large bowl and stir until blended. Makes about 1 3/4 cups.

CURRIED HAM

Combine 1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons finely chopped chutney, 1 can (4 1/2 oz.) deviled ham, 1/8 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 tablespoon lime juice and 1 teaspoon sugar in large bowl and stir until blended. Makes about 1 1/2 cups.

AVOCADO

In medium bowl mash 1 large ripe avocado. Add 1 cup plain yogurt, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon white pepper; stir until blended. Makes about 1 3/4 cups.

GREEN GODDESS

In food processor or blender combine 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 5 drained anchovy fillets, 2 chopped green onions, 1/4 cup parsley leaves and 1/8 teaspoon pepper. Process or blend until smooth. Pour into medium bowl and fold in 1 cup plain yogurt. Makes about 1 3/4 cups.

DILLY-SLIMMER

Combine 1 cup plain yogurt, 1/3 cup chopped green onions, 1 teaspoon dried dill weed, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/4 teaspoon seasoned pepper and 1/4 teaspoon salt in medium bowl and stir until blended. Makes about 1 1/4 cups.

SPICY BEAN

Combine 1 cup sour cream, 1 can (10 1/2 oz.) jalapeño bean dip, 1/4 cup chopped onion, 1/4 teaspoon bottled red pepper sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and 1/2 teaspoon salt in a medium bowl and stir until blended. Makes 2 1/4 cups.

ORIENTAL

Combine 1 cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 2 tablespoons toasted sesame seed, 1 small garlic clove, crushed, 1/8 teaspoon ground red pepper and 1/4 teaspoon salt in medium bowl and stir until blended. Makes 1 cup.



Butter Snack Mix

Yield: approx. 10 cups

½ cup (1 stick) butter
¼ cup soy sauce
1 teaspoon seasoned salt
1 cup blanched whole almonds
3 cups bite-size crispy rice squares
1 can (1 lb.) salted cocktail peanuts
1 cup golden raisins
1 can (3 oz.) chow mein noodles
¼ cup sesame seed
1 can (3½ oz.) flaked coconut

Preheat oven to 350° F. Heat butter, soy sauce and seasoned salt in large skillet over low heat until butter is melted. Stir in almonds. Cook, stirring constantly, 5 minutes. Stir in cereal, peanuts, raisins, noodles and sesame seed. Cook, stirring constantly, until noodles begin to brown, about 10 minutes. Stir in coconut. Spread half of the mixture in a 15 x 10-inch jelly roll pan. Bake 10 minutes. Cool on paper toweling. Repeat with remaining mixture. Store in air-tight container at room temperature. (Mixture keeps up to 1 month.)

Butter. Taste the difference for yourself.

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✹ Think about the table-toppings—do you have enough glasses, linen? A large enough coffeemaker? Run through the menu to think of serving pieces, cooking pots, etc.

✹ "Stretch" what you do have. Short on glasses? Mix-and-match is just fine. No one expects you to have 30 or 40 of a kind. Not enough silver? Use sterling for entrée, stainless for dessert.

✹ Borrow what you don't have. If friends or neighbors can't help you out, see if local church or community groups will lend you what you need. When all else fails: rent. Check the Yellow Pages for rental companies, which can usually supply everything from butter dishes to buffet tables.

✹ Paper plates and plastic utensils? Rely on them, if you must, when the party is large and informal. Look for attractive, sturdy designs and be wary of bargains. Cut-rate paperware may turn soggy under a portion of food; cheap plastic snaps under pressure.

Setting the Stage

Wise advice on arranging a smooth-flowing party.

✹ Imagine your rooms filled with people. Does the usual furniture arrangement lend itself to an easy, back-and-forth flow of traffic? Remove ottomans and other small pieces that turn a wide open space into an obstacle course. Floor lamps should be moved against the wall, with cords and wires tucked out of the way. Experiment with other changes.

✹ Set up for conversation. Chairs and sofas lined up along the walls tend to discourage talk. Encourage a friendlier atmosphere by arranging separate conversation areas in rooms by placing seating in U-formation, at right angles or even back-to-back. In creating new arrangements, avoid awkward corners where guests can get trapped.

✹ Rearrange or remove decorative objects on tables and shelves to make room for ashtrays or drinks. (Remember, ashtrays are for more than cigarettes; they are handy to use for hors d'oeuvres picks and pits, and used cocktail napkins.

✹ Is there a TV set in the party room? Move it. Someone may be tempted to tune in for the latest sports score or evening headlines. Nothing—but nothing—douses a party mood like squawk from the tube.

✹ Coats. A pile on a bed is messy and confusing. To make room for guests' wraps in a hall closet, temporarily relocate the family's belongings to a bedroom or basement. For a big bash, borrow a coat rack. Or buy one, if you entertain a lot. If weather's bad, be prepared to cope with umbrellas and boots.

✹ For a sit-down dinner, space in the dining room might be tight, so clear out everything but tables and chairs. Better a little bareness, with party touches such as flowers and candles, than cramped space with no room to maneuver.

✹ For buffets, two tables are often better than one. If space allows, arrange the tables end to end. Tables set at right angles can create a traffic pile-up. Place the buffet table or tables in the center of the room so guests don't have to squeeze past furniture.



Create a Party Mood

Festive lighting, pretty tables and the sound of music.

✹ Keep lights down—but not out. Subdued and low-key lighting is just right for conversation and cocktails. Lower harsh overhead lights or turn them off completely, and bring in floor lamps, which should be located away from seating to avoid glare. Switch from white bulbs to romantic pink-tinted ones. Increase wattage if you plan entertainment.

✹ Announce that the food is ready with a fanfare of light. Switch on the chandelier, turn up the dimmer or focus the track lighting on the table.

✹ Flowers used as a centerpiece or in several bouquets around the house add color and a feeling of gaiety. Buy fresh flowers the day of the party and refrigerate them until you're ready to put them out.

✹ Impress your guests with place cards. For sit-down dinners, name cards settle the issue of who sits where quickly and gracefully. First names are sufficient for friends you know well; otherwise use full names. Regular place cards, propped up behind the plate, are the formal way, but neatly cut pieces of paper on the plate are all right, too. In arranging the seating, use your own judgment about who would make the best conversation next to whom. It is traditional, of course, to alternate men and women, but don't worry if the numbers don't work out evenly. If you are setting two tables, a host should preside over each one, even if one table is smaller.

✹ Enhance the mood with music. Soft sounds in the background say "welcome to the party" and help smooth awkward moments when first guests arrive. To help "pace" the party, play soft rock with cocktails. Segue to dinner with gentler, light classics. Enjoy show tunes with dessert. In general, keep music unobtrusive and volume down. Ask your husband or teenager to take charge of choosing and changing LPs or tapes. They will be more aware of volume, mood, pacing than a guest. Whatever arrangements you make, have the music selected before the party.

Clusters of Candles

Candle arrangements always say "party." Holders needn't match: You can use glass, brass, silver, wood or ceramic of different sizes and shapes. Use candles of one color, or mix colors at random. But remember:



- Don't burn candles near fresh or dried flowers, pinecones, fir sprays or other flammables without hurricane-type glass covers. Even then, be sure that the flammables don't touch the glass.
- Arrange candles in more than one area only if you can be sure to keep an eye on them. Don't count on guests to watch for drips.
- Locate candles out of the way of drafts from windows, doors, air conditioning and warm-air heating systems. On a buffet table, candles should be placed where people won't have to reach around or over them and risk burning their sleeves.
- Extinguish drippy candles. If liquid wax falls on a tablecloth, bare wood or rug, save cleanup for after the party when wax dries. (To remove wax, apply ice to "stiffen," then lift with a dull knife. If a stain remains, cover with blotting paper and press with a warm iron.)

How to fold Napkins

Carefully folded napkins can add a lovely extra touch to the table. To practice the gentle art, try these.

Napkins should be about 17" square, though it's okay if yours are slightly smaller or larger. Open the napkin out flat and iron smooth, then fold, following directions. Keep edges even and press folds in firmly with your fingers or an iron. If you're using much-laundered, all-linen napkins, use spray starch to make them crisper. Damask napkins, if they are of this small size, can be folded, too, but do not starch them; if ironed damp, damask will be crisp.

Buffet fold

Fold bottom half of napkin up over top half. Fold top layer of top back down over bottom. Bottom section is now three layers. Flip napkin over from right to left. Fold top left and right corners down to meet at center (A). Fold projecting corners of lower layer down over upper layer. You now have a triangle (B). Fold side points of triangle to meet at center (C). Fold left and right sides in to meet at center, forming pockets for flatware (D).



Candle

Fold napkin in half diagonally to make a triangle with the point up. Fold up the base of the triangle about 1 3/4". With fold outside, roll napkin from one side to the other, tucking end in securely (A). Stand on table with point up; gently pull down front top point (B).



Butter Cookie Classics



Butter Cookie Classics

1 cup (2 sticks) butter
1½ cups confectioners' sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2½ cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream butter in large mixing bowl; gradually add sugar and beat until light and fluffy. Beat in egg and vanilla. Mix dry ingredients; gradually add to creamed mixture. Shape dough as follows. Bake in 400° F. oven on unbuttered baking sheets.

VARIATIONS:

Butter Thins: Chill dough. Form into rolls 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper; chill overnight. Cut into ⅛-inch slices. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake 6 to 8 minutes. Yield: 5 to 6 dozen.

Snowballs: Add 1 cup finely chopped walnuts and ½ cup all-purpose flour to basic dough. Chill. Shape into balls about ¾-inch in diameter. Bake 8 to 10 minutes. Roll in confectioners' sugar. Sprinkle with additional confectioners' sugar when cool. Yield: 9 to 10 dozen.

Butter. Taste the difference for yourself.

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Butter Baked Taters

Serves 4

¼ cup (½ stick) butter
3 tablespoons minced green onion
3 large baking potatoes, peeled
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Preheat oven to 500° F. Melt butter in small saucepan. Sauté onion until tender, about 3 minutes. Halve potatoes lengthwise, then slice crosswise into ⅛-inch thick slices. (Do not put potatoes in water after slicing.) Immediately line up in buttered 13 x 9-inch baking pan with slices overlapping. Pour butter mixture over potatoes. Season with salt and pepper. Bake 20 minutes. Remove from oven; sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake an additional 5 to 7 minutes, or until cheese is melted and slightly browned.

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Fun & Games

Lively entertainment the whole crowd can enjoy.

✸ Are there gamesters in your gang? If so, count on charades, 20 questions, the dictionary game and other group activities to break the ice or fill in should conversation sputter. Have pencils, pads, books and other game apparatus set out beforehand. Save cards and board games for small gatherings.

✸ Slides and home movies. This entertainment is appropriate for small parties, but be certain in your own mind that the pictures are ones your guests would really like to see. Don't ask them: They're bound to say "yes" out of politeness. Limit the show to half an hour (better too short than too long); edit carefully beforehand.

✸ Try fortune-telling or palm reading. No, you needn't hire a pro. One of your guests may jump at the chance to play mystic seer (make arrangements beforehand), or you may want to step in as party psychic. It's enough to know the basic lingo; you can improvise the rest.

✸ Do you wanna dance? If there's space and yours is a dancing crowd, convert an area into a "ballroom." Plan ahead of time: Decide on the best room; know which rugs to roll up (and where to put them); and have an assortment of dance records on hand—remember that some like Glenn Miller, some Bruce Springsteen.

Warning

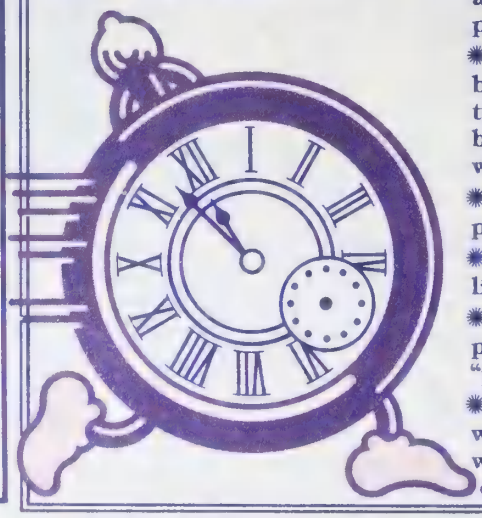
If you don't think your guests will be enthusiastic about party games or dancing, don't push them! A lukewarm response—or worse, a refusal to participate—can kill party spirits. On the other hand, if you think guests will be eager, go ahead. Often group activities can draw out the shyest guests.



Last Minute

Little things to see to before the doorbell rings.

✸ Post schedule of menu and recipes on refrigerator door or kitchen bulletin board. Many a hostess in the rush of serving has forgotten the warming rolls or the special sauce for the dessert.



✸ Polish and fill salt and pepper shakers. Replenish sugar bowl.

✸ Dust off the telephone, books, records, picture frames.

✸ Remove dead leaves from plants.

✸ Hide your diet chart.

✸ Clear away fragile or valuable objects.

✸ If Cousin Edith is coming, take the vase she gave you out of the attic and put it on display, someplace inconspicuous.

✸ Set fresh towels out in the bathroom. Make sure there's plenty of toilet tissue. Be sure all bathrooms are tidy; guests have a way of wandering.

✸ Get rid of garbage and old newspapers.

✸ Close (and lock) doors to off-limit rooms.

✸ Settle pets comfortably out of party range or ask a neighbor to "pet-sit."

✸ Turn down the thermostat so when the room is crowded, guests won't be too hot. Open windows, if only for ten minutes, to freshen air.

The Gracious Hostess

Introductions, timing, dealing with disasters.

✹ The host or hostess must be at the door to greet every guest, handle coats and ease new arrivals into the party. Give guests a conversational lead by including a "teaser"—something to talk about—when you introduce them. Teasers needn't be elaborate. Mention a guest's recent trip, where he or she lives, or an unusual interest. If you're stuck, you can always indicate your relationship to the person or couple you're introducing. If you're giving a large party, be prepared to continue introducing guests throughout the evening. Nothing makes people feel more welcome than special attention.

✹ Timing is crucial for sit-down dinners. You don't want to rush people from drinks to dinner to dessert, but you do want to keep things moving. A good rule of thumb: Allow an hour, maximum, for cocktails. Then suggest moving on to where food will be served.

✹ Ask for help if you need it. When you get bogged down in the kitchen or have trouble moving plates on and off the table, call on your spouse or close friend. Alert this kitchen deputy beforehand so you can graciously decline random offers from other guests.

✹ For cocktail parties, the trick is to keep glasses full and the hors d'oeuvre trays moving. Generally, the canapes and other snacks should be brought out 30 minutes to an hour after guests arrive.

✹ When talk lags, switch from one room to another, from indoors to outdoors (or vice versa). Another tactic: Introduce a new subject. Have two or three emergency gambits ready. (Almost anything goes, from rating the new Tex-Mex restaurant in town to analyzing the crazy dream you had last night—as long as it opens a new avenue of conversation.)

✹ You hope nothing awful will occur, but just in case:

Food failings—Unless something's badly burned, serve it anyway. Remember Julia Child's



CHEESE	FLAVOR	PARTY GO-TOGETHERS
Brick	Mild to pungent	Try Brick with fresh sections of apples, pineapple and pears, or sliced on French Bread.
Cheddar	Mild to extra sharp	Melt grated Cheddar on top of tortilla chips, garnish with black olives.
Colby	Mild	Top crackers or cocktail rye with slices of Colby, roast beef or deli meats for a quick party treat.
Monterey Jack	Mild	Wrap cold cuts around thin slices of Jack, garnish with green olives.
Mozzarella	Very mild	Top English muffin with grated Mozzarella and slices of pepperoni. Quick, mini pizzas!
Muenster	Mild to pungent	Apples, pears, pineapple and green grapes all go well with this cheese.
Provolone	Mellow to pleasantly sharp	Salami, summer sausage or other luncheon meats combined with Provolone and crackers make a tangy party treat.
Swiss	Nutlike, rather sweet	For a delectable guest pleaser, crown rye bread slices with Swiss and your choice of ham, roast beef or liverwurst.

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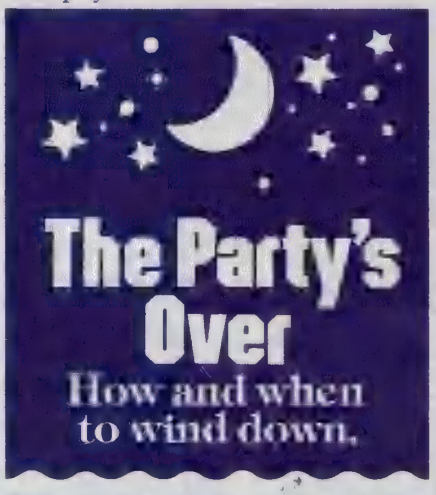
advice: You're the only one in the kitchen. If the roast falls apart, carve it in the kitchen and cover it with gravy. If the roast isn't done yet, turn up the heat and serve the salad first; that gives the meat about 20 more minutes and you'll appear organized. If the casserole burns, transfer it to another dish without scraping up the burned bottom layers. If the soufflé doesn't rise, say it's custard. If the cake crumbles, slice it, serve in small dishes with mounds of whipped cream or dust with sugar.

Spills—Stay calm. Smile. Shrug. See to your guests' needs first if the spill was on them. Offer cold water or any other remedy they ask for. Then tend to the table or floor. Scrape or wipe up as much as possible. On carpets, use a spoon to pick up spills rather than blot up the liquid. Cover table spills with a clean white napkin or cloth and forget it.

Only two spills deserve instant remedy: Red wine stains on tablecloth or carpet should be covered with salt. Fruit juice spills (including Bloody Marys) should be dabbed with club soda. Resolve to deal with other stains after the party.

Breakage—Sweep up fragments, then forget about it for the time being. If something you care about breaks in only one or two places, save pieces for mending later on. (Treasured one-of-a-kind or costly items should be put out of harm's way before the party.)

✹ Don't let early departures break up the fun. Say good-bye to people who must leave early as quickly and unobtrusively as possible. Otherwise, guests may think the party's over. Thoughtful guests will have warned you of their early departure ahead of time, and will understand your casualness. Others will have to accept your briskness as their due.



The Party's Over

How and when to wind down.

✹ No hard-and-fast rules exist about how long a party should last. If the invitation included hours, people will usually begin to thin out around the stated time, though a large cocktail party may run half an hour or more beyond the limit. (Some hostesses plan for this and have a casserole hidden away to serve select last guests. This can be risky unless you're sure already-departed guests will understand.) For smaller parties, the breakup is usually natural. Four hours is a good gauge for such an affair, though somewhat less certainly doesn't mean party failure.

✹ Sometimes a gentle nudge is needed before guests will leave. Try letting the record player stop; turn up the lights a bit; stop offering drinks and serve fresh coffee instead. If these fail, you'll probably have to wait it out.

✹ Once everyone has left, take time out to savor it all. Sink into a chair and exchange reflections with your husband. The cleanup can wait for the next day—or tackle it now if you must. But whatever you do, remember the most important thing: Congratulate yourself... you've given a great party.

Party Etiquette

Problems large and small occasionally befall all party-givers. Planning ahead helps, but planning alone will not prevent the human mishaps that try the poise of even experienced hostesses. The following are some of the ticklish problems you may encounter while entertaining. I hope knowing what I would do will help you cope with the unexpected. By Charlotte Ford

DRUGS

Remember your guests are invited to enjoy your personal brand of hospitality. In my home, hospitality does not include dispensing or using drugs. If a guest assumes otherwise, I do not hesitate to say politely, but firmly, "Please, not in my house."

DRUNKS

This is the most common problem party-givers face. When a guest has over-indulged, offer him or her a ride home, a taxicab home or a quiet spot for sleeping it off. I sometimes enlist the help of a male friend who can ensure that my intoxicated guest makes it safely into a cab. Never let a person who has had too much to drink drive home alone.

LATECOMERS

I dislike cocktail hours that drag on, and I do not believe in delaying dinner for anyone. If some of my guests have not arrived when I am ready to serve, I telephone. If there is no answer, I invite those present to dine. You may remove the extra place settings, but when the absent guests arrive, you'll have to reset. I usually leave the extra settings at one end of the table.

PESTS

I'm an interventionist when it comes to party pests. I think it is part of a hostess's duty to protect one guest from another. If Madeline's husband, Bart, has had one drink too many and is falling all over my shy friend, Amy, I figure it is my duty to rescue Amy. One should be sure, however, that those one is rescuing wish to be rescued.

UNEXPECTED GUESTS

For a cocktail party or buffet, additional guests are usually easy to accommodate. Not so for a seated dinner! When a friend calls and asks permission to enlarge my dinner party, I feel free to say, "Sorry. I just don't have the room." Occasionally an insensitive sort will trap you, simply arriving for dinner with new guests in tow. All you can do is smile and reset the table. The next day I would telephone and warn this presumptuous acquaintance never again to be so thoughtless.

FLOWERS

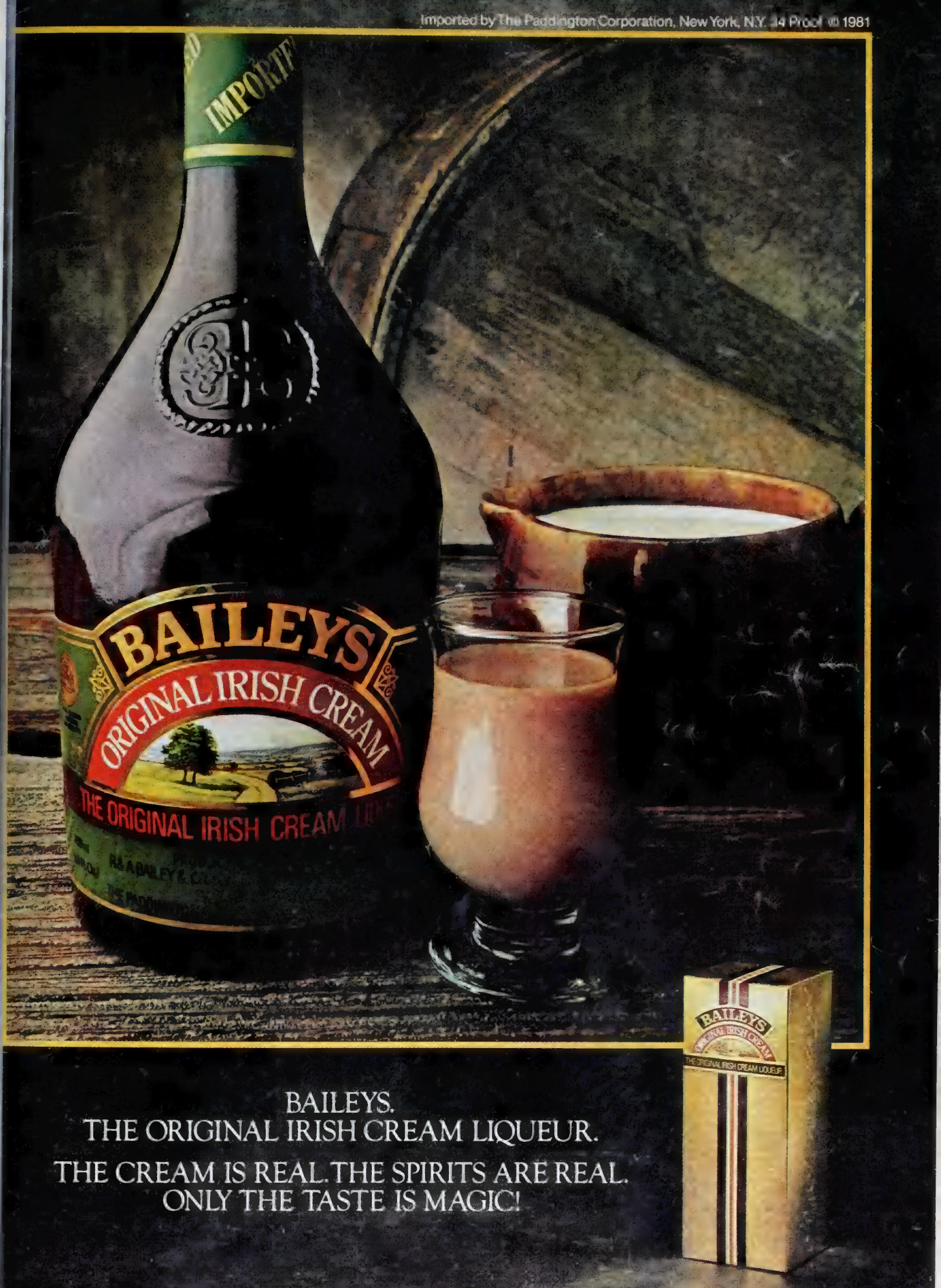
When a guest at a small gathering brings flowers, I generally put them in a pretty vase and share them with my other guests. But this may not be possible at a large gathering. When you are greeting many guests, you're not free to take a bouquet and arrange it in a vase. Instead, I ask a friend to take the flowers to the kitchen and place them in water. The bouquet is there for me to enjoy after the party.

FIGHTS AND ARGUMENTS

Here again, you simply must intervene. Arguments, verbal or otherwise, will ruin your party. When you detect smoke rising between two guests, you must intrude immediately and separate the volatile twosome. Don't worry about stepping on toes or being pushy—just do what you must to steer angry guests away from one another.

Charlotte Ford is the author of "Charlotte Ford's Book of Modern Manners," published by Simon and Schuster.

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1 Write the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided o the official entry blank, or on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper.

2 Handprint your name, address and zip code on your entry. Include with it thi bottom panels from two packs of Benson & Hedges 100's or Benson & Hedges Lights, Regular or Menthol, or the words "Benson & Hedges 100's" handprinted o a plain piece of paper.

3 Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes pe envelope. Each envelope must be mailed separately to: Benson & Hedges 100 P.O. Box 2737, Westbury, NY 11591. Entries must be received by February 19, 1982

4 **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering o the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.

5 **Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. One prize to a family. Tax liability is responsibility of individual winners. In lieu of prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of $200.**

6 Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris, Inc., its advertising agency, and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. Subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Michigan, Wisconsin and wherever else prohibited, restricted or taxed.

7 **For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Benson & Hedges Winners' List, P.O. Box 2899, Westbury, NY 11591. Winners' List will be available by June 1, 1982.**

*Plus travel and accommodations for two

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

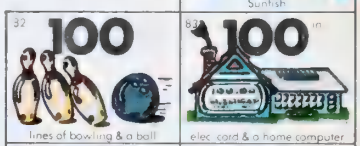
Lights: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '81.

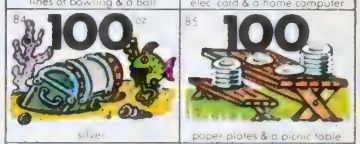






Hedges 100's Sweepstakes

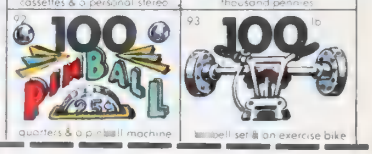












With 100 prizes to choose from, the pleasure lasts longer.



What's your pleasure?
100 hours of mostly Mozart or 100 hours at the World's Fair?
100 inches of new car or a 100 inch skiff and a fishing rod?
100 croissants in Paris or 100 quarters and a pinball machine?
Here's your chance to win the prize you like best in this year's Benson & Hedges 100's 100 Sweepstakes.

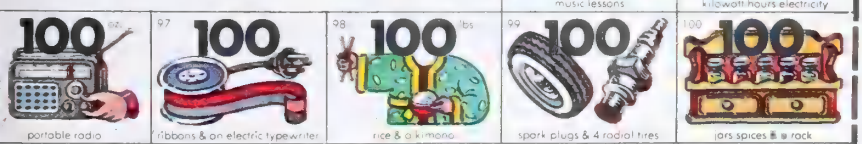
Enter once or 100 times. Just remember to put each entry in its own envelope with the sweepstakes number printed in the lower left-hand corner.

And if you win and decide you'd rather have 100 feet of dollar bills (that's $200), we'll swap.

Now it's up to you to decide which sweepstakes you'd like to enter, and let us know which 100 hours, ounces, feet, legs, sonnets or macadamia nuts you'd like to try to win. And we'll put your name into the drawing, with pleasure.

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Because the pleasure lasts longer.





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Westbury, New York 11591

I've chosen the following Sweepstakes and I've read the rules carefully.
The Sweepstakes number is _____
and the prize
is _____

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IMPORTANT: You must write the number of the Sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope in the lower left-hand corner.

You and Your Money
by Sylvia Porter

Our money expert answers the questions readers most often ask.

Over my many years of writing on consumer economics and family finance, you have written hundreds of thousands of letters asking me questions on subjects of vital concern to you. In good times or bad, your queries and comments have taken on a personality of their own while following a fascinating similarity. Here are the questions I'm asked most often, with my up-to-date answers.

During the next ten years, where will the jobs be?
The service fields will be prime areas for jobs—particularly in banking, communications, health care. Jobs in the health care and food-related spheres will grow more rapidly during the '80s than any other category.

Women will continue seeking paying jobs in the marketplace and the service jobs they often fill—nurses and nurses' aids, child-care attendants, waitresses, hairdressers—will continue to expand. In fact, a nursing license well may be the ticket to the hottest career of the entire decade.

Basic economic trends in the United States favor *skilled* blue-collar workers. As our society grows more automated and moves toward higher levels of technology, skilled blue-collar workers will be essential to manage and repair our increasingly complicated machines and computers. Benefiting, too, from higher military spending will be skilled machinists and specialists in high-technology industries. But there will be fewer and fewer jobs for the unskilled as robots take over.

The demand for elementary school teachers, after a prolonged period of decline, is once again increasing. The education field will change dramatically as the babies born to the babies of the post-World War II generation reach school age. White-collar occupations will increase such as jobs for health professionals, managers, sales and clerical workers.

The two-earner family has become the norm, and as women everywhere seek work outside the home, a side effect will be that the housekeeper will be an ever tougher person to find. Also due for a major expansion are the ranks of the self-employed and owners of small businesses. "Being your own boss" is, as it always has been, the American dream, for women now as well as men.

How safe is Social Security? Will my benefits be there when I'm eligible for them?
It is my strong conviction that our Social Security system is safe. Its short-term difficulties have been due to an extraordinary coincidence of two temporary financial problems: high unemployment, reducing income to the system; and horrendous inflation, hiking benefits under automatic cost-of-living escalators. These problems can be met easily (and well may have been solved by the time this report appears).

Its long-term, overpublicized problems almost certainly will never develop. A fluke in the benefit formula, written into the law in 1972, would have resulted in a large number of retirees in the 21st century receiving benefits higher than the top wages they had ever earned. Also there was the assumption that there will be a continued drop in the U.S. birth rate. The first cause already has been erased. As for the second, predicting birth rates is risky—and even if the assumption were to be accurate, there are offsetting factors. (Just to name one, if fewer women were busy rearing children, more would be in the labor market and paying Social Security taxes.)

Your benefits will be there when you're eligible, although there will be changes in timing and totals.

How can an amateur minimize the risks of investing in stocks in markets that fluctuate as much as the U.S. market does?
By "dollar-cost averaging"—a method of stock buying that shrewd institutional and individual investors use as a logical, time-proved way to acquire stocks at reasonable prices. Here's how to do it:

1. Decide how much money you can comfortably invest at regular intervals.

2. Plan to invest the same fixed amount at regular intervals—for instance, the 15th of each month, or the 15th of each third month or the 15th of each sixth month. Be consistent, buying over a long term, so you can ignore the day-to-day fluctuations in the market.

3. Concentrate on averaging out your costs by your periodic buying—and the value of your assets will move up with the fundamental uptrend of the stock market over the long term.

Even with this system you can lose, if you buy a stock that is a real dog, or if you are compelled to sell when the market value of your shares is below their actual cost.

Thus, my warning: Invest only cash that you can comfortably earmark for these investments.

What are the chances that my federal income tax return will be audited?
Exceedingly slim if you file a regular Form 1040 and have a low-average or average income.

Your odds also are slim if your deduction for the four major classifications of expenses (medical expenses, taxes, contributions, interest) match the average amounts being deducted by other taxpayers in your income tax. If, however, your deductions are far above typical totals in your bracket, you're asking for a second look.

Here are other major items that well may trigger an IRS audit: • High income (earned or unearned), regardless of deductions. • Tax shelters, particularly those that have resulted in large losses. • Travel-entertainment expenses. • Home office deduction. • Business automobile expenses. • Casualty losses. To verify the loss, the records you have provided your police and/or fire department are proof. • Child-care credit. This credit is more apt to be audited than any other. IRS centers in selected states have been examining a sampling of returns to find out (among other facts) if child-care helpers have reported their incomes and if required Social Security taxes have been paid. **End**

SPEND 20 MINUTES SAYING "HE GOT THE PART." AND SPEND ONLY $3.84.

A twenty minute call anywhere state to state is only $3.84 or less, tax included. Just dial direct any time Saturday, or Sunday till 5. The chart below gives you many examples of city-to-city prices. So the next time he gets a big part, or a little part, or even if he just decides to part his hair a different way, visit by phone with someone you love and share the good news.

REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE.

All prices are for 20 minute out-of-state calls dialed direct, without operator assistance, anytime Saturday Sunday till 5 p.m. or any night after 11 p.m. till 8 a.m. A different schedule of attractive dial-direct rates applies to both Alaska and Hawaii.

Rate Chart To find the rate between two cities, trace down the vertical column of one city to its intersection with the horizontal column of the other city, as illustrated

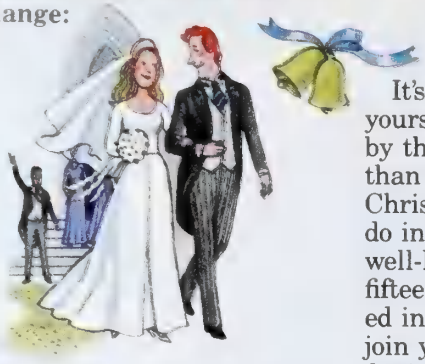
	ATLANTA	BOSTON	CHICAGO	CLEVELAND	DALLAS	DENVER	DETROIT	INDIANAPOLIS	MEMPHIS	MILWAUKEE	NEW HAVEN	NEW YORK	OMAHA	PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.67	3.50	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.24	3.67	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.50
SAN FRANCISCO	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.24	3.67	3.50	3.67	3.67	
PHILADELPHIA	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.24	3.67	3.50	3.67		
OMAHA	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.24	3.67	3.50			
NEW YORK	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.24	3.67				
NEW HAVEN	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.24					
MILWAUKEE	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.50	3.50						
MEMPHIS	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.50							
INDIANAPOLIS	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67								
DETROIT	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67									
DENVER	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67										
DALLAS	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50											
CLEVELAND	3.67	3.50	3.50												
CHICAGO	3.67	3.50													
BOSTON	3.67														

Bell System

20 Things to Be Thankful For

It's November again: You find yourself noticing the time of year by the size of the utility bills rather than by the crisp, frosty air; the Christmas shopping you swore to do in July went the way of many a well-laid plan; at last count, some fifteen people, not including assorted infants and pets, are slated to join you for the Thanksgiving Day festivities. And you catch yourself wondering, "What's to be thankful for?" Well, we came up with a variety of blessings you can count.

Say thanks for the things that never change:



Recent polls say that kids still believe in marriage—and for keeps.

There's never a time of year when something's not on sale.

Your eleven-year-old son has suddenly stopped hating girls.

You've reached that stage of marriage when silence is eloquent.

Give thanks for the unexpected:

Your cat hasn't had kittens all year.



Your youngest's permanent teeth are growing in straight.





Your husband's learning to cook (and liking it), and you've just figured out the mystery of spark plugs.



The latest research says that the average ideal weight has been *underestimated*.

Be grateful for those you love and who love you:

Your son, on a visit from college says, "Gee, it's *great* to be home!"

Your husband says, "Let's go away for the weekend—just the two of us."

You've still got a friend with whom you can share a secret, a joy, a sorrow.

Your kids' morals are much better than their manners.

Be thankful for the silver lining:

You're too old for acne and too young for wrinkles.



You finally found a hairdresser who says, "Don't worry, I can fix it."



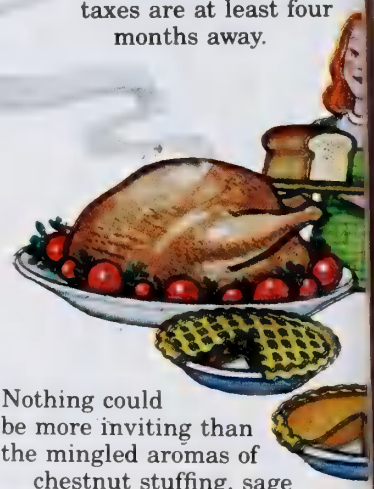
You still ow on the mortgag but you bought you house before th interest rates wen sky-high

You didn't get the promotion you hoped for—you got a better one.

Give thanks for the season, fo Thanksgiving Day itself:

Winter clothes: Full skirts and bulky sweaters hide a multitude of sins.

Spring cleaning and taxes are at least four months away.



Nothing could be more inviting than the mingled aromas of chestnut stuffing, sage and thyme, pumpkin and mince pies.

Our Pilgrim ancestors, who in their wisdom set aside a day on which we ca be unashamedly grateful for the fruits of our labor and for all God's bounty.



Compiled by Mary Mohler, with thanks to the editors of the *Journal*. Illustrations by Ginnie Hofmann.


So-Soft™ Baby Toys.
Easier to wash
than most kids.
ALL BABIES are washable. Even if they sometimes kick up a fuss.
Unfortunately, that isn't true for all baby toys. Unless they're Knickerbocker's So-Soft baby toys. Made from cuddly Vellux Fluff* fabric or soft cotton, you can just toss them into the washer and dryer. What's more all our So-Soft toys are baby safe.
So-Soft baby toys. They can take anything your child can dish out.
Good Housekeeping
PROMISES
TOYS THAT LOVE YOU BACK™
Knickerbocker

My Favorite Hints

By Mary Ellen Pinkham









Best-selling hintologist Mary Ellen, *above,* shares her best-of-the-best hints—from dry-cleaning the dog to drying the lettuce—culled from her treasury of thousands.

To come up with my favorite hints, I reviewed one of my typical, crisis-filled, "What-they're-coming-for-dinner?" days. Then I took it one step further, and jotted down some of the outstanding hints I've used through the years. Out of the dozens on my list, I chose the ones that are easiest, most practical, most economical and most effective. They range from simple shortcuts that can perfect your pancakes to more complex ones that can save a marriage. It's hard to tell which can do what. Why don't I let you decide?

Plunge into it

I buy a dress whenever I'm down in the dumps. (That's not *where* I shop, it's *when* I shop.) If the dress needs to be made shorter, I get the plunger out of the closet, my husband out of the chair. After I mark the plunger handle at the desired length, he moves the plunger around the hem: This leaves his hands free to mark the hem.

Clean machine

Here's a way to avoid washing machine repair bills: Fill the washer with warm water, pour in a gallon of distilled white vinegar, then run the machine through an entire cycle. The vinegar unclogs soap scum from the hoses. Do this at least twice a year. And, of course, buy the cheapest vinegar you can find.

Lettuce spin-dry

When I'm making salad for a large crowd, I save lots of time by putting the washed lettuce leaves into a tightly fastened pillowcase and spin-drying them for a few seconds in my washing machine. (Hey, combine this with the previous helpful hint, add a little oil and . . . only kidding!)

Getting the right contacts

The safest way to find a contact lens in a shag carpet? Fasten a nylon stocking over the end of your vacuum cleaner nozzle—the suction will pick up the lens a hold it against the stocking. O of my readers used a variation this to find a contact lens in t swimming pool. She covered t skimmer basket with a nyl stocking and turned on the p vacuum. Debris collected agai the stocking and, after an ho there was the contact lens!

Join the club

He makes a toast. You cli glasses, intertwine your arms a . . . *oooops!* the wine spills. Pla old club soda to the rescue: Use to sponge the stain immediate before washing the garment.

Rejoin the club

For pancakes so light they'll a most float out the window, repla the liquid called for in the reci with—you guessed it—club so Be sure to use up all the batter; doesn't keep. You can also use cl soda in deep-frying batters. (I' been told it's the secret ingredie of a famous fast-food fish chain.)

A side of French

I'd always wondered why my ow fries aren't as crisp as the ones I b at you-know-where. *(continue*

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE HELPFUL HINT?

Calling all hintellectuals in the hinterlands: Do you have a household help? A beauty tip? A cooking trick? Enter your favorite in the *Journal*'s "My Favorite Hint" contest (rules, page 148). We'll publish the 100 top winners in a special article. And for making all our readers' lives a little easier, we'll pay each of those winners $100. For the 100 runner-up hints, we'll give $25 each.

Electrasol costs less* than any other national brand.

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Think about it. Since not one top-selling national brand cleans any better than Electrasol, why pay even one penny more? Buy Electrasol and you can save on every size. For example, save as much as 25¢ on our 65-ounce package when compared to the price of the leading brand.

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Electrasol. Great performance at a great price. No wonder millions buy Electrasol year after year!

ECONOMICAL ELECTRASOL

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Housekeeping
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MY FAVORITE HINTS
continued

Then I discovered the secret. First, soak the cut potatoes in ice water for 15 minutes or more, then dry them thoroughly. The trick? Fry them twice—once for five minutes only, then again after they're cool until they're golden brown. McDonald's, eat your heart out!

Good to the last drop

Your hamburger gets cold while you get hot as you try to pound the last of the ketchup from the bottle. Let centrifugal force do the work. Grab the bottle at the bottom and, holding it right side up, swing your arm in a circular motion. Just make sure the bottle's tightly capped and watch where you're swinging. After a few swings, the remaining drops will be forced to the neck of the bottle, ready to pour. (Also a great bust exercise.)

A sweet situation

When a recipe calls for superfine sugar and I have only granulated, I run the granulated sugar through the blender. *Poof!* Instant fine sugar. Powdered sugar? That's easy, too. I just add a tablespoon of cornstarch to one cup of sugar and blend on high speed. And if I don't have cornstarch, it's time to go grocery shopping!

Wick-ed candle wax

Removing candle-wax drippings from carpeting is easy and fast. Place brown-bag paper (or paper toweling) on the wax spot and then run a hot iron over it. After a few tries, the wax will be absorbed. I promise.

Under wraps

Plastic wrap! Just when you think you've got it over the bowl, it shrivels up or twists or sticks to something it shouldn't. A way to beat all that: Store the plastic wrap in the refrigerator. That covers that!

A splinter hinter

My little boy came home crying because of a splinter in his finger. He was less pained by the splinter than by the thought of having it removed. A dash to the refrigerator for an ice cube, and I was prepared for surgery: I rubbed his finger with the ice cube for several minutes. When the area was numb, I removed the splinter painlessly with eyebrow tweezers. I got two big kisses for that.

Tale of a dog

We have a wonderful watchdog. (Last week he watched somebody steal our lawnmower.) Fritz hates water, so instead of giving him a regular bath, I sometimes dry-clean him: I rub his coat thoroughly with baking soda, then brush him off. It deodorizes as well as cleans. I got two big licks for that one.

Bug off

To prevent flies from swarming around garbage pails, hose the pails down and allow to dry in the sun; then toss in a few mothballs. And if you're hounded by stray dogs attacking the garbage, sprinkle some full-strength ammonia over the garbage bags and the dogs will take off with the flies. (Easy on the ammonia or you might never see your garbage man again!)

There's fungus among us

Do you always end up with leftover fresh mushrooms? And they go bad before you use up the box, right? I have the answer: Get out your blender and purée them with a little bouillon, then freeze them in ice cube trays and transfer to a plastic bag and store in the freezer. When you're ready for mushroom flavoring for soups, stews or sauces, just drop in a cube.

After-Christmas brush

This year you don't have to spend hours picking pine needles out of your carpeting. Place your Christmas tree on a pretty bedsheet when you first set it up. When the festivities are over, you and a helper simply pull the corners of the sheet up and over the tree. When it's wrapped, carry it bottom first out the door. But don't try this hint at night, especially if you have suspicious neighbors—and please don't put the tree in your trunk.

Give me a ring

After I've had a party, my tabletop looks like a three-ring circus. *Hooray!* A way to remove those white rings: Put a dab of toothpaste on a dampened soft cloth; rub the ring gently, following the grain of the wood. If it's a stubborn stain, add a little baking soda to the toothpaste. Wipe up and polish as usual.

Being a "rugged" individualist

Q. What's bought by the yard and worn by the foot?
A. A carpet.
Q. What pet is found on the floor?
A. A carpet.
Q. What causes fuzz all over your slacks and gives shocks in cold weather?
A. A carpet.
Q. What prevents that shocking static in carpeting?
A. Mix one part liquid fabric softener with five parts water in a spray bottle. Mist the carpet very lightly. Let dry and you'll have no more clinging pet hairs, unwanted carpet fuzz on clothing—and good-bye shocks.

Banana bonanza

"Candy is dandy but bananas are le fattening" should be my lifetin motto; unfortunately, it ain't so. B on Mondays, when I start my week diet, I turn to this treat to help n through the day. It's easy and tastes good as candy (well, almost). Peel ar slice bananas; arrange in one layer c a cookie sheet lined with wax pape Freeze, then store in plastic freez bags for tasty, low-calorie snacks . with no guilt.

Plant parenthood

Is your favorite houseplant in slump? What ails him? Pesty bug you say? A simple cure: Buy a fle collar (just like the one Bowser wear and wrap it around the *(continued*

Entry Rules for "My Favorite Hint" Contest

1. Entries must be submitted on a 4"x 6" index card. All hints must be typed (or *neatly* printed) double-space and must include the entrant's name and complete address, including ZIP code.
2. Hints must be original. Hints may not have been previously published in any print or broadcast media.
3. Hints will be judged by the editors of *Ladies' Home Journal*. All decisions will be final. All entries become the property of *Ladies' Home Journal*; entries cannot be acknowledged or returned.
4. If your hint is selected as a winner, you will be asked to affirm by affidavit that the hint is original, that it is safe, that it has been proven effective.
5. You may enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately; only one prize will be awarded per household. In case of duplicate hints, the earlier postmark will be controlling.
6. All residents of the U.S. and Canada are eligible to enter, with the exception of *Ladies' Home Journal* employees and their families. All taxes are the responsibility of the winners.
7. Winners grant to *Ladies' Home Journal* all reproduction rights to their hints in any form, including (without limitation) the right to use the hints and the winners' names and likenesses in the magazine and its promotion.
8. Hints must be received on or before November 30, 1981. Address entries to: Hints, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. One hundred prizes of $100 will be awarded, as well as 100 runner-up prizes of $25. Finalists will be notified by mail.

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Which is the lowest 100's? (Hint: it's not Carlton.)

Now is the lowest tar 100s.

But it's easy to see why some people think the right answer is Carlton. Carlton's been advertising itself as lowest for a very long time. And, in fact, at one time, it was.

But that time is long gone. Look at the chart on the right and see for yourself.

The truth is that today, Now 100s Soft Pack, at 2 mg., contains less than half the tar of Carlton 100s Soft Pack, at 5 mg. (Is any cigarette with 5 mg. of tar even seriously competing for the title of "lowest?")

And Now 100s Box is by far and away lower in tar than any other 100s whatsoever.

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NUMBERS DON'T LIE. NOW 100s ARE LOWER THAN CARLTON 100s.

	100's soft pack regular	100's soft pack menthol	100's box
NOW	2mg	2mg	Less than 0.01mg
CARLTON	5mg	5mg	1mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method

NOW

The Lowest

The lowest in tar of all brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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And as if all this isn't enough, we ha declared an added dividend. It's called the M.E.O.W. Account Bonus Certificate (see our specially marked packages for offer details).

After all, if money can talk, why can't it me



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Address _____

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Mail to: M.E.O.W. Account $2.00 Dividend Refund
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ONLY MEOW MIX® TASTES SO GOOD CATS ASK FOR IT BY NAME

MY FAVORITE HINTS
continued

ase of the plant. Cover pot and plant osely with a plastic bag. Remove the g after a few days, and your plant ill be pest-free. Now, if we could only that with bill collectors!

y cheese

ired of going to the refrigerator and nding hard, dry cheese? This favorite nt will keep it fresh for ages: After u open the cheese, rewrap it in the iginal wrapper, place in a quart jar id lid tightly. I guarantee freshness.

ocks appeal

fter you've done the laundry, do you ave a pile of socks to sort that looks ke an army-surplus store closeout? ere's how my family pairs up: Everyody has his own small laundry bag. (I ade mine by sewing up a piece of eavy-duty mesh fabric and adding a rawstring top.) I simply toss the sock-lled bags into the washer and the ier—then give them back and let ach person sort his own.

eep no more, my lady

ve tried just about everything to stop he tears when chopping onions: holding a match in my mouth, cutting off he root end last, even keeping my outh tightly closed while chopping nd for me that's hard to do!). But I've und only one real solution: Wear a iver's mask, just like the one the kids sé. I didn't say it was beautiful. I said worked.

inger paints

o keep your nail polish smooth and asy to apply, store it in the refrigerator between uses. But if it has become ard or gummy, do this: Boil a pan of ater, remove from heat (nail polish is ammable) and place the bottle in it. n no time, the polish will be good as ew.

he close

ou lost the plastic tie that closes the af of bread? It doesn't matter, if ou've got a spring-type clothespin. ust twist the neck of the bag and lamp it shut. Or, you can twist the eck of the bag a few times and simply ull the top down over the bread.

That's it, my favorite helpful hints. I ope they make your life a little asier—as they do mine.

One more hint: *Expect* to receive ountless blessings today—and you ill!

Happy hinting, everybody!

Mary Ellen's new book, Mary Ellen's Best of Helpful Hints, Book II, *published by Warner Books, will be available this month.*

THE CHILDREN'S STORY
continued from page 75

same face staring at her, open, waiting and full of trust.

The children rustled, watching her, wondering what possessed her. They saw not the gray hair and the old eyes and the lined face and the well-worn clothes. They saw only their teacher and the twisting of her hands. Johnny looked away from the door and watched with the other children. He did not understand anything except that the teacher was afraid, and because she was afraid she was making them all worse and he wanted to shout that there was no need to fear. "Just because *they've* conquered us there's no need for panic-fear," Dad had said. "Don't be afraid, Johnny. If you fear too much, you'll be dead even though you're alive."

The sound of footsteps approached and then stopped. The door opened.

The children gasped. They had expected an ogre or giant or beast or witch or monster—like the outer-space monsters you think about when the lights are out and Momma and Daddy have kissed you good-night and you're frightened and you put your head under the cover and all at once you're awake and it's time for school. But instead of a monster, a beautiful young girl stood in the doorway. Her clothes were neat and clean, all olive green—even her shoes. But most important, she wore a lovely smile, and when she spoke, she spoke without the trace of an accent. The children found this very strange, for *they* were foreigners from a strange country far across the sea. They had all been told about *them.*

"Good morning, children, I'm your new teacher," the New Teacher said. Then she closed the door softly and walked to the teacher's desk, and the children in the front row felt and smelled the perfume of her—clean and fresh and young—and as she passed Sandra who sat at the end of the first row she said, "Good morning, Sandra," and Sandra flushed deeply and wondered, aghast, with all the other children, *How did she know my name?* and her heart raced in her chest and made it feel tight and very heavy.

The teacher got up shakily. "I, er, I—good morning." Her words were faltering. She, too, was trying to get over the shock. And nausea.

"Hello, Miss Worden," the New Teacher said. "I'm taking over your class now. You are to go to the principal's office."

"Why? What's going to happen to me? What's going to happen to my children?" The words gushed from Miss Worden, and a piece of hair fell into her eyes. The children were agonized by the cut to her voice, and one or two of them felt on the edge of tears.

"He just wants to talk to you, Miss Worden," the New Teacher said gently. "You really must take better care of yourself. You shouldn't be so upset."

Miss Worden saw the New Teacher's smile but she wasn't touched by its compassion. She tried to stop her knees from shaking. "Good-bye, children," she said. The children made no reply. They were too terrified by the sound of her voice and the tears that wet her face. And because she was crying, some of the children cried, and Sandra fled to her.

The New Teacher shut the door behind Miss Worden and turned back into the room, cradling Sandra in her arms. "Children, children, there's no need to cry!" she said. "I know, I'll sing you a song! Listen!" *(continued)*



THE CHILDREN'S STORY
continued

And she sat down on the floor as gracefully as an angel, Sandra in her arms, and she began to sing and the children stopped crying because Miss Worden never, never sang to them and certainly never sat on the floor, which is the best place to sit, as everyone in the class knew. They listened spellbound to the happy lilt of the New Teacher's voice and to the strange words of a strange tongue which soared and dipped like the sea of grass that was the birthplace of the song. It was a child's song and it soothed them, and after she had sung the first chorus the New Teacher told them the story of the song.

It was about two children who had lost their way and were all alone in the great grass prairies and were afraid, but they met a fine man riding a fine horse and the man told them that there was never a need to be afraid, for all they had to do was to watch the stars and the stars would tell them where their home was.

"For once you know the right direction, then there's never a need to be afraid. Fear is something that comes from inside, from inside your tummies," the New Teacher said radiantly, "and good strong children like you have to put food in your tummies. Not fear."

The children thought about this and it seemed very sensible. The New Teacher sang the song again, and soon all the children were happy and calm once more. Except Johnny. He hated her even though he knew she was right about fear.

"Now," said the New Teacher, "what shall we do? I know, we'll play a game. I'll try and guess your names!"

The children, wide-eyed, shifted in their seats. Miss Worden never did this, and often she called a child by another's name. *The New Teacher'll never know all our names! Never!* they thought. So they waited excitedly while the New Teacher turned her attention to Sandra. Oh, yes, somehow she already knew Sandra's name, but how could she possibly know everyone's? They waited, glad that they were going to catch out the New Teacher.

But they were not to catch her out. The New Teacher remembered every name!

Johnny put up his hand. "How'd you know our names? I mean, well, we haven't had a roll call or anything, so how'd you know our names?"

"That's easy, Johnny," the New Teacher said. "You all sit in the same places every day. Each desk has one pupil. So I learned your names from a list. I had to work for three whole days to remember your names. A teacher must work very hard to be a good teacher, and so I worked for three days so that I could know each of you the first day. That's very important, don't you think, for a teacher to work hard?"

Johnny frowned and half-nodded and sat down and wondered why he hadn't figured that out for himself before asking, astonished that she had worked three days just to know everyone the first day. But still he hated her.

"Johnny. Would you tell me something, please? How do you start school? I mean what do you do to begin with?"

Johnny stood reluctantly. "We first pledge allegiance and then we sing the song—"

"Yes, but that's all after roll call," Sandra said. "You forgot roll call."

"Yes. You forgot roll call, Johnny," Mary said.

"First we have roll call," Johnny said. Then he sat down.

The New Teacher smiled. "All right. But we really don't need roll call. I know all your names and I know everyone's here. It's very lazy for a teacher not to know who's here and who isn't, don't you think? After all, a teacher should *know*. So we don't need roll call while I'm your teacher. So we should pledge, isn't that next?"

Obediently all the children got up and put their hands on their hearts and the New Teacher did the same, and they began in unison, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of—"

"Just a moment," the New Teacher said. "What does *pledge* mean?"

The children stood openmouthed; Miss Worden had never interrupted them before. They stood and stared a the New Teacher. Wordless. And silen

"What does *allegiance* mean?" th New Teacher asked, her hand over he heart.

The children stood in silence. The Mary put up her hand. "Well, *pledg* is, ah, well, something like—sort o when you want to do something ver good. You sort of pledge you're goin to do something like not suck you thumb 'cause that makes your teet bend and you'll have to wear a brac and go to the dentist, which hurts."

"That's very good, Mary. Very, ver good. To pledge means to promise. An *allegiance?*"

Mary shrugged helplessly an looked at her best friend, Hilda, wh looked back at her and then at th teacher and shrugged helplessly too.

The New Teacher waited, and th silence hung in the room, hurting Then she said, "I think it's quit wrong for you to have to say some thing with long words in it if you don understand what you're saying."

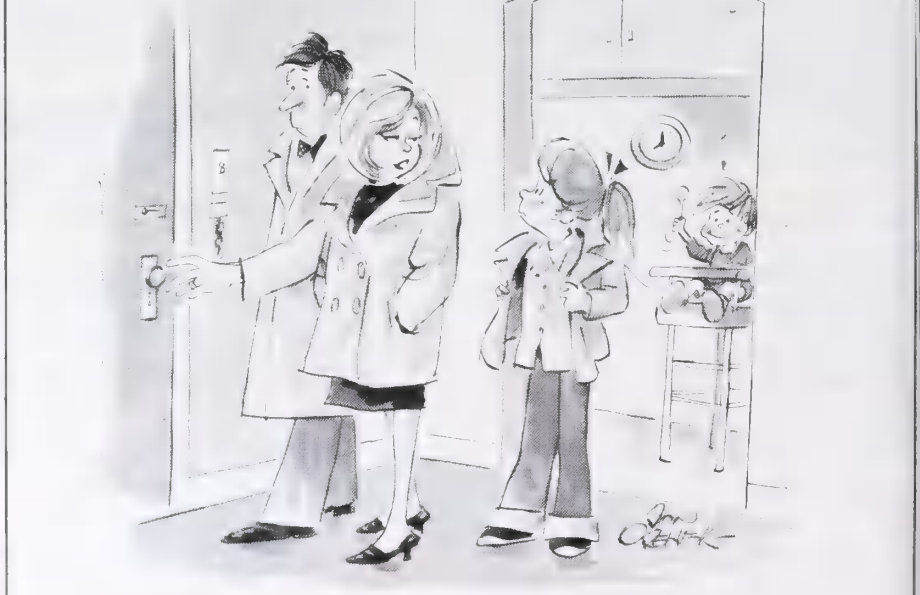
So the children sat down and waite expectantly.

"What did your other teacher tel you that it meant?"

After a long silence Danny put up his hand. "She never said nothing miss."

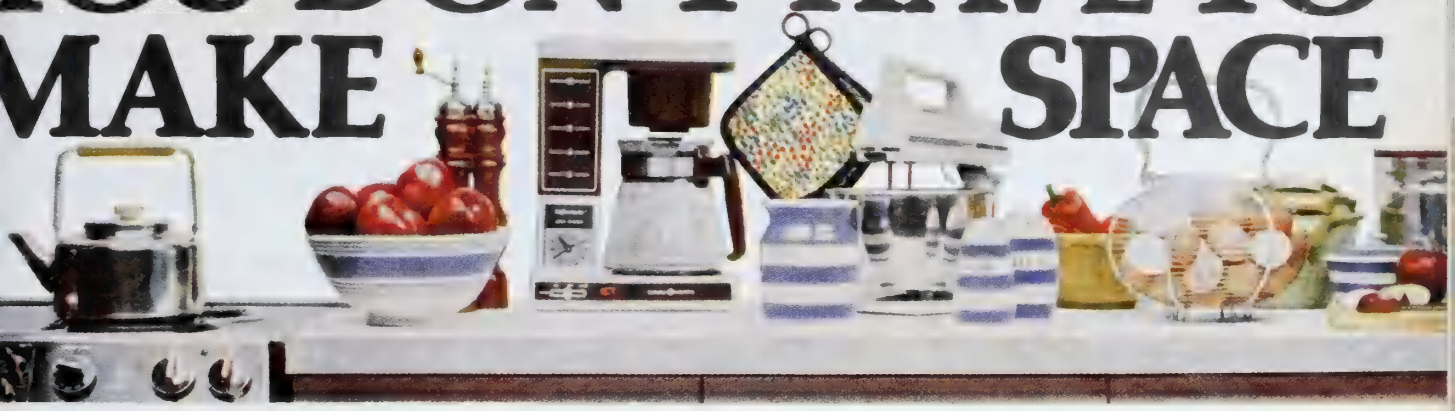
"One of my teachers at the othe school I went to before this one," Joa said in a rush, "well, she sort of saic what it all meant, at least she saic something about it just before recess one day and then the bell went and afterwards we had spellin'."

Danny said, "Miss Worden—well, she never told us. We just hadta learn it and then say it, that's *(continued)*



"Feeding him is no problem. He won't eat anything."

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½ cup sliced almonds
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
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3 cups cooked rice
Salt and pepper to taste

In a large skillet, sauté almonds in butter until golden. Stir in remaining ingredients. Heat through. Makes 6 servings.

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RICE

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THE CHILDREN'S STORY
continued

all. Our real teacher didn't say anything at all."

All the children nodded. Then they waited again.

"Your teacher never explained to you?" All the children shook their heads.

"I don't think that was very good. Not to explain. You can always ask me anything. That's what a real teacher should do." Then the New Teacher said, "But didn't you ask your daddies and mommies?"

"Not about 'I pledge.' We just hadta learn it," Mary said. "Once I could say it, Daddy gave me a nickel for saying it good."

"That's right," Danny said. "So long as you could say it all, it was very good. But I never got no nickel."

"Did you ask each other what it meant?"

"I askt Danny and he didn't know and none of us knowed. It's grown-up talk, and grown-ups talk that sort of words. We just havta learn it."

"The other schools I went to," Hilda said, "they never said anything about it. They just wanted us to learn it. They didn't ask us what it meant. We just hadta say it every day before we started school."

"It took me weeks and weeks and weeks to say it right," Mary said.

So the New Teacher explained what *allegiance* meant. " . . . so you are promising or pledging support to the flag and saying that it is much more important than *you* are. How can a flag be more important than a real live person?"

Johnny broke the silence. "But the next thing is—well, where it says 'and to the republic for which it stands.' That means it's like a . . ." He searched for the word and could not find it. "Like a well, sort of sign, isn't it?"

"Yes. The real word is a *symbol*." The New Teacher frowned. "But we don't need a sign to remind us that we love our country, do we? You're all good boys and girls. Do you need a sign to remind you?"

"What's *remind* mean?" Mary asked.

"It means to make you remember. To make you remember that you're all good boys and girls."

The children thought about this and shook their heads.

Johnny put up his hand. "It's our flag," he said fiercely. "We always pledge."

"Yes," the New Teacher said, "It *is* a very pretty one." She looked at it a moment and then said, "I wish I could have a piece of it. If it's so important, I think we should all have a piece of it. Don't you?"

(continued)



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Unretouched photos were taken of lettuce and other food stored in Food Saver drawers after 15-day test.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE CHILDREN'S STORY
continued

"I've a little one at home," Mary said. "I could bring it tomorrow."

"Thank you, Mary dear, but I just wanted a little piece of this one because it's our own classroom one."

Then Danny said, "If we had some scissors we could cut a little piece off."

"I've some scissors at home," Mary said.

"There's some in Miss Worden's desk," Brian said.

The New Teacher found the scissors and then they had to decide who would be allowed to cut a little piece off, and the New Teacher said that because today was Mary's birthday (*How did you know that?* Mary asked herself, awed) Mary should be allowed to cut the piece off. And then they decided it would be very nice if they all had a piece. The flag is special, they thought, so if you have a piece, that's better than having just to look at it, 'cause you can keep it in your pocket.

So the flag was cut up by the children and they were very proud that they each had a piece. But now the flagpole was bare and strange.

And useless.

The children pondered what to do with it, and the idea that pleased them most was to push it out of the window. They watched excitedly as the New Teacher opened the window and allowed them to throw it into the playground. They shrieked with excitement as they saw it bounce on the ground and lie there. They began to love this strange New Teacher.

When they were all back in their seats the New Teacher said, "Well, before we start our lessons, perhaps there are some questions you want me to answer. Ask me anything you like. That's only fair, isn't it, if I ask you questions?"

Mary said, after a silence, "We never get to ask our real teacher *any* questions."

"You can always ask me anything. That's the fair way. The new way. Try me."

"What's your name?" Danny asked.

She told them her name, and it sounded pretty.

Mary put up her hand. "Why do you wear those clothes? Well, it's like a sort of uniform nurses wear."

"We think that teachers should be dressed the same. Then you always know a teacher. It's nice and light and easy to iron. Do you like the color?"

"Oh, yes," Mary said. "You've got green eyes, too."

"If you like, children, as a very special surprise, you can all have this sort of uniform. Then you won't have to worry about what you have to wear to school every day. And you'll all be the same."

The children twisted excitedly in their seats. Mary said, "But it'll cost a lot, and my momma won't want to spend the money 'cause we have to buy food and food is expen—Well, it sort of costs a lot of money."

"They will be given to you. As a present. There's no need to worry about money."

Johnny said, "I don't want to be dressed like that."

"You don't have to accept a present, Johnny. Just because the other children want to wear new clothes, you don't have to," the New Teacher said.

Johnny slunk back in his chair. *I'm never going to wear their clothes*, he said to himself. *I don't care if I'm going to look different from Danny and Tom and Fred.*

Then Mary asked, "Why was our teacher crying?"

"I suppose she was just tired and needed a rest. She's going to have a long rest." She smiled at them. "We think teachers should be young. I'm nineteen."

"Is the war over now?" Danny asked.

"Yes, Danny, isn't that wonderful! Now all your daddies will be home soon."

"Did we win or did we lose?" Mary asked.

"We—that's you and I and all of us—*we* won." *(continued)*

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THE CHILDREN'S STORY
continued

"Oh!"

The children sat back happily.

Then Johnny's hatred burst. "Where's my dad? What've you done to my dad? Where's my dad?"

The New Teacher got up from her seat and walked the length of the room and the children's eyes followed her, and Johnny stood, knees of jelly. She sat down on his seat and put her hands on his shoulders, and his shoulders were shaking like his knees.

"He's going to a school. Some grown-ups have to go to school as well as children."

"But they took him away and he didn't want to go." Johnny felt the tears close and he fought them back.

The New Teacher touched him gently, and he smelled the youth and cleanness of her, and it was not the smell of home which was sour and just a little dirty. "He's no different from all of you. *You* sometimes don't want to go to school. With grown-ups it's the same—just the same as children. Would you like to visit him? He has a holiday in a few days."

"Momma said that Dad's gone away forever!" Johnny stared at her incredulously. "He has a holiday?"

The New Teacher laughed. "She's wrong, Johnny. After all, everyone who goes to school has holidays. That's fair, isn't it?"

The children shifted and rustled and watched. And Johnny said, "I can see him?"

"Of course. Your daddy just has to go back to school a little. He had some strange thoughts, and he wanted other grown-ups to believe them. It's not right to want others to believe wrong thoughts, is it?"

"Well, no, I suppose not. But my dad never thought nothing bad."

"Of course, Johnny. I said *wrong* thoughts—not *bad* thoughts. There's nothing wrong with that. But it's right to show grown-ups right thoughts when they're wrong, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," Johnny said. "But what wrong thoughts did he have?"

"Just some grown-up thoughts that are old-fashioned. We're going to learn all about them in class. Then we can share knowledge, and I can learn from you as you will learn from me. Shall we?"

"All right," Johnny stared at her, perplexed. "My dad couldn't have wrong thoughts. He just couldn't . . . . Could he?"

"Well, perhaps sometime when you wanted to talk about something very important to your dad, perhaps he said, 'Not now, Johnny, I'm busy,' or 'We'll talk about that tomorrow.' That's a bad thought—not to give you time when it's important. Isn't it?"

"Sure. But that's what all grown-ups do."

"My momma says that all the time," Mary said.

And the other children nodded, and they wondered if all their parents should go back to school and unlearn bad thoughts.

"Sit down, Johnny, and we'll start learning good things and not worry about grown-up bad thoughts. Oh, yes," she said when she sat down at her seat again, brimming with happiness. "I have a lovely surprise for you. You're all going to stay overnight with us. We have a lovely room and beds and lots of food, and we'll all tell stories and have such a lovely time."

"Oh, good," the children said.

"Can I stay up till eight o'clock?" Mary asked breathlessly.

"Well, as it's our first new day, we'll all stay up to eight-thirty. But only if you promise to go right to sleep afterward."

The children all promised. They were very happy. Jenny said, "But first we got to say our prayers. Before we go to sleep."

'he New Teacher smiled at her. "Of rse. Perhaps we should say a yer now. In some schools that's a tom too." She thought a moment, the faces watched her. Then she d, "Let's pray. But let's pray for nething very good. What should we y for?"

Bless Momma and Daddy," Danny d immediately.

That's a good idea, Danny. I have . Let's pray for candy. That's a good a, isn't it?"

'hey all nodded happily.

, following their New Teacher, they closed their eyes and steepled their ıds together, and they prayed with for candy.

'he New Teacher opened her eyes l looked around disappointedly. ıt where's our candy? God is all-ing and is everywhere, and if we y, He answers our prayers. Isn't t true?"

I prayed for a puppy of my own lots imes, but I never got one," Danny d.

Maybe we didn't pray hard enough. haps we should kneel down like it's e in church."

o the New Teacher knelt and all children knelt and they prayed y, very hard. But there was still no dy.

Because the New Teacher was disappointed, the children were very disappointed. Then she said, "Perhaps we're using the wrong name." She thought a moment and then said, "Instead of saying 'God,' let's say 'Our Leader.' Let's pray to Our Leader for candy. Let's pray very hard and don't open your eyes till I say."

So the children shut their eyes tightly and prayed very hard, and as they prayed, the New Teacher took out some candy from her pocket and quietly put a piece on each child's desk. She did not notice Johnny—alone of all the children—watching her through his half-closed eyes.

She went softly back to her desk and the prayer ended, and the children opened their eyes and they stared at the candy and they were overjoyed.

"I'm going to pray to Our Leader every time," Mary said excitedly.

"Me too," Hilda said. "Could we eat Our Leader's candy now, teacher?"

"Oh, let's, please, please, please."

"So Our Leader answered your prayers, didn't he?"

"I saw you put the candy on our desks!" Johnny burst out. *"I saw you . . . .* I didn't close my eyes, and I saw you. You had 'em in your pocket. We didn't get them with praying. *You* put them there."

All the children, appalled, stared at him and then at their New Teacher. She stood at the front of the class and looked back at Johnny and then at all of them.

"Yes, Johnny, you're quite right. You're a very, very wise boy. Children, *I* put the candy on your desks. So you know that it doesn't matter whom you ask, whom you shut your eyes and 'pray' to—to God or anyone, even Our Leader—no one will give you anything. Only another human being." She looked at Danny. "God didn't give you the puppy you wanted. But if you work hard, I will. Only I or someone like me can *give* you things. Praying to God or anything or anyone for something is a waste of time."

"Then we don't say prayers? We're not supposed to say prayers?"

The puzzled children watched her.

"You can if you want to, children. If your daddies and mommies want you to. But we know, you and I, that it means nothing. That's our secret."

"My dad says it's wrong to have secrets from him."

"But he has secrets that he shares with your mommy and not with you, doesn't he?"

All the children nodded.

"Then it's not wrong for us to have a few secrets from them. Is it?"

"I like having secrets. Hilda and me have secrets," Mary said. *(continued)*



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THE CHILDREN'S STORY
continued

The New Teacher said, "We're going have lots of wonderful secrets to-ther. You can eat your candy if you ant to. And because Johnny was es-cially clever, I think we should make m monitor for the whole week, don't u?"

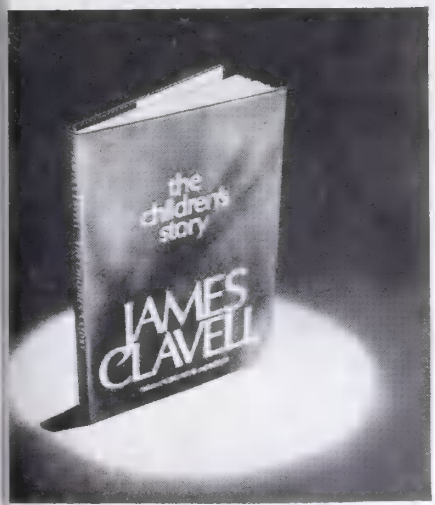
They all nodded happily and popped e candy into their mouths and ewed gloriously. Johnny was very oud as he chewed his candy; he de-ded that he liked his teacher very uch. Because she told the truth. Be-use she was right about fear. Be-use she was right about God. He'd ayed many times for many things d never got them, and even the one me he did get the skates, he knew s dad had heard him and had put em under his bed for his birthday d pretended he hadn't heard him. *I ways wondered why He didn't listen, d all the time He wasn't there,* he ought.

Johnny sat back contentedly, re-lved to work hard and listen and not have wrong thoughts like Dad.

The teacher waited for them to ish their candy. This was what she d been trained for, and she knew at she would teach her children well d that they would grow up to be od citizens. She looked out of the indow, at the sun over the land. It as a good land, and vast. A land to eathe in. But she was warmed not by e sun but by the thought that roughout the school and throughout e land all children, all men and all omen were being taught with the me faith, with variations of the me procedures. Each according to s age group. Each according to his ed.

She glanced at her watch. . . .

It was 9:23. **End**



mes Clavell's THE CHILDREN'S TORY is available in a specially designed rdcover gift edition, just published by De-corte Press/Eleanor Friede. $7.95.

CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE
continued from page 69

uninterested in the boy. For years the boy's problems were known to school counselors. But no one really intervened. By age 15, life was so intolerable for this youngster that he tied a sheet to the window bars in his cell and managed to strangle himself.

At a cocktail party in an affluent New York suburb, conversation centers around a front-page news story of several children tortured by their mother and her boyfriend. The wife of a prominent local doctor staunchly declares that child abuse does not happen in their community. She is visibly shocked to hear her husband say that she doesn't know what she's talking about. Her husband, who specializes in treating burns, begins to describe the horrors he faces every day as he cares for abused children. The reaction of others at the party ranges from disbelief to embarrassment.

The truth of the matter is that *no community is immune to the problem of child abuse.* Yet in one neighborhood after another, otherwise well-informed, responsible people will tell you, "It can't happen here." But the brutal facts belie such innocence and ignorance. The shocking statistics are:

- The National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect reports two million children a year abused.
- A nationwide survey conducted with a grant from the then federal Department of Health, Education and Welfare several years ago and published in the Child Protection Report estimates as many as ten million children are physically abused, sexually abused and severely neglected each year.
- Six thousand children die as a *direct* result of abuse.
- An additional forty thousand children perish annually from mysterious, poorly explained "accidents" or from diseases which could have been successfully treated if diagnosed earlier.

Ask your doctor what would happen if so many millions of American children were suddenly victims of a disease such as measles. He'd tell you that a national emergency would be declared immediately. All across our country cries of "Save our children" would be heard. But nobody is saving the young victims of abuse.

What is wrong? Why isn't there a national mobilization, a commitment of massive proportions in every single community? Because to confront the truth of child abuse is too difficult, too searing. Because it is frightening to hear screams coming from the house next door and find out that the noise is *not* an afternoon television program but the woman with whom you play tennis beating her toddler. It is disturbing to know that your banker or insurance agent is an alcoholic who broke his ten-year-old's arm in a fit of rage. It is horrifying to discover that a friend of your husband's is forcing his ten-year-old daughter to have sex with him. It is easier to pretend nothing is wrong, because if nothing is wrong, you are not compelled to do anything. That is always safer and easier.

We deny the truth about our casual acquaintances and we can deny the truth about ourselves as well. Chil-

(continued on page 164)



"George and I are only staying together for the sake of the animals."

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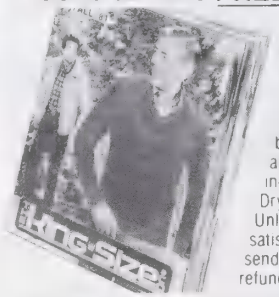
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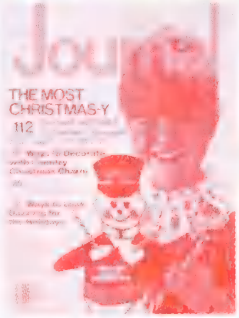
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CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

continued from page 161

dren deny their parents hurt them because the reality is so shameful and terrifying. Wives and mothers protest innocence. Fathers swear children to silence. Brothers and sisters "forget" they know about family members beaten, locked in closets or raped, because as long as it's happening to someone else, it isn't happening to them. Entire families become guilt-filled keepers of the awful secret. Even when someone breaks the silence and "tells," that one honest voice is often not heard. Many judges and physicians have been reluctant to believe that a small child's story of grotesque horrors could possibly be true. The members of a family in which there is child abuse learn these lessons: *Keep your mouth shut; turn your back; pray it doesn't happen to you.*

Radiologists and pediatricians were the first to identify physical child abuse, but many members of the medical profession continue to deny what they see. Private physicians can be very reluctant to confront upstanding community members and, obviously, a child cannot pay his own medical bills. Although the law *requires* physicians to report child abuse, a busy doctor doesn't want to spend time filling out forms, talking to authorities and appearing in court. It is easier to treat the specific injury and send the child home. Why run the risk of ruining your practice?

So those who are abused and those who know of abuse have found that if they speak out there are sure to be reactions of shock, betrayal, anger, guilt and humiliation. It is better to keep quiet and hope the problem will go away. Such reasoning has created so vast a conspiracy of silence about this subject that few have the courage to break it.

When my book *Mommie Dearest* was published, I broke this silence to tell the truth about my own childhood and the effects it had on me as I struggled toward adulthood. In addition to disturbing some ideas about Hollywood glamour, my book shattered misconceptions about child abuse itself.

For years, the myth that child abuse was an affliction of the poor persisted unchallenged. It was assumed that, because these people had such a vast array of problems, family violence was part of the pattern caused by being disadvantaged. But the fact is: *Child abuse has no boundaries of (continued*

How to Break the Conspiracy of Silence

Most of us, even when we are deeply concerned about child abuse, are confused about what we ought to do—and afraid to get involved. The *Journal* interviewed Roland Summit, MD, head physician of the Psychiatric Consultation Service, Harbor UCLA Medical Center in Torrance, Calif., and delegate to the Interagency Council on Child Abuse and Neglect (ICAN) of the L.A. County Department of Mental Health, to find out what to do.

LHJ: If a person suspects a neighbor is abusing a child, what should she do?

DR. SUMMIT: First, get over the idea that the situation is "none of her business." One is not "blowing the whistle" by getting involved. You're reaching out to a troubled family.

Keeping that in mind, there are two ways an individual can act. One is to approach the parent in question, and suggest that he or she contact Parents Anonymous, a self-help organization modeled on Alcoholics Anonymous. The nationwide toll-free number is 800-421-0353 or, for California residents, 800-352-0386. Local chapters are listed in your white pages.

LHJ: Most people can't imagine confronting a neighbor. What's the best way to speak up?

DR. SUMMIT: One could try something like, "Kids can really drive you up the wall sometimes, can't they? Don't you ever wish you could talk to other parents who are having trouble? A friend of mine belongs to a group called Parents Anonymous. She says they've helped her enormously."

LHJ: But what if you don't know the person well?

DR. SUMMIT: Your move then would be to call a government child-protective agency and file an anonymous report. Look in the white pages under Family Services or Social Services or Protective Services. In some areas, there are child abuse hotlines listed under "C" in the white pages.

LHJ: A person doesn't have to give her name?

DR. SUMMIT: No—but even if she did, the law in every state grants immunity from civil liability if one makes such a report in good faith.

LHJ: What happens after a report is filed?

DR. SUMMIT: A social worker would call the allegedly abusive parent, identify herself, and say something such as, "We have some concern that your child is not safe in your home, and we'd like to talk with you about that." If the parent is cooperative—and the majority of them are—the social worker would then visit the home and make an evaluation.

LHJ: But what if the parent denies that abuse is taking place?

DR. SUMMIT: In that case, the counselor would have to conduct an investigation by interviewing school personnel, neighbors and, perhaps, the family doctor. If she found support for the original report of abuse, she would involve the police. They are the only ones who have the right to enter a home without a search warrant, and to take a child into protective custody—although I want to stress that removing the child is the last resort.

LHJ: Are parents taken to court?

DR. SUMMIT: They are taken to criminal court only if the child is very seriously injured or killed. Almost all cases are handled in juvenile court, if they get to court at all, and the purpose is to determine what can be done to improve life for the child at risk.

LHJ: What about sexual abuse?

DR. SUMMIT: That's a little different. Criminal charges are sometimes leveled at the abusive parent, and the children are almost always taken into protective custody, unless the abusive parent agrees to move out of the home. There is, by the way, a group called Parents United, for families where there is sexual abuse. The organization is not yet nationwide, but if a group is not listed in your white pages, Parents Anonymous may be able to help you locate one nearby.

LHJ: So far we've talked about the self-help and protective agencies, which are designed to counsel parents. But what if an incident appears to be life-threatening? Whom do you call?

DR. SUMMIT: The police, and do it immediately. Don't lose time calling an agency that has no power to go right in and get the children out.

LHJ: What about reporting one's own spouse?

DR. SUMMIT: People do that, certainly. In such a situation, however, the wife or husband should first try to get the person to go to Parents Anonymous. If he or she refuses, one can go alone. Frequently the abusive parent agrees to attend meetings after the other parent has been going for a while and realizes there are ways to get help and change destructive family problems.

Christina Crawford and *Ladies' Home Journal* want to help end child abuse. We will send information on how to start a Family Center to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed business-sized envelope to Christina Crawford, President, ICAN, MacLaren Hall, 4024 N. Durfee Ave., El Monte, Calif. 91732. Family Centers are home-like settings that offer 24-hour support, counseling, parent training and social activities for parents and children. They are funded by private philanthropic organizations, but work closely with government agencies to provide total care for abusive families. **End**



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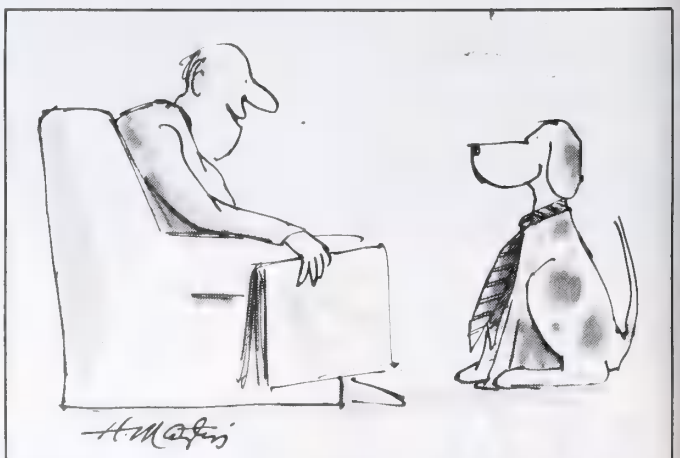
While writing my book, I discovered that my adoptive mother, Joan Crawford, had been a physically abused child and was perhaps sexually abused as well. Despite her fame and wealth, she had no strong family ties, felt deeply buried anger toward her mother and brother, was unable to establish satisfactory relationships in her first three marriages and often felt overwhelmed by the burden of juggling her career and parenthood. She rarely shared her inner feelings, was rigid in her beliefs, wanted her relationship with her children to make up for the love she lacked as a child and, finally, developed a problem with alcohol that further impaired her ability to deal with reality.

My mother had most of the personality traits associated with abusive parents, including the fact that she herself was an abused child. She shared with many other parents the two characteristics most common to child abusers: lack of control over her impulses and a confusion of roles between parent and child so that the child is viewed as responsible for filling the parent's needs instead of the other way around.

Our family never received any helpful insight or therapeutic intervention. It is true that understanding of the problem was minimal 30 years ago; however, my mother's success, stature and power combined to create an atmosphere of isolation and fear among those who may have seen what was really going on and tried to speak up.

A similar situation exists today. While the underprivileged segments of society come to the attention of social workers, police officers and public hospital attendants who recognize child abuse, the affluent do not encounter these people who recognize the symptoms. Perhaps the greatest irony in the tragic world of child abuse and family violence is that the people who can afford to pay for help aren't getting it. Why? Because of massive denial that the problem even exists. They, perhaps most of all, are victims of the conspiracy of silence.

What is the result? We are just beginning to learn the painful toll abuse takes as children progress toward adulthood. Dr. Roland Summit, psychiatrist at Harbor-UCLA Medical Center and recognized authority on child sexual abuse, declares that "if the child cannot reconcile the continuing outrage [of abuse], the intolerance of helplessness, then his or her increasing rage will seek active expression." Girls tend to turn their despair on themselves and may attempt suicide, engage in promiscuous sexual behavior or run away. Boys usually direct those feelings outward, becoming aggressive and delinquent. *(continued)*



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Dr. Arthur Green, clinical psychiatrist, Director of the Family Center at New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital and author of *Child Maltreatment,* writes: "Untreated abused children are a constant drain on the resources of our communities, due to their vulnerablity to mental illness, vocational and educational failure, proneness toward violence and criminality, and their tendency to repeat abusive patterns with their own children in the following generation."

So, whether or not you were an abused child, *you* are right now paying for the abuse of others, both in dollars and in social chaos. The tax money spent to handle some of the fallout from child abuse does not solve the problem. The money merely tries to control the more serious effects on society that abuse creates.

For if a young child's life is endangered by abuse, he or she may be removed from the threatening environment. *You, the taxpayer, supply an average of $8,000 a year per child for foster care.*

Once the abused child goes to school, he or she, if unable to adjust or slow to learn, takes the attention of teachers and school administrators. *You pay in the form of loss of attention to your child's needs.*

Receiving nothing but failure signals both at home and at school, the abused child may seek out other means of gratification—ranging from fights to drugs or alcohol, stealing and vandalism. *You pay for narcotics officers, the police and school repairs.*

It will not be long before that same child reaches junior high and is identified as truant, delinquent or sexually promiscuous. *You pay for court costs, detention centers and facilities for unwed mothers.*

Some will be incarcerated the majority of their adult lives. *You pay to build and maintain mental hospitals and prisons.* One hundred percent of San Quentin inmates convicted for committing a violent crime were abused as children. It costs between $15,000 and $20,000 to support one prisoner for a year and $100,000 to construct every new prison cell.

Most abused children will also become parents. *Both you and the next generation pay for that.*

Fortunately, not all abused children are fated to such doom-filled lives. There are many who were beaten, burned, raped and humiliated in their homes who are determined to survive and build better lives for themselves. But it takes monumental courage, years of soul-searching, pain and faith to do this all alone. Some turn to God, others to their spouses, many to their work for the strength they need. Most stop telling anyone about what really happened to them as children. If they succeed, they do so in silence abou the past. That does *not* mean the pa is gone. We carry it with us. For som it ruins the future; for others it simply there, waiting in the darknes

Recently I received this letter fro a married woman of 35 who has on child and is in business with her hu band. "My life has been full, reward ing and happy. Needless to say, when started having terrible anxiety a tacks, everyone that knew me wa mystified. Three times I was taken t the emergency room, unable t breathe, completely consumed wit the idea that I was going to die. Be cause the doctors could not find physical cause for my illness, I wa sent to a psychologist for therapy. Ev ery visit was a nightmare of recallin things about growing up. My session were filled with tales of humiliation frustration, anger and pain. M mother was an alcoholic, but she wa also a nurse and well-respected in ou community. I grew up to believe sh was all-powerful. Friends, neighbor and family, some of whom knew a least in part what was going on, acte as though nothing was wrong. Durin one of her drunken night raids, afte everything in my room had bee ruined, she struck me with a rat-tai comb and made a deep cut, very clos to my right eye. Blood went every where. She seemed not to realize wha was going on and wandered slowl down the hall and passed out acros her bed."

Therapy and a supportive, lovin husband helped this woman. But mil lions of others cannot find someone t believe in them nor *(continued)*

NOVEMBER RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchen and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists

APPETIZERS
Appetizer Cut-Outs p. 121
Cheese Wafers p. 127
Chicken Liver Pate p. 115
Cocktail London Broil p. 118
Empanaditas p. 122
Holiday Cheese Ball p. 121
Mideastern Meat Pastries p. 116
Mushroom Mousse p. 116
Party Mix Recipe p. 38
Rainbow Fish Pate p. 112
Salmon Canapes p. 118
Smoked Turkey Breast With Sweet and Sour Mustard p. 118
Sugar 'N' Spice Almonds p. 118

BEVERAGES
Blond Sangria p. 124
Bloody Marys p. 128
Margaritas For a Crowd p. 123
Milk Punch p. 127

DESSERTS
Butter Cookie Classics p. 135
Caramel Oranges With Rum Custard Sauce p. 124
Charlie's Brownie Cupcakes p. 42
Chocolate Dream Pie p. 115
Chocolate-Filled Bon Bons p. 67
Chocolate Velvet p. 7
Christmas Wreath Coffee Cake p. 67
Cranberry-Carrot Cake p. 66
Cranberry-Cherry Pie p. 66
Delta Queen Cake p. 114
Gram's Flambe p. 53
Kate's Snow Mountains p. 53
Mom's Christmas Tree p. 53
Raspberry Snow Bars p. 67
Spiced Apricot Savarin p. 172

DIPS
Avocado p. 133
Curried Ham p. 133
Dilly-Shimmel p. 133
Green Goddess p. 133
Guacamole p. 122
Hot Chili Dip p. 121
Impromptu Dip p. 121
Mexican p. 133
Oriental p. 133
Pesto Dip with Crudites p. 116
Spicy Bean p. 133

ENTREES
Canadian Bacon p. 128
Chalupa p. 123
Corned Beef Hash Patties p. 128
Crab Newburg With Artichoke Hearts p. 172
Eggs McMarvelous p. 128
Green Enchiladas p. 123
Linda Capon's Honey Pork Oriental p. 169
Rum-Glazed Cornish Hens p. 112

MISCELLANEOUS
Almond Mushroom Rice p. 154
Butter Snack Mix p. 133
Buttery Walnut Stuffing p. 113
Cranberry Relish p. 114
Hollandaise Sauce p. 172
Pecan Pilaf p. 112
Pink Sauce p. 112
Salsa p. 123
Sauce Piperade p. 172
Toasted English Muffins p. 172
Walnut Cranberry Relish p. 113
Walnut Stuffing p. 125

VEGETABLES
Butter Baked Taters p. 136
Carrot/Zucchini Julienne p. 112
Holiday Yam Bake p. 109
Marinated Vegetables p. 122
Walnut Vegetable Medley p. 113



"My daughter said, 'Mom, this is the best thing you've ever made!'"

When Mrs. Gilbert Capson of Salt Lake City, Utah, heard that from her daughter, Dorothy, she knew she had a winner. Her creation, "Honey Pork Oriental," made with French's Brown Gravy Mix won a "French's Prize Recipe Award" for turning ordinary pork into a really special dish. You'll find original, prize-winning recipes from creative cooks everywhere on the back of each French's Prize Recipe Sauce, Gravy, and Seasoning Mix package.

Linda Capson's Honey Pork Oriental

2 pounds pork shoulder steaks
2 tablespoons oil
or melted shortening
1 envelope French's Brown Gravy Mix
¾ cup water
¼ cup honey
3 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
1 teaspoon French's Ginger
½ teaspoon French's Garlic Salt
4 carrots, thinly sliced
1 medium onion, cut in 8 wedges
1 green pepper, cut in squares
cooked rice

Cut pork in 1-inch squares, discarding bones. Brown pork in oil in large skillet, stirring frequently, 15 minutes. Combine French's Brown Gravy Mix, water, honey, soy sauce, vinegar, ginger, and garlic salt. Add to skillet, cover and cook 20 minutes. Add carrots; cook 10 minutes. Add onion and pepper, cook 5 to 10 minutes. Serve with rice. 4 to 5 servings.



French's® Prize Recipe
For cooking that could win a prize.

Journal Shopping Center

FASHION: INNER BEAUTY
PAGE 71: RALPH LAUREN robe.

PAGE 72: Center: ARTHUR RICHARDS suit.

PAGE 73: M & J SAVITT earrings, menswear: CALVIN KLEIN shirt, WRANGLER jeans; back pack, canteen, hiking boots, binoculars from HUDSON. Insert: PRINCE WOODIE racket; CLAIROL hair dryer.

GIVE THE BEST PARTIES EVER COME FOR DINNER
PAGE 96: Oxford "Ashley" Bone China by Lenox, Inc. "Allegro" water goblets and wine glasses by Lenox Crystal. Console candlesticks, cranberry server with spoon and "Patrician" flatware, all in silverplate by Oneida, Ltd.

WE'RE SERVING BUFFET
Page 98: Mexican dishes and accessories from Pan American Phoenix, The Market @ Citicorp Center, New York, N.Y. 10022.

DROP IN FOR BRUNCH
PAGE 100: Counterclockwise from front: Oval "Bar and Reed" tray #119-14, 10½"x18"; pierced serving spoon #242-14; "Chippendale" tray #184-10, 13"x17¼"; serving fork #242-12; all in Armetale by The Wilton Co. Bell-shaped pitcher, 68 oz., by Riekes Crisa. Punch bowl with ladle by West Virginia Glass Specialty Co. Harmony wine glasses (surrounding punch bowl), crystal bowls with cobalt blue stems, and Harmony "Blue Note" dinner plates and bowls by Block China Co. "Basque" stainless flatware by Dalia, Inc.

COCKTAIL PARTY
PAGE 102: Mushroom basket in white pottery, 13½"x6½"x4½", by Rubel & Co. "European" 10½ oz. Rocks, 12 oz. beverage tumblers (in close-up of bar), by Wheaton Fine Glassware.

TABLETOP MAKEOVERS
PAGE 106: Inset above: "China Bouquet" by Sebring Pottery. Chrysanthemum" Irish Linen Damask cloth by Ewart-Liddell, imported by The Robinson Co. Makeover: Solid rose Colorstax plate by Metlox. "Arlington" pink goblets by Viking Glass. "Desert Rose" salt and pepper shakers by Franciscan. "Katrina" French pottery plate and bowl from Conran's, 160 E. 54th St., N.Y.C. 10022. Rose patterned Cacharel placemat. "Accent" napkin in Raspberry by Sunweave Linens. "French Classic" silverplated flatware by Gorham Division of Textron. Inset below left: "Pink Vista" Ironstone by Mason's. "Ribbonedge" Design Studio Stainless by Gorham. Makeover: "Town & Country" blue spongeware by Royal Cumberland. Armetale porringer #154-14, 6" diameter, by The Wilton Co. "Sturbridge" place mat by Fallani & Cohn. "Le Fleur" napkin by Table Manners. "Branford" stainless flatware by International. Inset below right: "White Shoulders" by Fitz and Floyd. "Wickham" stainless flatware by Wallace. Makeover: "Total Color Black" and "Foulard" pattern china, both by Fitz and Floyd. "Michel" goblet by Dansk. "Sitting Pretty" napkin flower holder by Two's Company. "Oblique" stainless flatware by Stanley Roberts. Napkin, tray, from Conran's.

PAGE 108: Inset top: "Generation Blue Mist" by Dansk. Stainless flatware by Anacapa Trading Co. Makeover: Blue tiles for tabletop and Furnival's "Blue Denmark" plate, eggcup, sugar, creamer, cup and saucer from Conran's. "English Gentry" silverplated flatware by Reed & Barton. "Temple White" salt and pepper shakers by Fitz and Floyd. Inset center left: "Blue Ridge" china by Lenox (discontinued). Makeover: "Clover" Ironstone plate by Grindley of Stoke. Blue teapot, cup and saucer from The Pottery Barn, 117 E. 59th St., N.Y.C. 10022. "Old Guilford" silverplated flatware by Wallace Silversmiths. "Morocco" tumbler by Anchor Hocking. Napkin by Table Togs. Place mat by Corning Designs. Inset center right: "Domino" china by Royal Copenhagen. "Wood Accent" flatware by Dansk. Makeover: "Cloissoné Iris" china (available only in salad, dessert plates and mugs) by Fitz and Floyd. "Joy" goblets by Colony. "Marco Polo" rosewood and bronze flatware by Villeroy & Boch. Inset bottom left: White china with etched gold band, made in Limoges, France, by L. Straus & Sons (several decades old). "Strasbourg" sterling silver flatware by Gorham. Makeover: "Durham Marone" bone china by Avnsley. "Veronique" water goblet and "Allure" wine glass, both by Sasaki. "Golden Aegean Weave" sterling flatware with touches of gold by Wallace Silversmiths. Inset bottom right: "Grantham" Earthenware by Royal Doulton (discontinued). "Dover" stainless flatware by Oneida, Ltd. Makeover: "Ashlea" Ironstone by Mason's. "Illusion" water goblet by Fostoria. "Spring Present" place mat with napkin by Society Hill Linens.

CENTERPIECES IN THE PARTY MOOD
PAGE 110: Above: paper tablecloth, napkins and Hall Sheen ribbons by Hallmark. Plastic dinnerplates by Heller. Plastic tumblers, flatware by Oak Hill Industries. Octagonal Ice Bucket (holding paper flowers) by Sigma Division of Towle. Below: Painted baskets, napkins, silk tulips by Diane Love, available in department stores. Fruits and flower cacti centerpeices designed by Thomas Marshall of Marshall & Co. Florists, 231 E. 60th St., N.Y.C. 10022.

CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE
continued

someone with the dedication and skill to help them exorcize their memories and fears. I get letters telling me of their lives, too. One man wrote that he was just waiting until his parents got old so that he could hurt them when they were helpless, repaying them for what he suffered as a child. Many women write that they did not fully recognize the past abuse they'd suffered until they had children of their own and found themselves unable to cope. Instead of being a fulfillment, motherhood became a terrifying journey back into the nightmare of their own childhood.

Treatment and prevention of child abuse are not simple. But today there are more and more effective programs: In Los Angeles, ICAN Associates sponsors neighborhood family centers. In New York, Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital runs a privately funded, family-center clinic. In Santa Clara, California, a sexual abuse treatment program was started within the Juvenile Probation Department. There is a growing body of professionals specifically trained to treat abused children and abusive adults. As communities across the country become informed and aware, people no longer afraid to speak out are bringing those professionals in contact with their friends and neighbors who need help. Local chapters of self-help groups, such as Parents Anonymous and Parents United, are being formed in many areas.

Reversing lifelong patterns of behavior does not happen overnight. It takes community energy, professional patience and the individual's willingness to change. At first such change is a frightening process. Facing reality is the very trauma so many have been running away from all their lives. But parenting education, individual counseling and group therapy do work when combined in a complete program. There are constructive answers available that can break the cycle of child abuse passed on from one generation to the next.

But the abused children crying somewhere right at this moment cannot speak up. They are a constituency without a national voice. It is up to us as adults to help them and protect them, recognizing the true consequences of child abuse, whether it is in our homes or in our neighborhoods.

It is time for us to both stop denying the problem exists and to start working together to create solutions for each and every community. Child abuse has already reached epidemic proportions in this country. We are experiencing a crisis. In Chinese, the word for crisis has two distinct characters: The upper one means danger and the lower one means opportunity. If we can understand the scope of the danger, it is possible to move forward and meet the opportunity.

My hope is that you will choose to speak out, to become involved in your neighborhood and community, to help those who need your help. It is time to stop keeping our mouths shut, turning our backs and praying it doesn't happen to us. It already has. **End**

Christina Crawford is the author of a new novel, Black Widow, *to be published by William Morrow & Co., Inc.*



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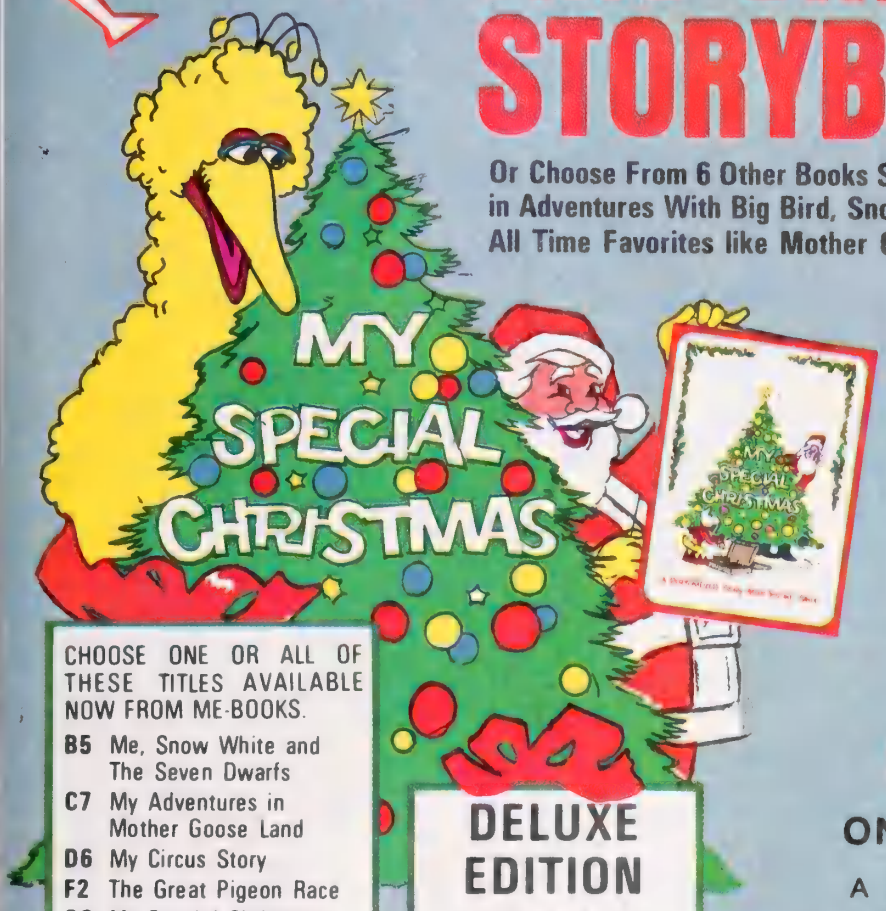
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DROP IN FOR BRUNCH

continued from page 128

Broil patties 3 inches from heat until browned, about 4 minutes on each side. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cool, then arrange in single layer in a 13½x8¾x1¾-inch glass baking dish. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours. Uncover and reheat in preheated 350° F. oven about 15 minutes.)* Makes 12 patties, about 150 calories each.

TOASTED ENGLISH MUFFINS

Preheat broiler. Spread split side of 12 English muffins with butter or margarine (you'll need about ½ cup). Toast buttered side only under broiler. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cool; place in 15½x10½x1-inch jelly-roll pan. Cover with foil and let stand at room temperature up to 24 hours. Just before serving, reheat in covered pan in preheated 350° F. oven 10 minutes. Uncover and heat 5 minutes longer.)* Makes 24, about 100 calories each.
Ed. note: You can pre-butter the muffins and toast at the last minute. They'll be a little less chewy this way.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

4 eggs
3 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon ground red pepper
Dash white pepper
1 cup hot melted butter

In blender combine eggs, lemon juice and seasonings. Cover and blend at high speed ½ minute. With motor running, add hot butter in fine, steady stream. *(Can be made ahead. Transfer to double boiler. Cover and keep over hot, not boiling, water up to 1 hour.)* Serve with English muffins and poached eggs. Makes 2½ cups, about 50 calories per tablespoon.

SAUCE PIPERADE

⅓ cup butter or margarine
1 cup coarsely chopped onions
1 cup coarsely chopped green peppers
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 can (28 oz.) crushed tomatoes, undrained
1 tablespoon tomato paste
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon bottled hot red pepper sauce

In heavy saucepan melt butter or margarine over low heat. Add onions, green peppers and garlic; sauté over medium heat until onion is transparent, about 10 minutes. Stir in tomatoes, tomato paste and seasonings. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer uncovered 40 minutes. *(Can be made ahead. Cover and refrigerate up to 3 days. Reheat slowly in saucepan about 15 minutes before serving.)* Serve with English muffins and poached eggs. Makes about 3½ cups sauce, about 60 calories per ¼ cup.

CRAB NEWBURG WITH ARTICHOKE HEARTS

2 packages (6 oz. each) frozen king crab meat, thawed
Milk
½ cup butter or margarine
¼ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
2 tablespoons minced onion
½ cup all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
1 tablespoon dry sherry
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 package (9 oz.) frozen artichoke hearts, cooked and drained

Drain crab meat; reserve liquid. Add enough milk to liquid to equal 3 cups; set aside.

In heavy 2-quart saucepan melt butter or margarine over low heat. Add mushrooms and onion and sauté over medium heat until liquid has evaporated, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat; blend in flour, salt and pepper. Return to heat; gradually stir in reserved liquid. Add sherry and Worcestershire sauce. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Stir in crab meat and artichokes; heat through. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Cool, stirring occasionally, then cover and refrigerate up to 2 days. Stir to soften, then reheat slowly until hot.)* Serve over toasted English muffins with or without poached egg. Makes 6 cups, about 150 calories per ½ cup.

SPICED APRICOT SAVARIN

Batter
2 cups all-purpose flour
⅓ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 package active dry yeast
½ cup milk
¼ cup butter
3 eggs (at room temperature)
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Glaze
½ cup apricot preserves
1 teaspoon water
Syrup
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
2 cinnamon sticks
2 whole cloves
2 orange slices
1 lemon slice
Red and green seedless grapes, for garnish

Batter: In mixer bowl combine ⅔ cu flour, sugar, salt and undissolve yeast; mix well.

In small saucepan combine milk an butter. Heat over low heat until liqui is very warm (120°–130° F.) Butte doesn't need to melt. Add to dry ingre dients and beat at medium speed for minutes, scraping bowl occasionall Add eggs, vanilla and ⅓ cup flou Beat at high speed 2 minutes, scrapin bowl occasionally. Beat in remainin flour just until smooth. Cover; let ris in warm place, free from draft, unti doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

Grease and flour 6½-cup ring mold Stir batter down; spoon evenly int ring mold. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled i bulk, about 45 minutes.

Glaze: In small saucepan combine pre serves and water. Heat slowly, stirrin constantly, until mixture comes to boil. Heat and stir 2 minutes longe Press through fine sieve; set aside.

Preheat oven to 375° F. Bake cake 1 to 18 minutes, or until cake tester in serted in center comes out clean.

Syrup: Meanwhile, in saucepan com bine all syrup ingredients. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer 3 min utes. Set aside to cool to lukewarm Turn cake out onto wire rack and le cool 20 minutes. Return cake to mol (no need to wash mold); prick all ove with fork. Strain syrup; slowly spoo over cake. Let stand in mold unti syrup is absorbed, about 1 hour. Turn out onto wire rack set on sheet of wax paper. Brush with apricot glaze. *(Can be made ahead. Store tightly covered in cool dry place up to 3 days.)* Serve garnished with clusters of grapes Makes 12 to 16 servings, about 260 calories per 12, 195 calories per 16. **End**



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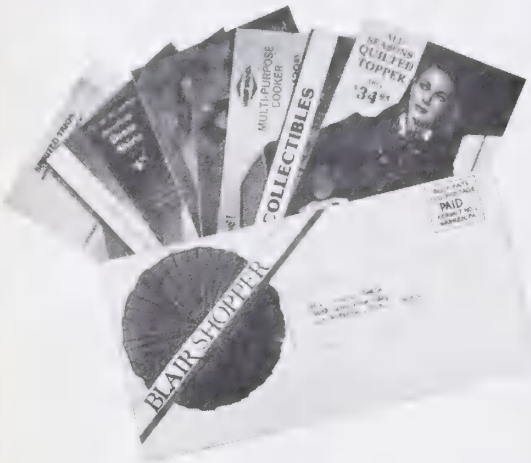
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IT'S A BEER TASTING

continued from page 104

and character of each beer; variations in color, aroma, flavor and body. The vocabulary for a beer tasting should include such words as "effervescent" vs. "flat," "mellow" vs. "musty," "robust" vs "thin."

After guests have picked favorites, plan on people relaxing over 2-3 more full (12 oz.) beers as the evening goes on. To pour the perfect beer: Start with a squeaky-clean mug (or glass). Any traces of soap or grease cause the beer bubbles to cling to the sides. Rinse the mug one more time before pouring; shake off excess. Holding mug at an angle, pour beer down one side, then straighten mug until you're hitting dead center.

Pouring activates the beer, giving rise to its distinctive creamy collar. How much foam or "head" depends on personal preference. Tip: If the beer spills out too fast, place your finger on the rim of the mug or glass to prevent beer from foaming over. Any beer that's too cold doesn't foam well, while warm beer gets too sudsy.

Beer, unlike wine, doesn't improve with age. Its quality starts going downhill after 3 months in cans, 5 months in bottles. Keep refrigerated or store in a cool, dark place.

Beer consumption is on the rise in the U.S., especially among the female population. This follows the trend away from the hard, dark liquors to the lighter, but flavorful beverages. Beer is also the perfect companion to many different cuisines that are popular now: Japanese, Tex-Mex, Indian. The alcohol content of beer ranges from 3.2 to 4.5%. End

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appearance at Las Vegas in August of 1969 when the Sharon Tate murders burst like a bomb in his brain. He saw in these murders a prophecy of his own doom. Instantly, Elvis ordered his house guarded by uniformed security men night and day.

What Elvis required was absolute security, the kind that was enjoyed by the president of the United States. The president had his uniformed guards, alarm systems and all the mechanical protection that human ingenuity could devise. Ultimately, though, what really secured him from harm? The Secret Service. That was the sort of protection that Elvis craved: a wall of human flesh. Men—like the Guys—who were willing to take the bullet that was meant for him.

And guns, Presley reasoned, were the secret of security. Elvis himself always believed in guns, and in the course of the next four years, he must have bought at least 250. There were guns in all of Elvis' homes, in Elvis' cars, on Elvis' own person at all times.

Once Elvis got on his gun kick, guns became, after cars, his favorite gift item. He gave guns not only to the Guys, but to the men he most admired, like President Nixon, to whom Elvis presented one of his commemorative Colt .45s. Elvis gave many guns to women as well, insisting that they ran no risk from the law because any *real* lawman would respect a lady's desire to protect herself from injury or dishonor. This passing out of guns to girls became so habitual with Elvis that every time he dismissed a young woman with whom he had spent the night, he would give her a sinister-looking .38 Python.

But guns also were dangerous to Presley's women. Once, Linda Thompson was in the bathroom of a Las Vegas hotel penthouse when she heard an explosion and saw, simultaneously, a hole appear in the roll of toilet paper and a mirror on the other side of the room explode into shards of glass. Rushing into the living room, she discovered Elvis holding a still-smoking pistol. He had taken a shot at a light fixture, missed and put the bullet clear through the wall and nearly into Linda's leg.

Another time, Elvis fired into a TV and the bullet ricocheted and hit Dr. Nick above the heart. Fortunately it was a spent bullet. Or there was the occasion when he fired a pistol into the ceiling of a hotel penthouse, saying: "If this is the penthouse, there ain't nothin' above us that *could* get hurt."

Elvis' security mania soon stirred up one of his oldest and deepest fantasies: his longing to be a highway patrolman. He had himself appointed a special deputy to a local Tennessee sheriff, and then was inspired to acquire comparable badges and credentials from all parts of the country.

These potent symbols of authority offered Elvis a marvelous opportunity to misrepresent himself as an authentic law-enforcement official, an advantage he employed on numerous occasions, stopping airplanes at the point of takeoff, countermanding the orders of police officers and threatening with arrest anybody who got in his way.

From sheriff to federal agent

Most spectacularly, in just one year, Elvis rose from the lowly position of deputy sheriff in western Tennessee to that of agent in one of the federal government's most glamorous anti-crime forces: the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Even more impressive is that he received his last appointment from the President of the United States: Richard M. Nixon.

Elvis met Nixon after offering to help him in his war against drugs.

When Elvis walked into the Oval Office, he was high as a kite. He had cranked up on speed (amphetamines) for this great moment. He was also exhibiting the signs of another drug problem in the red and itchy rash over his face and neck that had developed in the past 24 hours.

It was a marvelous meeting, a great coming together of matched minds. Richard Nixon must have been profoundly gratified. Elvis delivered an inspiring speech, marred only by his incessant scratching and rubbing of his drug-inflamed face and neck. The President not only agreed that Elvis had the power to work miracles with youth, he told Elvis that any time he desired he could exchange his career in show business for an equally successful career in politics.

There was just one rule that he must never forget, warned Nixon. "Never lose your credibility."

Finally, Elvis asked the President whether, as part of this new crusade, he could carry the badge of a full-fledged federal narcotics agent.

Nixon replied wistfully, "I don't have much power around here. I'm really just a figurehead. Getting you a badge, though, is one thing I can do!"

By the age of 40, Elvis Presley had earned $100 million—and was broke! Spending money was something that Elvis did in a progressively more reckless and self-destructive fashion as he grew older, exactly as he increased the number and potency of his drugs.

Allowing Colonel Parker to take complete control of his career was financially ruinous to Elvis. And never in 22 years of professional association entailing hundreds of millions of dollars, did Elvis Presley demand any general accounting from his manager.

Colonel Parker's management of Elvis, long regarded as a triumph of show biz savvy, came under withering fire after the star's death. The court-appointed guardian of Elvis' sole heir, his daughter Lisa Marie, charged Colonel Parker and RCA Records with "collusion, conspiracy, fraud, misrepresentation, bad faith and overreaching." The prime example offered was the sale of all of Elvis' recordings to RCA. According to the report, Colonel Parker received substantially more from this sale than his client. On August 14, 1981, the court ruled that the Presley estate must sue Parker to determine whether any portion of the monies received by Parker should be repaid to the estate. The Colonel and RCA have denied any wrongdoing.

In the last years of his life, Elvis hated to rehearse, hated to perform. And when people whispered that he was suffering from a serious illness, in a way, they were right. It could be called terminal boredom!

The efforts of many men were needed to prepare Presley for a concert. First, he would strip down to briefs to receive his pre-show injection. Then his valet stuck huge Band-Aids on the singer's kneecaps, and added those elastic bandages that athletes wear. These dressings were to cushion the shock in case Elvis was inspired to go down on one knee in one of his Al Jolson salutes to the house. When you weigh over 200 pounds, falling on one knee could be a shocking, even a shattering, experience.

No longer a singer

Then it was time to cope with the natural padding: Elvis' huge stomach made him look as though he had swallowed a watermelon, so he was wrapped in a large corset. Naturally, this restricted his breathing—not a good idea for a singer, but by then, no one ever judged or even thought of Elvis Presley as a singer.

His stage movements those days were sluggish and constrained, his speech often slurred, his once-remarkable memory weak and his voice uneven. In fact, his voice cracked so often on the high notes that measures were taken to disguise his failures. The backup singers were miked so that one of them would hit the high notes that Elvis missed. In the resulting mix, controlled by the sound technician, the audience was unable to detect that the ringing note they heard was not coming from Elvis, standing there with his mouth open and his arms flung dramatically apart. *(continued)*



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ELVIS
continued

On August 15, 1977, Elvis Presley was scheduled to depart on a 12-day tour of the country. He was going to face the public, knowing that many of them had read recent press reports about his health and his alleged drug addiction.

He certainly didn't look well. Though he had been fasting for the past two days, he weighed 255 pounds. Still, he was confident he could deal with the public. The trick was to give them the kind of show that would make all the ugly rumors look ridiculous.

That night, he disclosed he would announce his engagement to Ginger Alden at the end of the tour. He explained that there would be mayors, governors and congressmen at the ceremony. As that image flashed through his brain, he exclaimed—"God! It's gonna blow all this stuff [drug addiction publicity] sideways!" Elvis hadn't spent a quarter of a century with Colonel Tom Parker without learning a thing or two about manipulating public opinion.

Extremely restless—possibly from the effects of amphetamines he had taken earlier—Elvis talked into the early morning hours and at four A.M., even went to play a little racquetball. Several times, after he returned to his bedroom, he called for and received "sleeping medications."

At eight A.M., still unable to sleep, Elvis told a groggy Ginger: "I'm gonna go in the bathroom and read for a while."

"Okay," she said sleepily.

Around two P.M., Ginger awoke and found that Elvis was not at her side. Getting out of bed she crossed the room and knocked on the bathroom door. "Elvis," she called. Getting no response, she knocked again and again. Finally, she opened the door.

Presley was doubled up, face down on the floor, almost as if he were in a fetal position. If Ginger had found anyone else in this condition, she might have been alarmed. With Elvis this kind of thing was normal. It was only when she walked over to him that suddenly she began to feel uneasy. She reached down and touched him. He was as cold as ice.

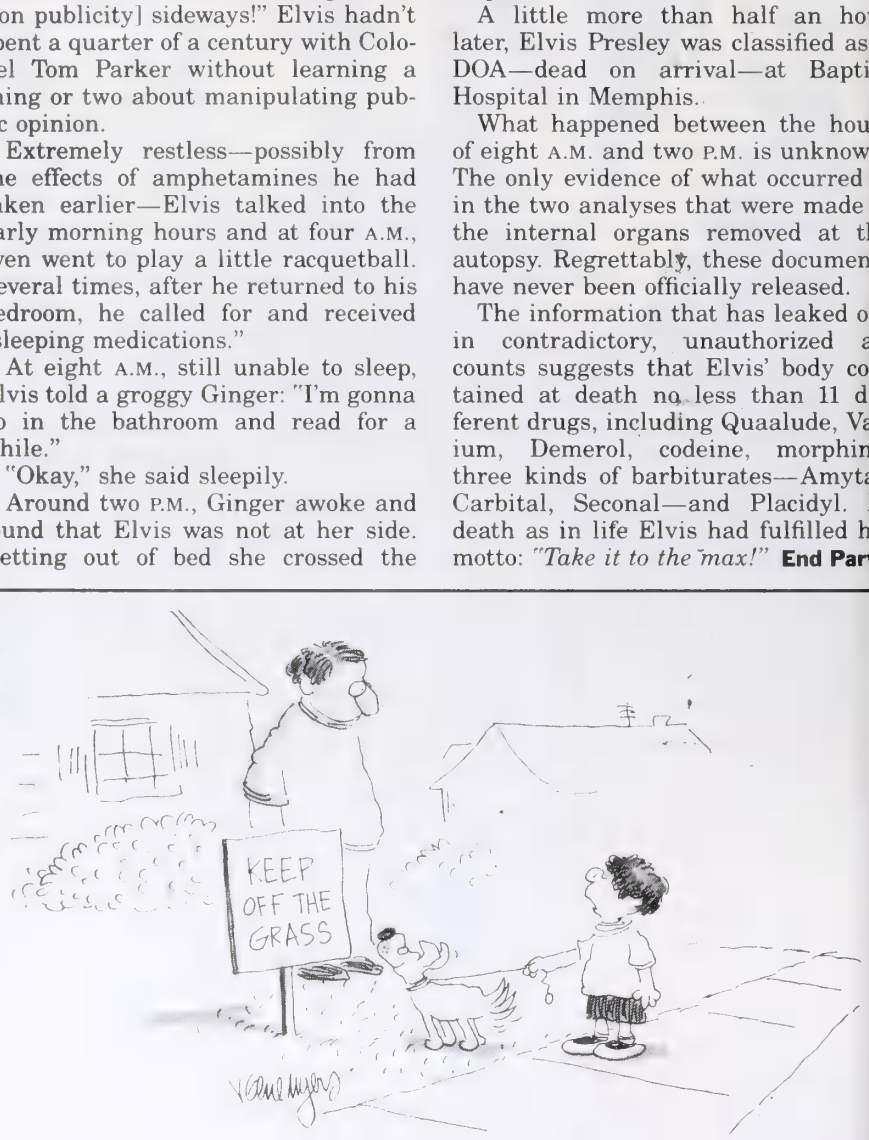
Calling for help, Ginger was soon joined by the whole Graceland contingent. Even Vernon, desperately infirm and barely able to climb the stairs, came gasping into the room. At the first sight of Elvis, he started wailing, "Son, don't die! Son, don't leave."

Suddenly, the two paramedics who had been called burst upon the scene. Going over to Elvis, they found no pulse, no flicker from the eyes and no response.

A little more than half an hour later, Elvis Presley was classified as a DOA—dead on arrival—at Baptist Hospital in Memphis.

What happened between the hours of eight A.M. and two P.M. is unknown. The only evidence of what occurred is in the two analyses that were made of the internal organs removed at the autopsy. Regrettably, these documents have never been officially released.

The information that has leaked out in contradictory, unauthorized accounts suggests that Elvis' body contained at death no less than 11 different drugs, including Quaalude, Valium, Demerol, codeine, morphine, three kinds of barbiturates—Amytal, Carbital, Seconal—and Placidyl. In death as in life Elvis had fulfilled his motto: *"Take it to the max!"* **End Part I**



"He can't read."

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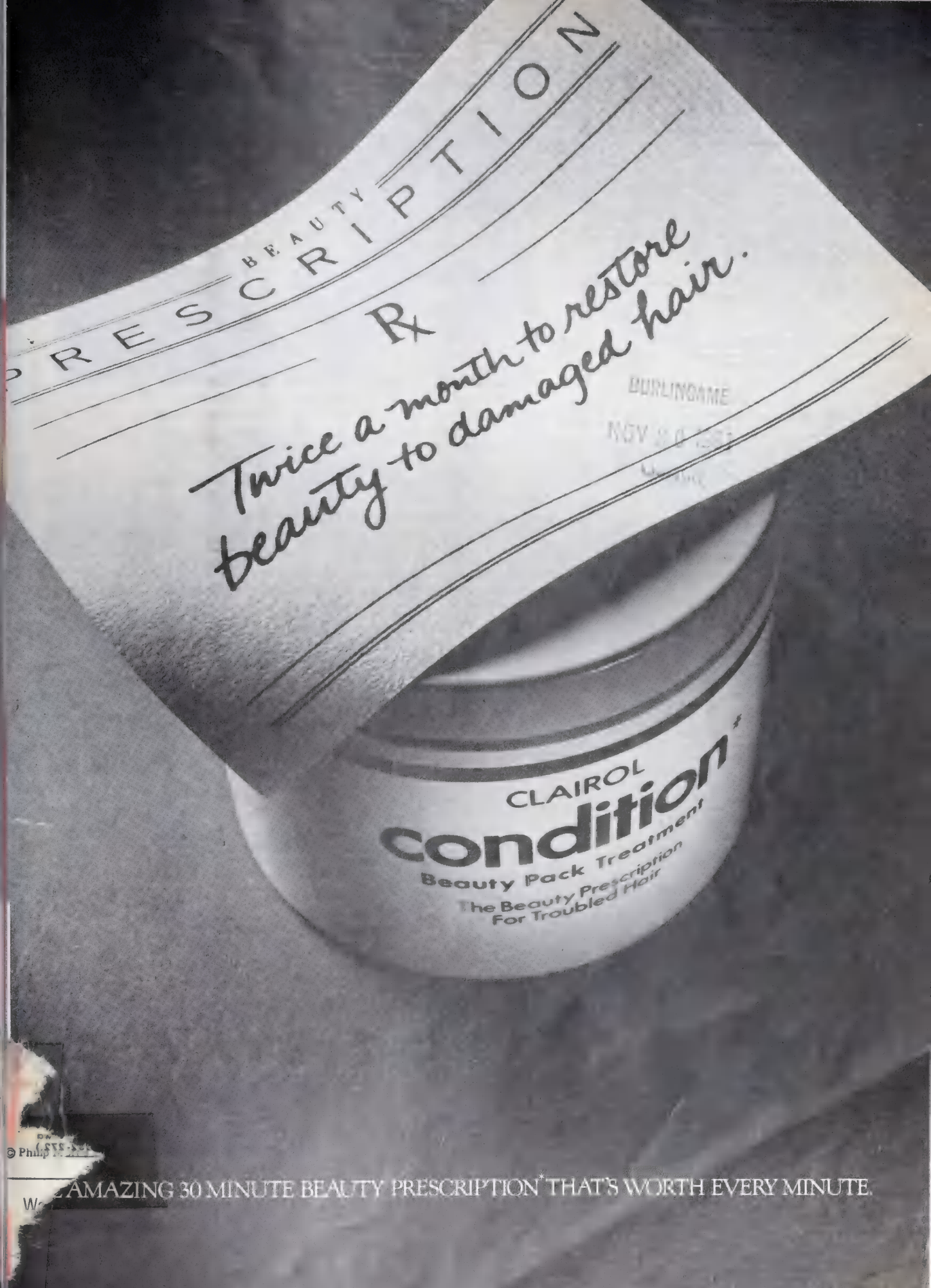
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Editor's Journal
By Myrna Blyth



From the Reagan family album: The family celebrates Christmas 1960 at their home in Pacific Palisades, California. Ron was two and a half years old; Patti, eight; Michael, 14.

We know how busy you are rushing around buying Christmas presents for everyone else. But this December's *Journal* is full of presents for *you*. This year we're giving:

● The gift of something extra—the pull-out Christmas decoration you'll find on page 83. It's our way of introducing an enchanting new character, Herself the Elf. Make this easy-to-assemble kissletoe with your children. And when you get your first Christmas smooch—think of us.

● The gift of sharing the holiday with the First Family. President and Mrs. Reagan wanted *Journal* readers to drop in to see their glorious tree, share their favorite holiday recipe. What's more, they helped us arrange something quite extraordinary for *LHJ* readers: We've designed needlepoint kits based on historic presidential china so that you can create your very own White House treasure.

● The gift of only the very best. We have delicious cookie recipes from America's favorite cooks, dieting advice (which we're all going to need after making those cookies) from Richard Simmons, America's most popular diet and exercise expert. We also have fiction by best-selling author Rona Jaffe, and a unique modern-day Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens' great-grand-daughter, Monica Dickens. We think you deserve the top advice and the very best there is to read.

● The gift of very special people. My final Christmas wish as an editor: That you read our heartwarming story, "Special Children, Special Joys" (page 58), about a family that truly lives the spirit of Christmas every day of the year.

Hope your holidays are filled with joy. Merry Christmas!

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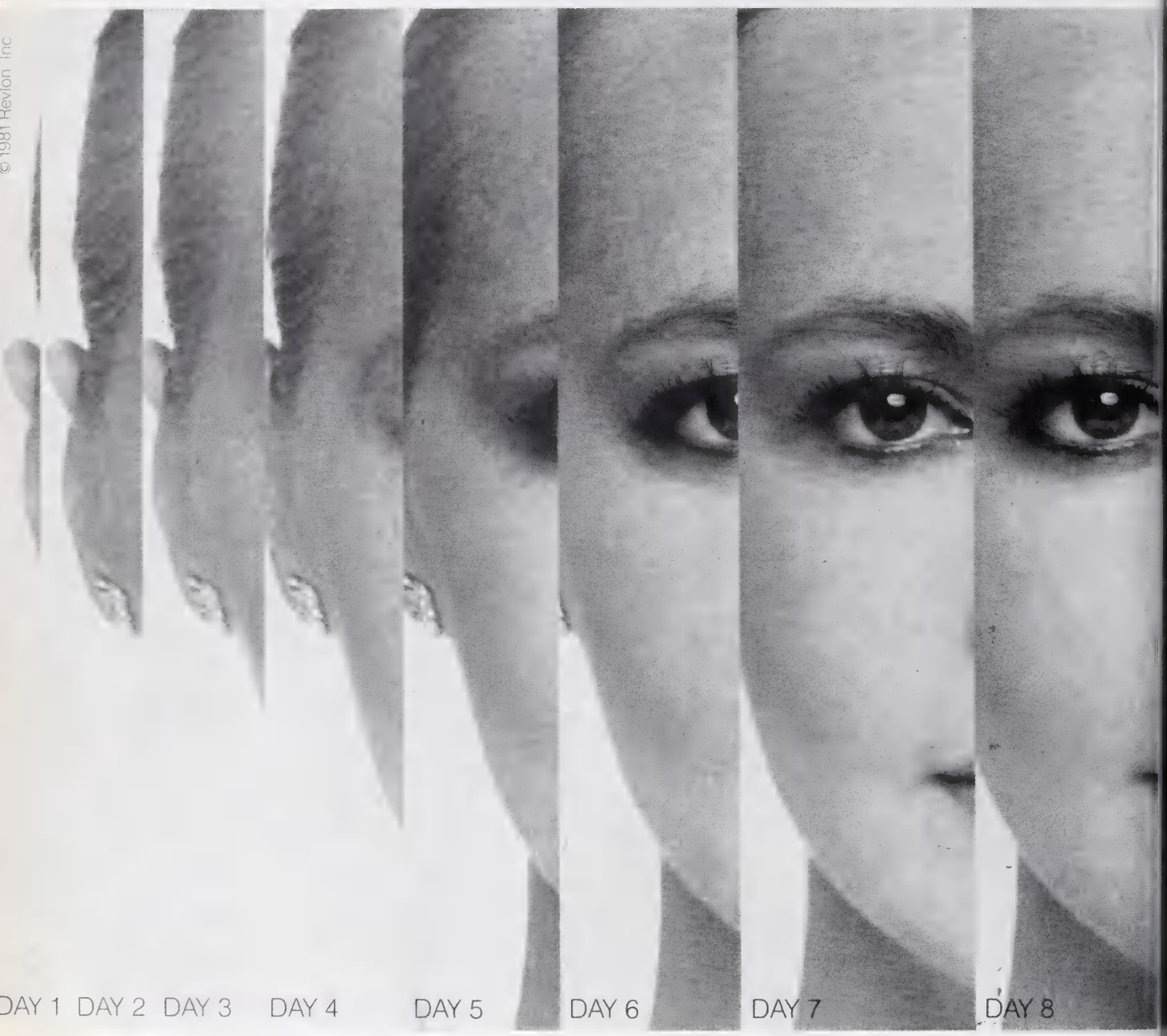
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Articles

2 Editor's Journal

8 Can This Marriage Be Saved?
"My Husband Is Having a Mid-life Crisis"
By Betty Hannah Hoffman

13 It's Not Easy to Be a Woman Today!
"That First Christmas Together"
By Carol Eddy

23 Your Journal
Items to inform and amuse you this holiday season

27 Kiss and Tell
By Anita Summer
Guess whom these celebrities would like to find under the mistletoe

30 Pet Journal
A Christmas Menagerie
By Roger Caras

34 Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Holiday Eating Plan
How you can get through the holidays without gaining weight

52 How to Avoid Holiday Hassles
By Carole Owens
Do yourself a favor—read these solutions for common holiday problems

58 Special Children, Special Joys
By Phyllis Battelle
One couple share their lives with these handicapped children

60 You and Your Money
By Sylvia Porter
Tips on tipping

Cover photograph by Nick Samaridge.
Teddy bear designed by Paul Krosnick.

75 A Modern Christmas Carol
By Monica Dickens
A true tale of Christmas present, written by the great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens

82 Herself the Elf
Introducing a charming new character—including a special cut-out tree decoration

97 Twenty Special Ways to Put More Joy in the Holidays
Make the season memorable with these ideas—including complete instructions for our cover-pictured teddy bear

Book Bonuses

41 Elvis
The Women He Really Loved
By Albert Goldman
Second installment of the blockbuster biography—Elvis' search for a woman to replace his mother

80 School Vacation
By Rona Jaffe
From the new best seller Mazes and Monsters—*home for the holidays isn't like it used to be*

Food

70 Easy as 1-2-3
Quick recipes for Christmas favorites

86 Gifts from the Kitchen
By Sue B. Huffman
Wonderful and easy gifts of food for you—and the kids—to make

95 Favorite Cookies from Your Favorite Cooks
Top cookbook authors offer their best cookie recipes

Special Feature

117 The Cookie Book '81
This year's choices in a special pull-out section

At Home

76 Christmas at The White House
An exclusive Christmas visit with the First Family, plus White House needlepoint kits to order



90 Trees to Start New Traditions
By Joan Tully
Over 50 ideas for trimming your tree with a personal touch

92 Mantel and Door Magic
Beautiful, easy decorations for mantels and doors

94 Holiday Touches Country Style
Complete your seasonal look by decorating all around the house

Good Looks

16 Beauty Journal

88 How to Look Beautiful Tonight
By Maureen Lynch
Dozens of tips on how to sparkle at holiday parties



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"My Husband Is Having a Mid-life Crisis"

Pamela thought Russ would calm down if he quit his job, but instead he became more volatile than ever. Can a marriage survive one partner's search for self?
By Betty Hannah Hoffman

This case is based on information from the files of The Family Therapy Center of San Francisco, a nonprofit teaching and counseling institute. The true story here is drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names and other details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor this month was Jim Purcell, PhD.



PAMELA'S TURN

"My husband's a changed man," began Pamela, 41, a rangy brunette with a soft, little-girl voice. "He used to work and play hard, shave twice a day and look like a fashion plate. Little old ladies adored him because he was always so charming and polite.

"Then a year ago, just after we got married, he quit his job and hasn't worked since. He wears cowboy shirts and jeans and has a big, bushy beard. He used to wash and wax his car every Saturday. Now it sits in the driveway, covered with grime, while he zooms around on a flashy motorcycle. I think he's having a mid-life crisis.

"Actually, I encouraged him to quit his job because he was burned out. He was a corrections officer at a city jail, and every night he'd come home uptight and complaining. There was too much paperwork, he said, and he wasn't getting any raises or promotions.

"Russ had fifteen thousand dollars stashed away plus another fifteen thousand in his pension fund. With this nest egg, he decided to take some time off. At first, he seemed to enjoy his freedom, and he kept busy around the house. Now he barely lifts a finger, and he's always irritable.

"Russ was never a docile person, but recently he's developed an explosive temper. He was driving my car down the freeway during rush hour the other day when a driver ahead of us changed lanes without signaling. Russ began ranting and careening all over the freeway, trying to catch up with the guy so he could shake his fist at him. I was terrified, sure he'd kill us both, and for what?

"He seems to be yearning for a brawl all the time. Whenever his brother Bill calls, they argue for hours. Sometimes Russ will hang up and then call back three times just to get the last word.

"With me, he blows up before I can even finish a sentence. Then he gets madder when I won't argue back. I just can't handle harsh words. In my family, strong feelings were swept under the rug. It's a hard habit to break, especially after living by myself for so many years.

"When people ask me how I feel about something, I honestly don't know what to say. I try to figure out how they feel and go along to keep the peace. Evading issues with Russ, however, is impossible. He demands, argues and yells until I retreat into silence—which enrages him even more.

"Russ also bullies me about our sex life, dictating exactly how, when and where we make love. Last Saturday he wanted to have sex at high noon on our front redwood deck that has only a low board fence to screen us from the neighbors. He's also enamored with lovemaking in the wilderness, regardless of whether other hikers might appear. I can only enjoy sex when we're indoors with the lights out and the shades drawn.

"Our financial set-up isn't too good either. When I'm working, he uses my car—without paying for its maintenance. He chips in eight hundred dollars every month toward our expenses, while I contribute my entire take-home pay, twelve hundred fifty dollars. As a school lunchroom supervisor, I have to work hard for that money.

"It's not that I mind working hard. I'm used to it. I grew up on a hardscrabble farm in Texas, the only girl in a family of four boys. My father was a tyrant who demanded instant obedience. My mother was a sweet, plain woman who died after a short, agonizing bout with cancer when I was twelve.

"After Mother died, I was left to run the household, which was no easy job. If I spent the afternoon vacuuming the house, my brothers complained they had no clean clothes. If I did the laundry, they griped about meals. My father couldn't stand crybabies, so I saved my tears for when I was on my hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen linoleum.

(continued on page 12)


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"After five years, my father remarried and acquired three more children to support. When I went to the state college, we were so poor I couldn't afford to buy textbooks. I managed by borrowing books from classmates after they'd finished studying.

"During school and later when I was working, I had very few boyfriends. When I met Russ at a singles dance I was thirty-seven and reconciled to being unmarried. There was something so appealing about Russ, however, that I really fell for him. We saw all the latest movies together, went to fine restaurants and took ski trips to the Sierras. The fact that I was two years older didn't even matter.

"The only trouble was that Russ wanted variety in his love life. He never discussed his affairs, but I knew he saw other women because he was always getting phone calls from them. I was thunderstruck when, after two years of going together, he told me he loved me and was ready to settle down.

"When we got married, Russ knew I could never give him a child. Several years ago, I had a cancerous uterus removed. Russ says he's never wanted to have kids, but I don't think he's really explored the fact that he'll never experience fatherhood. I'm afraid that when it finally hits him, he'll leave me.

"I want so much to be a good wife, sweetheart, lover and friend, but I don't know how. Lately, everything I do seems to anger Russ, and he goes off like a bomb. I hope my husband finally finds himself and learns to cool down, or this marriage may be over before it's barely begun."

RUSS'S TURN

"I'm happy I married Pamela," said Russ, 39, a 250-pound guy with twinkly eyes and a blustery manner. "However, while I've been going through this mid-life change, things have been rough.

"Not long ago, I looked at my life and realized how fed up I was. I'd held the same job for fifteen years without a sense of having achieved anything. It seemed to me I was endlessly repeating old patterns without finding any lasting pleasure or satisfaction. What I wanted, I decided, was to sit in the sun and waste time.

"I'd been working hard since I was twelve, helping my old man, who made and sold his own cosmetics. While I was still in grade school, I'd label and pack the stuff; at eighteen, I worked as a salesman, hitting a different town each week. If I didn't make my sales quota for the day, I'd continue selling door-to-door after supper. If I had made my quota, I'd still continue, because my Daddy always said to stick with a winning streak.

"Eventually, I decided my father was a tragic figure, a guy with big dreams of making money that never came true. He taught me a healthy respect for hard work and money, but it's impossible to talk with him about anything else. So I cut loose from the family and moved three thousand miles away. I had no trouble getting hired as a corrections officer since Daddy taught me how to move and talk and stand up to people—a big help in dealing with convicted rapists and murderers. It was all a facade, however, and eventually I got tired of my act.

"That's when I decided to change completely. I used to get my hair styled every two weeks and wear the latest fashions. Now I have an eight-inch beard and wear an old leather hat and sandals. Instead of going to movies and restaurants, I watch sunsets and jog through the woods.

"In some ways, I'm content and in other ways I'm getting anxious. My parents keep wondering when I'm going back to work. At first, my friends thought I had great guts to quit, but now they say, 'What? You're still not working?' When your friends and your wife all have jobs, there's no way to avoid feeling bored and inferior.

"I came to California to make something of myself and to find some excitement. Now I'm looking for peace and seclusion. I'm sick and tired of the noise and the traffic. If a little old lady holds me up crossing the street, I feel I could strangle her with my bare hands.

"Pamela gets frightened when I get so angry, but I feel she's too wishy-washy. Often I yearn for a good old no-holds-barred fight. She's also too timid. If I suggest anything new, her invariable reply is 'Yes, but . . .' That goes for lovemaking, too. She's a beautiful, desirable woman, who needs to be loosened up.

"Pamela's afraid of practically everything. Her biggest fear at the moment is that I'll meet and want to marry some irresistibly attractive woman who could give me a child. The truth is, I've never wanted to have children. Also, Pam's the only woman I ever truly loved.

"After we started going out, I told her I intended to continue having affairs and urged her to do the same, but Pamela said she couldn't. Whenever another woman phoned while she was there, I knew she was hurt. Eventually, I began to feel guilty, so without saying anything to Pamela, I stopped seeing other women, and found I didn't miss them.

"I love Pamela, but I wish she'd get rid of that little-girl exterior. I need a mate with some backbone to help me through this rocky time."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Russ had always been an angry person," said the counselor, "but his current life crisis added to his frustrations and his temper. Even though Russ saw his father as a 'tragic figure,' he was still subservient to him, still trying to do everything the way Daddy said. The trouble was that, as Russ hit middle age, he realized that following Daddy's dictums had not made him happy. At thirty-nine, Russ felt cheated—and madder than ever.

"Russ's father was the classic narcissistic parent who says to his child, 'You do exactly what I want for my needs and be a perfect kid. One degree off course and you'll be punished.' As a result, the child learns a narrow range of responses and nothing about the range of his own personality. He never experiences what it's like to follow his own inclinations or to be lazy. So it's not surprising that Russ would eventually respond by doing what his father hated most: wasting time.

"In counseling, I tried to help Russ understand his temper. It was clear that he was still using the controlling strategies he had learned from his single-minded, repressive father. I said to Russ, 'You're so angry about a stranger's sloppy driving habits that you're willing to put your life and Pamela's on the line. You want the world to be exactly the way you believe it should be: perfect. Sound familiar?' Russ replied, with a wide grin, 'Yep. That's my old man.'

"When Russ realized that his anger was a response to his father, he was enormously relieved. He wasn't a completely bad guy after all. The point I kept making with Russ was, 'What are you getting out of this anger?' He would say, 'Heartache and more anger,' and then we discussed other ways to deal with the issues. Since telephone calls to his father or brother always ended in fights, I suggested exchanging letters and this diminished a lot of the anger.

"Pamela, on her part, was still using the coping strategy she had developed as a child: Whenever a confrontation arose, she would automatically become vague. She was the sweet young girl trying to do her best but who wasn't really there. When she would turn dreamy on Russ, he would turn up the volume and start confronting and demanding, but she would just get vaguer and vaguer.

"My technique was to get Russ arguing with me. Pamela listened and finally she said, 'Well, I could do that.' Then they would argue *(continued)*

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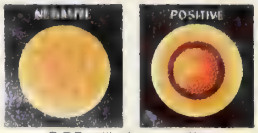
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at the top of their voices until I asked, 'How does it feel?' and they replied, 'Okay, but this isn't really what we want to do.' That's when she was able to drop her fuzzy coquettishness, and he was able to drop his bullying.

"Eventually, Pamela was able to talk about her mother's death and how it had devastated her. She had felt very close to her mother, and then suddenly she was thrown into the mature, maternal role herself, taking care of her father and brothers. Her family treated her as a grown-up when she felt like a lost child. The only way she could survive was to separate herself into the ingenue publicly and the strong woman privately.

"As she worked through her problems Pamela's 'strong woman' emerged and her total manner changed. Her fluttery glances became a direct gaze and her soft voice acquired deep throaty tones.

"Pamela had some solid complaints about her sex life with Russ. He wanted to run the whole show without considering any of her fears or vulnerabilities. When he was able to let her share in the decision-making, her resistance to some of his notions melted. Now they occasionally disagree about when and where to make love, but at least they're discussing their problems. With time, Pamela has also come to accept that Russ really doesn't want to have children.

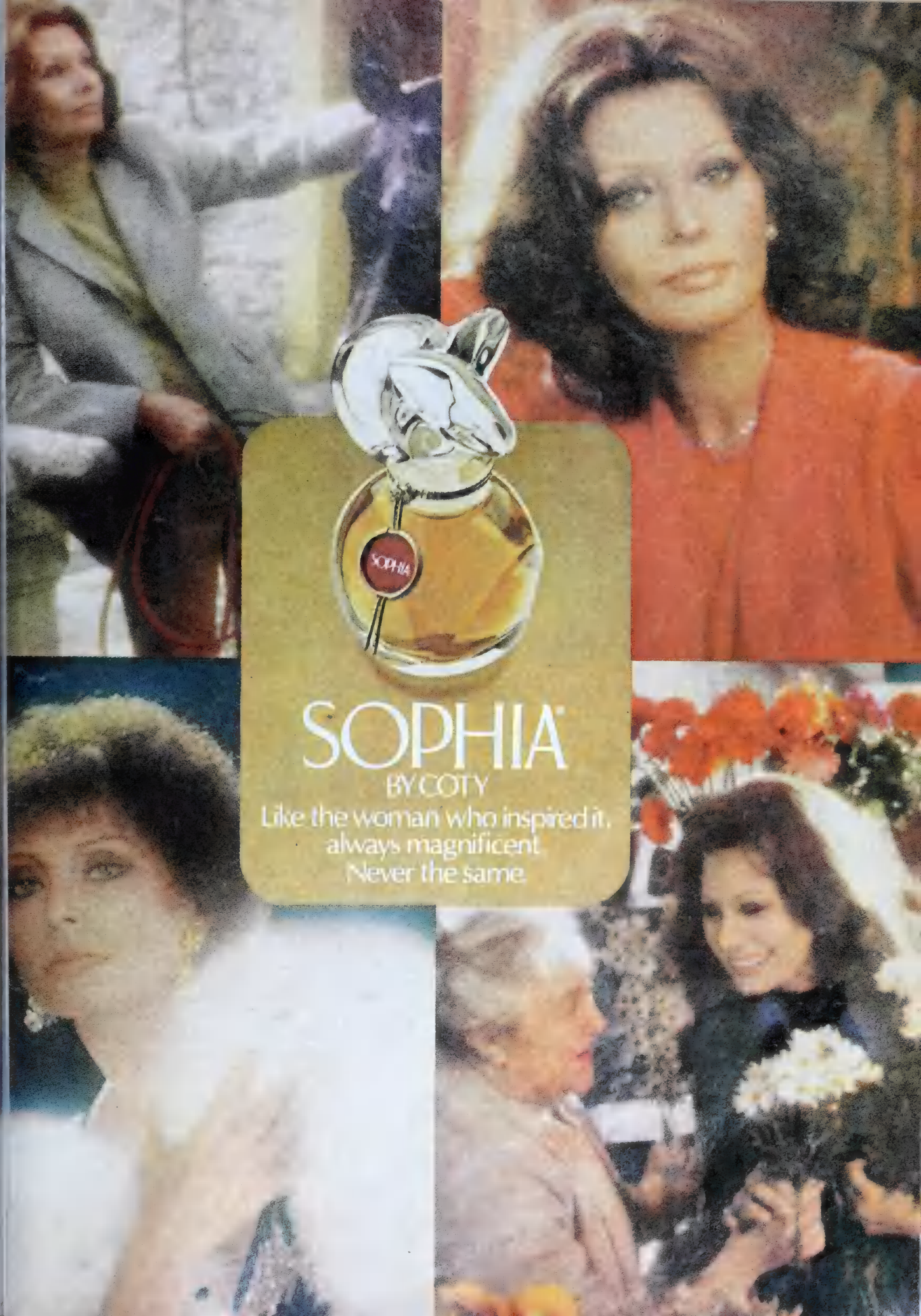
"During counseling, I tried to help Russ get rolling again in a career. Does he want to work with his hands? Indoors or outdoors? Work for someone else or be his own boss?

More confident now

"I think Russ's mid-life crisis is going to lead him into more enjoyable work, although he is still not sure what he wants to do. He may become a blue-collar or white-collar worker or set up his own business. But he is growing more confident about his future and is thinking about making some career decisions soon.

"Russ no longer exhibits his strength in a punitive, arrogant way. He has learned to give Pamela more of the understanding she needs. He has volunteered to do all the housework which formerly he shunned. He helps pay for the upkeep on her car when she uses it, and he's trying to put more toward their monthly expenses.

"As Russ mellows, Pamela is blossoming. He is growing more gentle and she is becoming more affectionate. Their problems are not over, but both of them are successfully coping with Russ's mid-life crisis, and as a result their relationship is far stronger." E


SOPHIA
SOPHIA
BY COTY
Like the woman who inspired it,
always magnificent.
Never the same.

Beauty Journal



A flurry of beauty news for December—boosters for your hair, how-to's on lash curlers, a short-cut shopping spree and an exercise to relax with when you're done.

Winterize Your Hair

Your hair, like your skin, needs extra care and protection during the colder months when ravaging winds, dry heat indoors and low humidity outdoors rob it of essential moisture. Even if you have a naturally oily scalp, you're likely to have brittle ends that can make hair look frizzy, split and fly-away. Here, five ways to combat the climate and maintain hair in top-notch condition: • BOO! Is your hair standing on end? Static electricity is one of winter's common hair problems. Because there's so little moisture in the air, electricity tends to stay in one place, rather than move around. If that place happens to be your hair, try using a wide-tooth aluminum comb. Unlike rubber, plastic or nylon, aluminum is a good conductor of electricity and, when combed through the hair, will whoosh electricity *out*. • First aid for the dry brittles is at your fingertips. Massage a deep conditioning treatment or oil pack into hair as often as necessary. Follow product's instructions. • A change of atmosphere can help, too. Use a humidifier in your bedroom. It will give your hair a good night's rest from the low humidity. • Don't overcompensate for lack of moisture outdoors by going out wearing your hair wet or even damp; make sure it is completely dry before leaving the house. • Putting the heat on wet hair? Whenever possible, allow hair to dry naturally. Curling irons, electric rollers and blow dryers may be contributing to the dried-out problem. Switch from daily use to 2-3 times a week.

Potpourri of Gift Ideas

We've done the legwork for you and selected this year's best from the beauty counter. There's a little something here for everyone on your holiday list . . . all terrific, all under $12. • *A gift with the personal touch: five makeup brushes crafted to last a lifetime in a suede-like case with mirror. The Brush Kit, Aziza by Prince Matchabelli, $11.* • *Flatterers for the eyes are in one square compact case: six powder eyeshadows, two double-sponge applicators, mascara, eyebrow and two eye-color pencils. Maybelline's Big Beautiful Eye Kit, $8.95.* • *If she dances till midnight, she'll treasure this keepsake: a classy black address book and ¼-oz. bottle of perfuming spray to slip into her purse. Scoundrel's Little Black Book by Revlon, $8.50.* • *Clothing will be hung in the closet with care, if you give scented plaid taffeta hangers and sachet by Claire Burke. Two hangers, $12; sachet, $5.* • *He'll be off to a winning start each morning with Chaz Racing Start 1-oz. bottle after-shave and conditioning soap (in shape of race car) by Revlon, $9.*

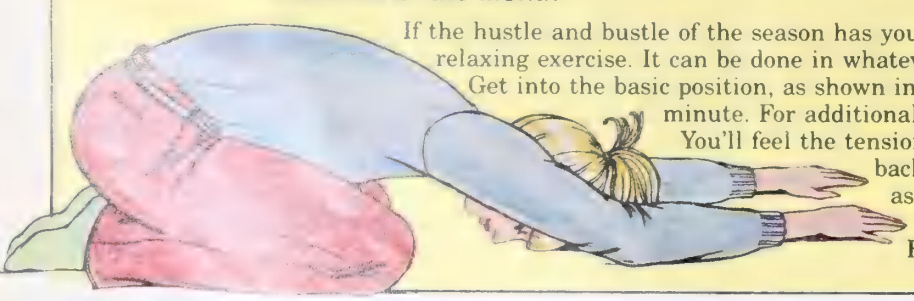
Eye Openers



Q. I want to curl my eyelashes but whenever I use a curler, the lashes stick straight out and up at a right angle and look unnatural. What am I doing wrong?

A. Overcurling is a common mistake that can easily be corrected. Here's how: For softly curved lashes, fit curler directly against eyelid at the base of lashes (see illustration). Squeeze gently once, holding closed for no longer than four seconds. Then, slide curler forward to the halfway point between eyelash base and tip. Squeeze and hold again for four seconds or less. Careful handling of the lash curler can be one of your best beauty assets, creating the appearance of bigger, brighter eyes.

Exercise of the Month



If the hustle and bustle of the season has you tied into knots, take five with this quick relaxing exercise. It can be done in whatever clothing you happen to be wearing. Get into the basic position, as shown in the illustration, and hold for about one minute. For additional stretch, slide hands farther forward. You'll feel the tension being released from the small of your back all the way to fingertips. Inhale deeply as you roll up to sitting position, suggests exercise specialist Barbara Pearlman. Repeat as often as you like.

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"That First Christmas Together"

His six children and her four were behaving more like warring tribes than loving kinfolk. Could the spirit of Christmas transform them?
By Carol Eddy

I knew we were in trouble the minute the tree went up. But then what could I have expected? This was the first Christmas that our two large families would spend together under one roof. Keith, widowed, had five boys and a girl; I, divorced, had two boys and two girls. Each brood came complete with a tomcat and a very large dog. Now, in front of the tree sat two sets of Christmas ornaments: THEIRS and OURS.

Keith, already impatient with a wife who insisted the tree be anchored with fishing line to keep it upright throughout the chaos to follow, clapped OUR angel on top of the spruce, and strung THEIR lights around the voluminous branches. Having decided he'd fulfilled his obligation, he disappeared as the ornament boxes were being opened by the children, who ranged in age from nine to 24. "Oh, look, here's the star we *always* used to put on top of OUR tree." "Hey, Mom, whatever happened to the *pretty* string of lights WE used to have?"

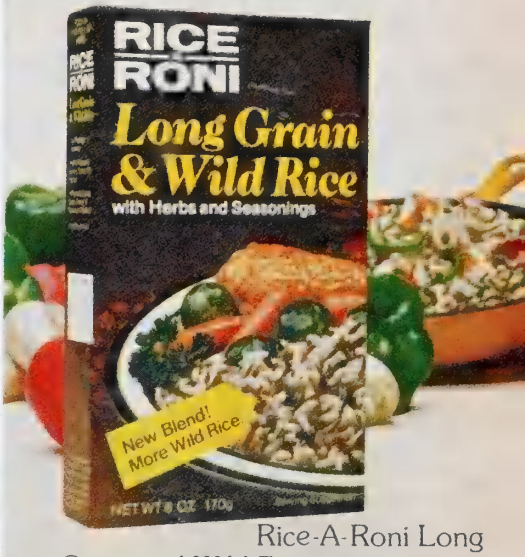
So much for blended families! Former tribal loyalties die hard, and even after 11 months together, the "territorial imperative" was still the law of the land in the Eddy household. When we first got married, keeping Keith's house *(6 bdrms, 3 baths)* and selling mine *(4 bdrms, 2 baths)* seemed logical, necessitating the physical uprooting of only one family, not two. Logical, but not prudent. When push came to shove, as it inevitably had to when one family moved in and another family moved over, resentment and clashes were unavoidable.

Still, the antagonism usually surfaced in the most oblique and unexpected ways. For example, I scarcely noticed at first how the Eddy children refused to eat my casseroles and salads. I was to learn later that two of them had privately expressed genuine concern to my husband about being able to maintain their strength with my exotic (their word) cooking. With all the tact he could muster, he assured them that chicken cacciatore was as nutritionally balanced as steak and potatoes. Keith and I had to deal not only with a new marriage and children new to us, but also with our strongly protective maternal/paternal feelings for our own children.

The importance of family traditions

Differences over eating habits were nothing compared to the problems we faced that first Christmas together. One rarely thinks of all the seemingly unimportant things one does each year that come to symbolize not only the celebration but the family itself. If Aunt Milly doesn't bake checkerboard cookies or the wreath isn't hung over the fireplace, it just doesn't feel like Christmas. That first year, Scrooge's "Spirit of Christmas Past" was very much in evidence in our household—except we had *(continued)*

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two ghosts hovering in our midst. They prowled restlessly through the house bumping into unfamiliar traditions. Or, at any rate, nothing seemed the same since "before *they* got married."

Take the Christmas Gift Exchange. The tradition in Keith's family had always been for each youngster to give a gift to one brother or sister. On Thanksgiving Day, slips with each child's name were placed in a hat. Once a youngster drew a name, she kept it secret until the presents were given out Christmas morning. Everyone liked the idea, so that year ten names went into the hat. Later we found out that after Keith and I had gone upstairs for the night, the whole brood congregated in the living room. By mutual agreement, they laid the slips flat on the coffee table, and each child pocketed the name of one of his *own* siblings.

Theirs and ours

Tribal lines were drawn on Christmas Eve, too. To go to the midnight service, we had to take two cars, since we didn't own one large enough to accommodate us all. No matter how hard Keith and I tried to nip the obvious segregation in the bud, on the way to church *they*, as usual, went in *their* car and *we* drove in *ours*. Any youngster who dared step in the *wrong* car risked getting her fingers caught in a rapidly closing door. Here was just another way of saying, "This is our turf. Stay out!" The children were simply resisting any more changes in their lives.

As the 12 of us filed into the church pew, older members of the congregation smiled and nodded approvingly at our "wonderful family." Visions of the Brady Bunch danced in their heads. What they didn't know was that those ten "lovely" children had been launched down the aisle by Mom and Dad in a rigid formation designed to inhibit kicking, elbowing, arguing and excessive giggling. (After all, shoving your child around in church, especially your *step*child, is just not done.) Furthermore, getting *them* to participate in *our* church service was like trying to organize a basketful of snakes. Still, Mom and Dad sat together *no matter what*.

Once the kids settled down, however, everybody was on his best behavior. Midnight services on Christmas Eve are always special. The anticipation that permeates the air cuts across denominational and even tribal lines. For a few moments, there is one tradition that supercedes all others and everyone knows the words.

Following our return from church, after everyone had been cookied and eggnogged to the gills, Keith and I shooed them all upstairs to bed to await Santa's arrival. We stuffed ten brand-new athletic socks with goodies and began hauling presents from our upstairs bedroom down to the Christmas tree. By 3:30, after countless trips, the living room was overflowing with ten perfectly matched (price-wise) sets of gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Claus stopped for a moment in the glow of colored lights to hug each other. On the way upstairs we momentarily discussed nailing shut the children's bedroom doors so we could sleep undisturbed past four A.M., but finally we settled on simply growling if anybody emerged before six.

I don't remember at what hour everyone tumbled out of bed for the Great Unwrapping. A number of the children (mine included) sighed impatiently when I insisted on preceding the mob downstairs in order to turn on the tree lights and Christmas music. After all, *my* mother had *always* done that . . . .

Very soon the living room was an explosion of wrapping paper and festive ribbons. Boxes of blue jeans, school shirts and pajamas were dispensed with quickly. Sports equipment and stereos emerged from boxes while assembly instructions and warranty cards disappeared forever. ("What piece of paper? I never saw any piece of paper.") And 79¢ plastic wind-up gorillas that walked and spit sparks out of their mouths were "the best gift I got."

Surprise for Mom and Dad

Actually, the kids surprised us by filling Christmas stockings for Keith and me. Somehow they'd managed to find a lump of coal to put in the bottom of each, so at least we knew their sense of humor was still intact. (Years later we were told that one of the "most fun" things that first year had been going shopping together for "Mom" and "Dad" Christmas presents.) Eventually, pragmatic Keith escaped to the kitchen to begin the task of crumbling soda crackers for his justly famous scalloped corn. Good thinking! I joined him to put the turkey in the oven. No one missed us. They were all busy checking what everyone else got.

Christmas Day brought a plethora of relatives, all from my side of the family because Keith's family lived in the Midwest or further afield. In the middle of all the good-natured confusion, one of Keith's 12-year-old twins, who had remained uncharacteristically quiet throughout the entire afternoon, momentarily stopped traffic. Obviously he felt it necessary to assert that he had relatives *too* by announcing to everyone—and to no one in particular—"I have an Uncle Wayne in California!"

Toward evening Grandma was coaxed into playing Christmas carols on the piano. Music is almost as good as a warm hearth for drawing people together—better, in this instance, as Keith had been a little overzealous in heaping on the firewood. The flue, always cantankerous till properly heated, billowed smoke throughout the house. Game relatives, on their best behavior with "Carol's new family," sat fanning the air while tears rolled down their cheeks.

New tradition

Soon Grandpa was cajoled into joining Grandma on the piano bench and they began ripping through their own special version of "Tiger Rag." They were terrific and everyone insisted that they play it again and again. A tradition of sorts was in the making. Not a Christmas has passed since then that someone hasn't said, "Remember how Grandpa and Grandma played 'Tiger Rag'?"

It's been quite a while since that first Christmas, but the children have survived, and so has our marriage. Today we have a station wagon; chicken casseroles are requested items; tribal lines have become somewhat blurred; and the over-the-calf athletic socks have been replaced by a beautiful set of personalized, red-felt Christmas stockings, handmade by one of our daughters while she was home from college on Christmas vacation. They hang in formation across the mantel, although some of the older children have taken their stockings with them as they've moved out on their own. But the ones reading "Mom" and "Dad" always hang side by side *no matter what*. **End**

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your JOURNAL

DECEMBER

A collection of ideas and information to help, inspire and amuse during the busy holiday season.

LONG LIVE YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE!

Pure enchantment...the magic of a fresh-cut Christmas tree. Keep the magic. Your tree will stay green and beautiful with the care tips that follow.

Start by selecting the freshest tree you can find. Needles tell a lot about freshness. They should be lively in color, feel springy and pliant, not stiff or brittle. Only a few should fall to the ground when the tree is shaken or lightly bounced. Needles crushed in the hand should exude moisture and a pungent, pine-forest fragrance. While spruce and fir are the best-selling trees, longer-needled white pine lasts longer.

Take a look at the stump, too. It should be slightly moist (even sticky), not bone-dry. Put gentle pressure on the branches to see if they're strong enough to hold bulbs, lights, other decorations.

Water is the key to Christmas tree freshness, while heat and dryness cause needle loss and drooping branches. If you buy a tree days before you plan to decorate it, cut an inch from the trunk for good moisture absorption, sprinkle branches with water and stand tree in a bucket of water in a cool place – preferably outdoors in a sheltered spot. (Cold and snow won't harm it; heat, sun and high winds dry it out.)

When it's time to decorate, cut another inch from the trunk. (The smoother and cleaner the cut, the more efficiently will the tree take up water.) Place tree in a sturdy, steady container with plenty of room for water. Keep water level well up the base of the trunk at all times. A tree absorbs warm water better than cold and may "drink" up to a quart a day.

Tree location is important. Stand it in the coolest part of a room, away from fireplace, radiator and other heat. (Even a TV emits enough heat to dry a tree).

Sooner or later the tree will begin to dry and shed its needles, so keep electric toys that could spark a fire out from under the tree.—MARGARET DANBROT

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Let's hope there are many clear nights in December, for this month is always one of the best for viewing stars of the first magnitude. And this year, we will have a planetary display of special significance, possibly similar to the legendary Star of Bethlehem. The only reference to this starry beacon over the humble manger appears in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, in which the wise men relate, "...we have seen his star in the east." Several theories have been proposed concerning the identity of this heavenly object; many professional astronomers believe that the star was in reality a great conjunction of the planets of Jupiter and Saturn in the year 7 B.C. This alignment takes place every 20 years, and 1981 is one of those years. This summer, Jupiter and Saturn rose and set within a minute of each other, but now they are moving an hour apart, and rather late at night. A very bright Jupiter will serve as our Star of Bethlehem this year, rising in the east two hours after midnight. In the still, early morning hours, follow its climb toward the zenith and ponder...reliving the awe-filled experience of the wise men.

Elsewhere in the winter sky this month, that most conspicuous starry mass, the Milky Way, will be highly visible, arching from the eastern horizon to the zenith overhead and down to the west. Nothing in the heavens arouses more awe than the 200 billion stars making up distant sun systems. It makes us realize we are only a tiny mite in the universe. Look more closely for these first-magnitude stars: Halfway to the zenith, deep, yellow-orange Aldebaran, forming the right eye of Taurus, one of the most ancient recognized constellations; higher up, the twinkling Pleiades or Seven Sisters; farther down is the unmistakable constellation Orion, the Hunter, with four very bright stars making the corners of a huge rectangle, and four additional bright stars diagonally across the middle forming his belt; to the north of east a bit later in the evening, the famous twins Castor and Pollux, and still later the two Dog Stars, Procyon and Sirius. The full moon rises on the 11th this month and is called the Cold Moon or the Yule Moon.—DAVID LUDLUM

THE PERFECT BOW

Christmas gift wrapping. Almost anyone can master paper and tape, but when it comes to the bow—that final perfect touch—most people are all thumbs. Here's an end to all that, with the perfect hand-tied, very fancy holiday bow. Color is your choice. • Start with inexpensive ¾-inch ribbon (the stiff satiny kind found in most variety stores for around 50c a spool). Don't waste money on expensive ribbon—our technique *really* works best with the less costly kind. • Wrap ribbon around spread fingers of one hand—spread should be about 5 inches. Make 9 complete wraps. Cut ribbon. • Slip wrap carefully off fingers, holding in a neat bundle, 5 inches long. • Press bundle in middle, holding it flat, and cut tiny V's on each side at this midpoint. • Tie a knot around this point with a skinny strip of the same ribbon (cut from one 5-inch strip before starting). The dangling ends can be snipped off or used to tie bow to package when you're finished. Holding bundle up between thumb and index finger, you now have a top half and bottom half, cinched at the middle. • Carefully pull out the inside loop of the top half toward you in an upward, twisting motion. Turn ribbon bundle and repeat with inside loop of bottom half. Turn, pull out and twist up the second loop from the bottom. Turn, repeat, and so on, until all loops have been freed and opened. Fluff up the whole, poking individual bows here and there till you get just the right, neat look. Simple? With practice, it will take you all of three minutes. And how beautiful your packages will look under the tree this year!



FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS



When I was a child there was no cozier family time than Hanukkah, a holiday of happiness celebrated by Jews in America and around the world . . . a time for families to draw closely together, for us children to participate with our parents, a comforting feeling of family. On each of the eight nights of Hanukkah, we gathered around the table set with its fresh white cloth. In the center of the table stood my grandfather's old and beloved menorah, an eight-branched brass candelabrum. Mama would kindle the first candle, and on succeeding nights each of us would have a turn lighting, then leading the singing of prayer and joy.

What is Hanukkah? Whence cometh its celebration? It all began with a Middle East war that ended in 165 B.C. The Syrians had invaded Judea, the Land of Israel (sound familiar?) and, led by King Antiochus IV, were smiting the Israelites until a patriot named Judas Maccabeus and his brothers rallied the people, resisted the Syrians and won back the sacred Temple of Jerusalem. (The Wailing Wall is today that Temple's last remaining remnant.) To celebrate the victory and rededication of the Temple, they lit what little holy oil they found, oil enough to burn for only one day. But behold! The oil burned for eight days and eight nights! And so, ever since, Jews have celebrated this eight-day miracle with the holiday of Hanukkah, which in Hebrew means "dedication." In commemoration, one candle is lit for each of the eight nights and small gifts are presented to the children on each of the nights. On the eve of December 21st this year, children and their parents and their relatives, their eyes alight and their hearts full, will light the first of the Hanukkah candles with hope that this ceremony, this festival of lights, this symbol of freedom, will bring all of us ever closer in a spirit of brotherhood and sisterhood in our America, beloved and blessed.—ANDREW NEVIN

FAVORITE CHRISTMAS RECORDS

One of the best things about Christmas is the music. For almost 2,000 years the season has inspired both composers and performers to work of a special character. Here is a selection of favorites, with their leading recorded interpretations.

Johann Sebastian Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* (1734) captures with unsurpassed vividness and songfulness the essentials of the Christmas celebration. These qualities also abound in that Christmas staple, Georg Frederic Handel's *Messiah* (1742). Two of my all-time favorite recordings are the Bach conducted by Karl Richter (Archiv Produktion 2710 004, three discs) and the Handel led by Colin Davis (Philips SC71AX300).

More than a century later, Hector Berlioz concocted a very personal and poignant retelling of the Christmas story, *L'Enfance du Christ (The Childhood of Christ)*, which focuses on Herod's menace and the sacred family's escape to Egypt. Jean Martinon's recording, with the French Radio Orchestra, can be had at a budget price (Nonesuch HB 73022).

Among more recent retellings of the Christmas story, there is Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Hodie* (Angel S 36297), a 1954 work steeped in English choral and pastoral traditions, and Pablo Casals' 1960 folk-like *El Pesebre (The Manger)* —(Columbia M2 32966).

To start your Christmas on a merrily devout note, there's the *Messe de Minuit (Midnight Mass)* of Marc Antoine Charpentier (c. 1634-1704), in which most of the melodies are French carols of the time (David Willcocks conducts on Angel S 36528).

For traditional carols, I know of no recording as effective as the Dutch soprano Elly Ameling's "Christmas Songs from Europe" (Peters Internationa PLE 092). Another suggestion is London Records' "Christmas Stars" (OS 26408). After decking the hall with Joan Sutherland and harking the herald angels with Leontyne Price, savor the four songs sung by Renata Tebaldi. If you can resist Tebaldi's "Silent Night"—sung in Italian, Spanish, French and, finally English—then maybe Christmas isn't your holiday. Well, Groundhog Day is coming up!—KENNETH FURIE.

MODERN MANNERS

1. Last year my boss gave me a Christmas gift and I did not buy one for her. What should I do this year?

Receiving a gift gracefully can be as fine an art as giving graciously. A gift from your boss connotes special thanks for the job you have done. There is no need to reciprocate in kind; the usual thank you is all that is required. If, however, you want to buy a small present for a boss with whom you have worked closely, feel free to do so.

2. I'm troubled by getting Christmas cards with engraved signatures. It seems so impersonal. Are such cards proper?

Nowadays, almost everybody, myself included, uses engraved cards for family and friends as well as business acquaintances. Usually, however, I add a personal message often consisting of nothing more elaborate than a handwritten, "Dear Mabel, Best Wishes," placed above the engraved signature. When the card is going to someone I know well, in addition to whatever message I write, I usually cross off my last name and sign the card personally.

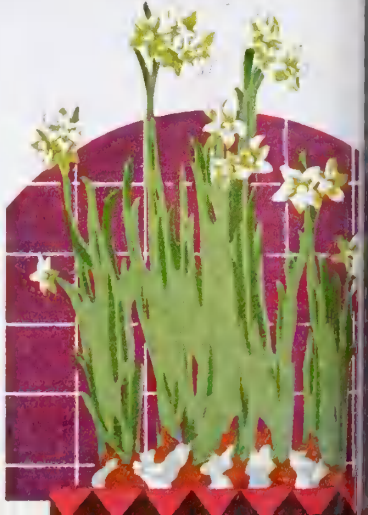
3. Recently, at a large cocktail party, I broke a wine glass. I apologized, but I should have done more.

An apology and an offer to clean up that is necessary. If you want, however may telephone the next day and offer replace the broken item. If your hostess turns down this offer, as I would, and still feel remorseful, you might send a bouquet or some other small gift with note saying you are sorry. But these s are not really required. People who g parties must be prepared for an occa accident.—CHARLOTTE FORD

Spring in December

Paper-white narcissus have long been a favorite for indoor bloom at holiday time and all winter long. Decorative in your own home, they also make nice gifts: bare bulbs as stocking stuffers, full containers for more serious giving. Here are the easy, foolproof steps for growing.

1. Buy firm bulbs (no soft spots) at variety or garden stores, or by mail. If you want progressive bloom, buy a dozen or more and plant at two-week intervals. Store bulbs in the refrigerator.
2. Fill an undrained decorative container with pebbles or any other attractive stone chips to about an inch below the top rim. Add water to just below the surface.
3. Set bulbs on top of gravel, and nestle them in just slightly. Add more pebbles to keep bulbs erect. They should "sit high." Crowd as many bulbs into the bowl as you wish.
4. Set container in a bright window (direct sun is not necessary). More critical is that the location be coolish, not near heat. Otherwise foliage will get leggy. Keep water level constant.
5. As bulbs sprout, turn container regularly so that foliage and bud stalks grow straight.
6. You should have bloom within a month to six weeks, and flowers will last a good week to ten days depending on room temperature. When bulbs are finished blooming, throw them out. They will not bloom again, indoors or out.





HOLIDAY BAKE-FEST

For years beyond telling, a favorite holiday craft project for parents and children has been making charming tree ornaments and centerpiece figures from magically simple Baker's Clay. Lost the recipe? Never heard of it? Mix together:

4 cups unsifted flour
1 cup common table salt
1½ cups water

Mix by hand in a bowl, adding a bit more water if dry. Knead on floured surface for 4 to 5 minutes till ball holds shape. Break off pieces and shape as desired, or roll out a piece of dough between sheets of floured wax paper and cut with cookie cutters. (It's more fun to shape by hand.) Give figures shape and expressions with forks, spoons, toothpicks, whatever. To make arms and legs or other more complicated figures involving several pieces, moisten joints before attaching. If making hanging ornaments, insert bent paper clips before baking. Bake figures on a cookie sheet in a 350° F. oven for one hour or longer, until perfectly firm. When cool, paint with poster paint or marking pens. Figures are most attractive if some of the natural bisque color shows. For permanence, spray items with clear fixative after they are baked and painted. If working with dough over a long period, keep it in an airtight container. One last word: Baker's Clay may *look* good to eat, but it isn't.

PERSONAL PORTABLES

The electronic gift-of-the-year this Christmas is almost certain to be one of the new personal portable radio and/or cassette players. Pioneered by Sony with its Walkman a little more than a year ago, sales are booming for the 40 different models now on the market. All work on the same principle: a lightweight, battery-powered receiver-player (little bigger than a paperback book) with connecting feather-light headphones gives you a private world of sound that only you can hear. But the real beauty (and hence popularity) of these new portables is that by attaching the receiver at your waist or carrying it in your bag, you can move about freely—walking, jogging, even cooking or cleaning—and still enjoy the amazingly clear, high-fidelity reproduction. Here's how to shop for the new portables.

Price: For a radio receiver alone—FM stereo, AM or both—under $100. Stereo cassette players—$100 to $180. Radio-cassette combinations—$180 and higher. A little comparison shopping will pay off in this highly competitive field. ■ Sound reproduction varies among models; only you can decide which is best. In general, clarity of sound and definition of deep bass are hallmarks of a good machine. If you're shopping for a cassette player, bring along a favorite tape to test; for radio reproduction, listen to a local station you know. Test for smooth tape speed by bouncing around or shaking the player while listening. Quavering sound is not what you want. ■ For safety's sake, check models for a button that lets *some* outdoor sound into the headphones—especially if you're walking in heavy traffic. After all, you don't want to be completely oblivious to the world around you. ■ Batteries go quickly with these players, so look for rechargeable penlight batteries (AA or AAA cells are available at the hardware store). Many models offer an optional adapter so you can plug the set in and save batteries when you're not in the mood to budge from your easy chair.—PETER DOBBIN



CHRISTMAS SAFETY

The holidays don't necessarily mean more home accidents, just different ones. To keep the Christmas season merry, here's some advice that will help you anticipate those once-a-year hazards:

■ The Tree—Whether it's evergreen or plastic, the tree should be secured firmly in a stand so it won't tip over. Be sure pets and curious toddlers stay a safe distance away.

■ Electric Lights—Don't use them on a metal tree: The metal's sharp edges could cut through the insulation, exposing the wires. For non-metallic trees, carefully examine your string of lights for cracked bulb sockets, chipped or loose wire insulation or an insecure plug. Lay the lights on a non-flammable surface and plug them in for ten or 15 minutes; then check that nothing is smoking along the line. Keep extension cords limited to 200 midget lights or 50 larger ones. For outside displays, use only "outdoor" lights, which have heavy-duty insulation.

■ Decorations—While the berries on holly and mistletoe are pretty, they are also poisonous. Keep them out of the reach of children. Also try to steer tots away from the tinsel, which is made of tin, and possibly dangerous if swallowed. Candles should not be placed near any flammable decorations, especially those on the tree. Handle angel hair with care: It's made of spun glass and can leave tiny splinters in your fingers.

■ Toys—Don't choose a plaything that's too complicated for the child. Check the age recommendation on the box. Some electrical toys, chemistry sets and missile-type games, such as darts or bow and arrows, require mature judgment to be used safely. Check the construction of a toy before you buy: Are there splinters on the wooden slats of the sled? Sharp points on the plastic erector set? Small pieces a youngster might swallow? Even if a toy seems basic, teach a child how to use it.

■ The Clean-Up—After holiday get-togethers, don't leave half-finished alcoholic drinks around. Kids may sample the sweet-smelling stuff; as little as an ounce or two can be lethal to a 25-pound child. Plastic wrapping—a tempting but dangerous plaything—should also be disposed of immediately.

—CAROL ANN RINZLER

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NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	Less than 0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

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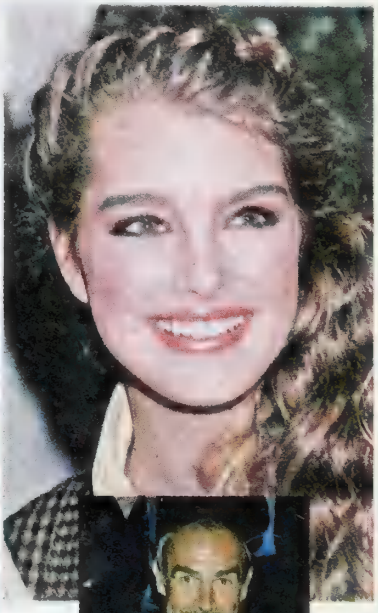
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KISS & TELL

EIGHTEEN CELEBRITIES REVEAL WHOM THEY WOULD LIKE TO FIND UNDER THE MISTLETOE THIS CHRISTMAS.
BY ANITA SUMMER

Marie Osmond: Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill heads my list. I'd like to get him under the mistletoe, right in front of all those pols, then I'd mess up his hair real good and give him a big smooch, so that he (and they) would have something to talk about other than Ronald Reagan. I've never met Mr. O'Neill, only watched him on TV, and I have a feeling that under all that polish and political prowess there lurks an enormously affectionate teddy bear. I'd like to be the one to find it.

Christopher Reeve: My three great institutions of learning and education were Cornell University, Juilliard—and Katharine Hepburn. One of the watershed experiences of my life was working with her in *A Matter of Gravity* (my 1976 Broadway debut). I love, adore and worship Katharine. I'd do anything I could to get her under the mistletoe—and then shower her with kisses to thank her for everything she has done for me.

Dr. Joyce Brothers: In my opinion, Johnny Carson is one of the most sexually attractive men of all time. He has that naughty, little-boy look, tempered by his wonderful sophistication. I vote for Johnny because I'd have a fairly reasonable chance of convincing my husband that our meeting was strictly business. Although I've been on Johnny's show for years, alas and alack, I've never met him off-camera. And, another alas and alack, when I'm on his show, he looks upon me as just another guest. I hope he reads this and pays attention. . .

Ed Asner: The one I'd love to see waiting for me under the mistletoe is Gloria Steinem. Perhaps one Christmas I'll be able to give her a great big smacking kiss in celebration of the ERA—as long as she would promise not to bop me one.

Dolly Parton: All year round, I'm surrounded by men, hordes and hordes of them—bus drivers, musicians, agents, managers, every species of man you can think of, all ages, shapes and sizes. The only man not there is my husband, Carl Dean. He's the one I'd be thrilled to see under the mistletoe on Christmas Day, because he's a helluva lot cuter than all those other men put together—including Burt Reynolds. Not only is my guy sexy, witty, charming and brainy, but he pays my bills—including the cost of the mistletoe!

Art Linkletter: The First Lady, Nancy Reagan, is my choice. A chaste kiss under the mistletoe would right a 20-year-old wrong. Nancy and I were married once, you see . . . and there was no romantic kiss to seal our happy union. I hasten to add the marriage took place on a 30-minute television program called "The Odd Ball" (a segment of *General Electric Theater*). The title described her teen-aged TV son, who was enamored of my teen-aged TV daughter. Somehow we "single" parents fell in love during the plot, were happily wed, but kiss-less. It is only fair that a belated mistletoe buss would right this omission. Besides, how could the President object when we'd be chaperoned by the First Lady's security guards?

Barbara Walters: I'd like to meet a real-life, flesh-and-blood Santa Claus, because it *(continued)*

Illustration by Tom Catania

would mean that dreams can come true and that fairy tales are real. Then I could say to my doubting, growing, cynical, 13-year-old daughter, "You see? There really *is* a Santa!"

Marvin Mitchelson (palimony lawyer): Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. She is a quintessential lady in every way, shape and form: the epitome of class, determination and real beauty. She looks better today than she did 25 years ago, and looks better still with every passing day. I don't expect to have her as a client—but she would make a wonderful pal.

Lynn Redgrave: I'd settle for Ron Ely [he was TV's Tarzan in the late 1960s and replaced Bert Parks as host of the Miss America Pageant]. I'm attracted to him because of his fantastic looks, his gorgeous dimples and, most important of all, his wonderful, old-fashioned views on marriage. It's so hard to find anyone with that traditional outlook these days. It's an asset I consider refreshing and interesting. If he were standing a few feet away from the mistletoe and didn't seem anxious to get underneath it with me, I'd make a quick change into a sexy swimsuit and slink around until he noticed me.

John Davidson: Many models and actresses have given their opinions on kissing while taping my talk shows. Elke Sommer, for instance, who has smooched on the screen with everyone from Peter Sellers to Paul Newman, insists that she would rather kiss a tree trunk than kiss an actor. While Angie Dickinson was discussing her TV special, *Sixty Years of Seduction*, I asked her if she remembered her first kiss. "I sure do," she replied. "It was a long time before I got a good one." The conversation then turned to the art of kissing, and quickly gave way to a demonstration. In view of that delicious experience, I'd be happy to find Angie under the mistletoe any time.

Cheryl Tiegs: No one in real life can measure up to the devastatingly handsome, romantic, swashbuckling hero Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind*. I think he's the most blissfully sexy, exciting, strong and demanding figure in the world—fact or fiction. I've seen the film and read the book many times, and my favorite daydream is that Rhett Butler will find me and carry me up the stairs. There is no one on or off stage and screen who can hold a candle to Rhett. Ah, if only I could find him under the mistletoe. What would I do? Draw your own conclusions!

Isaac Asimov: I would want Loni Anderson under the mistletoe so that we could stand close enough to touch. I want her there because I admire her mind. If the thought of being in this meaningful position with me didn't excite her, I'd lure her there by offering to explain any recent advances in science [Asimov is the author of more than 200 books on science] that she wants to know about. In return, I'd expect what one naturally expects under the mistletoe—plus promises of big things to come.

Brooke Shields: Sean Connery—because as James Bond, he could get me out of trouble, and save me from fates worse than death. I think he is very handsome, sweet and gentlemanly. Since I've never met him, I'd start by whispering in his ear how much I admire him, and tell him that this is the moment I've been waiting for. I'd tell him that the first time I saw him on screen, I was dying to play his daughter. Then would come my zinger. I'd say, "Now that we've met, I've changed my mind." I'd give my eyeteeth to play anything *but* his daughter.

Kristy McNichol: No question about it, the most gorgeous man around today is John Savage. What sets John apart from all the other gorgeous men I know is that this physical attribute isn't just skin deep. He's also kind and considerate, smart and interesting. If he didn't show any desire to come under the mistletoe, I'd pretend I needed his help . . . John would never turn his back on anyone in need of help.

Jane Seymour: I'd like to find the stork under the mistletoe, holding something warm and soft and delicate and precious in a white blanket in his legendary beak. There'd be a moment of delightful anticipation and suspense as I unwrapped the bundle, wondering whether I'd find a boy or a girl. You see, my baby is due on Christmas Day and it would be great to deliver in this unconventional way, instead of the traditional one. One thing I do know, our baby is going to make Christmas 1981 one to remember.

Judith *(Scruples)* Krantz: It would be very nice to find Richard Simmons waiting under the mistletoe so that he could prevent me from going mad with cranberry sauce, turkey stuffing, sweet potatoes and gravy and steer me in the direction of just turkey, without the trimmings. He'd give me the courage and determination to resist all those goodies and temptations. I have a tendency to gain weight if I let myself go. I want, for once, to avoid the post-holiday depression, caused by knowing the festive season is over, and also by looking in the mirror and seeing I've eaten too much. [ED. NOTE: Judith, see "Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Holiday Eating Plan," page 34.]

Joan Rivers: For the same money, while I'm choosing, I might as well go the whole way and have a lineup of three waiting for me under the mistletoe. I'd love to find Robert Redford there because he's blond and cute and sensitive. Also John Derek because I know he'd do wonders for my career, just as he did for Bo's. Next is Warren Beatty for obvious reasons. Even the mistletoe would say yes to him!

Phyllis Diller: It would have to be Orson Welles, because he'd look great in a Santa suit. I adore Santa. He's the only man I know who's "on the give." Orson would read me a story in his rich voice, and when Orson kissed you under the mistletoe you'd stay kissed all year round. **End**

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11 I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Robert D. Thomas, Publisher

THIS CHRISTMAS, GIVE YOUR KIDS SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

Most presents don't last too long. They break. They need new batteries. They get boring.

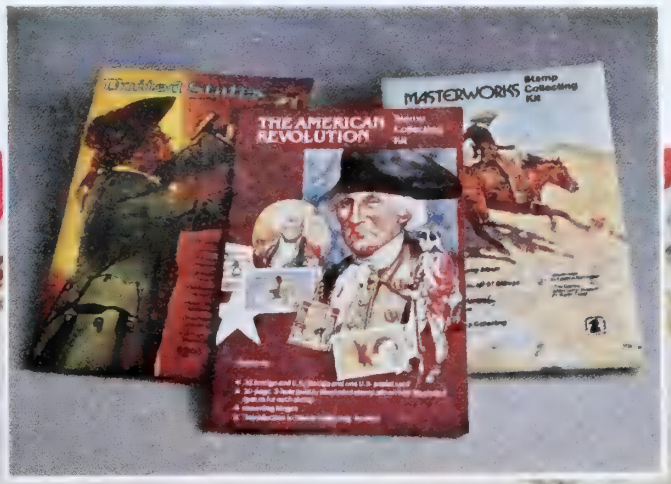
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A Christmas Menagerie

How the antics of our many pets make for unforgettable holidays.
By Roger Caras

Though our children, Pamela and Clay, are grown now, Christmas is still Christmas at our place. The tree glistens enchantingly, mistletoe adorns the doorways, logs crackle on the fire, the aroma of baking gingerbread wafts into every room, friends and relatives drop in from near and far . . . and the Caras animals, sensing the excitement, are irrepressible.

I wouldn't say our 12 dogs and ten cats actually understand the meaning of the holiday, but they know when the rhythm of the household changes. The animals respond to the quickened pace and growing guest count . . . though unfortunately that response doesn't always match our idea of the Christmas spirit!

The "bah-humbug" hounds

One year, for example, our two giant bloodhounds decided to play Scrooge, to the chagrin of an entire television crew. I'd had surgery a month before Christmas and was still in the robe-and-slippers stage when I got a call from ABC News: They wanted a Christmas report. Since I couldn't travel, a TV crew came out to the country house where I was recuperating.

My report was to be a lighthearted look at animal crackers, which had been invented 75 years earlier as tree ornaments. I was to give my speech in front of the majestic fir, one of our bloodhounds by my side, and in closing, I was supposed to feed the hound "people crackers," a dog biscuit that some clever merchandising firm had brought out as the pet world's answer to animal crackers.

The videotape equipment was in place as, garbed in a robe, I took my spot in an easy chair next to the Christmas tree. Everyone was set to go except our bloodhound, Penney, who flatly refused to face the camera. I was in no shape to wrestle with her, so each time the dog put her back to the producer, my wife, Jill, had to climb over a lighting technician, sound man and camera tripod to reposition her. The moment she climbed back out, Penney would face the tree again. After five false starts, we decided to call on Penney's "stand-in."

Yankee, Penney's father, was an old hand at television. He sat in place like a pro, and we got my speech on tape. Then came time to feed Yankee his people cracker. Into his mouth it went. The dog's face sagged, his ears hung down, his tongue lolled out and the cracker fell to the floor.

"Try it again," the producer said. We did several more takes, and each time, the cracker dropped to the floor.

At last, crazy with frustration, the producer decided to let his tape editors salvage our homey little episode, and the contingent packed up. No sooner were producer and crew out the door than Yankee and Penney set upon the box of people crackers and polished them off with gusto. "Bah, humbug," I'd swear they were telling us, "we don't work during the Christmas holiday!"

Christmas Eve chaos

In keeping with tradition, food and drink play a big part in all our holiday activities. Guests crowd every room, helping themselves to platters overflowing with savory treats. Because our pets also love my wife's cooking, we've learned to pack the animals off to our backyard kennel well before visitors start to arrive.

One Christmas Eve, however, this tactic failed. My guess is that someone on the way down to my study, which is near the kennel area, opened the wrong door. Suddenly a dozen dogs and nearly as many cats descended upon the 60 people enjoying a hearty Christmas feast. There was mayhem as children and adults alike tried to waylay the dogs between the Swedish meatballs and barbecued chicken wings, and the cats before they spotted the thick cream floating atop the eggnog bowl.

Later, with the animals rounded up and peace restored at last, our friends agreed that releasing the menagerie had been a wonderful gimmick, and judged the fête their favorite of the season.

Unexpected guests

Many of the additions to the Caras zoo are strays that soft-hearted Jill took pity on, but we've received pets as gifts as well. Last Christmas, our daughter Pamela surprised us with a splendid Jack Russell Terrier puppy, a breed we've always admired. Piggy fits right in with the other pets and we love him dearly, but with costs rising, we've had to send out word that we will accept no more Christmas presents requiring food. Unfortunately, we didn't think to forbid animal *guests*. The two cats that Clay acquired at college (named Livia Augusta and Xnard) came here to visit last summer and never left, and Pamela's own Jack Russell pup, who answers to Annie, is with us for an indefinite stay while her mistress does some extensive traveling on business. These pets, like the others, will surely join in this year's holiday festivities. We might complain good-naturedly, but deep down we know it's the animals that help to make Caras Christmases special! **End**



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Richard Simmons' "Never-Say-Diet" Holiday Eating Plan

By Richard Simmons and Suzy Kalter



Diet and exercise expert Richard Simmons (above) *warns that even at Christmas parties, "You've gotta be good!"*

AN ODE TO CHRISTMAS

'Twas the month before Christmas and all through the house
Cookies and goodies crammed me and my spouse.
Food in the freezer, food in the fridge,
Under the bed and stuck in my bridge.
It began with Thanksgiving and hasn't stopped yet.
At one pound a day, how fat can I get?

I've tried and I've tried to push fruitcake aside,
But as each piece goes by, I just open wide
And fill my sweet face with whatever's there.
At times like this, how can I care?
The office, the home, it's that time of year—
Just give me some eggnog, more holiday cheer.

I'd like to be good, and stay slim and svelte,
But the truth is, Santa, I need a new belt!

I have just one word to say about Christmas. It's not joy to the world. (That's four words.) It's not tinsel or Santa or eggnog or even fa-la-la-la-la.

It's fat. That's right. You heard me. Fat! Fat! Fat! And it belongs up there with all the other traditional words because there just *isn't* a fatter holiday in the calendar. And what's so dangerous about it is that it's a *sneaky* kind of fat. Easter is fattening, but it's honest about it. If you pig out on chocolate bunny rabbits, pina colada, jelly beans and marshmallow eggs, you can always fast the next day. Easter, after all, only lasts *one* day. And if you've been religious about it, it's one day after 40 days of not-so-high living.

Christmas, on the other hand, is 40 whole days of high living. There are 38 days, counting from the day after Thanksgiving until the Sunday before you return to work or school that first week in January. Counting Thanksgiving Day itself and January 4, the day you realize it's gone on all too long, you have had 40 days of leftovers, parties, open houses, family dinners, bake-ins, tree trimmings and office parties. You've been to celebration after celebration and you've done your duty to everyone but yourself.

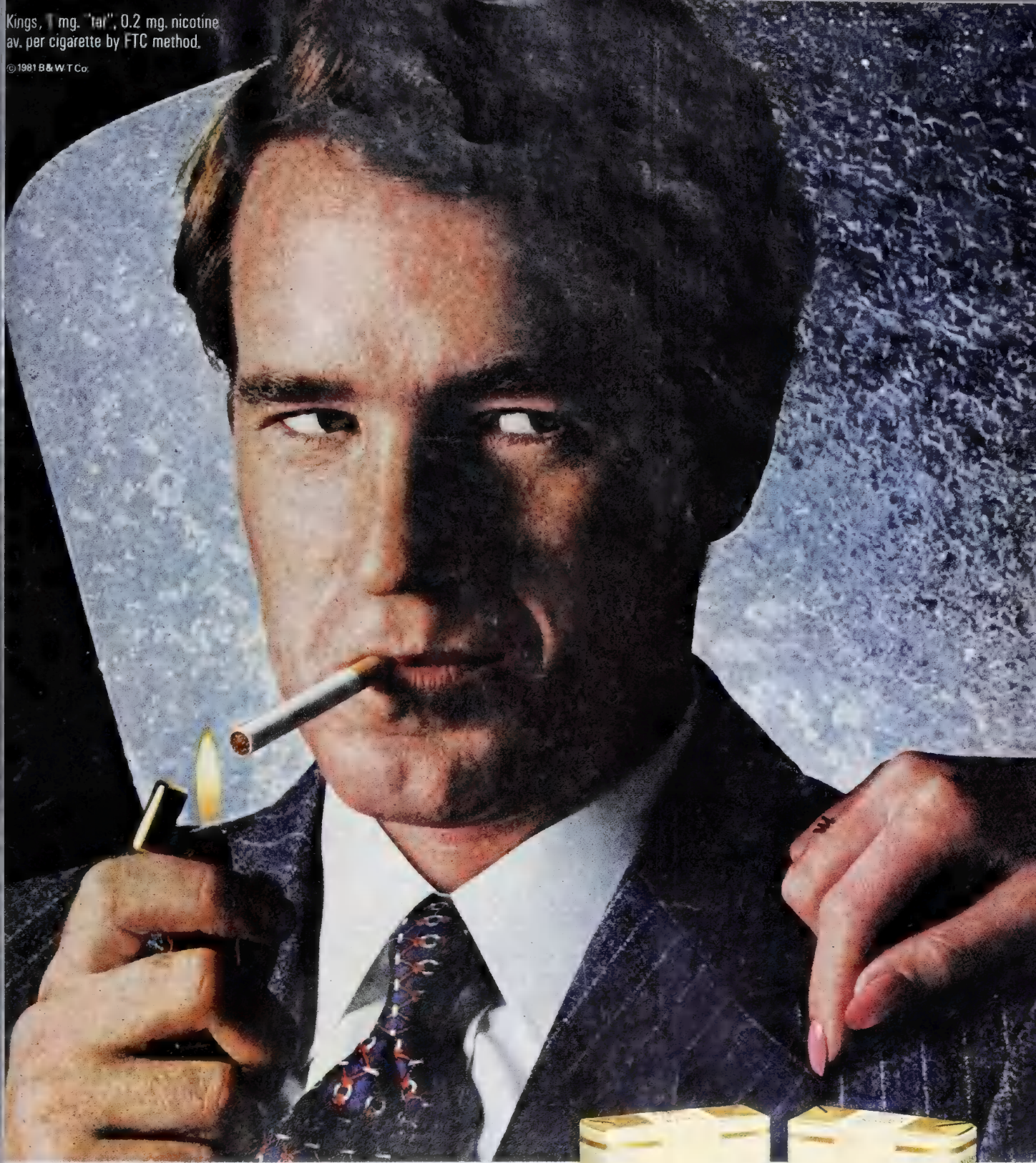
I know all about this because I was raised in New Orleans, and New Orleans happens to be the Christmas capital of the country. New Orleans is real Catholic and my family is real close and our Christmases were the old-fashioned kind, filled to the brim with tradition. And everyone we knew in New Orleans celebrated the holiday season in the same manner.

"Making the rounds" was the big holiday thing to do: You made the rounds to each person's house once during the weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas, and then once again on Christmas Day. This gave you the opportunity to compare the food at different homes. I can remember a Christmas we made 26 stops—count them, 26—dropping off presents and visiting with friends. Since making the rounds was so popular, you didn't dare cook a recipe you got from a friend but had to come up with your own very elaborate creative dishes. This meant that at the 26 stops we made, there were 26 different kinds of rum balls, 26 different types of fried chicken wings and 26 different varieties of Oysters Rockefeller. And you had to eat at every stop in order to make a fair comparison. It was a lot like a Christmas version of the Pepsi Challenge: You just had to taste *all* the samples.

At this time of year, my mother did a lot of baking. I liked her baking because she always made double the recipe for economy's sake, and you could eat a good number of cookies from the pile before she caught you. My brother Lenny never did like to eat between meals, so I could take a handful of cookies from the counter and tell my mother I was sharing with Lenny and she would never know the difference. Once the cookies were baked and sorted, I had to stop swiping them and wait until they were neatly bundled into tin boxes. We got the tin boxes along with the fruitcakes people brought as gifts to our house. I always offered to eat up the cake (after I picked out those funny green bits) so Mom would have more tins for her baking. You see, I believe in families working together for a common goal.

Anyway, once the cookies were in the tins we had an awful lot of uneaten fruitcake around the house. I did my very best to eat all I could, but invariably we had to serve these leftovers to the people who stopped by when they made their rounds. This presented a terrible problem because my mother didn't like to serve anything she hadn't baked herself. One year she served the Young family the fruitcake that Mrs.

(continued)



The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

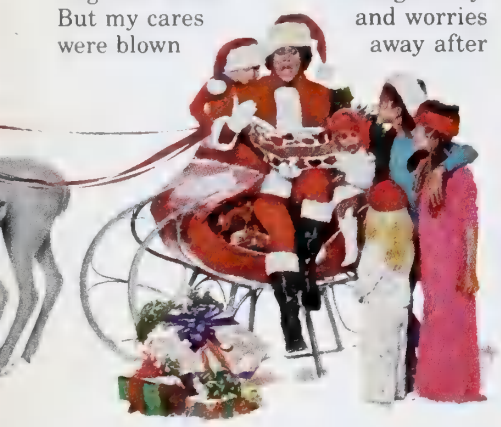


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Young had made and said she'd made it herself. You can't imagine the look on Mrs. Young's face when she tasted the cake and swore it reminded her of her Grandmother Jenny's recipe. After that, we took to labeling the fruitcakes and having roll call before serving to the guests.

But Mom wasn't the only person in the family who baked. I had my own secret recipe for chocolate-chip sugar cookies, which I made in large sheets and then cut into letters of the alphabet with an X-acto knife to make personalized greetings. (I got to eat the excess cut away from the letters.)

I had never had a Christmas away from home before I went to Europe and, believe me, that first holiday season away weighed heavily on my mind—and my thighs. I was so worried about being homesick that I had forgotten about being merry. But my cares and worries were blown away after the first week in November when I happened to notice that every newsstand in my neighborhood had closed down and had turned into a bakery. I'd never seen anything like this in my life. And the smell as I walked down the street—*divino!*



"And to all a good night—and no *midnight snacking!"*

So what's a person to do? No matter where you are at this time of year, you're surrounded by tradition, ritual—and gluttony. Should you turn up your nose and say no when temptation comes your way? Should you lock yourself in the bathroom and not come out?

I, for one, know it's a crazy idea to suggest that anyone could participate in all the holiday activities and not have one morsel of fattening food. I believe in self-control, and we're going to talk more about that in just one second, but I don't think anyone should try to get through the holidays by saying no all the time. And I'll tell you why: You'll go nuts. Oh, you may last till December 28. Even January 4. But sooner or later you'll go berserk and begin a binge that won't stop until the first robin of spring does a tap dance on your lawn. So the thing to do is say yes—on occasion—and not feel deprived or depressed.

Do what I do. Enjoy the holidays. Eat a little of this and a little of that. Just remember what I call the Live-It laws. The principle behind Live-It is volume. A high volume of exercise, a low volume of food. If you're going to eat a little extra, exercise a little extra. It's very simple.

And this brings me to point number two: self-control. There *(continued)*

How Much Weight Will You Gain? Test Your Holiday Eating Habits



Answer these questions as *honestly* as possible.

1. The day after Thanksgiving, I:
a. Ignore the leftovers, make a salad for lunch and get to work on my Christmas shopping list.
b. Put together a little turkey salad and some potato chips to eat while watching TV.
c. Finish off the leftovers from the night before—there's not enough to feed the whole family and I shouldn't let them go bad.

2. Whenever I go to someone's home during the holiday season, I bring:
a. Something non-edible—on the do-unto-others principle.
b. A bottle of wine or liquor.
c. A package of homemade cookies—I call ahead and find out their favorite kind.

3. At the office party each year, I:
a. Make a polite appearance and leave after one drink.
b. Have a few drinks and nosh a bit just to get relaxed.
c. Take home a handbag filled with shrimp, cheese and crackers so I won't have to cook later. The food's paid for already, isn't it?

4. When baking for the holidays, I:
a. Stick to the recipe—no nibbling.
b. Double the recipe to save time.
c. Double the double recipe, so I have plenty for the freezer.

5. When I go to the grocery store during the holidays, I:
a. Stick to my shopping list.
b. Fall in love with the bright wrappings and buy everything decorated for Christmas.
c. Tell myself that this is only once a year and buy what I want. After all, 'tis the season to be jolly.

6. Since I already have a regular exercise program, I:
a. Keep to it, even for the holidays.
b. Do what I can, but with so much extra work, who's got the energy?
c. Admit up front that it's impossible for me right now. But I'll get back to it in January. Honest. I really mean it. Promise.

7. The average number of parties I attend during the holiday season is:
a. Under 10.
b. Under 20.
c. Under 30.

8. When I go to a gathering at someone else's house, I:
a. Ask the hostess if I can help her.
b. Hang out around the buffet table and clear away the empty dishes.
c. Send the hostess to the living room to enjoy her party and take over running the kitchen.

9. After a long day's shopping, I collapse mid-afternoon and:
a. Have a cup of bouillon.
b. Have a cup of coffee and a doughnut.
c. Have a few cups of coffee and a chocolate bar—chocolate gives you energy, you know.

10. On the morning of January 4, I:
a. Can't believe it's a new year.
b. Make a New Year's resolution to take off five to ten pounds.
c. Can't find any clothes to wear because nothing fits anymore.

To score, see box on page 38.



Even Santa has a healthful treat before he makes the rounds.



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is nothing, *nothing* worse than losing control of your body. In this world, the only thing we have complete control over is our own bodies. I believe that if you surrender this control and become powerless, you lose the very fiber of your soul. And that's a miserable, sad thing to have happen. So when we talk about the holidays, always remember, please, that you must continue to be in control of your body. And if you remember self-control, you'll come out on January 4 with no more than a two-pound gain and some very fond memories of a happy, healthy holiday season.

To see just how much self-control you're going to need this year, test your holiday habits. I've worked up a little quiz (see box, page 36) that will give you all a pretty good idea of just how much weight you tend to gain each year. Once you know what your weight-gaining tendencies are, you can avoid problems before they begin. Here's how.

First of all, take this pledge: *I solemnly swear to limit my holiday eating to small amounts of food. I will obey the laws of low-volume eating and keep myself in the same size clothes I now wear. So help me, Richard.*

Then, memorize these golden rules.

How to survive a party

- Eat a sensible dinner before partying. Then you'll be too full to eat much more.
- On the way to the party, do this exercise: Hands up (not if you're driving), palms outward. Inhale through your nose. Now push, and slowly exhale as you push. Return hands close to ears to breathe, then repeat, pushing while you exhale. Repeat ten times.
- Arrive at the party and greet the guests. Before taking a drink or having even one little nibble, excuse yourself and go to the bathroom. Once in the bathroom, lock the door and unbutton your clothes. I'm serious! Now give yourself the Richard Simmons Pinch Test. If you grab a handful of flab, you're in trouble. Now is the time to be careful. Take a mental Polaroid of yourself, flesh in hand. Now button up your clothes and go out to that party. Every time you pass food, remember that mental picture.
- Work each party carefully. Make a game out of it. Consider it a challenge. Take one drink—better yet, a non-alcoholic one—and nurse it as you go from one side of the room to the other. Criss-cross corners, talk to every person at the party instead of munching.
- Use the buddy system. Never go to a holiday party alone. Bring a date enter the party. If you both pig out, you've got the wrong buddy.
- Each time you are about to put some morsel of food into your mouth, take a long look around the room at everyone else stuffing his face. That may be enough to make you behave.
- Take your toothbrush and some toothpaste with you to each party. After you eat, excuse yourself and brush your teeth. Boy, will you get sick of eating—or brushing!
- If you are making the rounds, eat at every other party.
- When you do eat, take it slow. Let there be method to your madness. Go for protein first: turkey, chicken, meatballs, shrimp. Then go for crispies: salad or vegetables. Be sparing with dressings or dips. Carefully choose between stuffing, biscuits or dessert—you can't have all of them.
- Alternate the rotation if you are making the rounds. If you eat protein at party A, eat veggies at party B.
- Have a cut-off for eating time. If you've been partying all day, cut it off at eight P.M.
- Remember at all times: Never finish everything on your plate.

How to survive holiday food shopping

- Make a shopping list and stick to it. Don't buy that ice cream just because the Bennets might drop in. Don't make Aunt Helen's favorite cookies to flatter her.
- Don't fill your shopping cart with goodies to use as rewards. The children don't get edible treats for cleaning up their rooms. Nor do they get something to eat because their friends get it.
- Buy the basics first and avoid the holiday aisles until you have all your things. Then, if you must, wheel by with a full cart. Remember, the most non-fattening holiday things you can napkins!
- Park your car in the farthest corner of the parking lot. Carry the groceries yourself. Make several trips if need be. It's called exercise; remember that word?
- If you're pressed for time and can afford it, find a grocery store that delivers. They may be a little more expensive, but they'll save you time and pounds. Money, too. You won't have any impulse purchases.

How to survive gift-giving

- Make it clear to your friends that you will be giving only low-calorie food gifts and you would appreciate the same from them.
- Avoid liquor gifts as well.
- Walk the entire length of the mall three times before you begin your shopping. Use stairs instead of escalators and elevators. Don't drive from shop to shop if you can walk.
- Don't eat while you are wrapping presents.

How to entertain at home

- Emphasize the table settings rather than the amount of food. Fill the table with candles and mistletoe and greens and holly and leave just the tiniest amount of room for the food. Never serve family-style.
- It's worth some extra money to hire someone else to handle the food preparation or service. You don't have to get a maid and a butler; college and high school students are often eager to earn extra dollars.
- If you must deal with the food, serve each plate yourself. You probably won't want to even look at food after all that.
- Before baking, do five arm rotations and build up by five each time you bake. Arms out, start circles—small to larger, then *(continued)*

How to Score Holiday Eating Habits Quiz

You get one point for every *"a"* answer, two points for every *"b"* answer, and three points for every *"c"* answer.

If you scored 10-14 points: Good for you. You have a strong sense of self and are very disciplined. You're wary of the many temptations the holiday season offers, but you're determined to keep control of your body. By following the steps in this article, you probably won't gain more than two pounds this holiday season.

If you scored 15-22 points: Okay, pal, throw out that holly-wrapped chewing gum right now! Empty your purse of candy canes and get back to common sense. Don't you remember how miserable it was to be fat? Do you ever want to be fat again? If you don't, you'd better be careful right now. You have a tendency to get carried away with the festivities of the season and in no time at all you gain ten pounds. No wonder you get the blahs in January!

If you scored 23-30 points: Shame on you. Don't you ever tell me again how you want to be slim. I mean, really. You know you can't eat the stuffing and the biscuits and Grandma's apple pie. You're going to gain 15 pounds, or more, if you don't change your wicked ways. Remember that the elves are going to tell Santa if you've been naughty or nice. Naughty is real easy for you, so get strict now.

DEXATRIM CASE HISTORY #347
WEIGHT LOSS: 41 lbs; 10 weeks

SANDIE WOLLER





Name: Sandie Woller
Residence: Marinette County
State: Wisconsin
Age: 30
Sex: Female
Former Weight: 173
Present Weight: 132
Weight Lost: 41 lbs.
In How Many Weeks: about 10
Product Used: Extra Strength Dexatrim

Describe how product contributed to your weight loss: I honestly couldn't believe how Dexatrim really curbs your appetite. And I lost so much weight so rapidly. It has changed not only my looks but my personality and attitude as well. I look better and I feel better. And it was all so easy. I took one Dexatrim each morning and I simply wasn't hungry. Naturally I ate, but not nearly as much as before.

How did your diet compare to others you may have tried? I'm one of those people who has trouble losing weight so I've tried a lot of diets. And there's no comparison. Dexatrim worked. It helped me lose the weight I simply didn't lose with the other diets I tried.

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

Product: Extra Strength Dexatrim

Product Profile:
- Rated most effective diet pill formula available without a prescription.
- Clinically tested for seven years; proven effective.
- Approved as safe and effective by a medical advisory panel appointed by the U.S. Government.

Evaluation: No diet pill works harder to help people lose weight.

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foods taste...

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The distinctive, rich, creamy flavor you love on salads can also perk-up potatoes, do-up dips, beef-up burgers, soup-up sandwiches and more.

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Nobody else has our secret recipe or our special taste.

Hidden Valley Ranch. Milk Recipe ORIGINAL Ranch

back to small ones. Again, four more times. Good for you!

- Have a holiday exercise party. Invite friends over for exercising in the morning, followed by refreshments and gift exchanging. You could serve our delicious punch:

1 cup raw cranberries, washed
3 cups apple juice
1 cup ripe fresh strawberries, hulled
¼ cup crushed pineapple (unsweetened)
1 red Delicious apple, cored
1 to 2 tablespoons honey

Combine ingredients and blend half at a time in blender until smooth. Cover and refrigerate a few hours. Whirl in blender before serving.

- At buffets, keep food choices simple and light. You don't need enough food for the Yugoslavian army. I know because I've already called the State Department and most of the members of the Yugoslavian army couldn't get visas this year. Don't worry about running out of food and losing face. Run out, and lose pounds.
- Plan participatory parties so people have something to do besides eat. Go to a children's hospital and put some cheer in someone else's day. Go bowling. Get your guests invigorated enough to make them forget food.
- Stay cool. If you get pressured, you may overeat. Simplify, relax and enjoy yourself.

A few final tips

- Weigh yourself each morning and at bedtime without fail. Especially during the holiday season.
- If you're over, do something about it immediately.
- Whenever you can, think of all the fattening things you could be eating at this time of year and begin to pantomime heavy chewing, moving your mouth wide open and shut while rotating your lower jaw. This will tighten your facial muscles without your having eaten a thing.
- Take some time out of this crazy holiday schedule to sit alone for 30 minutes. No reading, no writing thank-you notes, no studying recipe cards. Just you, alone.
- If you haven't gained more than two pounds by January 4, go out and buy yourself a present. (On sale, of course.) You deserve it!

End



"Don't be too impressed . . . 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star' is all he knows."

ELVIS

The women he really loved



Elvis was always surrounded by women. Clockwise from left, he's shown kissing his mother, Gladys Presley; at his marriage to Priscilla; Ginger Alden, the last love of his life; and with his girlfriend, Linda Thompson.

The most important woman in Elvis Presley's life was his mother, and when she died he was desolate. He spent the remainder of his life seeking a replacement for her. Presley would love other women, but never would he find genuine happiness or learn how to give it. By Albert Goldman

Elvis was a classic mama's boy. Gladys Presley worshipped her son, never letting him out of her sight. She forbade him to swim or do anything she considered dangerous, and would attack any child with whom Elvis fought.

Elvis even slept in the same bed with Gladys until he was at the threshold of puberty. His most characteristic gesture of affection for his mother was petting her, and his nickname for her was "Satnin." This name, like all the affectionate terms in which mother and son conversed, was a relic of Elvis' baby prattle. In later years, strangers watching Elvis and his mother communicating in baby talk got the impression that they "spoke the secret language of some weird religious cult."

One of the first things that Elvis learned at his mother's knee was that he had a twin brother, Jessie Garon, identical to him in every respect, who had been stillborn. His mother told him that the personality of this dead brother was transferred to the living twin. She also taught him that Jessie was an angel up in heaven with whom Elvis could commune through prayer. The constant presence of this dead twin served as a link between mother and son, bound as they were by Gladys' grief.

Although pampered and provided with expensive gifts that his parents could ill afford, Elvis was a lonely little prince. One of the most important features of his upbringing was the fact that he was kept apart from his relatives, from the local children and from the world in general. In fact, Gladys did not permit Elvis to play out of her sight until he was 15. Even then, his whole world outside of school and church was confined to a circle of a few blocks.

So accustomed did Elvis grow to sharing his most inner life with Gladys that even in later life he thought nothing of waking her up in the middle of the night if he had some problem on his mind.

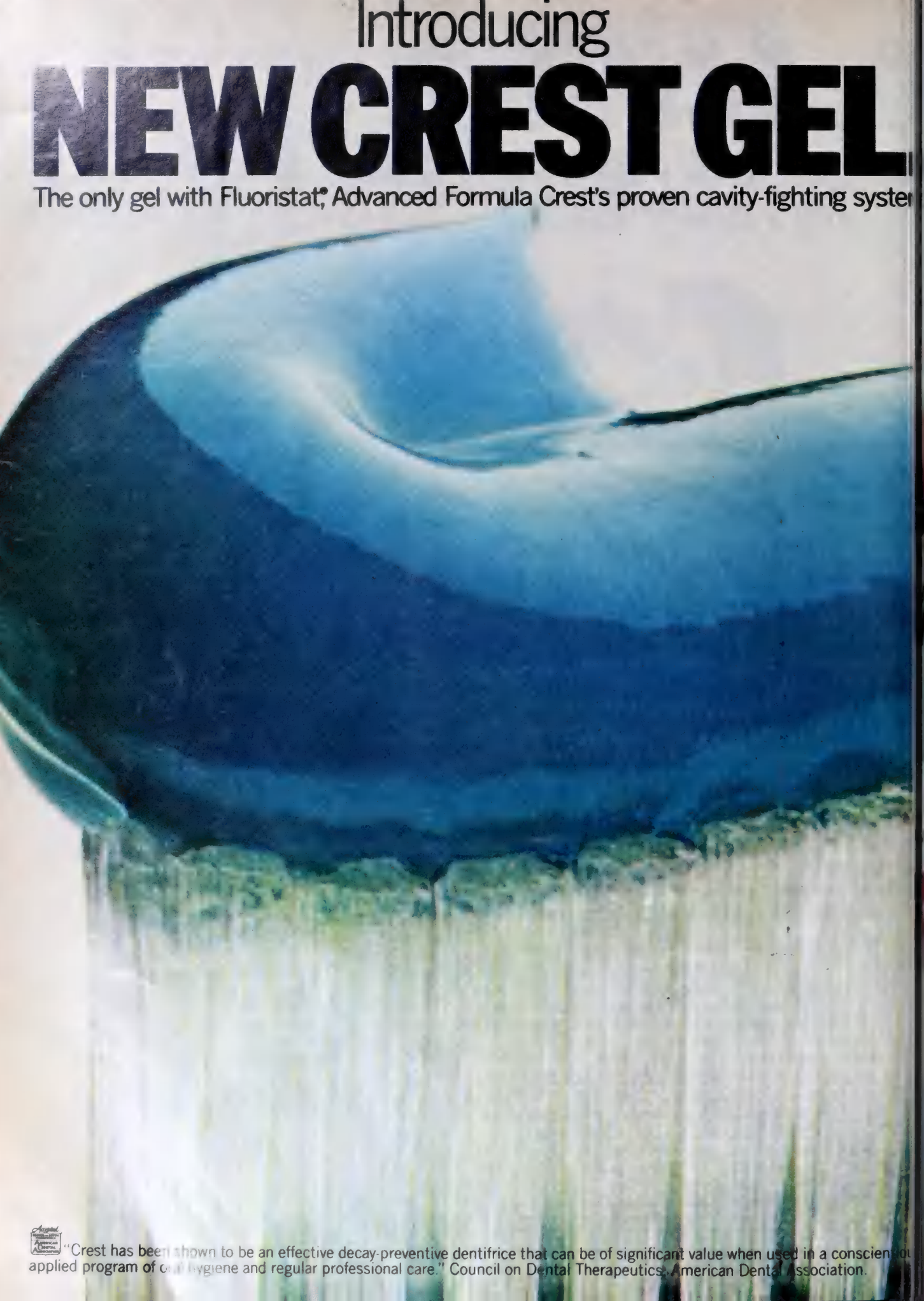
Inevitably, friends began to marvel over how similar mother and son *(continued on page 44)*

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continued from page 41

seemed. Their faces showed a marked resemblance. They both mumbled when they talked; both were brooders and loners. They were both destined to early deaths, a fact of which Gladys appeared to have foreknowledge.

She once remarked to a friend that she did not expect Elvis to live beyond the age of 35. She was fearful that he would be killed by a lunatic or by a jealous lover. Or, most of all, by his own lifestyle. As for herself, she was convinced that she would soon be dead, and she warned friends to say nothing of the matter to Elvis.

Perhaps unconsciously, Gladys would turn this feeling into a self-fulfilling prophesy by her unhealthy habits and temperament. She was grossly overweight from improper diet; she never got any exercise and she drank to the point of drunkenness.

The most sinister ingredient in her self-destructive way of life was the consumption of diet pills. Gladys had started using these amphetamine compounds years before, and she increased their usage as she became increasingly dependent on them. Eventually, the amphetamines were bound to have a deleterious effect on both her body and her mind. Extreme irritability of the sort that Gladys displayed in the final months of her life is a typical effect of amphetamine abuse. Being of a secretive nature, Gladys confided nothing of this history of drug use to her doctor.

When Elvis entered the army, her health suddenly deteriorated. Knowing of his mother's condition, Elvis obtained an emergency leave. Two days after his arrival at Graceland, Gladys died. Elvis was stunned.

"I heard this horrible wailing," Lamar Fike, an aide, recalls. It was Elvis and his father, Vernon, keening. "It just made my skin crawl. I had never heard anything like that in my life. I came around the corner and Elvis saw me. 'Oh, Lamar, my baby's gone!' He was hugging me and crying on my shoulder. Then he grabbed hold of me and we went in Gladys' room. The body was all covered up. He started patting her stomach. 'Look Satnin,' he said, 'here's Lamar.' I couldn't handle it. I had to get out."

The doctors, puzzled by Gladys' death, requested an autopsy. Elvis didn't want to know why his mother had died; he was intent on keeping her alive in his mind. No autopsy was permitted. As in the case of Elvis' death years later, no one was ever to know precisely what killed Gladys. Instead, all the energy was lavished on preparations for a great funeral.

During the next days, bystanders were shocked by the extravagance of Presley's grief. At the cemetery, after the last prayer had been said, Elvis half leaped, half fell on the casket, crying aloud: "Oh, Satnin, I wanna go with you! I don't want to stay here! I can't be without you!" He held fast to the lid of the casket as if he would never allow it to be buried. And it took the combined efforts of several men to get him to relinquish his grip.

Both before and after her death, Gladys exerted a profound influence on Elvis' relations with women. In the beginning, Presley fell into the pattern of inviting the more appealing girls home to Mama. And his behavior with them—at least at first—would have earned her approval.

During the early years of his career, his most gratifying relationship with members of the opposite sex was a very cozy foursome he established between himself and three 14-year-old girls—exactly the age of Priscilla, his wife-to-be, when he met her. These three girls, ardent fans, accompanied him to the movies, the amusement park and roller rink. They joined him for evenings around the swimming pool and would grieve when he left for a tour or a film production.

Loved to roughhouse

Elvis loved to roughhouse with his trio during real teen-age pajama parties. They loved it too—until he went "too far." As one recalls: "We'd tickle, fight, laugh, mess around; but all you'd have to say is 'Stop!' and he'd quit. Elvis said he would never sleep with a virgin. 'There are too many prostitutes around,' he'd say."

After his mother's death, teenagers still held an attraction for him. But the innocence of his early Memphis encounters was gone. Without Gladys—his confidante and moral governor—Elvis began to indulge himself in an endless debauch of drugs and sex. Instead of falling in love with a beautiful film star, he led hundreds of anonymous groupies through his bedroom. They were small, kittenish girls who were built to his ideal proportions—no taller than five feet two or heavier than 110, and certainly no older than 18.

It was critical to Elvis that his girls were not too far removed from the condition of virginity. Married women were out of the question and a woman who had borne a child was a turn-off. As for clothing, Elvis liked to see a pretty girl dressed all in white. When she undressed, he hoped to see that she wore white underpants. White panties were Elvis' erotic fetish.

All his attendants became, at Elvis' urging, quite accomplished procurers of girls for his parties. Their readiest source of supply was the studios where Elvis worked. The moment the first call for such extras went out, the Guys (Presley's entourage) were busy among the applicants, making their selections for the boss.

Once the parties became an institution in Hollywood, a lot of girls started trying to crash the gate. But no matter who arrived, even if she was the most famous or beautiful star in Hollywood, Elvis would not rise to greet her. "Get her coat . . . find out what she wants to drink." With such orders, Elvis would beckon Tuesday Weld or Connie Stevens into the circle around him.

Later, the Guys—outnumbered by girls by about five to one—would wait until Elvis chose his mates for the evening. For them to start flirting with the "chicks" beforehand was forbidden.

Elvis' temper and his overbearing manner had gotten much worse during his years in the army. His ugly traits were greatly exaggerated by the presence of women.

The disaster that could ruin a party was a girl who dared to talk back or challenge the "Boss." Elvis had strict rules for feminine behavior. As long as women deferred to him, he was gallant to them. If, though, they "got down on his level," as the Guys put it, then Elvis was freed of the obligation to play the gentleman's role and was allowed to teach the girl her "lesson."

One night, for example, the sophisticated daughter of a famous movie star came up to the house. She made the mistake of getting into an argument with Elvis. Galvanized by a terrible flash of rage, he leaped to his feet, seized the young woman by the hair, dragged her stumbling, head over heels, across a coffee table and into the next room, where he planted a very vigorous kick on her rear and ordered one of the boys to throw her out.

Another night, while he was entertaining a young actress, Elvis got so enraged at something she said that he picked up a watermelon and threw it at her. Throwing things was one of Elvis' more dangerous habits. One night he hurled a knife straight at the wife of one of his aides. If someone hadn't flung up his hand to block the knife, Elvis might have knocked out one of the woman's eyes.

In fact, Elvis did inflict a disfiguring injury in a similar manner on a young woman guest. She had demanded that one of the boys playing pool with Elvis move his car so she could leave. Elvis was so enraged that he hurled his pool cue at her, striking her on the breast and paralyzing a nerve. As always, Elvis walked away from his misdeed without any apology or desire to make amends. As far as he was concerned, it was the fault of the woman who had provoked him. *(continued)*

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Eventually, if the parties weren't ruined they would degenerate into sexual games. At this stage, Elvis also dabbled in pornography while continuing his long-distance romance with Priscilla Ann Beaulieu, a 14-year-old "angel" he had met in Germany (where her stepfather was stationed).

Elvis was infatuated with Priscilla, and believed that he could model her into his ideal woman. After several years of exchanging childish letters and romantic phone calls to Germany, he promised her parents that he would marry her at some unspecified future date, if only they would let her come live at Graceland.

As soon as she arrived, Elvis began to mold her into his perfect woman. Her first lessons were in makeup and hairstyling. Elvis liked the heaviest kind of theatrical makeup: black mascara, batwing eyelashes, lots of color put on in pancake layers. Always obsessed with hairstyles, he insisted that Priscilla tease her hair up about 12 inches in a towering, heavily lacquered beehive. Though Priscilla had an exquisite, doll-like kind of beauty, when Elvis got through with her, she looked like a tart.

But while Priscilla was still growing up, Presley's attention began straying elsewhere. With his bride-to-be closeted in Graceland at night and in a well-chaperoned Catholic high school during the day, Elvis was grinding through three movies a year and 30 parties a month in Los Angeles, as well as pursuing actress Ann-Margret. This was the only authentic romance in Elvis' long career of dating Hollywood actresses, and to this date, Ann-Margret remains completely mute on the subject.

Three years passed and still no date was set for Priscilla and Elvis' wedding. How did Elvis feel about her after all the years together? Probably he felt much the same as after his divorce from her, when he confided his final view of the relationship to another girlfriend, Linda Thompson. "I tried to mold her into what I thought I wanted. I realized too late that you just can't do that. You can't teach a person to be affectionate. By nature, she's a cold person. She's reserved. She's very disciplined. So I tried to teach her to be warm and funny and loving and affectionate. She tried to do it, but you really can't teach someone to be what they aren't."

What's more, as Priscilla grew to maturity, Elvis was outraged to discover that she had a will of her own. He characterized her as suffering from a "Napoleon complex." The reason, he explained, was her size: "She's just mad 'cause she never grew." Then, he'd admit ruefully, "When I first met her, she had a cute face. I thought, 'She's short, but she'll grow.' Then the years went by and she never did!"

The fact that they were married at all was due primarily to Colonel Tom Parker, who decided when and how the wedding should take place, and maneuvered the principals like puppets.

But even his 1967 marriage didn't stop Elvis' roving eye. When he made *Speedway*, with Nancy Sinatra, he was inspired to indulge himself with Nancy in an orgy of the sort of pajama-party roughhousing that he always enjoyed with his teen-age groupies in Memphis. Every day at lunchtime, Elvis and Nancy would go to her dressing room trailer and play their games. And it *was* only play. He would mess Nancy's hair or disarrange her clothes so that it appeared that they had been intimate. Then, they'd walk out of the trailer to begin the afternoon's shooting, and revel in the fact that people were staring at them or whispering behind their backs.

Still, Nancy Sinatra was determined not to have an affair with Elvis now that he was married. On the last day of shooting, Elvis pulled her down on a sofa at the back of the trailer. Finally she said: "I really have to leave." He responded by kissing her.

"I kissed him back," she remembers. "I really kissed him back. With all my heart. Not sensually. It was a warm, sincere, I-love-you kiss. He looked at me and said, 'That's the first time you've ever kissed me, isn't it?' 'That's right,' I said. 'Why?' he wanted to know. I said, ''Cause I'm saying goodbye.' He gave me a big, brotherly hug and off I went. That was the last romantic moment. I treasure it dearly."

Only child is born

Several months later—and exactly nine months to the day after his marriage—Elvis' only child, Lisa Marie, was born. And less than four months after the birth, Priscilla began the ardent pursuit of karate star Mike Stone, the lover for whom she eventually broke up her marriage.

Once the affair had become a settled relationship, Priscilla put it on a well-organized and secure basis. She found the perfect love nest—a little beach apartment 30 miles south of Los Angeles—where she met her lover, in secret, for three and a half years.

The great length of this subterfuge tells a lot about the Presley marriage. Clearly, the marriage entailed so little intimacy or even cohabitation that Priscilla was at liberty to make what was in effect a second marriage, establish a second home and lead another, far more engrossing life, without disturbing the facade of her relationship with Elvis. If this seems hard to believe, consider for a moment the fabric of this so-called marriage.

The fact is that when he learned she was pregnant, Elvis refused to have sexual relations with her, and after his daughter's birth, showed no sign of resuming them—ever! This was not surprising considering that Elvis had always been adverse to sex with married women and abhorred the thought of having intercourse with a mother.

In addition, it drove him crazy to spend more than a week or two with Priscilla, so he contrived always to have some excuse to be away from home. Once he resumed touring, he made it a rule: "Wives don't go on tours." The purpose of this prohibition was well-understood by all involved. Elvis' parties at Las Vegas were no different essentially from his parties in the old days. His favorite way of spending time was holding court with a circle of admiring young women.

In February 1973, after years of leading a double life, Priscilla finally decided to tell Elvis the truth about her relationship with Mike. Her cuckolded husband's first reaction was to tear off Priscilla's clothes and practically rape her. Afterwards, he abruptly changed his tactics and swore that he would become the perfect husband and father.

But it was too late to save the marriage. Soon, word of the separation had leaked out and the story was flashing around the world as "the most shocking separation in recent years."

In the months that followed, Presley's attendants watched with alarm as his drug consumption soared and his moods sank often to black despair. Worked into a murderous rage, he would call Priscilla and tell her that he was coming down to her apartment that night. He was going to be carrying his M-16 automatic rifle and he would have all the Guys with him, armed to the teeth. She would see the kind of man she had fallen in love with. She would see Mike Stone down on his knees, begging for his life.

He continued to call week after week, month after month, and at one point even ordered one of his aides to hire a hit man to kill Stone. Soon the aide, a member of the Memphis Mafia, as Elvis' cronies were called, was talking to the real Mafia. It took no time at all to cut the deal. The Mafia said they would be honored to help out a man as great as Elvis Presley. They set a modest figure for their work: $10,000.

But when Elvis heard the deal was set, he backed off. Afterwards, Presley suffered a profound depression. In fact, the very night that Elvis renounced his plans for revenge, he nearly died of a drug overdose. *(continued)*



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Spicy Rice.

Break out of the meat and potatoes habit and serve rice tonight. Rice is delicious by itself, but when mixed with vegetables, fruits or nuts, it's even better. The things you add to rice bring out the flavor of your entrée, complement its texture, add color and excitement...the way apples enhance the flavor of pork. So serve rice. And perk up your pork chops with this simple recipe.

Spicy Rice

½ cup each chopped celery and onions
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
⅛ teaspoon each ground allspice and cinnamon
Salt and black pepper
1 tablespoon brown sugar
3 cups cooked rice
½ cup raisins, plumped
1 tart cooking apple, cored and chopped
½ cup sliced almonds, toasted

In a large skillet cook celery and onions in butter until tender crisp. Stir in seasonings, rice and raisins. Heat thoroughly. Stir in apple; remove from heat. Cover and let stand 5 minutes. Sprinkle with almonds. Makes 6 servings.

Serve rice soon. You'll see that things go together better when you go with the grain.

RICE

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ELVIS
continued

All of Presley's intimates agree that the decline that ended in his death began during the period of his conflict with Priscilla over her affair. Up to that day, Elvis Presley was riding high. He may have betrayed his talent or planted the seeds of self-destruction with his dependency on drugs, but his basic strength was still intact and capable of revival. Once he suffered the castrating blow of Priscilla's infidelity he was broken. Never again could he convince himself that he was what he had once been: a man who had never known defeat.

In the early '70s, the lonely and declining singer met Linda Thompson. Part mother, part lover, part nurse-maid, she would become his lifeline for the next four years and the woman with whom he would enjoy the closest relationship of his life.

It was natural that he should be attracted to Linda. Not only was she Miss Tennessee of 1972, she was still a virgin, the only real evidence that would persuade Elvis of a woman's essential goodness.

Ideal mistress

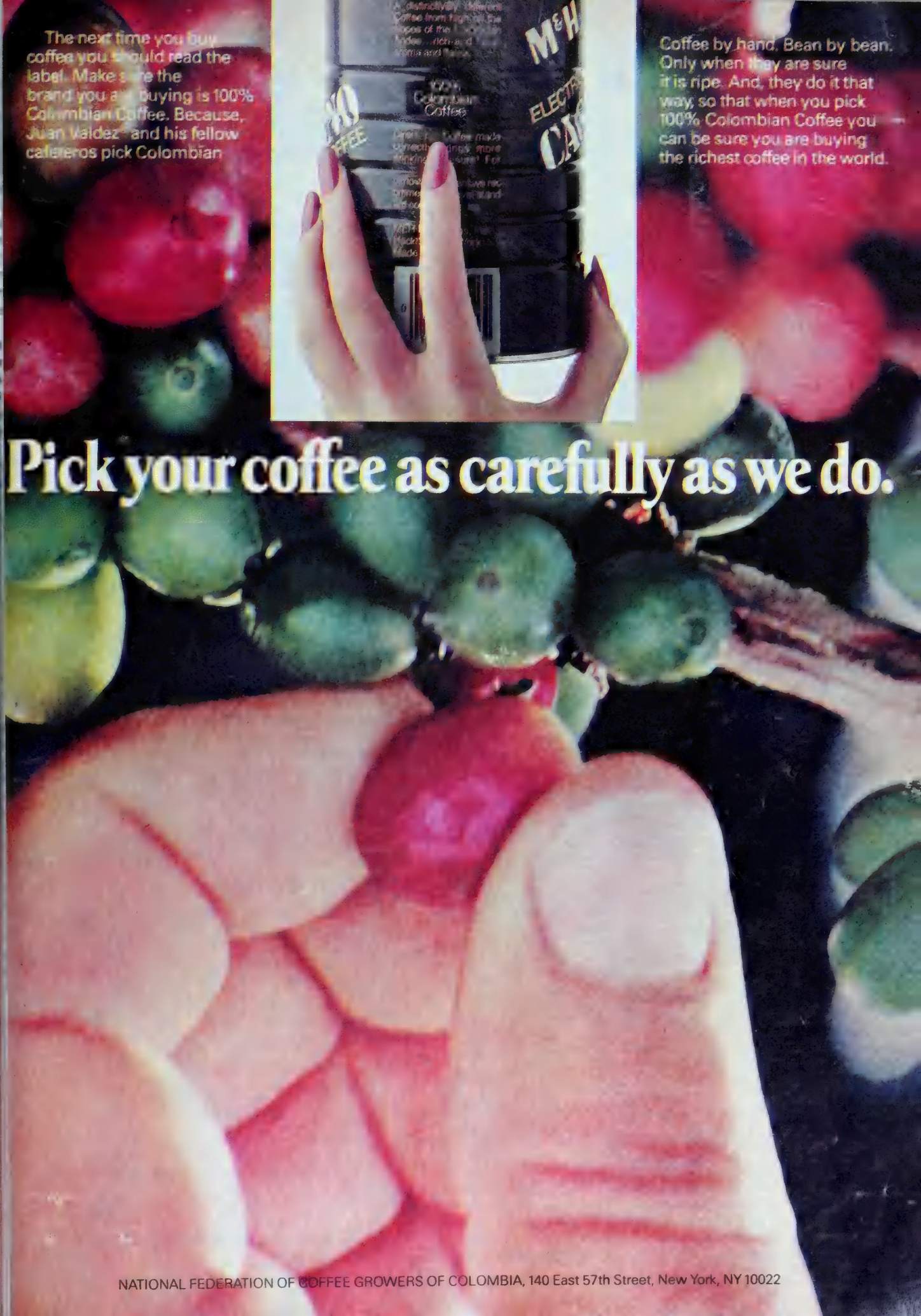
The reason why Linda displaced others in Elvis' affections is not hard to grasp. Despite her conventional small-town rearing, she had the makings of an ideal mistress. She was by turns coquettish, amusing, attentive, affectionate, intelligent and faithful.

If Elvis wanted to play the comic-strip hero, she could transform herself instantly into the erotically enticing Southern belle. If Elvis wanted to relapse into the sad, sick little boy, Linda could instantly metamorphose into the gentle, doting young mother. If Elvis was in the mood to play the zany cut-up, Linda was always ready to play the clown. No matter what her lover's mood or demand, Linda had the resources to discern it and to satisfy it.

At first, Elvis found this new relationship so absorbing and fulfilling that for the only time in his adult life he went for about a year without seeing any other women.

He called Linda "Mommy" and she called him "Baby Buntin'." Lying sometimes for days on end in bed blissfully stoned, Elvis would have Linda read to him from his favorite books. When it was time to eat, she would feed him by hand. When it was time for his sleeping medication, she would administer the dose. Soon they had reconstructed the atmosphere and regimen of the nursery.

Clearly, this whole pattern of behavior was a reaction to the trauma of discovering Priscilla's infidelity. Unmanned by sexual betrayal, Elvis *(continued*


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reacted in part by regressing to an infantile state. As always with Presley, we see the contrasting extremes between which he was condemned to perpetually oscillate. One minute he was the midnight caller threatening horrible violence and even murder; the next, an infant lisping to his mommy in baby talk.

These extremes had a profoundly unhappy effect on Elvis, both psychologically and physically. This was the period when he finally became a hopelessly addicted junkie, a delusional paranoid and a bloated, frequently sick man with a vast range of symptoms, all of which could be ascribed to a total incapacity to deal with reality.

Eventually, he once again began to find fidelity confining, and invented excuses to go off by himself so he could enjoy his former pleasures. Linda rose to the challenge. She told Elvis she didn't want their relationship to deteriorate into the hypocritical pretenses that had characterized his marriage, and for that matter all his relationships with women. They came to an understanding that allowed him considerable freedom. They even got so chummy on this issue that Elvis would sometimes introduce his latest discovery to Linda—and all of them would go out together as a threesome. It was a startling contrast to his marriage, and the only time in Elvis' life that he experienced sexual freedom without suffering from guilt.

Relationship ends

Eventually, however, this relationship also came to an end. It was 1976—the year before Presley's death—when the two parted. She had been everything to Elvis that a woman could be. Ultimately, however, the only relationship that any woman could sustain with Elvis Presley was that of an infinitely loving mother with her very sick and cranky child. Linda played this role to the hilt. But she realized that if she wanted to have a life of her own she would have to break free of Elvis' morbid grasp.

Elvis' next girlfriend, Ginger Alden, was his last. A naive young fan, Ginger was whisked from Memphis to Las Vegas on her first date with the declining star, and presented with a gold bracelet, encrusted with diamonds that spelled "Elvis." "This will show everybody that you belong to me," he told the startled ingenue.

Later, when Ginger found herself in a hotel room with Elvis, she panicked and called her mother, then shakily accepted a pair of pajamas from Presley, who suggested she go into the bathroom and change. When she emerged, feeling very vulnerable and uncomfortable, she found Elvis already in bed wearing an identical pair of pajamas. He beckoned her to his side. She slipped under the covers and lay there rigidly. He extended his hand, she clasped it, and a few moments later heard an odd sound. Turning to gaze at him, she discovered that he had dozed off and was snoring.

Their second "date" was even less auspicious. Ginger was flown to San Francisco, then left alone in a hotel room for 24 hours without food or companionship because Linda had unexpectedly appeared.

The Guys awaited Elvis' clarification of Ginger's status (if he wasn't interested in her, she would become fair game for them), but they soon found she was off-limits. With big eyes, full lips, a cleft chin and a sensuous but slightly coarse beauty, Ginger became Presley's property with speed.

To "blow her mind," Elvis bought a Lincoln Continental Mark V for her, then—when she complained the Lincoln was too big—replaced it with a smaller Cadillac Seville. What had Ginger been driving before these cars? Giving you her blankest look, she confides, "I had a three-speed bike."

To become Elvis' woman entailed work, too, the innocent girl discovered. Soon she was studying ways to accommodate herself to Elvis' strange lifestyle and make him happy. She would read him to sleep or watch closely while he prepared to go onstage. He was very keen on having her study him, insisting she be present when his hair was washed or he gargled.

Once he said to her, "I want you to watch carefully the way I walk." Then he paced back and forth across the room. "Do you see anything special?" he demanded. Ginger didn't, and jokingly answered, "One leg is shorter than the other." Elvis was outraged. Finally, he calmed down and explained to her that his walk was "catlike." Catlike . . . she would never have guessed the secret word in a hundred years. In fact, to this day, she describes the whole experience of living with Elvis by repeating the same phrase: "I was in a daze."

After knowing Ginger for less than two weeks, Elvis was hinting broadly at marriage. And after nine weeks, he purchased a $70,000 engagement ring. His proposal was delivered in the bathroom, where he seated Ginger in his black leather-and-chrome reading chair. Then, on his knees on the thick red shag carpeting, he told her that, for the first time in his life, he realized what it meant to be truly in love.

Ginger, for her part, was well pleased to become Elvis' queen. She says: "I came to feel that maybe that's why I was put on earth. If could make Elvis happy, I would have served my purpose. He wanted a son. He wanted me with him night and day."

In the next months, the two would fantasize about the ceremony that was never to be. In fact, one of Presley's last conversations concerned the wedding. During the early morning hours of August 16, 1977, he told Ginger: "Your dress is already being made. I want you to have small rosebuds with gold sparkles that will shine in the light. I want you to wear glass slippers, like Cinderella."

Later, Elvis repeated to Ginger something that thrilled her more than anything else he had said to her since the day he proposed. "You know what my father told me?" Elvis confided with a radiant smile. "He said he had never seen me so happy as a man. I looked so happy to him," he said, "that I reminded him now of that little boy he put overalls on back in Tupelo."

Less than 12 hours later, Elvis was dead. **End**



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How to Avoid Holiday Hassles



Please read *before* December 25. (You'll be doing yourself and your family a favor!)

By Carole Owens

If you flip backward through the family photo album to last December, you'll probably find heartwarming pictures: the whole clan gathered for a festive meal, perhaps, or Johnny gleefully tearing the bright wrapping off a new train set, or Susie looking cherubic as she lights the last candle on the menorah. Ah, but what about the scenes you didn't capture on film? Your mother-in-law raising her eyebrows over your pre-packaged turkey stuffing, you, wearily scrubbing pots and pans while your husband and Johnny have a super time with that new train set, the children squabbling over who got the most presents. (After all, who among us ever calls, "Darling, get the camera. The kids are fighting again!")

Yet, whether we record them or not, we all know that less-than-merry moments do happen during the holidays. In fact, psychiatrists and psychologists believe that the lofty expectations and 24-hour togetherness of the season often aggravate a family's existing emotional problems. But, says family therapist Carole Owens, with a little advance planning, a few deep breaths and a sense of humor, you can cope with or avoid the occasional depression and anger that often mar the festivities. Read on for her sensible solutions to holiday problems. May this December be less nerve-jangling—and happier than ever.

—THE EDITORS

THE PROBLEM: "I've been looking forward to Christmas all year, and you spoiled my day!"

Who doesn't dream of the "ideal holiday," replete with laughter and love? There are details to that dream, too, of course. Maybe you envision your husband carving the roast with skill and aplomb, or you picture your children: the littlest angel in ruffles and red velveteen, the eldest son in blazer and tie, and all of them magically possessed of courtly manners, remembering to put their napkins on their laps, conversing eagerly with dour and distant relatives and complimenting you on a superb meal. Whatever the specifics of your holiday script, however, you're probably going to be disappointed somewhere along the way. What to do?

- **Be Flexible**

If you can't get what you want, want what you get. Remember, unhappiness is the difference between what you *expect* and what you *experience*. If you know your husband balks at carving the roast and never mastered the art anyway, why not give up on that aspect of your dream holiday? How can you be disappointed if you never set unrealistic expectations in the first place?

- **Be Clear**

If you never actually *tell* your family what you expect, they'd have to be psychic to please you. You might say, well in advance of the crisis, "Kids, we're all going to dress up for Christmas dinner. I think it would be fun, since we're getting out the linen and china and silver and everything. And I want you to try to talk to Aunt Clara, even if all she ever asks you is whether you like school. Look, it's just once a year—and then right after dessert, you can change into your jeans." If this speech is met by moans from your pre-pubescent son, who claims his tie chokes him and his blazer makes him sweat, at least you'll have a couple of weeks to work on his protests.

- **Be Reasonable**

Is your list of specific expectations too long? Look it over—and lop off whatever you can live without. (An elaborate snowman when there's barely enough snow to cover the ground might be the first to go.) Remember, the fewer unnecessary demands you make on yourself or your family, the fewer your disappointments will be.

THE PROBLEM: "But, Mom, I didn't get everything I asked for!"

Even the loveliest of children have a way of becoming unattractively greedy during the holidays. They've seen aisles full of irresistible toys in the stores since before Halloween, watched countless colorful TV commercials and heard their friends boast of what *they'll* be getting for Christmas or Hanukkah. Never mind that you've stretched the budget, pored over mail-order catalogs, spent lunch hours jostling through crowds at every emporium in town—and wrapped enough boxes to satisfy an entire orphanage. Your darlings may scorn your efforts and make you think you've got the most spoiled and avaricious offspring since the daughters of King Lear. Yet, you can take steps to help your children be more realistic and gracious.

- **Give Advance Warning**

Beginning when the children are toddlers, tell them every now and then during the tension-building pre-holiday months that they can't expect to get

(continued)



Stuff your holiday turkey with something special.

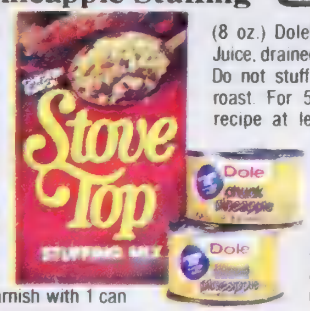
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Pineapple Stuffing

Drain 1 can (8 oz.) DOLE® Chunk Pineapple in Juice, reserving juice. Add very hot water to juice to make 1-1/2 cups. Combine contents of Vegetable/Seasoning Packet from 1 package (6 oz.) STOVE TOP® Chicken Flavor Stuffing Mix, 1/4 cup butter or margarine, cut in pieces, and the measured liquid in a bowl. Stir just to blend and partially melt butter. Add Stuffing Crumbs; stir just to moisten. Add pineapple. Garnish with 1 can (8 oz.) Dole® Sliced Pineapple in Juice, drained, if desired.



Do not stuff turkey until ready to roast. For 5-to-7-pound bird, use recipe at left; for 8-to-12-pound turkey, double the recipe; for 13-to-20-pound turkey, triple the recipe. (Or, bake stuffing in 1-quart casserole, uncovered, at 400° for 25 minutes.)

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everything they yearn for. Sit and watch a few television commercials with them and, at the appropriate moment, say something like, "Boy, it would be nice to have all that stuff, wouldn't it? Of course, that's not possible. You probably won't get everything you wish for, and you might feel sad—but that happens to everybody. And, after awhile, you can learn to stop being sad and enjoy the gifts you do get."

• Make a List

Let each child choose one or two gifts he or she most wants to find under the tree. (The rest of the gifts will then seem like bonus surprises—*more* than the kids ever expected or asked for.) Naturally, if your ten-year-old requests a $2,000 home computer, you simply tell him you can't buy anything that expensive. Or, if he asks for an electronic game that costs $200, you might suggest that you and his grandparents are willing to buy the gift together, but that it will be his *only* present, except for Santa's stocking stuffers. Let *him* decide whether he'd rather have a pile of presents or one truly terrific toy. (Also, get all this choosing done early enough so that you won't find empty shelves when you go shopping. The year's most-advertised items sometimes sell out by early November!)

• Have Children Give Gifts

Whether or not it's truly *better* to give than to receive, it *is* gratifying to watch someone you love respond with delight over something you've chosen or made with care. Let children enjoy the pleasure of giving by encouraging the littlest to put their efforts into painted-rock paperweights and framable finger paintings, while the older ones bake or work with wood—or spend some of their allowance on a tie for Grandpa, a vase for Mom or treasures for one another. Having to stretch their own money to cover gifts to give others helps them understand why *parents* can't always buy expensive presents.

• Have Children Write Thank-You Notes

Before opening gifts, make sure that you have pencil and paper handy so you can jot down which item was given to whom by whom. Later have the kids write thank-you notes. (For pre-schoolers, a crayon picture will serve the purpose.) While youngsters may resist this "chore," in the long run they'll absorb the idea that gifts are not free nor lightly given and that no one is "entitled" to every item in the store.

THE PROBLEM: "But, honey, we *always* have everybody over here for Christmas dinner."

Tradition is swell, but dragging yourself through established rituals when they've lost their meaning or you've lost your energy is silly. If the problem is not that you expect too much of yourself but that everybody *else* does, you'll need to let them know gently but firmly there'll be some changes made.

• Tamper with Tradition

A certain menu, a list of people you must see, a tree decorated just so—the routines can take on a sacred aura after a while. But time and people change. If you're eight months pregnant, or you've just started a challenging new job, you may have to tell everyone you can't make as big a fuss as usual at Christmas this year. You might suggest a wine and cheese evening in lieu of a huge family meal, stressing that getting together is what matters most to you.

• Ask Your Husband and Children to Tell You What They Look Forward to the Most

Give everybody a piece of paper on which to jot down, "What I Like Most about the Holidays" and "What I Like Least about the Holidays." You could be in for some pleasant surprises. If it turns out that what the children cherish most is *(continued)*



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time off from homework as well as being allowed to stay up late to watch TV specials, and what they *don't* like is roast goose and plum pudding, that's not so bad. Maybe what you should do is plan less elaborate meals, then stay up late, relax and watch the specials *with* them.

• Time Off for Good Behavior

Don't try for total togetherness on December 24 and 25 any more than you would any other day. Does your teenage daughter want to call her best friend on the phone? What's so wrong with that? Does your husband want to take an afternoon nap? Do *you*, for that matter? Fine. Do your small children want to be excused from the table to play until dessert? Let them, even if Grandma disapproves. The idea is to have a good time, and each of us does that in his or her own way.

THE PROBLEM: "Mother, I'm a grown woman and I have two children of my own. Stop treating me like a six-year-old!"

Even when you're the parents in your own home, you and your husband may feel like children again in the extended family circle. Experts call this fairly common reaction "reunion anxiety." Your husband's older brother treats him like a kid. His aunt calls him by his embarrassingly adorable childhood nickname, even though he's now a six-footer. And your mother dispenses unsolicited child-rearing advice or nags you to clean your plate. What can you do?

• Change Your Responses

When faced with an uncomfortable situation, most of us dream about changing the *other* person's behavior. This, however, is almost never possible and any attempts to alter somebody else most often only make matters worse. The trick then is to examine your *own* behavior. When your mother says, "Eat! You hardly touched a thing!" do you snap back, "I don't have to eat if I don't want to! God, it's my stomach"? That sort of reply is almost guaranteed to start a fight or cause hurt feelings. A better response would be to ignore the command (but *not* the person who issued it) by complimenting her on the food, or asking for a recipe or, in some way, diverting the conversation to some other safer topic. Remember, it still takes two to make an argument.

• Look on the Light Side

Is it *really* so horrendous that your husband's aunt still calls him "Bucky Boy," while the rest of the world knows him as "David"? She's not going to stop calling him "Bucky Boy" anyway, so can you laugh about it?

• Communicate Your "Reunion Anxiety"

It's perfectly acceptable—even highly advisable—to let your husband and children know you're feeling a little nervous before a family get-together. You're better off with honest feelings out in the open than you would be if you were unaccountably cranky. Why risk having the kids think you're upset with *them?*

THE PROBLEM: "I cry just *thinking* about getting through Christmas now that Dad is gone."

As much as you may recognize "reunion anxiety" as a feeling you once experienced, if your parents are now gone, the holidays can bring on an even more painful syndrome—"anniversary reaction." A specific date, a set of traditions, can trigger bittersweet memories of loved ones lost. As one woman said, "My father always told me to 'bundle up' and 'watch my purse' when I went shopping at Christmas time. That made me angry. I'd tell him I was a grown woman, a mother, and I could take care of myself. Now he's gone—and I'd give anything to hear him tell me to bundle up!" Coping with anniversary reaction isn't easy, but it can be done.

• Share Your Sadness

Don't avoid talking about your sense of loss. Sharing your feelings with those who feel as you do—a sister, remaining parent, cousin—strengthens current relationships, thereby helping to fill the void left by the loss of someone you all loved. Tears are healthy. You'll feel better in the long run if you let yourself grieve than if you try to deny hurtful emotions.

• Let Your Children in on Your Grief

There's no need to protect youngsters from sadness. Tell them how you feel, because what you're telling them is how much you loved Grandpa or Grandma. After all, you don't miss people you didn't care about. It's good for children to see how deeply you loved someone.

• It's Their Loss, Too

Let the children express their own sadness. A weeping little one, wishing Grandpa were still around to give her a piggy-back ride to bed, may be a heart-wrenching sight, but don't tell her to stop crying. Hug her and let her express her feelings. She may, by the way, need to be reassured that *she* isn't going to die for a long time and that you and Daddy aren't either. Kids are far less fragile than we sometimes think, and they're usually grateful when we openly acknowledge that they can experience a full range of emotions in their own way.

THE PROBLEM: "I'll never be able to make Christmas as wonderful as the holidays we spent at my grandmother's house when I was a kid."

Just as we suffer from a sense of loss when a loved one dies, we also feel the loss of irretrievable times past. And in retrospect, the past almost always seems more glowing and wonderful than it was—the rough spots smoothed by time, the tensions and turbulence warmly amusing as you recall them now. This process of glamorizing the past so that the present seems diminished by comparison is surprisingly common. But you don't have to let glorified recollections of Grandma's house—redolent with homemade stollen and boasting a fresh-cut, twinkling wonder of a tree—ruin the present.

• Stop Competing with the Past

Bring into the here and now those elements of Christmas past that really mean something to you, but don't try to recreate "the good old days" down to the last detail—because, of course, you can't. If you have Grandma's stollen recipe, and the time to bake, fine. But there's no need to drag everybody on a freezing December Saturday to a cut-it-yourself tree farm just because Grandpa used to chop down the evergreen from his own property.

• Tell about the Past

Your kids will enjoy hearing about life back then—especially if you have old photographs, or if your mother saved the dollhouse you treasured for so many years and which was added to each Christmas.

• Encourage the Children to Talk about Their Past

Even small children have a "history" all their own, and love talking about what they remember. They also love hearing your version of what happened when they were too little to remember. ("You were only ten months old, but you could walk already, and we had to put the *tree* in the playpen, to keep you from pulling it over!") Also, as you listen to their renditions of Christmas past, you may come to realize that while it was Grandma's stollen that made the day for you, it's *your* popcorn and cocoa with marshmallows that does the trick for them!

Holidays are not TV commercials. They are not simple or predictable or relentlessly joyful. They are a time of profound, conflicting emotions, close interaction with family and friends, increased activity and special demands. Sometimes, depression instead of merriment results. But with a little forethought and a lot of goodwill, you will not only survive—you may emerge a stronger, more genuinely happy family. Here's to a holiday worth remembering! **End**



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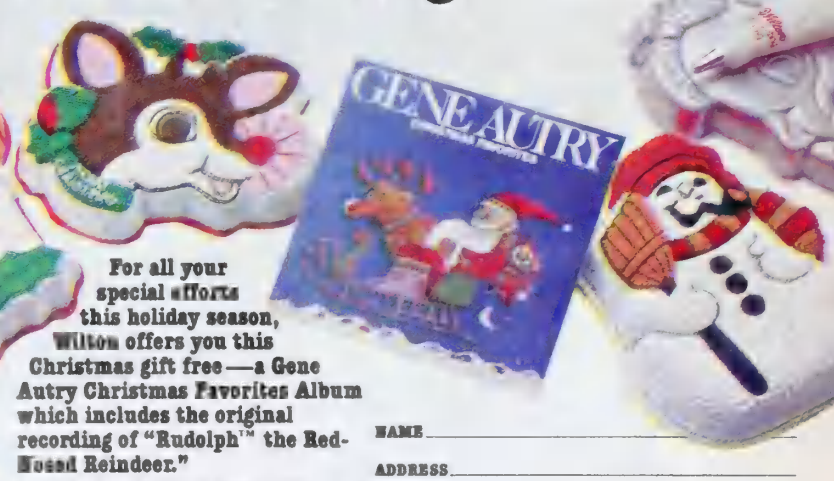
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SPECIAL CHILDREN, SPECIAL JOYS

This is the story of the kids nobody wanted. Born with irreversible handicaps, they were sentenced to institutions...until one very special couple took them home...and brought love and the spirit of Christmas into their lives forever. By Phyllis Battelle





This will be the third Christmas for Benjamin Rossow. His age: two years, 11 months.

He is touchingly beautiful—a pale, blond Botticelli angel in a green polo shirt.

Benjamin, who was never expected to live for even one Christmas, will not be able to see the 20-foot Christmas tree his adoptive parents, Rachel and Carl Rossow, erect in their vaulted living room. Nor will he hear the happy hodgepodge of sounds from his 13 "brothers and sisters," ten of whom are severely handicapped children rescued from lifetimes of institutionalization and "brought home" to the unique Rossow clan. (Three of the Rossow children were born to Rachel and Carl, three have been legally adopted and eight are permanently placed foster children; the Rossows care for and love them all equally.)

"Poor Benjamin was born with a brain stem, but without a cognitive brain," says his mother, Rachel, gently. He lives in a sightless, soundless, mindless world of his own.

Yet, incredibly, he will smile. And when the jubilance reaches a peak ("Christmas is sheer madness at our house"), Benjamin will even laugh—a soft, startlingly merry gurgle that erupts unexpectedly when he is picked up and cuddled.

Rachel says: "Benjamin is able to give people pleasure. It used to be said that we couldn't operate on the heart, because we loved with the heart. Benjamin makes you wonder where the soul is. He doesn't have the capacity to think, but deep inside him . . . somehow he is able to communicate, to reach people."

Benjamin's condition is rare and its cause remains unknown. Termed "hydrancephaly," it is believed to happen in only one in 3,000 births. The brain stem controls basic life processes—like breathing, the heartbeat and the blood flow—but very little else. And most infants who are born with the condition die within hours or days. In fact, Rachel, who recently asked the family neurosurgeon about Ben's prognosis, was told: "He's long since outlived it." The doctor believes that it may be the special Rossow nurturing that is keeping Ben alive.

"Little Ben came to us on an emergency basis on Monday afternoon," Rachel remembers. "The schools were closed because of heavy snow, so all our kids were home. And would you believe it? We were completely out of milk." But when a desperate social worker phoned to ask the Rossows if they could take in one more child, Rachel said instantly, "Bring him." Benjamin was tiny, fragile and had been born without the reflexes nature gives babies—he couldn't swallow, cough, sneeze, gag. "Ben was only six weeks old, and already was being rejected from his second foster home. Apparently, the foster mother couldn't handle it, and just walked out. I'd really love to meet her some day so I could thank her for all the joy she brought us."

As she talks, Rachel Rossow spoon-feeds the baby lying across her lap, patiently scooping back the food that bubbles onto his chin, soothing, "Oh, Benny, something tells me you're not into strained plums this morning!"

The day the blizzard came—followed by Benjamin—was a special day. In an even more special family. Ten years ago Rachel and Carl Rossow, with three normal children of their own and wanting but biologically unable to have another, had adopted a severely handicapped four-year-old named Eddy. It took two years to turn the institutionally desensitized Eddy into a sensitive, caring child. But the experience was so rewarding that they decided to adopt another. Then *(continued on page 63)*

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p $34. Nightgown $17. Little teddy $15. Short gowns, robes and caftans, too.

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Fisher-Price trucks are on the move. And guess who's in the driver's seat?

There go the fearless policemen manning the helicopter with its trigger-activated rotor, or the motorcycle or the squad car. They're all part of our Police Patrol Unit that can zoom in on the action and set things right again.

And for a real change of pace, here comes the Husky Farmer on top of the rumbling tractor, chugging along the open fields bringing the prize bull to the country fair.

Of course, the reason these Fisher-Price toys come with Husky Helpers is that it makes make-believing twice as much fun.

You see, when your children put a Husky Helper in the driver's seat, they're putting themselves in the driver's seat, too.



Wagon sides remove to become corral for bull.

another. By the time Benjamin "came home," the household consisted of 13 children—nine of them permanently wheelchair-bound ("Our wheelies"), nine incontinent and two, like Ben, with life-threatening conditions.

So there was no panic when he came. The Rossows are accustomed to "emergencies." Rachel thinks it was a blessing all the children were at home when Benjamin arrived. "From the start, he had a profound effect on each one of us. Even the most impaired of our youngsters gathered around to touch and to stroke him. Instinctively, they could see that here was a human being unable to do anything for himself. Any trace of self-pity vanishes when you enter the world of Benjamin. You have to put aside all 'me-generation' selfishness and striving, because here he is, touching the very core of what it means to be human. Many would say that Benjamin should have been 'let go' at birth. But Benjamin lived. The message to the children was, 'Just to survive is a triumph.'"

Kids wouldn't let him die

For month after month, Benjamin was an inert little figure, to be carefully watched; lacking the swallowing-coughing mechanisms, he could literally drown in his own saliva. "But the kids wouldn't let him die," Rachel says. "And they never stopped trying to reach him. The agile ones would zip past his crib in their wheelchairs and stroke his back. He was much kissed and slobbered over, and he became the heart of the family."

Carl Rossow strolls into the room to help his wife with Benjamin. It is midmorning, and he has made breakfast for the gang, taken some of them to school (seven attend public school, six are tutored at home). "Come on, old buddy," Carl grins, swinging the baby to his massive shoulder. Over his diapers, Ben is wearing designer jeans! "Oh-oh, this little guy is a soppy mess. I'll change him."

Rachel and Carl are a handsome couple. She is 42 and petite, with the energetic grace of a teenager and a halo of prematurely gray hair. He is 44 and tall, and exudes good humor and masculinity. The couple met 17 years ago in Washington, D.C., on a blind date. "We had a mutual friend, Judy, who for months tried to get us together," Rachel recalls. "All I heard was how wonderful he was and vice versa ad nauseum, so we finally thought we'd go out to stop her talking."

In 1974, Carl underwent "a rather extreme role reversal," from ex-Air Force captain and computer scientist to "chief cook, bottle-washer and bathroom cleaner" for their remarkable family. That was the year the Rossows, each with a master's degree—his in science, hers in mental health nursing—made the decision to abandon careers and devote their lives to nurturing children nobody wanted.

It had started in 1971, with the adoption of Eddy. "We had three great kids of our own and wanted another," Rachel says, "but I had a blood abnormality and my gynecologist had a conniption at the thought of my having another baby!" They saw a photograph of Eddy over the caption: "This child needs a home," and arranged to meet him. Eddy's face was paralyzed, his hearing and eyes impaired; he had only two fingers, and one leg was missing below the knee. But his emotional wounds exceeded the physical. "He had never been out of an institution, never seen a house and he developed a door-slamming obsession," Carl says. "He needed to know he was free to go out of a room, but he was afraid of the outside world. And nobody could touch him. Our youngest child, Susan, was eighteen months old at the time and very smoochy. She'd try to hug, and he'd scream. On Christmas, which is very important to us, the feeling of closeness turned him wild. He yearned for physical contact, but was terrified of it." The breakthrough came literally by accident: in one of his door-slamming fits, Eddy smashed a door on Susan's finger. "She wailed, *(continued)*





SPECIAL CHILDREN
continued

of course, and for the first time Eddy reached out. He patted her shoulder, trying to comfort her." Rachel still catches her breath at the memory. "Dear God, we knew we had won."

Two years after they adopted Eddy, the family was saying grace before dinner. "Eddy said he wanted to say something to Jesus. That had never happened before. We all waited. What Eddy wanted to say was that he would like to have another baby around the house." They took a vote. No dissenters. The "baby" turned out to be six-year-old Ellen, so manacled in braces she could not sit up in her wheelchair. But like Eddy, she began to respond to huge doses of care and love. Social workers deluged the Rossows with pleas to take other children. "We really didn't know anything about handicapped children," Carl says, "but we saw the need. If we were going to meet the need, it had to be a full-time effort."

Carl resigned from the Air Force and with the help of Connecticut officials, including the state's sympathetic governor, the late Ella Grasso, they formed a non-profit organization called Alpha and Omega (Beginning and End). It is chartered "to protect handicapped children by providing a home environment and family setting where they can receive basic education, health care and stimulation of their emotional capabilities." That opened the floodgates, and child after child moved "home," with a wild assortment of wheelchairs, prosthetic devices, medicines and deep emotional needs. As for supporting their "little family," Rachel and Carl manage with the state and private funding they receive. Medicaid covers most hospital stays, prescriptions and surgical care. The operational funds for food and heating oil and salary for tutors comes from the Connecticut State Department of Children and Youth Services. Their third source of contributions—"our vans, our tables, our refrigerators"—are donated by friends and individuals who have "heard about us." They have no large grants, but a private, non-profit organization called Friends of Children (a Connecticut organization) contributes. "Somebody's in command of our welfare," says Rachel. "It's not us.

Winging it with love

"We just sort of wing it, loving each one as an individual," says Rachel, "and counting on God to help out." Last year, for the first time, the Rossows had a live-in couple assisting with their 14-child brood. "We thought that was lovely, but we do things by vote around here, and the kids unanimously felt we should go back to being a family—a 'family' meaning a normal, hectic household," she says, "except that the day is round-the-clock.

"Last night I got quite mad at God. Little Christopher [a brain-damaged, partially paralyzed three-year-old who must be fed through a tube] had been up two whole nights in a row. Finally Chris got to sleep, and then Benny started crying. It was four A.M., and as I was rushing down the hall, I said, 'Hey, God, where are you? Aren't you supposed to take the second shift?'"

Emergencies must be taken in stride. "This has been the year of the spinal fusion—those are biggies," Rachel says. "First Patrick went through his spinal fusion surgery with unbelievable fortitude for a little five-year-old guy. But then David had to have his fusion operation the same day Patrick returned for a check-up. And when Patrick saw David in Intensive Care, he just crumbled and began to weep—until David, still groggy from the anesthesia, marshalled himself to assure his brother he was okay. Each called forth the most tender emotions and received strength in their love for each other." And there were two life-threatening crises this year. "Our Mary suddenly went into kidney failure. Then Simone fell from a car seat and broke a leg and had an eight-inch skull fracture, which *(continued)*

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is the worst possible accident for someone like Simone." Simone suffers from severe osteogenesis imperfecta, a brittleness of bones. Born with 200 fractures, she was not expected to live past age three, and is so crippled that she is no larger than Benjamin. Yet she's bright and verbal, and is back to whipping through the halls of her public junior high school in her battery-operated wheelchair and weaving macrame gifts for the family.

Rachel and Carl are Catholics, though Carl says, "The formal church might think us a bit fringey. In parish life, we'd flunk." They are spiritual pragmatists. Carl recalls, "A Congregational minister, a great friend of ours, dropped by the other day and suggested maybe it was time we give some thought to 'religious instruction' for our kids. He picked the wrong man at the wrong moment. I said, 'Listen, man, it's taking all our energy right now just to sustain life, okay?' Sometimes," Carl smiles, "I'd like to say much the same thing to society—those folks out there who are beating their drums for 'pro-life' or whatever. I'd say, 'Listen, guys, it's all right to yell pro-life—but then you've got to get off your little rear ends and take care of those lives you're saving!"

The Rossows' religious philosophy is clear: "We believe in the sisterhood and brotherhood of people. The only rule in our house is that each child feel concern for the others." They think God approves. Otherwise, He would not have created so many miracles for them. For example: "Do you remember the day Benny laughed for the first time?" Carl asks. Rachel will never forget.

"Carl was in St. Louis because his father was very ill. Suddenly I heard this funny sound I'd never heard before, coming from Ben's carriage. I hurried over and there he was, his head straight up, his eyes wide open, and he was laughing his heart out. I couldn't believe it!" A half hour later, Carl phoned to tell her that his father, a concert cellist, had passed away.

"I don't want to sound vanilla-coated about this," Carl goes on, "but my Dad was renowned for his sense of humor. He was always telling jokes." It was probably only coincidence that Benjamin laughed for the first time on that particular morning, under those particular circumstances. "But I like to think," Carl says, "that maybe, just maybe, Ben has a direct pipeline upstairs . . ."

"And now," Rachel adds, "whenever Benjamin laughs, everything around here just stops. Everyone rushes to him, to cuddle and kiss, to share the *joy*. These are very special moments."

And very, *very* special children. They live together in a rustic contemporary home in the woods of rural Ellington, Connecticut. Moments after entering the front door, the wheelchairs and braces are forgotten, miraculously made insignificant by the animated or serene faces of the children. The youngsters are doubled up in airy rooms they decorate themselves—a freeing psychological experience for those who have spent up to ten years in hospitals. Simone, who used to call "ring, ring," when she needed help because a bedside buzzer was once her only contact with the outer world, chose a pink-lavender decor. Ellen and Dina feared the dark for months, after years in dimly lit hospitals. They like bright colors.

"Each of our kids had emotional scars and nightmares," Rachel says, "and what came out of those nightmares was guilt. They were lonely and blamed themselves. In institutions, there's always somebody crying or moaning. People change shifts or move away, and nobody explains to a four- or five-year-old why they never come back. They think they're lonely because they've been bad.

Love and freedom

"So the first hurdle is to give them love and freedom to love themselves: Let them know they can go out and play in the mud; it's not wrong, it's just fine. Then each child gets a rotating chore; as Carl puts it, 'to get them off their little fannies and extend themselves to the greatest extent they can.'"

Eddy and partially paralyzed David feed the ponies. Charley and Ellen take care of the rabbit. Mary, from her wheelchair, dresses Simone in hers. Even Marie helps. Marie was crippled when she was struck by a car at age three. When she was nine, she helplessly watched the brutal murder of her mother. When she came to the Rossows, her depression seemed impenetrable, but today she is a smiling presence, and her chore is watching Benjamin.

The Rossows' biological children are the "anchor-kids." They help and support. Susan, age 12, the baby who hugged Eddy ten years ago, is still a "lover" of one and all. Robert, 14, is a general handyman who sometimes rounds up the kids and shows them how to cook dinner. And 15-year-old Rachel Marie (nicknamed Rie) is big sister to the gang. She sets the girls' hair, advises the boys and provides a savvy link to the contemporary world; it was Rie who made jazzy red pants for Benjamin, bought a purple bra for Dina and a flashy T-shirt for Simone.

"Rie keeps us with it," Rachel says. The children go out in groups of three or four to shop for Christmas gifts for the others—although most of the presents are homemade. Rie goes along to make sure the gifts are appropriate.

Every family has cherished Christmas rituals. The Rossows' begin on the afternoon before Christmas when each child's stocking is stuffed and hidden away. Then everyone is "dressed to the nines." At five P.M., everyone piles into two vans for a two-and-a-half-hour drive to a lovely Carmelite monastery in Barrington, Rhode Island. Rachel had been a novice nun here years ago. The sisters convinced her she had a "gift of communication" and should not take the Order's vow of silence.

"Then we all attend midnight mass together," Rachel says. It can be almost as exciting as it is spiritual. "Picture these handicapped children in church, praising the Lord. All the children have candles, and Charley's falling asleep and you *know* he's going to burn something—which turns out to be Rachel Marie's hair. Rie is moaning, 'Oh gosh, my hair is singed, I can't go to school for two weeks!'"

The mass can be mayhem. "But it is beautiful. There is love in the air, and our children all do praise God—in their own way, of course." Then the family shares supper with the nuns, and begins the long drive home.

At about five A.M. Christmas Day, the vans pull back into the driveway and children spill out—those who can walk eagerly spinning the wheelchairs of the others. "We're ready to collapse, but they're refreshed," Rachel says. As they light up the mammoth tree and begin opening presents, she will "look around at our wild, wacky bunch and get a last spurt of energy. I want to run out on the streets and tell everybody what it's all about—that handicapped children are not burdens; that it is *they*, not us, who do the suffering. It's *their* legs that don't work, *their* eyes that don't see and *their* hands that don't do what they are supposed to do. These children should not be discarded as too much trouble; they should be treasured."

A sign to all

As the Christmas morning excitement reaches its peak, Benjamin will begin to smile, then to laugh. Rachel remembers the words of the priest when Benjamin was baptized—before the baby was responsive. "Father Jim said, 'May Benjamin see with God's eyes, hear with God's ears, and speak with God's tongue—and may the presence of Benjamin be a sign to all of the presence of God.'"

The image of God smiling through Benjamin is appropriate to this family. For the rest of the world, Christmas lasts a day. But here, the spirit of Christmas goes on day after hectic, hazardous, happy day . . . . **End**

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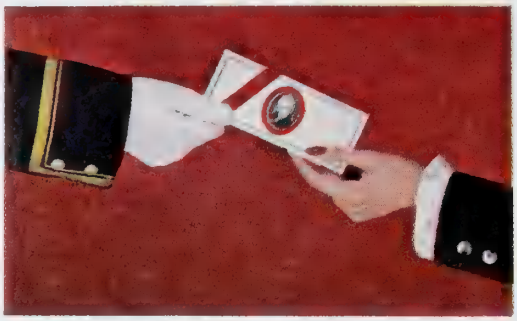
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You and Your Money
by Sylvia Porter

**A guide to current tipping practices—
for the Christmas season and all through the year.**



For the giver, a tip is supposed to be an optional expression of appreciation for good service. To the recipient, however, tips may be an essential part of income. Nowadays, 1.5 million Americans depend on a minimum of $30 a week in gratuities. Still, if you're like most of us, you're confused about whom to tip and how much to offer, especially during the Christmas season when "bonuses" are often expected. There are no fixed rules, but the following guidelines should help you slip the right amounts into the right palms.

In restaurants

Restaurant tipping arouses the least controversy, but even here your tips can mark you as a "stiff" (cheapskate), "spender" (extremely generous) or "sucker" (foolishly extravagant).

- In "white tablecloth" establishments, ten percent is a minimum, 20 percent a maximum for the waiter or waitress. (Four to eight dollars for a $40 check.) An added two and a half to five percent should go to the captain in posh places. (One or two dollars for that $40 check.) At four- and five-star spots, the wine steward's extra is $2 a bottle.
- In a diner or coffee shop—the familiar plastic tabletop or paper place-setting type of place—prices are so much lower that your tip should be somewhat higher. You wouldn't be overdoing with 25–30 percent, which is two and a half or three dollars if your check comes to ten dollars. A dime is minimum even if you only have a cup of coffee.
- If you patronize a place regularly, you may want to give a Christmas tip to the hostess who makes sure you get a good table and the waitress who knows you like your coffee black and your salad with dressing on the side. How much you give is up to you—but five or ten dollars is standard.

For restroom attendants, short-distance package delivery, coat checking

For these services, 25¢–75¢ is proper depending on the locale and items handled.

- If the cloakroom charges a fee, no tip is required; otherwise, a tip of 50¢ is appropriate, though a dollar isn't too much during busy hours or when you're checking several articles. Remember that whether the cloakroom is a concession or run by employees who work at the establishment, tips account for a significant part of the checkers' incomes. Again, if you visit a restaurant often you may want to thank the checkroom staff with a dollar or two extra at the holidays.
- The delivery "boy"—sometimes an adult with a family—who brings groceries, take-out food, liquor or packages, counts on regular tips in the 25¢–75¢ range. A Christmas bonus of about five dollars is probably essential.
- While you may ask nothing from a restroom attendant except the use of a mirror, a tip of 25¢–50¢ is expected.

At barber shops, beauty salons, hair stylists

This is an exceedingly slippery area, but when in doubt, you can't go far wrong applying the 10–20 percent restaurant rule. If your barber or beauty salon bill is $50, a total of $5–$10 would be safe, split this way: $5 to the hairdresser; an extra $1 each if different people shampoo and/or color your hair; $2 to the cosmetics person; $1 to the manicurist. Remember that you need not tip the owner.

At Christmas, gifts such as perfume, liquor and even jewelry are not only acceptable but often expected. Cash is given less often, but is also appropriate. Five to ten dollars for each person is sufficient.

Taxi drivers

In larger cities, anything less than 20 percent of the meter charge may bring you a grumble. Even so, 15 percent is all you need to tip at today's fares—and if your cabbie is rude, reckless or purposely takes you out of your way, you're perfectly justified in giving no more than ten percent—or even withholding the tip altogether.

Apartment building service people

If you live in a rental apartment, co-op or condominium, then the building staff—superintendent, handymen, elevator operators, porters, newsboys—perform crucial services for you. At Christmas, tips for these people are "musts," and it is customary in large multi-dwellings for the service personnel to send each tenant or owner a list of the names of those who expect tips. There are no strict rules on how much to give but many people divide the equivalent of half a month's rent or maintenance among the staff.

Postmen

The Postal Service claims its deliverers are forbidden to accept Christmas tips, but if you omit this gesture at the holiday season, you may regret doing so.

- Postmen who serve big-city buildings are now sending Christmas cards to residents. The greetings arrive early in December and their messages of cheer carry implications the recipients cannot mistake. As always, the size of the gift is up to you, but no more than ten dollars is necessary.
- If you live in a suburban or rural area, or a small town, you probably know your postman and would feel more comfortable offering a gift instead of cash. **End**

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Our new CORELLE® Traditions™ livingware carries on the traditions we've always upheld.

Beauty. And durability.

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Introducing New Duncan Hines Bran Muffins

So moist and delicious you may forget to butter 'em.

Now there's a delicious new taste from Duncan Hines. Bran Muffins that bake up so irresistibly moist and delicious, you may not wait to butter 'em.

We make 'em with wholesome, country-good ingredients. Like natural bran, unbleached flour, a touch of real molasses.

They join our Wild Blueberry Muffins as the newest member of the Duncan Hines Muffin family.

Try 'em. See if you don't forget to butter 'em.



A Modern CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Monica Dickens

Written by the great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens, this is a true tale of Christmas present. It is the story of a woman so filled with her own unhappiness she says, "Bah, humbug" to both the holiday spirit and her family's needs. Then a stranger who saves her life on Christmas Eve makes her realize the *real* meaning of this most special time of year.

The spirit of Christmas is dead, she thought. Killed by commercial exploitation and glut; its funeral dirge was all of those tired, trite old songs that saturated the radio waves every December.

The flood of carols was bad enough—the childishly appealing tunes coaxing an easy sentiment—but to Laura Williams, fiddling impatiently with the radio dial as she drove, the overdone seasonal standbys were the worst.

Have yourself a merry little Christmas . . .

Why? Who says you have to? The Little Drummer Boy's insistent beat hammered on the ache behind her eyes.

No place like home for the holidays . . .

Home. It was the last place on earth she wanted to be at that moment—the first Christmas without David, after three years of marriage.

Coming up to the bridge over the Cape Cod Canal, she was so strained and anxious that her chest tightened with apprehension and she almost drove around the approach circle and back to Boston.

The high bridge had been an exciting landmark when she was a child. After her escape (she thought of growing up as that), the bridge greeted her each time she returned home—home from college, from Europe, home to be married. *(continued on page 139)*



Lavish banking of poinsettias brightens a console table made in New York, c. 1850.

This page. *One thousand ornaments decorate the fir tree in the family's dining room. Mrs. Reagan loves a traditional tree: one full of treasures that have been passed on from generation to generation. Here, glass balls, paper cones, wooden toys and gingerbread men are lovingly tied and hung by red satin bows. And for the President, dozens of striped candy canes to satisfy a well-known sweet tooth.* Opposite page. *Does it rattle? Is it heavy? A moment of sharing (and suspense!) as the Reagans exchange a mystery gift in front of the decorated mantel.*

Photographs by Bruce Wolf. Shopping information, page 109

Christmas at The White House

Come with the* Journal *and share the First Family's first Christmas at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue—an exclusive look at their private traditions.

Strung with silver beads and brightened by red satin bows, the 12-foot Douglas fir stands magnificently by the hearth—a Christmas tree in the grandest tradition—majestically adorning the grandest house in the nation.

But First Lady Nancy Reagan's most cherished Christmas ornaments are considerably humbler. Her favorites are a green paper snowman and baked clay star made by her children when they were in school. These childish creations have been kept for years by Mrs. Reagan. "Every year when I bring them out to hang on the tree, the children say, 'Oh, Mother—not those again.'"

For the First Family, Christmas is a time of family traditions, love and, of course, memories . . . *(continued)*



Needlepoint Treasures from The White House





An LHJ exclusive just for our readers . . . needlepoint kits that reflect this country's proud heritage . . . for you to craft now and treasure forever. Delicate designs from the historic White House china collection have been translated from porcelain to canvas. All profits from the sale of these unique kits will go to The White House Historical Association. *Above left:* Charming nosegay pattern echoes the center of a soup plate *(inset, right)* from President James Monroe's own service. Needlepoint picture, 12"x12" (frame not included). *Right:* Elegant fruit and flower design for a 14" round pillowtop comes from a Sèvres platter *(inset, left)* that once belonged to President John Adams. Kits include canvas with silk-screened patterns in full color, 3-ply Persian wool yarns, needle and instructions. To order, turn to the coupon on page 114.

of the days when she and the President were young parents: "Our first Christmas with our first child was our most romantic," she says. Or the time she surprised him with the gift of a secondhand Jeep . . . or the way the whole family used to sing carols and read Christmas stories on Christmas Eve . . . or notes from her children that said, "I love you Mom."

The nation's elegant First Lady may just be the biggest kid in town when it comes to Christmas. "I still believe in Santa Claus," she chuckles. Her favorite gift from the President? "I treasure most the notes that he writes me to go with a gift," she says, smiling. "And what I want from him this Christmas is the gift of his love . . . for another thirty years."



Date-of-birth chair seats, right, needlepointed by close Reagan friend, Colleen Moore, hold special gifts each year for Patti and Ron Jr.



The Reagans' Christmas Style







Home for the holidays, whether it's at The White House or the Western ranch, is a chance for the Reagan family to gather together and enjoy the rituals of Christmas. *Above:* Their holiday dinner, served with style on Mrs. Reagan's personal silver plates, traditionally offers roast turkey with corn bread stuffing, giblet gravy, sweet potatoes with marshmallows, green peas and white onions, cranberry mold and a particular family favorite, monkey bread with sweet jam. Desserts are abundant: a choice of mincemeat pie, pumpkin pie or special persimmon pudding with brandy sauce (*inset, center*; recipe on page 104) made each year by Carolyn Deaver, wife of Reagan's deputy chief of staff. Festive centerpiece is made of shiny red apples, pinecone flowers and lotus pods. *Insets above. Left:* Jelly beans are kept handy for quick energy in a jar with a jaunty bow. *Right:* And the now-famous candies add a jolly note to a gingerbread trio left for Santa's late-night snack.





It's the time to go home for the holidays, but home may not be the way it used to be. Excerpted from the new best seller, MAZES AND MONSTERS.

School Vacation

By Rona Jaffe

Kate found it hard to throw off the spell of college at first when she went home to San Francisco. Here at home she was a different person: a daughter, a sister, an old school friend. After a few days back with her family she took up her life just where she had left it.

She loved the big old airy house with the bare wood floors, the old rag rugs her mother collected, the antique quilts she'd bought before they became fashionable and so expensive, the silly painted antique toys. Her mother believed in plants instead of curtains, so from her bedroom window Kate could see the faraway hills and bay sparkling through a forest of green leaves. There was always a cat or the dog underfoot, or jumping into a lap to be loved. How could her father have left all this?

There had been some changes since she'd been away at college. Her mother, who was both frightened and exhilarated by law school, had lost weight and started wearing jeans. Her younger sister, Belinda, had grown three inches and had her braces removed; she was taller than Kate. Belinda had gone completely boy-crazy. There was always a group of noisy, giggling little girls in her room, talking about boys, and those same sex objects—gangly, shy, pimpled—came ringing the doorbell at all hours as if their families didn't own a phone. But there were also plenty of boys who did use the phone, and Kate had to fight to get a chance to use it to speak to her own friends.

Her best friends Liz and Janny came over and they made tofu in the kitchen, a long-drawn-out process. Liz had decided to try becoming a vegetarian. She was at Harvard, and Janny was at Berkeley. The three of them had known each other since first grade.

"How's the food at Grant?" Liz asked.

"Vile. Beyond vile."

"How's your love life?"

Kate smiled. "Great! I'm in love, and he loves me. His name is Robbie, and he's really gorgeous. Blond hair, *green* eyes and he swims. And he's smart."

"Do you live together?"

"No. He wants to, but I don't."

"You're right," Liz said. *(continued on page 133)*

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Herself the Elf™

What could be more appropriate at this wonderful time of year than to introduce to you a delightful new character, Herself the Elf? She's the enchanting spirit of fun and good sense.

Here are her special holiday thoughts (we call them elf-orisms) Share them with the whole family. And enjoy our gift to you–this Herself the Elf "kissletoe" decoration.

Merry Christmas!





Why are people like snowflakes? Because no two are exactly the same.

When you put together a toy at three A.M. and it works the first time–that's a Christmas miracle.



©MCMLXXXI American Greetings Corp.
Illustrations by Teresa Wilow.

Love is the one Christmas gift that you hope will be returned.

Christmas is for children. Aren't you glad you never <u>really</u> grew up!

When you leave a cookie for Santa, make sure it's your daddy's favorite.

Holiday memories last all year long–and the reminder is the pine needles in your carpet.

Christmas is when store lines are at their worst and kids are at their best.

If you really want to see the lights of Christmas, look into the eyes of a child.



Gifts from the Kitchen

From me, to you. The presents best remembered come from your own hands and heart. To help you get started on a flurry of kitchen activity, here are some wonderful last-minute ideas. Many, such as the chocolate-covered pretzels (shown left), are easy enough for kids to do (with Granny's guidance). Others, a touch more complicated, make terrific presents to tuck under the tree or to take to holiday parties. By Sue B. Huffman, Food and Equipment Editor.

From left to right: • Mincemeat Candies, no-bake bites of dried fruits, nuts. • Chocolate Pretzels, fun to coat, fun to crunch. • Banana Oatmeal Bread, wonderfully quick, fragrant, and light. • Fruit and Nut Snack, a munch mixture, sweetened with honey butter. • Truffles, velvety-rich chocolate morsels. These generous recipes and others, including homemade lemon-spiced tea, a trio of dessert sauces, candied orange peel and a budget-wise fruitcake, page 100.

Photograph by Nick Samaras

HOW TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT

A pageful of tips galore (over 50 in all!) from scores of experts on how to sparkle with a special glow and be party perfect. By Maureen Lynch, Beauty and Fashion Director.

Countdown. **Maximum time allowed: one hour, including shower (or bath), hair and makeup. Manicure the night before to avoid last-minute smudges. Relax first with a refreshing three-minute facial mask to make skin tingle and feel good.**

Hair. Who doesn't feel more elegant (see model at right) with an upsweep of hair? Tools you'll need to create a sleekly sophisticated or softly romantic look: combs, glittery hair pins, barrettes, ribbons, chopsticks, feathers, flowers, mistletoe. Even short hair can be swept up on one side with a fabulous barrette or comb. With very long hair, first wind into a beautiful braid. If you're in-between (medium-length or layered), try a French Twist. Sweep sides toward the back, begin to twist it up toward the crown. Secure roll with bobby pins, creating a seam. Tuck in loose ends. Brush front hair softly to the side. Color expert Leslie Blanchard advises, "Get fresh highlights to weave more sparkle into the hair for the holidays. But never color or retouch the day of an event. Figure on at least one shampoo to let color settle in . . . and give you time to adjust to the new tone."

Eyes. **To wake up eyes before a fete, Dr. Spencer Sherman, ophthalmologist at New York's Lenox Hill Hospital suggests: *a.* dampening a cloth with cold water, resting it on closed eyes for five minutes, *b.* leaving contact lenses out for ½ hour so eyes can breathe, rest, *c.* using eye drops to take redness out (drops last 5-6 hours). Flashiest new party look: the Golden Eye. 1. Apply foundation. 2. Start with a bronze-tone powder eyeshadow under the brow bone. 3. Put gold powder on the lid. 4. Extend gold color under the eye with a golden eyepencil. 5. Highlight brow bone with a dash of glittery powder.**

Skin and *Makeup.* Three steps to lay the groundwork for positively glowing skin, gleaned from Christine Valmy. 1. Tweeze brows the night before. 2. Meticulously remove every smidge of day makeup. 3. Apply astringent or toner to cleanse, close pores. • Help! or How to Calm a Pimple That's Calling for Attention. If a blemish rears its ugly head the day before the big "do," try a fast camouflage with a coverup stick or wand and then an extra layer of foundation. If you're faced with a bigger problem (flaming red at the tip of your nose), *only* a dermatologist can help. Dr. Ronald Sherman, a New York dermatologist, has treated cases by injecting the inflammation (opening it or not, according to his judgment) and prescribing a topical antibiotic for use at home. Results should be apparent by the next day. • If your dress is all adazzle, keep makeup understated, a matte finish. But if you're donning basic black, turn on the lights with gold dust and glitter. More razzamatazz: Slash a dash of golden gloss on the center of lower lip—for new excitement, new energy. • The Right Way to Rouge Your Cleavage. Following the "If you've got it, flaunt it" school of thought, you can play up your décolletage with cheek blusher powder and a blush brush. Start midway between breasts, brush lightly up and over for a lovely rounded effect.

Nails. **Tricks of the trade from Moi, author of *Beautiful Nails.* Not sure of the best night color? Surprisingly, bright red's a great neutral. Fingers and toes need not match. Just try to keep them in the same color family. Even if you prefer the look of clear fingernail polish, go for painted toenails. That extra peek of color is an "up" with evening sandals!**

Fashion. Biggest news—evening separates. Look for one or more, depending on what's already in your closet: Off-white blouse with touches of lace, ruffles, ribbons at the throat. Black and more black . . . angora sweater with a bare back . . . satin knickers . . . short velvet jacket . . . flouncy taffeta skirt. Copper sequined jacket. Anything gold . . . the moiré suit, shown at right . . . metallic halter . . . sweaters shot with Lurex.

Accessories. **Glitter stockings in black or gold. Hammered cuff bracelets. Multi-beaded chokers. Taffeta sashes, braided cord or metal-shined belts. Black satin evening pumps or the sparest of gilt sandals. Fashion tip from Frances Patiky Stein, author of the new book, *Hot Tips, 1000 Fashion & Beauty Tricks:* "REHEARSE. Try out the complete look—lingerie and all—when you have time (a Saturday afternoon). Try out any new makeup then! Try on all new purchases to make sure there are no adjustments needed. TIP: Do this also with anything you've owned for a while and haven't worn. The slim-legged trousers have a way of being less slim than you imagined if you haven't tested them for a season or so."**

Perfume. Your unseen partner for the evening. Make things extra-special with these fresh observations from Annette Green, Executive Director, Fragrance Foundation. Trick for evening, especially if you'll be meeting new people, shaking hands: Spray palms with fragrance. The heat of your skin will carry the scent into the air. Dancing? Spritz the inside hem of your skirt—for a delicious float of fragrance. Remember to carry a purse-size perfume for a refresher. Quickly "hit" key pulse points, from ankles up.

Psychology. **Sometimes it happens that you're dressed to the nines . . . and you suddenly get a case of the jitters . . . thinking, "What if the party isn't much fun?" or "What if I have trouble talking to people?" Dr. Irwin Rosen, psychologist from the Menninger Foundation, has some calming thoughts. He suggests that you work your anxieties through. Try to see the party realistically. Don't feel you have to "perform." Dr. Rosen also warns against another common problem: post-party letdown. After fantasizing about the "ideal" party and romanticizing about parties of the past, nothing can live up to your expectations. His common-sense advice: Look at a party for what it is—"a good time."**

Your Evening to Shine, shown here:
The subtle glamour of a golden suit in shimmery moiré. Braid-edged jacket, dirndl skirt and high smock-neck blouse. All, A J Bari, $250. Opulent square-cut earrings by Kenneth Jay Lane.

Photograph by Stan Malinowski. Hair by Rick Caldwell. Makeup by Patricia Bowden.



TREES TO START

LET CHRISTMAS INSPIRE YOU TO BRING BACK OLD-FASHIONED TRADITIONS (TRIMMING THE TREE, DECKING THE HALLS)—BUT WITH PERSONAL TOUCHES. HERE, OVER 50 DO-ABLE IDEAS TO SPARK YOUR IMAGINATION. BY JOAN TULLY, HOME EDITOR.



JOY IN TOYLAND
A tree to delight children of all ages—with gingerbread men, pinwheels and paper-doll garlands to make; all topped by a teddy bear. Instructions and shopping information, page 109.



Photographs by Bruce Wolf in West Stockbridge, Mass. This page: Toy tree at The Williamsville Inn; Victorian tree at The Norris Putnam House.

NEW TRADITIONS



THE HAPPY COOKER
A chef's delight, with whisks, wooden spoons, cookie cutters, animal potholders.



VICTORIAN SPLENDOR
A fan-tastic display of opulence. Richly decorated tree with old-fashioned ornaments to craft: ribbon-lavished balls and cones, folded paper fans, lace snowflakes and dainty doily baskets.



FOR FEATHERED FRIENDS
Literally, one for the birds. String popcorn strands, hang rice cakes, crackers, breadsticks.



DOWN MEXICO WAY
Bright and breezy—with do-it-yourself paper flowers, clothespin stars, tin birds, straw baskets, balsa wood trees.



A DOZEN MERRY WAYS TO WELCOME CHRISTMAS. ENCHANTING—AND EASY TO DO. HOW TO'S, PAGE 110.

MANTEL AND



REINDEER COUNTRY
Nature's best, *below*. Cut out a soft-wood deer; braid a fat rope; make a circle of straw; set candles in sand, twine.

HARK, HARK, A LARK
A chirpy setup, *right*, of single family homes (move outdoors later), snug nests and a bevy of birds perched with great charm.





MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS PAST
Cherished toys, *left*, from childhood or collected antiques will warm both hearts and hearth.



FESTIVE FRUITS
A bounty of fresh fruits, *right*, piled with homemade pomander balls (spicy with cloves).

DOOR MAGIC



WELCOME SIGN
Colonial symbol of hospitality—the pineapple, made from glued-on pinecones, bows, greenery.



RED-HOT YULE
Texas-style wreathing—wire a circle of pinecones onto straw, fire up with dried red chili peppers.



SOUTHERN CHEER
Magnolia leaves (spray so they last) feather a traditional ring of blue spruce boughs.



FUNNY FARM
Whimsical animal shapes, cut from soft wood, get tied round an easy wreath of mixed greens.



SHELL-ABRATION
Striking white seashells, glued onto cardboard, are brightened by red berries, a big plaid bow.



HEARTY HELLO
Simply stencil a basket, fill it with boughs, let a long ribbon trail to one side.



PERKY PIN-UPS
Spin wooden clothespins into a full circle, add festive greens, shiny balls, a gingham bow.



HEAVEN SCENT
Combine the pungent aromas of cinnamon sticks and eucalyptus for a fragrant entrance.

HOLIDAY TOUCHES

WARMING WAYS TO SPREAD THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS AROUND YOUR HOUS



GET THE DRIFT
Fake a Jack Frost look on your windowpanes with sloping sprays of artificial snow. Dangle crocheted snowflakes to add to the winter wonderland. Nearby, a yum-yum tree has candy ornaments.



PLANT A CANDLE
Place a sprouting of candles (safe in the sand) in plain clay pots. Fill in with greens.



KNIT KNACK
A basket stuffed with yarn makes a yuletide decoration or a perfect gift for any knitter you know.

HOUSING PROJECT
Craft a stencil of a simple red schoolhouse and green fir tree. Print it on greeting cards, wrapping paper, napkins, etc.

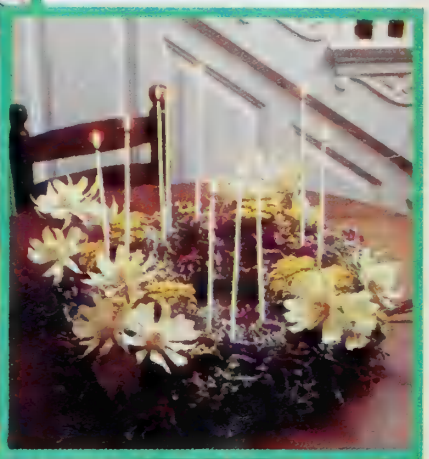


COUNTRY STYLE



GLAD TIDINGS TABLE
Set for the holidays—with gift-tag place cards, ribbon-tied napkins, centered with a baby tree made from glossy boxwood branches.

SWEET NOSTALGIA
Delicate dried wildflowers and corn-shuck blossoms create a lasting wreath. Use a cluster of tapers or center with one big candle for a mellow glow.





FOLD TO HOLD
Fashion a series of small baskets from gift wrap, some with handles some without. Cup nuts or acorns.



APPLES AFIRE
Pierce highly polished apples, put in tiny tapers for a down-home glow. Stem with satiny ribbons.



PICK-A-PUFF
Happy, snappy hearts are stenciled on octa-pointed stars. Stuff with fragrant pine needles or batting.

Instructions on page 114.



Twenty special ways to put more joy in the holidays

1. *Make our terrific teddy bear cookie.* What better centerpiece for a children's holiday party than the festive fellow pictured on our cover and at left? Both bear and gumdrop-studded "gift box" are made from the same easy sugar cookie recipe, then generously frosted with chocolate and vanilla icing. Let the kids sprinkle on toasted coconut "fur" and position candy eyes and nose. (Recipes, assembly instructions and pattern begin on page 104.)

2. *Organize a smart cookie exchange.* Instead of spending days baking umpteen different kinds of cookies, why not set up a swap with some friends? Invite each one to bake six or eight dozen of her favorite (or pick from among the 23 choices of cookbook authors, page 100). Then get together for coffee and exchange cookies. Each of you will walk away with a delectable assortment to have on hand for the family or to give as gifts.

3. *Send tidings from the North Pole.* Did you know that you can have your Christmas greeting cards postmarked at the North Pole? If you hurry, you still have time to bundle your addressed and stamped cards into a box or large envelope and send them off to the postmaster of one of these Christmasy-sounding towns: North Pole, Alaska 99705; North Pole, Colorado 80809; North Pole, New York 12946; Santa Claus, Indiana 47579; Christmas, Florida 32709. Be sure to mark the outside envelope or box with the words "Postmark Request."

4. *Plan to give your Christmas tree a permanent home.* If you are in a frost-free area and would like to enjoy your evergreen all year round, buy a live tree with an "earth ball"—roots and soil wrapped in burlap—and transfer it to your yard after the holidays. Bring a strong friend to help you carry the tree, since the earth ball adds considerably to the tree's weight. If your part of the country is cold at Christmastime, you'll need to plan well in advance next year. Prepare a large hole (reserving excavated soil) before the first frost, fill it with leaves and cover with a board or canvas weighted with rocks. Mix the reserved soil with equal parts of humus and form a pile; cover with canvas or heavy plastic. To plant the tree, simply remove the leaves from the hole and add a layer of soil. Place the tree in the ground and fill in with the remaining soil. Pack it down firmly and water well.

5. *Be safe not sorry.* 'Tis the season when pickpockets are out in full force. To protect your purse, Lieutenant Lucille Burrascano of the Crime Prevention Lab, New York City Police Department, suggests tucking small amounts of money into various pockets rather than putting a lump sum into your purse. Secure pocket flaps with safety pins or Velcro strips. And never *(continued on page 133)*

Photograph by Nick Sàmardge

Favorite Cookies from Your Favorite Cooks

Playing favorites . . . again. To over expand your Christmas recipe file, we asked a batch of experts (23 top cookbook authors) to share the holiday cookie they most cherish. Some are pure and simple classics; others, unique taste experiences. All in all, 23 new favorites you'll be proud to call your own. Recipes, page 118.



JACQUES PEPIN
Tuile à l'Orange

BERT GREENE
Buttermilk Brownie

JOHN CLANCY
Walnut Ball

JULIE DANNENBAUM
Spicy Nut Meringue

CAROL CUTLER
Sour Cream Criss-Cross

MABLE HOFFMAN
Acorn Cookie

ELISABETH LAMBERT ORTIZ
Bride's Cookie

ELEANOR BRENNER
Lace Cookie

MARCELLA HAZAN
Fave Dei Morti (All Souls' Day Cookie)

JEAN ANDERSON
Almond-Orange Icebox Cookie

ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER COLCHIE
Spicy Cut-Outs

Photograph by Nick Samaridge



JAMES BEARD
Cornmeal Butter Wafer

MICHELE URVATER
Hazelnut Chocolate Round

PERLA MEYERS
Viennese Crescent

MARIAN BURROS
Molasses Butter-Rum Ball

MAURICE MOORE-BETTY
Nancy's Cookie

NIKA HAZELTON
Brown Cake

BARBARA GIBBONS
Raisin Chewie

EDNA LEWIS
Spritz Cookies

ANN SERANNE
Rosette

JANE BUTEL
Bizcochito

MAIDA HEATTER
Chocolate Scotch Shortbread

BARBARA MYERS
Russian Strip

GIFTS FROM THE KITCHEN

continued from page 87

The first six recipes can be made for holiday giving by children with a minimum of adult supervision.

MINCEMEAT CANDIES
pictured on page 96

1 package (9 oz.) condensed mincemeat, finely crumbled
¼ cup orange juice
¼ cup light corn syrup
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
½ cup cornflake crumbs
½ cup chopped walnuts
½ cup finely chopped dried apricots
About 1 cup finely chopped walnuts, for coating

In large bowl mix all ingredients except walnuts for coating until well blended. Chill thoroughly. Shape into 1-inch balls; roll in remaining nuts. Place on wax paper-lined baking sheets; refrigerate until firm. Store in tightly covered container in refrigerator. Makes about 6 dozen, about 40 calories each. For gift-giving, use paper petit fours cups.

CHOCOLATE PRETZELS
pictured on page 86

1 package (12 oz.) semisweet chocolate chips
2 tablespoons shortening
36 unbroken pretzels

Melt chocolate and shortening in double boiler over hot water. Stir until smooth. Using tongs, dip pretzels into chocolate, coating both sides. Place on wax paper-lined tray. Refrigerate 1 hour or until set. Makes about 3 dozen, about 65 calories each.

For gift-giving, use cookie tin, basket or colorful paper bag. Keep up to 1 week in refrigerator.

FRUIT AND NUT SNACK
pictured on page 87

2 cups dry-roasted unsalted peanuts
½ cup flaked coconut
2 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon butter
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
½ cup dark seedless raisins
½ cup chopped dried pineapple

Preheat oven to 300°F. In medium bowl toss peanuts and coconut. Spread in greased 15½x10½-inch jelly-roll pan. Bake 20 minutes, tossing occasionally. In saucepan combine honey, butter and ginger. Heat over medium heat, stirring constantly until butter melts.

Increase oven temperature to 350°F. Drizzle butter mixture over peanuts; toss to coat evenly. Return mixture to oven. Bake 5 minutes. Add raisins and pineapple; toss to mix well. Bake an additional 5 minutes. Remove from oven and allow to cool slightly. Break up pieces and cool completely. Makes 4 cups, about 145 calories per ¼ cup. For gift-giving, use glass canister. Store in airtight container 4 to 6 weeks.

TRUFFLES
pictured on page 87

8 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
⅓ cup milk
⅓ cup unsalted butter
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
Unsweetened cocoa

In saucepan melt chocolate with milk and butter over low heat, stirring until smooth. Remove from heat. Stir ¼ cup hot mixture into egg yolks, then whisk yolks into chocolate in saucepan. Add vanilla; beat well. Pour into small bowl; cover and refrigerate until firm. *(Can be made ahead to this point. Store in refrigerator up to 2 days.)*

Form teaspoonfuls into rounds; roll in cocoa and shake off excess. Makes 1 pound (about 2 dozen), about 75 calories each. For gift-giving, use glass jar with lid or candy dish covered with plastic wrap. Store covered in refrigerator up to 3 weeks or in freezer up to 2 months.

BANANA OATMEAL BREAD
pictured on page 87

2 cups (4 large) ripe bananas, mashed
2 cups quick oats, uncooked
1 cup milk
1 cup butter or margarine, softened
2 cups firmly packed light brown sugar
4 eggs
4 cups all-purpose flour
1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon baking powder
2 teaspoons baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Grease two 9x5x3-inch loaf pans; set aside. Preheat oven to 350°F.

In medium bowl combine bananas, oats and milk; set aside. In large bowl cream butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition.

Combine dry ingredients and add alternately with banana mixture to creamed mixture. Spoon into prepared pans. Bake 1 hour. Remove from pans and cool on wire rack. Wrap well and freeze up to 3 months. Makes 2 loaves. Each loaf makes 18 ½-inch slices, about 180 calories each. For gift-giving, place on cheese or cutting board and wrap with plastic wrap.

FUN SUGARS

Colored Sugar: For each cup of granulated sugar, use rubber spatula to blend in about 6 drops food coloring until evenly tinted.

Cinnamon Sugar: For each cup of granulated sugar, mix in 2 tablespoons cinnamon.

Vanilla Sugar: Place 2 cups granulated or confectioners' sugar in jar. Insert 1 vanilla bean. Cover tightly and let stand at least 48 hours.

For gift-giving, spoon into glass jars with tight-fitting lids.

The remaining recipes are more closely geared to adult tastes and giving.

LEMON SPICED TEA

⅔ cup orange pekoe tea leaves
3 tablespoons minced crystallized ginger
3 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons dried ground lemon peel
1½ teaspoons ground cardamom
⅛ teaspoon ground cloves

Combine all ingredients. Makes 1 cup, enough to brew about 25 cups of tea. Store in container with tight-fitting lid up to 1 month.

For gift-giving, spoon into decorative canister.

To brew tea: Use one rounded teaspoon for each 6 ounces of boiling water. Let steep 3 to 5 minutes.

Ed. Note: This recipe doesn't double well. Make batches separately to prevent sugar from sinking to bottom.

MOCHA MIX

¾ cup hot cocoa mix
⅓ cup instant coffee
2 tablespoons non-dairy creamer
4 teaspoons sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

Combine all ingredients in food processor. Process to a fine powder. (Or combine all ingredients in bowl; stir until well mixed.) Makes 1 cup mix or 8 servings, about 100 calories each.

For gift-giving, spoon into a glass container or decorative canister with tight-fitting lid. Keeps up to 1 month.

For each serving, measure 2 tablespoons mix into mug or cup. Pour in 6 ounces (¾ cup) boiling water; stir until dissolved.

SPICED WINE PACKETS

For each spice packet
½ teaspoon whole allspice
6 whole cloves
½ teaspoon dried ground orange peel
2 1½-inch pieces cinnamon stick
Dash nutmeg
3-inch square cheesecloth
String
For spiced wine
1 bottle (750 ml) red wine
½ cup sugar

Place spices and peel on cheesecloth square and tie into bag with string. Tie to bottle of wine for gift-giving.

To make spiced wine: Combine wine, sugar and spice packet in saucepan. Simmer 20 minutes. Remove spice packet before serving. Makes 6 servings, 155 calories each.

A combination of the following three salad dressings makes a welcome and useful gift.

CREAMY PECAN DRESSING

2 cups sour cream
1½ cups mayonnaise
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup ground toasted pecans
4 ounces blue cheese, crumbled

(continued)



EVERYTHING YOU EVER BELIEVED ABOUT THE GOODNESS OF SOUP HAS JUST BEEN CONFIRMED.

If you're like most people, you may have always suspected that there was something especially wholesome about a hot bowl of soup. Now your instincts have just been proven to be a fact: **Soup really is one of the most thoroughly nourishing, easily digestible foods you can eat.**

NUTRITION NEWS.

Using data from one of the largest studies ever made on nutrition conducted by Government health agencies, experts from leading universities identified differences in people's diets (published in "The American Journal of Clinical Nutrition"). **It was found that soup can be a significant part of a balanced, healthful diet.**

And when compared with other foods in a Nutrient Density Rating System* used by nutritionists, many of the most popular soups score very high. **In fact, some soups have more nutrients per calorie than other good foods.** Like green beans, lettuce and corn.

SOMETHING TO SLEEP ON.

Let's say you've come home from work too late to sit down to a big, heavy dinner. (A lot to digest isn't the best thing to go to sleep on.) A bowl of soup before bed might just be what your body needs. And it's so digestible.

And if, for example, that bowl of soup were **Campbell's Vegetable Beef, you'd be giving yourself more vitamin A in one serving than you'd get from nine eggs.** And, calorie for calorie, as much protein as peanut butter. If it were Campbell's Tomato Soup, you'd be getting the vitamin C equivalent of half a grapefruit.

EATING MODERN.

Everywhere, people are walking when they used to drive. Jogging when they used to walk. And because feeling good is looking good, people are paying more attention to getting more nutrition—with fewer calories. Soup is good for that, too. Many soups have more nutrients per calorie than lots of the foods people think are most healthy. **So you can see that soup can play a very important part in a nutritionally balanced diet.**

Campbell's

SOUP IS GOOD FOOD.

*Source: Hansen, R.G., Wyse, B.W., Sorenson, A.W., The Nutritional Quality Index of Foods, AVI Publishing Co., Inc., Westport, Conn. 1979
Note— mean value sources for nutrient comparison: USDA Handbooks No. 8 and 456 and Campbell Soup Co.

In medium bowl combine sour cream, mayonnaise, milk, salt and pepper; stir until smooth. Mix in pecans and cheese. Makes about 4½ cups, about 60 calories per tablespoon.

Pour into gift bottles with tight-fitting lids. Keep in refrigerator up to 2 weeks. Shake well before using.

MERRY DIETERS' DRESSING

1½ cups buttermilk
2 cans (8 oz. each) tomato sauce
3 garlic cloves, crushed
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon basil leaves
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Combine all ingredients in 4-cup measure. Stir well. Makes 3½ cups, about 6 calories per tablespoon.

Pour into gift bottles with tight-fitting lids. Keep in refrigerator up to 2 weeks. Shake well before using.

MOROCCAN VINAIGRETTE

⅓ cup fresh lemon juice
¼ cup water
3 generous dashes bottled red pepper sauce
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons ground cumin
2 teaspoons imported paprika
2 garlic cloves, crushed
¾ cup olive oil
¾ cup salad oil

In jar with tight-fitting lid combine all ingredients except oils. Cover and shake well. Add oils; cover and shake again. Makes about 2¼ cups, about 85 calories per tablespoon.

Pour into gift bottles with tight-fitting lids. Keeps in refrigerator up to 2 weeks. Shake well before using.

FRUGAL FRUIT CAKE

1½ cups chopped pitted dates
1½ cups dark seedless raisins
2 cups sugar
2 cups boiling water
⅓ cup butter or margarine
3 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup chopped walnuts
¾ cup candied mixed fruits
Rum

In large saucepan combine dates, raisins, sugar, boiling water and butter or margarine. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer uncovered 20 minutes. Cool to lukewarm.

Meanwhile, grease and flour two 8½x4½x2½-inch loaf pans *or* four 5¾x3¾x2¼-inch loaf pans; set aside. Preheat oven to 325°F. Combine dry ingredients except nuts and candied fruits. Stir into cooled fruit mixture, then mix in nuts and candied fruits. Spoon batter into prepared pans. Bake larger pans about 1 hour or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean. Bake smaller pans about 45 minutes. Cool in pans about 10 minutes, then turn out onto wire racks to finish cooling. Moisten dish towels or several layers of cheesecloth with rum. Wrap cakes individually in cheesecloth, then place in airtight container or overwrap tightly with foil. Store in cool place up to 3 weeks. Moisten cloth occasionally with rum. Makes 2 large or 4 small cakes, about 185 calories per ½-inch slice from larger cake, 150 calories per ½-inch slice from smaller cake.

For gift-giving, overwrap in colorful paper or foil. Tie a miniature bottle of rum to package to moisten fruitcake later.

CANDIED ORANGE PEEL

6 to 8 oranges
Water
1 tablespoon salt
Sugar

Cut each orange in half lengthwise, then cut into thirds. Remove all pulp and some of the white if orange is thick-skinned.

In large bowl or crock combine orange peel, 4 cups water and salt. Cover with plate and weight down with cans, making sure all peel is immersed in water. Allow to stand overnight at room temperature.

Rinse peel well. Place in large saucepot, add cold water to cover. Bring to a boil; drain. Repeat this process 3 more times to reduce bitterness of peel.

With scissors or small sharp knife, cut peel into ¼-inch strips. (This should be about 4 cups tightly packed peel.) Return to saucepot. Add 4 cups sugar and 1 cup water; bring to a boil over medium heat. Reduce heat and cook slowly, stirring occasionally, about 1 hour until peel is translucent and most of syrup is absorbed. Drain. Roll strips in additional sugar. Allow to dry. Makes 1½ pounds, about 125 calories per ounce.

For gift-giving, store in tightly covered container or decorative paper bag.

ALMOND TOFFEE

1 cup butter
2 cups firmly packed light brown sugar
½ cup chopped blanched almonds
1 cup semisweet chocolate chips
½ cup chopped toasted almonds

Line 15½x10½-inch jelly-roll pan with foil. In heavy 3-quart saucepan melt butter with sugar. Cook over medium heat until mixture reaches hard-crack stage (300°F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat and immediately stir in blanched almonds. Quickly spread candy in foil-lined pan. Sprinkle chocolate chips over hot candy. Let stand 3 minutes or until chocolate chips are softened; spread evenly with a spatula. Sprinkle with toasted almonds and *(continued)*



"There's your doggie bag, Madam. That will be three dollars."

Festive Crescent Crowned Ham



© 1981 The Pillsbury Company

Made with Golden Star® Canned Ham by Armour, the *fillet of ham,*™ and Pillsbury Crescent Roll dough. Make this delicious new dinner recipe and get $1.50 back when you mail in the refund certificate with the appropriate Pillsbury and Armour labels.

FESTIVE CRESCENT CROWNED HAM

5-lb. GOLDEN STAR® Canned Ham by Armour
1 8-roll and 1 4-roll can PILLSBURY Refrigerated Quick Crescent Dinner Rolls*
12 toothpicks
2 tbsp. PARKAY® margarine, melted
SAUCE: 21-oz. can cherry pie filling
1½ tsp. lemon juice
¼ tsp. almond extract
⅛ tsp. ground cloves

Heat oven to 325° F. Place ham in shallow baking pan. Bake at 325° F for 1 hour; remove ham from oven. Increase oven temperature to 350° F. Place ham on greased cookie sheet.

Separate dough into 12 triangles. Place base of triangle at bottom edge of ham. Bring point of triangle up over edge of ham; curl point back. Continue with remaining triangles, leaving top of ham open for sauce. Place toothpick directly below each curl to hold in place. Firmly press dough against bottom edge of ham to seal. Bake at 350° F for 22 to 25 minutes or until crust is deep golden brown. Cover top of dough curls with foil to prevent excessive browning. Remove toothpicks. Brush with melted margarine.

In saucepan, combine sauce ingredients; heat, stirring occasionally. Just before serving, spoon about ½ cup of sauce into center of crust crown. Serve remaining sauce with ham. Garnish as desired. 16 to 18 servings.

*TIP: 2 8-roll cans PILLSBURY Refrigerated Quick Crescent Dinner Rolls may be used. Bake remaining 4 rolls at 350° F for 12 to 14 minutes.

Pillsbury | Bakery Style Rolls | 10¢

SAVE 10¢
on Pillsbury Bakery Style Rolls.

TO THE CONSUMER: Caution! This coupon can be redeemed only with the purchase of the brand specified. Coupon cannot be transferred, sold or exchanged. Any other use constitutes fraud. TO THE RETAILER: We will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 7C handling provided this coupon is redeemed by a consumer at the time of purchase of the brand specified and the face value of this coupon is deducted from the retail selling price. By submitting this coupon for reimbursement, you represent that you redeemed it in the manner described above and pursuant to these terms. The consumer must pay any sales tax involved. This coupon is not assignable; invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock of this specified product to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request or we may confiscate all coupons submitted. Reimbursement will be made only to a retail distributor of our merchandise or to a holder of our certificate of authority acting for him. For redemption of coupons, mail to The Pillsbury Company, Box 802, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460. Cash redemption value: 1/100th of 1C. Void where taxed, prohibited or restricted by law. LIMIT: ONE COUPON PER PURCHASE. NO EXPIRATION DATE. In your grocer's Refrigerated Dough Center.

4-14-618 4-14-618

10¢ Pillsbury STORE COUPON

Pillsbury | Parkerhouse Dinner Rolls NEW! | 10¢

SAVE 10¢
on Pillsbury Parkerhouse Rolls.

TO THE CONSUMER: Caution! This coupon can be redeemed only with the purchase of the brand specified. Coupon cannot be transferred, sold or exchanged. Any other use constitutes fraud. TO THE RETAILER: We will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 7C handling provided this coupon is redeemed by a consumer at the time of purchase of the brand specified and the face value of this coupon is deducted from the retail selling price. By submitting this coupon for reimbursement, you represent that you redeemed it in the manner described above and pursuant to these terms. The consumer must pay any sales tax involved. This coupon is not assignable; invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock of this specified product to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request or we may confiscate all coupons submitted. Reimbursement will be made only to a retail distributor of our merchandise or to a holder of our certificate of authority acting for him. For redemption of coupons, mail to The Pillsbury Company, Box 802, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460. Cash redemption value: 1/100th of 1C. Void where taxed, prohibited or restricted by law. LIMIT: ONE COUPON PER PURCHASE. NO EXPIRATION DATE. In your grocer's Refrigerated Dough Center.

4-12-606 4-12-606

10¢ Pillsbury STORE COUPON

Pillsbury | Butterflake Dinner Rolls | 10¢

SAVE 10¢
on Pillsbury Butterflake Rolls.

TO THE CONSUMER: Caution! This coupon can be redeemed only with the purchase of the brand specified. Coupon cannot be transferred, sold or exchanged. Any other use constitutes fraud. TO THE RETAILER: We will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 7C handling provided this coupon is redeemed by a consumer at the time of purchase of the brand specified and the face value of this coupon is deducted from the retail selling price. By submitting this coupon for reimbursement, you represent that you redeemed it in the manner described above and pursuant to these terms. The consumer must pay any sales tax involved. This coupon is not assignable; invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock of this specified product to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request or we may confiscate all coupons submitted. Reimbursement will be made only to a retail distributor of our merchandise or to a holder of our certificate of authority acting for him. For redemption of coupons, mail to The Pillsbury Company, Box 802, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460. Cash redemption value: 1/100th of 1C. Void where taxed, prohibited or restricted by law. LIMIT: ONE COUPON PER PURCHASE. NO EXPIRATION DATE. In your grocer's Refrigerated Dough Center.

4-13-602 4-13-602

10¢ Pillsbury STORE COUPON

4-11-764

MAIL BACK

This mail-in form must accompany request.
Mail to: The Pillsbury Co., P.O. Box 1942, Minneapolis, MN 55460

I enclose:

☐ one Satisfaction Guaranteed Certificate from a 5-lb. can of Golden Star® Canned Ham by Armour, plus
☐ labels from either two 8-roll size cans of Pillsbury Crescent Rolls or four 4-roll size cans of Pillsbury Crescent Rolls.

Please send my $1.50 refund to:

Name_____

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LIMIT: ONE REFUND PER FAMILY OR STREET ADDRESS. Group entries void. Refund rights may not be assigned or transferred. This refund offer form is required and may not be reproduced in any form. This refund offer form must accompany your request. Any requests for refund other forms, mailed to this P.O. Box # or to The Pillsbury Company, will not be acknowledged. Offer good in U.S.A. Void in Wisconsin and where prohibited, restricted or taxed by law. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Offer expires 3/31/82.

4-11-764

Pillsbury | Crescent Dinner Rolls NEW! | 10¢

SAVE 10¢
on one 8-roll or two 4-roll size cans of Pillsbury Crescent Rolls.

TO THE CONSUMER: Caution! This coupon can be redeemed only with the purchase of the brand specified. Coupon cannot be transferred, sold or exchanged. Any other use constitutes fraud. TO THE RETAILER: We will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 7C handling provided this coupon is redeemed by a consumer at the time of purchase of the brand specified and the face value of this coupon is deducted from the retail selling price. By submitting this coupon for reimbursement, you represent that you redeemed it in the manner described above and pursuant to these terms. The consumer must pay any sales tax involved. This coupon is not assignable; invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock of this specified product to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request or we may confiscate all coupons submitted. Reimbursement will be made only to a retail distributor of our merchandise or to a holder of our certificate of authority acting for him. For redemption of coupons, mail to The Pillsbury Company, Box 802, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460. Cash redemption value: 1/100th of 1C. Void where taxed, prohibited or restricted by law. LIMIT: ONE COUPON PER PURCHASE. NO EXPIRATION DATE. In your grocer's Refrigerated Dough Center.

4-11-681 4-11-681

10¢ Pillsbury STORE COUPON

GIFTS FROM THE KITCHEN
continued

pat into place. Refrigerate candy for 2 hours.

Invert pan onto cutting board; peel off foil. Break toffee into bite-sized pieces. Makes 2½ pounds, about 60 calories per ½ ounce. For gift-giving, arrange in decorative canister or candy dish. Store in refrigerator up to 2 months.

A trio of dessert sauces to tempt your favorite sweet tooth.

LEMON CURD

4 large (or 6 medium) lemons
2 cups sugar
1 cup butter
8 eggs, slightly beaten

With peeler pare rind from lemons, set aside. Squeeze lemons for 1 cup juice. Combine peel and juice with sugar, butter and eggs in top of double boiler. Cook over simmering water, stirring occasionally, 20 to 30 minutes, until a thick pudding-like consistency. Strain. Makes 4 cups, about 60 calories per tablespoon.

For gift-giving, spoon into four 8-ounce decorative or French jelly jars with tight-fitting lids. Keep refrigerated up to 1 month.

HOT FUDGE SAUCE

2 cups unsweetened cocoa
1½ cups sugar
1 cup brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups heavy cream
1 cup butter, cut into pieces
2 teaspoons vanilla extract

In medium saucepan stir together cocoa, sugars and salt. Add cream and butter and cook over medium heat, stirring constantly. Bring to a boil; boil 1 minute, still stirring constantly. Remove from heat; cool 5 minutes in pan. Stir in vanilla. Makes 5 cups, about 75 calories per tablespoon.

For gift-giving, pour into five 8-ounce decorative or French jelly jars with tight-fitting lids. Keep refrigerated up to 2 weeks.

BUTTERSCOTCH WALNUT SAUCE

1 cup dark brown sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
¼ cup butter
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts, toasted*
½ cup evaporated milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

In medium saucepan combine sugar, corn syrup, butter and salt. Stir constantly over medium heat until sugar is completely dissolved. Remove from heat. Add walnuts, evaporated milk and vanilla. Makes 3 cups, about 60 calories per tablespoon.

For gift-giving, spoon into three 8-ounce decorative or French jelly jars with tight-fitting lids. Keep refrigerated up to 1 month.

*Toast walnuts in preheated 350°F. oven 6 to 8 minutes.

JEZEBEL SAUCE

1¾ cups sweet orange marmalade
1¾ cups pineapple preserves
¼ cup prepared horseradish
1½ tablespoons Dijon mustard
1½ to 2 teaspoons crushed red pepper

In bowl combine all ingredients. Serve on crackers with cream cheese. Makes about 4 cups, about 50 calories per tablespoon, without crackers and cream cheese.

For gift-giving, spoon into four 8-ounce decorative jars with tight-fitting lids. Store in refrigerator up to 2 months. **End**

WHITE HOUSE CHRISTMAS
continued from page 79

REAGAN PERSIMMON PUDDING
pictured on page 79

1 cup sugar
½ cup melted butter
1 cup all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup persimmon pulp (3 - 4 very ripe persimmons, peeled and puréed in processor or blender)
2 teaspoons baking soda
2 teaspoons warm water
3 tablespoons brandy
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 eggs, lightly beaten
1 cup seedless raisins
½ cup chopped nuts
Angelica and candied red cherries, for garnish
1 tablespoon brandy for flaming (optional)

Stir together sugar and melted butter. Combine flour with cinnamon, salt and nutmeg; add to butter mixture. Add persimmon pulp, baking soda dissolved in warm water, 3 tablespoons brandy and vanilla. Add lightly beaten eggs, mixing thoroughly but gently. Add raisins and nuts, stirring until mixed. Put into buttered steam-type covered 2-quart mold and steam 2½ hours. Garnish with angelica and candied cherries. If desired, flame at table with heated brandy. Serve with Brandy Whipped Cream Sauce. Makes about 8 servings.

BRANDY WHIPPED CREAM SAUCE

1 egg
⅓ cup melted butter
1 cup confectioners' sugar
Dash salt
1 tablespoon brandy flavoring
1 cup heavy or whipping cream

Beat egg until light and fluffy. Beat in butter, confectioners' sugar, salt and brandy flavoring. Beat whipping cream until stiff; gently fold into first mixture. Cover and chill until ready to serve. Stir before spooning on pudding. Makes about 3½ cups.

TEDDY BEAR COOKIE
continued from page 97

TEDDY BEAR
pictured on page 96

While there is nothing at all complicated about this project, we urge you to read through the entire recipe before starting.

Equipment
Scissors
Lightweight cardboard
Tracing paper
Ruler
Twine
Small saucepan
Large bowl
Plastic wrap
Foil
Two 17x14-inch cookie sheets
Small sharp knife
Electric mixer
One ¼-inch paint brush
One 1-inch paint brush
One pastry bag or paper cone, ⅛-inch pastry tip (optional)
One 9-inch brown satin cord or thin ribbon
2 sheets red cellophane

Dough
1½ cups light corn syrup
⅔ cup sugar
1 cup margarine
8 cups all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon vanilla extract

Chocolate Decorative Icing
1 egg white
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
2¼ cups confectioners' sugar
¼ cup unsweetened cocoa
3 tablespoons water

White Decorative Icing
3 egg whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 package (16 oz.) confectioners' sugar

Decorations
2 bags (7 oz. each) shredded coconut
2 small chocolate-covered mints
1 brown jelly bean, cut in half lengthwise
1 6-inch candy cane
1 12-inch piece red licorice lace
1 tube (0.68 oz.) imitation chocolate glossy decorating gel
2½ pounds red, white and green medium gumdrops
¼ cup (about 1 oz.) pink decorating sugar

Cut out pattern pieces (shown on page 106). Enlarge. (As shown, each ¼-inch square of grid should be enlarged to equal 1 inch.)

On a stiff piece of cardboard trace outline for body, arm and nose pieces. Cut out each pattern. No pattern is provided for box the Teddy Bear stands in. Simply cut two 6¼x3¾-inch rectangles and two 7¾x6¼-inch rectangles from cardboard.

To make dough: In small saucepan combine corn syrup, sugar and margarine. Heat until margarine is melted, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile, in large bowl combine dry ingredients. Add corn syrup mixture and vanilla. Beat until well blended. Immediately wrap dough tightly with plastic wrap, pressing with hands to form smooth, compact rectangle. Allow dough to rest 10 minutes. *(continued)*

The Recipe.

Kraft marshmallow creme is the secret ingredient.

It's whipped and light. Along with the peanut butter it makes this traditional favorite extra fancy and so easy.

Ribbon Fantasy Fudge

3 cups sugar
3/4 cup Parkay margarine
2/3 cup (5-1/3 fl. oz. can) evaporated milk
6-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces
7-oz. jar Kraft marshmallow creme
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup peanut butter (crunchy or cream style)

Combine 1-1/2 cups sugar, 6 tablespoons margarine and 1/3 cup milk in heavy 1-1/2-quart saucepan; bring to full rolling boil, stirring constantly. Continue boiling 4 minutes over medium heat, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. Remove from heat; stir in chocolate pieces until melted. Add 1 cup (1/2 jar) marshmallow creme and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla; beat until well blended. Pour into greased 13 x 9 inch pan. Repeat with remaining ingredients, substituting peanut butter for chocolate pieces. Spread over chocolate layer. Cool at room temperature; cut into squares. Makes 3 pounds.

Look for Kraft marshmallow creme in the baking or toppings section of your supermarket.

KRAFT

©1981 Kraft, Inc.

The Fudge.



The Secret.

TEDDY BEAR COOKIE
continued

To make bear: Line 2 cookie sheets with foil, folding over edges to secure. Unwrap dough; divide in half. Place half the dough on one cookie sheet; rewrap remaining. Place cookie sheet on damp towel to prevent sliding when rolling out. Roll out dough so that it completely covers cookie sheet. Sprinkle pattern pieces for bear lightly with flour and arrange on dough. With sharp knife carefully cut around edges of pattern. You'll need to cut out two nose pieces. (Be careful not to cut through foil.) Using straw or sharp knife, cut out holes where indicated on pattern. (Test with candy cane to make sure hole in paw is large enough.) Remove patterns and scraps. Refrigerate dough on cookie sheet 20 to 30 minutes to help prevent spreading during baking.

Bake in preheated 350°F. oven 20 to 25 minutes until edges are lightly browned. (If bubbles form during baking, smooth gently with spatula.) Cool on cookie sheet.

To make box: Place remaining half of dough on second cookie sheet; place on damp towel. Roll out dough so that it completely covers cookie sheet. Arrange box pattern pieces, leaving ½-inch space around each; cut out. Remove patterns and scraps. Refrigerate dough on cookie sheet 20 to 30 minutes to help prevent spreading during baking.

Bake in preheated 350°F. oven 20 to 25 minutes until edges are lightly browned. (If sides bake unevenly, trim rectangles while *still warm.*) Cool on cookie sheet.

To toast coconut: Spread coconut in jelly-roll pan or large roasting pan. Bake in preheated 350°F. oven 10 minutes; stir. Bake 10 to 15 more minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool.

To decorate and assemble: In large mixer bowl combine all ingredients for chocolate decorative icing. Beat with mixer about 7 minutes until icing is smooth and thick, or until knife drawn through icing leaves a clean cut. Store in container with tight-fitting lid until ready to use. *(Both icings can be made a day or two in advance.)* Makes about 1¾ cups. (Once you begin working with icing, keep covered with damp cloth to prevent drying and crusting on top.)

To decorate bear: Using larger brush, paint back and sides of body and arm with chocolate icing. Cover with toasted coconut and press into place. (Be careful to clean out holes before icing hardens.) Spread one side of one nose piece with chocolate icing. Press second nose piece on top of first. Paint top and sides of nose with chocolate icing. Immediately cover with toasted coconut and press into place. Let all pieces dry at least 3 to 6 hours or overnight.

In large mixer bowl combine all ingredients for white decorative icing. Beat with mixer about 7 minutes until smooth and thick, or until knife drawn through icing leaves a clean cut. Divide in half (about 1¼ cups each). Place in 2 containers with tight-fitting lids until ready to use. Makes about 2½ cups.

Dilute one container of white decorative icing with about 1 tablespoon water or until thin enough to paint on easily. Using large brush, paint one side of all 4 rectangles and allow to dry completely.

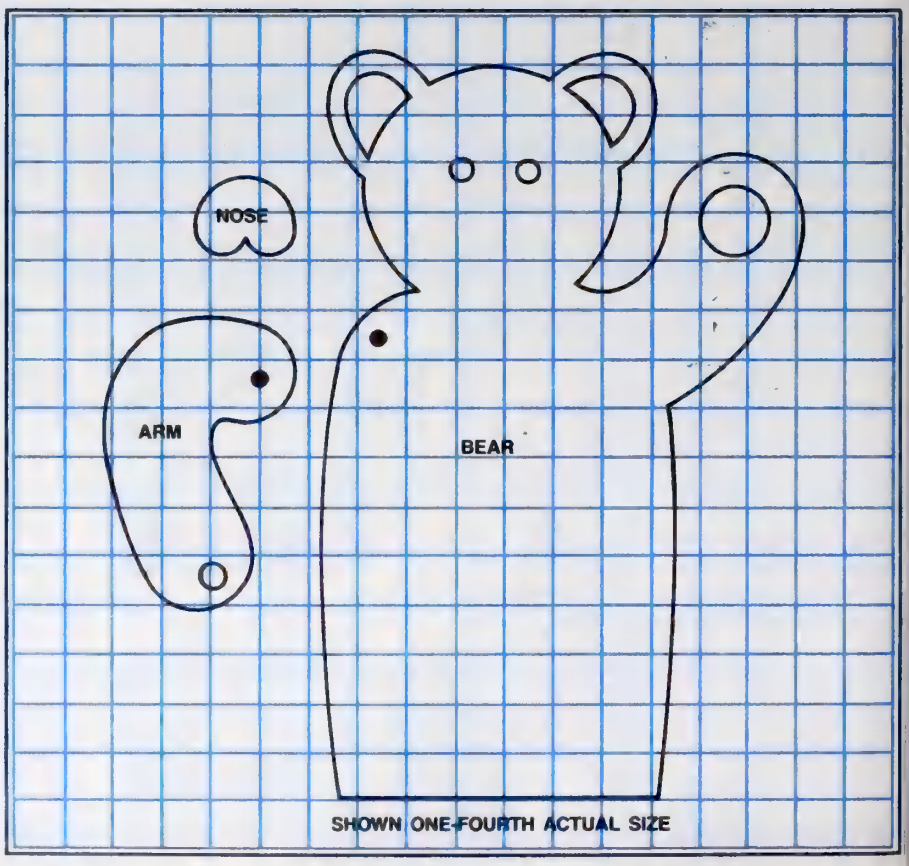
Turn bear pieces over. Using small brush paint ears and paws with white icing as indicated on pattern. Immediately sprinkle with pink sugar; let dry 3 to 6 hours or overnight.

Paint remaining front of bear pieces with chocolate icing. Immediately cover with toasted coconut and press into place. Paint back of nose with chocolate icing and glue in place. With rolling pin, flatten a red gumdrop for tongue; attach with white icing as illustrated. Use chocolate icing to glue on chocolate-mint eyes and jelly-bean nose. Use glossy decorating gel to pipe along lower edge of nose. Tie red licorice lace into a bow; attach to body with icing. Let dry 6 hours or overnight.

To assemble box: Fit pastry bag or paper cone with plain tip. Fill bag with ½ cup undiluted white icing. Beginning with one small rectangle, pipe a strip of white icing along edge. (Or, apply icing on edges with knife and smooth with your finger.) Attach larger rectangle, 6¼-inch sides together, at right angles. Prop against a heavy object, such as shortening or juice can. Repeat with remaining two rectangles. Pipe or spread strips of icing along unattached sides and form into box. Tie twine around box to help hold together while drying. Fill gaps in corners with icing. For extra support pipe or spread additional icing into interior corners. Let dry 6 hours or overnight.

Remove twine from box. Place remaining undiluted white icing in piping bag. Squeeze dab of icing on back of a red gumdrop; stick gumdrop in lower left-hand corner of box front. Repeat with green and white gumdrops. Continue gluing gumdrops in rows in a red-green-white pattern on all sides as illustrated. (Or use a small knife with rounded point to apply icing to back of each gumdrop.) Let dry 6 hours or overnight.

To assemble: Assemble teddy bear on surface where he'll be displayed or on a 17x14-inch baking sheet or tray covered with festive wrapping paper. Thread cord or ribbon through small armhole and hole on body piece. Tie tightly at back of bear. Insert bear diagonally into box and prop arm on edge of box. Insert candy cane into large hole in paw. Tuck cellophane around bear. Place teddy in place of honor to show this is one bear who does not hibernate! **End**



Oh the merry nutty gifts you can make with Diamond Walnuts.



Caramel Fudge Balls

1 cup Diamond Walnuts
¼ cup butter
1 cup brown sugar, packed
1 cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup dairy sour cream
1 teaspoon vanilla

Chop ½ cup of the walnuts to medium-size pieces. Chop remaining walnuts into fine pieces for coating fudge balls. Melt butter in heavy 2-quart saucepan. Add sugars, salt and sour cream. Cook over low heat, stirring until sugars dissolve. Cover; boil slowly 5 minutes. Uncover; cook rapidly without stirring to 236°F. (soft ball stage). Remove from heat; cool to lukewarm. Add vanilla; beat until mixture is creamy and begins to hold its shape. Stir in medium-size walnut pieces.

Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls onto waxed paper. Quickly shape into balls. Roll in finely chopped walnuts. Let stand until firm. Makes 24 balls.



Shortbread Cookies

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup butter or margarine
½ cup sifted powdered sugar
½ cup finely chopped Diamond Walnuts
Diamond Walnut halves and large pieces for decorating

Resift flour with baking powder. Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Gradually blend in flour mixture. Stir in finely chopped walnuts. Cover and chill. Roll out on light floured board to ¼-inch thickness. Cut into desired shapes. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Press a walnut half or piece on each cookie. Bake at 300°F. for about 20 minutes until edges are very lightly browned. Cool on wire racks. Makes 2 to 2½ dozen cookies.

Oh the lovely nutty things you can do with Diamond Walnuts.

Fisher-Price believes a child learns all about caring from someone sweet and small.



Baby Ann and Her Care Set

Here's Baby Ann. A beautiful baby with a marvelous mop of hair for her age. She arrives complete with her own Care Set: a cozy gingham infant seat and a matching tote bag to tote her feeding dish, spoon and bottle. There's a delightful sense of tenderness and responsibility a child feels holding this soft, huggable doll.

As for care, Baby Ann is machine-washable and dryable. And she's made, like every Fisher-Price Doll, to live with your family for many happy tomorrows.

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TREE TRADITION

continued from page 91

All pictured on pages 90-91

JOY IN TOYLAND

Straw, Styrofoam and grapevine wreath forms, florist's tape, wire and dried materials are available at garden centers during December. All candles from Lenox. Plastic ornaments on and under tree by Lego. Raggedy Ann and Andy from Knickerbocker Toy Co. Dolls from Gorham Doll Collection. Teddy bears from Charles Zadeh, except orange bear from Fisher-Price. Clowns made from Simplicity pattern #5259.

PAPER DOLL GARLANDS
MATERIALS: 14"x17" sheets of lightweight drawing paper, scissors, pencil, cellophane tape.
To make pattern, cut a piece of paper 6½"x4¼". Fold in half lengthwise and cut out a paper doll shape with arms extending to edges of paper. Cut drawing paper into strips 6½"x17". Fold in half (paper is now 6½"x8½"), then fold in half the same way twice more. Position folded line of doll pattern on folded edge of folded paper. Outline half of doll with pencil. Cut along outline through all layers of paper. Unfold four dolls holding hands. Cut as many units of four dolls as you require for your garland, then join together at hands with cellophane tape to make one long strip.

PINWHEEL—Designed by Joyce Martin
MATERIALS (to make one 6" dia. pinwheel): Two 6" squares bright, contrasting fabric, one 5" square Stitch Witchery fusible fabric, 7" length of ¼" dia. dowel, 1' length of ⅛" wide ribbon, large straight pin, lightweight cardboard, ruler, pencil, scissors, white glue, penny, iron, hammer, paint (optional).
To make pattern, cut a 4¼" square of cardboard. Place 6" fabric square on ironing board, right side down; center 5" square Stitch Witchery on it; place second 6" square, right side up, on top. Iron to fuse together, following manufacturer's directions. Outline cardboard pattern on fused square, cut. Draw diagonal straight lines from corners to corners. Cut along each line to within ½" of center. Paint dowel, if desired, and let dry. Outline a penny on cardboard. Cut out and glue circle to center back of fabric square. Turn over. Fold over to center the left corner point of each of the four "petals." Insert pin through points, about ¼" from tips. With all four points on pin, push pin through center of square, then into dowel, about ½" from one end. Pound in firmly with hammer. Apply a dot of glue to one end of ribbon, press ribbon to dowel at an angle and hold, while wrapping ribbon around barber-pole fashion. Fasten end with glue. To make pinwheels of shiny paper, cut 2 squares of paper, apply spray adhesive to wrong sides, then press together, smoothing out wrinkles. Trim to 4¼" squares, and continue as above.

GINGERBREAD MEN—Designed by Ethie Williamson
See recipe and instructions on page 25.

THE HAPPY COOKER

Kitchen implements by Mirro, potholder by Faroy.

Journal Shopping Center

Pages 76–77: Some White House tree ornaments were supplied by: the Trim a Tree shop at Lord & Taylor; Gorham; Hallmark; Marshall & Co.; Palo Imports, 184 Greenwich Ave., Bethel, Conn. 06801; and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10028. Porcelain stars by Coille Hooven; glass balls by H.O.T.M.I.R.F. Studio and John Gilmore, both available from The Elements Gallery, 766 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021. Pewter stars from Nutmeg Pewter, 990 Evergreen Ave., Hamden, Conn. 06518; hand-blown glass balls by Vitrix Studio from Jorice Art Glass, 1057 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022; paper cones from B. Schackman & Co.; porcelain angels from The National Trust for Historic Preservation, Gift Collection, 1600 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20006. Poinsettias from Paul Ecke Poinsettia Ranch, Santa Barbara, Ca.

VICTORIAN SPLENDOR

Designed by Ruth Katz
Wrapping paper by Hallmark, lace edgings and trimmings by Wm. E. Wright, ribbons by Lion. Tree skirt, Butterick Victorian Christmas pattern #4013.

FOLDED PAPER FANS
MATERIALS: Gift wrapping paper, cellophane tape, small stapler, paper shears, scissors, ribbons.
Cut 8"x10" oblongs of gift wrap. Pleat each lengthwise into 1" accordion folds, creasing well along fold lines. Fold pleated strips in half across the 1" width, to make a 5" long fan. Tape two pleated sides of fan together at center back to make another fold. Make bow, a bow with streamers, or knots of ribbons, and staple to bottom end of fan. Tape loop of ribbons at center top, or make a hole and insert ornament hook to hang.

LACE SNOWFLAKES
MATERIALS: White galloon lace approx. 2½"–3½" wide, needle, white thread, clear nylon thread, scissors.
Galloon lace has scalloped edges; if possible, get lace with one straight edge and one scalloped edge. With white thread, gather about ¼" in along straight edge, using tiny running stitches. After gathering about 7", pull thread taut to make a lace circle. If lace does not form a complete circle, gather 2"–3" more to make a circle. Cut lace, stitch raw edges together. Make sure gathering stitches are tightly drawn and firmly anchored. Hang by loop of clear nylon thread.

HANGING DOILY BASKETS
MATERIALS: Assorted colors and sizes (less than 5") round and square lace paper doilies, assorted colors lightweight cardboard (must be bendable), Elmer's Dip 'N Dab Craft Glue (or glue stick), small stapler, ribbons, lace edging, glass tumbler.
Baskets may be made of any combination of doilies, cardboard and trimmings. Cut a square or round of cardboard slightly larger than doily to be used. Roll cardboard around glass tumbler to curve two sides upward. Center doily on inside and glue in place. Glue lace edging to underside of the cardboard so it extends beyond the edges all around. Attach 8" or 9" ribbon or lace handle, stapling ends to cardboard base. Glue bows over staples. Add other trims, more doilies as desired.

RIBBON-COVERED STYROFOAM BALLS
MATERIALS: Styrofoam balls in 1½", 2½" and 3" diameters; sequin pins (½" long straight pins); ribbons, trims, laces in variety of widths, none wider than ½".
About 2 yds. of ribbon are required to cover a ball. Use narrower ribbons on small balls. Start by wrapping a ribbon completely around circumference of ball, cut ribbon and pin ends to ball with one pin. Starting at the same point, wrap another ribbon of another color or texture around the ball, slightly overlapping the edge of the first ribbon. Continue until ball is covered. Pin a 7" (or longer) loop of ribbon or lace at top for hanging. Pin a bow at point where loop joins ball.

SPILLHOLDERS
MATERIALS: Sheet of shiny cardboard (gold, silver and colors), stapler, Elmer's Dip 'N Dab Craft Glue (or glue stick), trimming scissors, large compass, trimmings (gift wrap, paper doilies, ribbons, lace, stickers).
Cut cardboard into 16½" squares for large spillholders, 14½" squares for small. Mark center of each side of each square and draw lines to divide into four equal sections. Using point where lines intersect as center, inscribe circles with compass. Cut out circles, then cut along lines into pie-shaped wedges. Curve wedges into cones, overlapping long sides; apply glue to overlapped edge and insert a staple at top to hold. Decorate sides of cone with cut-outs from gift wrap or lace paper doilies. Trim top edge with lace, paper edging or ribbon. Glue a bow to point of cone. Add 8"–9" long handle for hanging, stapling ends at top edge and covering with bows.

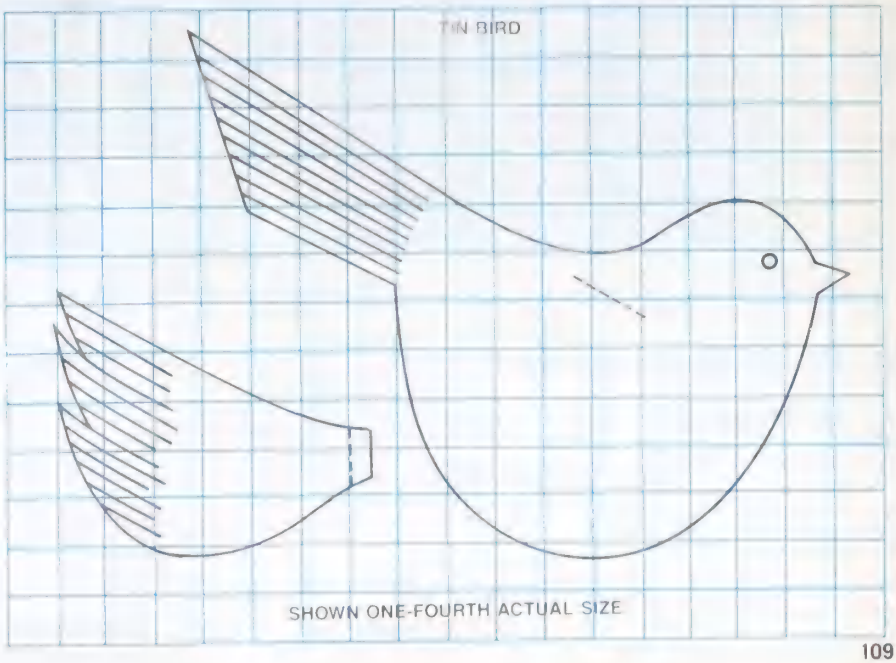
FOR FEATHERED FRIENDS

Designed by Stanley Hura
Gingerbread men, candy slices from The Toy Haus, West Stockbridge, Mass.
MATERIALS: Rice balls, crackers, breadsticks, miniature bread slices, candy slices, popcorn, ribbon, needle and thread.
String popcorn and hang as a garland. Make a small ribbon bow, run a needle and thread through center, then string six or eight chowder crackers together. Finish off with another ribbon bow. With needle and thread, gently make loops through bread, breadsticks, candy slices, gingerbread men, rice balls. Make loops big enough to hang on tree. Or, make a tighter loop and thread brightly colored ribbon through it, making a bigger ribbon loop to hang from branches.

DOWN MEXICO WAY

Tin ornaments and balloon from Pan American Phoenix, The Market at Citicorp, 153 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

MINIATURE STRAW BASKETS—Designed by Ruth Katz
MATERIALS: Assorted colors
(continued)



TREE TRADITION
continued

of braided straw about ½" wide, small stapler, white craft glue, medium and narrow rickrack, scissors, balls to use as form. (Braided straw is sold by the yard in notions departments. Approx. 1 yd. is needed for a basket.)

Wrap a length of straw around circumference of ball form, overlapping ends. Apply glue, press together and staple. This is top rim of basket. Run a length of straw down front, under and up back, and then down one side, under and up opposite side, trimming ends even with top rim. Slip ends under rim, glue and staple. Run two more lengths down, under and up to fill spaces in between; at bottom, weave over and under other lengths. Trim, slip under rim, glue and staple. Remove basket from form. Attach a length of straw as a handle, slip ends under rim, glue and staple. Use white glue to attach rickrack trim. Hang from tree by handle.

TIN BIRD

MATERIALS: Empty soda can, tin snips, Devcon 5-Minute Epoxy, Devcon Super Grip, hammer, nail, red and silver model paint, gold spray paint, gold glitter, narrow red satin ribbon.

Remove both ends from can. With tin snips, cut open can close to seam, press out flat. Enlarge bird and wing patterns (see page 109): Draw a 4" x 5" oblong for bird, a 2" x 2¼" oblong for wing. Rule off each oblong in same number of squares as pattern. Duplicate lines from corresponding squares of pattern grid. Cut out 1 bird and 2 wing shapes.

Apply Super Grip to tin and to one side of each pattern piece. Place pattern pieces on tin and cut out carefully. With nail or other sharp implement, trace over lines on pattern, pressing hard to leave imprint on tin below. Peel paper from tin. With tin snips, cut along lines on tail and wings. As you cut, tin curls; to make curls in different direction, cut half of lines on one side, turn over and cut rest. Fold wing down along fold line, making sure that each is folded in an opposite direction so front of wing will be at front of bird on each side. Using 5-Minute Epoxy, follow package instructions to glue wings to body along placement lines. Allow one wing to dry before fixing other in place. Tape a piece of string to bird's back so bird will hang evenly. Use nail and hammer to make hole for ribbon hanger. Spray bird gold. Paint designs with model paint. Use Super Grip to apply glitter for eyes. Thread 8"–9" length of ribbon through hole, tie ends in bow for hanging.



BALSA WOOD TREE

MATERIALS: Strips of balsa wood ¼" wide or wooden coffee stirrers, scissors, pencil, ruler, Devcon Super Grip for wood, small piece of red felt, narrow red satin ribbon.

Measure, mark and cut with scissors the following lengths of balsa wood: one each, 2¾", 2", 1⅜", 1¼"; two 4"; three ⅝"; eight 1½"; eight ½". Glue the 2¾" and two 4" lengths together to make a triangle. Glue the 1¼" and two ⅝" lengths together to make a U-shape; center open end of U on short side of triangle to make trunk. Glue in place. Within triangle, position the 2", 1⅜" and ⅝" lengths horizontally, each 1" above the horizontal below. Glue ends of horizontals to triangle sides. Along each side of triangle, glue ends of ½" lengths even with horizontals. Glue 1½" lengths, four to a side, on a slant to resemble branches: One end of length should be glued to triangle side (top ones each side of point), others up under point where projecting ½" lengths are glued to tree; allow ends slanting downward to rest on outer ends of projecting lengths. Glue pieces together where they touch. Cut small bird shape (see pattern at left, shown actual size) from red felt and glue inside triangle. Cut 9" length of ribbon, slip one end through top of tree, tie in bow at top to use as hanger.

PAPER FLOWERS—Designed by Gloria Gralla

MATERIALS: 8 pkgs. bright colored tissue paper (20" x 30" sheets), 8 doz. ¾" disk flower centers with 5"–6" stems, spool of 34-gauge wire, spools of green florist's tape, scissors, small pliers.

Use six 10" squares of tissue for each flower. Fold squares in half diagonally, fold triangle in half twice. Then fold short sides over to meet long sides. Cut top into evenly arched curve to make petal shape. Open out scalloped circle. Layer six circles, push stem end of flower disk center down through center of layer until disk is 1" above tissue. Crush tissue below disk upward tightly around 1" length of stem, and bind firmly with wire from disk down 2". Wind floral tape around base of flower covering binding wire, and spiral it on down the stem. Separate layers of petals, shaping four top ones upward, two bottom ones downward. Bend stem wire out from base and curve up toward flower to make hook for hanging.

CLOTHESPIN STARS—Designed by Leslie Linsley

MATERIALS: Spring-type clothespins, Krylon spray paint in variety of colors, Elmer's Glue-All, strip of balsa wood, craft knife.

For each star, remove springs from 5 clothespins. Spray paint each set of two pieces of wood a different color. When dry, glue each set back to back. Spray paint strip of balsa wood. Cut out two circles. Spread glue on unpainted side of one, and arrange clothespins around edge, with heads meeting at center to make a 5-pointed star. Apply glue to unpainted side of other circle and center on top. Attach string or ribbon for hanging to back of star.

End

MANTEL MAGIC
continued from page 93

All pictured on pages 92–93
REINDEER COUNTRY

STRAW WREATH—Designed by Liza Hamill

MATERIALS: Straw wreath form, straw-colored ribbon, calico ribbon, spool of fine wire, pinecones, dried flowers (baby's breath, strawflowers, everlastings, statice).

Bind straw wreath form with straw-colored ribbon and fasten at back. Wire together pinecones and dried flowers to make bouquet. Tie with calico ribbon and wire at side of wreath.

ROPE SWAG FOR MANTEL—Designed by Liza Hamill

MATERIALS: Natural hemp rope, heavy twine, calico ribbon, pinecones, dried flowers.

Cut 15 even lengths of natural hemp rope, determining length by measuring across mantel and adding 4' to allow for draping and tassels at ends. Securely tie all lengths together 12" from one end with heavy twine, and tie that end to something heavy (such as table leg). Divide ropes into three equal bundles and braid. Pull rope taut as you work. When all but the last foot has been braided, tie off with heavy twine. Unravel ends of rope to make tassels. Drape on mantel. Make bouquets of pinecones and dried flowers, tied with calico ribbon. Wire to rope swag at ends and center.

WOODEN REINDEER—Designed by Linda Hicks

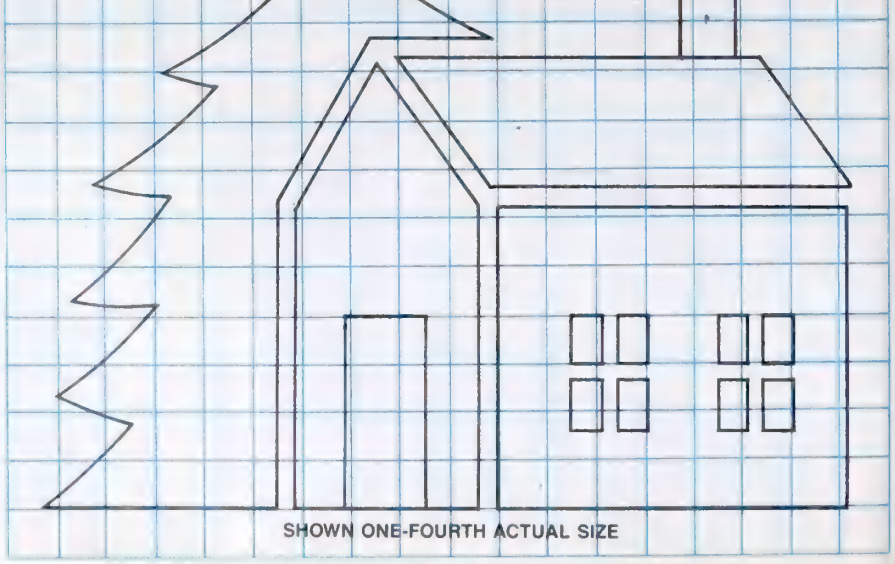
MATERIALS: 1" select pine cut 10" x 14", ½" or 1" pine cut 4" x 13", sandpaper (coarse, medium and fine), paper, pencil, small [illegible] jigsaw with fine scrolling blade, drill, wood glue, brads.

See page 114 for reindeer pattern. To enlarge: On paper draw a 10" x 14" oblong. [illegible] all the same number of squares as on pattern. Duplicate in large squares on paper the lines from corresponding squares of pattern. Turn paper over and place against a window. On back of paper pencil over lines of design. Place paper on pine so that all three hooves are straight along edge. Transfer design by going over reindeer outline with a pencil. With scrolling blade on table jigsaw, slowly saw around outline. To cut out section between reindeer's front legs, first drill a hole larger than the saw blade. Remove blade from saw and insert into hole, then re-insert blade in saw and scroll around lines. To disengage saw from hole, remove blade from saw and lift out to free reindeer. Sand all edges carefully with coarse sandpaper. Finish by sanding with medium, then fine sandpaper. For base, use 4" x 13" rectangle or cut off corners to make oval of ½" or 1" thick pine. Round edges, sand smooth and use wood glue sparingly to attach reindeer to base. Drill holes for brads for extra strength.

HARK, HARK, A LARK

BIRD MANTEL: Fabric-stuffed birds made from Vogue Patterns' Santa Pack I #1312. Stockings by Marimekko, 7 West 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

(continued)





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MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS PAST

TOY MANTEL: Photographed at the home of Marie and George Woodcock, antique and craft dealers, and owners of G/M Galleries, West Stockbridge, Mass.

FESTIVE FRUITS

POMANDER BALLS—Designed by Joyce Martin

MATERIALS: Small oranges with thick skins, whole cloves (3 oz. per orange), powdered orrisroot, narrow ribbon in several colors (1 yd. per orange).

Stud oranges with cloves, placed as closely together as possible. If it is difficult to insert clove stem into orange rind, puncture rind first with pin. Punch one hole at a time—until a clove is placed, you won't know where to place the next one. Allow completely studded oranges to drain on paper towels for at least a day; roll in orrisroot. To decorate with ribbon, loop a yard of narrow ribbon onto a large straight pin to form a multi-looped bow; press pin into top of orange. To hang, wrap orange with transparent nylon thread, quartering the ball as if tying a box. Tie thread firmly to orange, then cut, leaving long ends. Tie a loop to hang.

Arrange mantel with fresh fruit—pineapples, oranges, lemons, apples and pomanders. Hold fruit together with florist's picks, if necessary. Tuck ends of evergreens between fruit and scatter nuts along edges.

WELCOME SIGN—Designed by Ruth J. Katz

MATERIALS: Pinecones in assorted sizes, 10" x 24" sheet corrugated cardboard, ¼ yd. dark brown fabric, ribbons for bows, picture wire, spray adhesive, white glue, mat knife, sharp scissors, evergreen branches, newspaper or discardable cloth to cover work area.

On cardboard draw pineapple shape with pointed leaves at top. Cut shape with mat knife. Place pineapple shape on newspaper, spray with fine mist of adhesive and smooth brown fabric over surface. Trim fabric even with edges. Spread fresh newspaper and cover other side in same way. Arrange pinecones on pineapple, using smaller ones at top for leaves. When in place, glue one at a time, using generous amounts of white glue (it dries clear). Allow glue to set at least 36 hours. Cut lengths of ribbon, fold in bow shapes and twist wire around center. Wire bows between pinecones. Insert short sprays of evergreen between pinecones covering leaves of pineapple; wire if necessary. At top back, attach wire to hang.

RED-HOT YULE—Designed by Zuelia Ann Hurt

MATERIALS: 14" dia. straw wreath form; 7 or 8 small pinecones about 2", 18 to 20 medium pinecones about 2½", 18 to 20 large pinecones about 4", needle-nosed pliers, 8 oz. Elmer's Dip 'N Dab adhesive, stiff brush about 1½" wide, Krylon Crystal Clear Acrylic, sheet of cardboard 20" x 20" square (to use as work surface), 2½ to 3 doz. dried chili peppers, heavy duty red thread, large sharp needle, 12" to 15" piece of strong, flexible wire, masking tape, about 2 doz. florist's pins.

Using pliers, twist off several top rows of petals from narrow ends of small and medium cones, leaving about 2". Grip center of cone in pliers and with cone in other hand, rotate cone until point comes free. Leave stringy ends at center. Place straw wreath on cardboard. Apply generous amounts of glue to bottom ends of small cones. Place one straight up on wreath, and surround with others to make a bouquet. Apply glue to bottom ends of medium size cones. Place straight up in a single ring around inside edge of wreath, starting and ending at bouquet. Apply glue to bottom ends of large cones; glue in upward-outward position outside ring of medium cones. Add glue between all cones and anchor with masking

tape. Allow to dry 48 hours, then spray all with Krylon Crystal Clear.

Select 10 to 12 chili peppers of equal size. Use a florist's pin to hold pepper in place between bouquet and first cone, and between each two cones around the inside of wreath. Thread needle with two long strands of thread, pull even and knot at end. String several peppers together and knot thread. Insert florist's pin through one of peppers and insert at center bottom of wreath under cone bouquet. Make and insert several clusters in the same way. Twist a length of wire around wreath at top between cones and form loop for hanging.

SOUTHERN CHEER—Designed by Dolby Florists, Great Barrington, Mass.
A blue spruce and magnolia wreath. Buy a blue spruce wreath and wire treated magnolia leaves into it. Tie with a perky plaid ribbon.

FUNNY FARM
Wooden ornaments from American Country Store, 969 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021. Or make your own: Cut out animal shapes from children's coloring book. Make from balsa wood, following directions for reindeer (see page 110). Paint with acrylic paint.

SHELL-ABRATION—Designed by Leslie Linsley
MATERIALS: 10" square stiff corrugated cardboard, enough shells to cover 10" dia. wreath shape, Elmer's Glue-All, length of 1½" wide ribbon for bow, artificial red berries.
Cut 10" dia. circle from stiff cardboard. Cut 5" dia. opening in center. Arrange shells around inner edge of cardboard wreath form and glue in place. Arrange second ring of shells, slightly overlapping ends of first, and glue. Repeat with third ring of shells. (If shells are not uniformly white, give finished wreath a light coat of spray paint, or make them shiny with clear spray varnish.) Glue berries to wreath between shells. Glue or wire bow at bottom of wreath. Attach wire at center top back for hanging. This fragile wreath is best used indoors.

HEARTY HELLO—Designed by Leslie Linsley
MATERIALS: Natural ash "mail" basket, stencil paper, stencil brush, craft knife, pencil, bond paper, tape, red and green acrylic paint.
Fold a 1¼" square of bond paper diagonally and cut out heart pattern. Cut a strip of stencil paper as long as basket is wide and 1" wider than height of heart pattern. Draw a line straight across about ½" up from bottom. Trace hearts across strip, bottom point on line, placing about 1" apart. Cut out hearts. Position stencil on basket, holding in place with tape, and with stencil brush filled with red paint, dab paint into heart-shaped openings of stencil. Carefully lift stencil straight up to prevent smearing. Let dry a few minutes. Wipe stencil clean and position on basket with points of hearts fitting into shapes of hearts above. With green paint on clean, dry brush, stencil row of green hearts. Continue stenciling rows of hearts until basket is covered. Hang on door and fill with evergreen branches. Decorate with greens, if desired.

PERKY PIN-UPS—From *The Great Bazaar* by Leslie Linsley (Delacorte Press)
MATERIALS: 10" square stiff corrugated cardboard, 1 pkg. each regular and spring-type wood clothespins, Elmer's Glue-All, maple stain (optional), clear spray varnish, small silver Christmas balls, length of 1½" wide ribbon for bow, evergreen branches.
Cut a 10" dia. circle of corrugated cardboard. Cut 5" dia. opening in center. Stain clothespins and let dry. Alternate regular and spring-type clothespins around outer edge of circle, slipping and clipping over edge, and glue in place. Glue a regular clothespin over each of the first layer (but not over spring-type) with heads facing center of form. Spray with varnish. Glue silver balls around wreath. Tie ribbon bow and glue or wire in place. Attach loop of string or wire at back of one of clothespins for hanging. Insert short lengths of evergreen under ribbon bow.

HEAVEN SCENT—Designed by Liza Hamill
MATERIALS: Grapevine wreath, cinnamon sticks, brown and green eucalyptus branches, narrow ribbon, florist's wire.
Weave eucalyptus branches into grapevine wreath. Group cinnamon sticks into bundles of 3 or 4 and tie with narrow ribbon. Wire to wreath at regular intervals. **End**

EBB TIDE

By Carolyn Sloat

Love seldom goes abruptly; like the sea,
Abandoning the shore in slow retreat,
It leaves the flooded heart unhurriedly,
While gradually the pulse's thunderous beat
Subsides until it can be heard no more.
Only the astonished mind remains to take
Fragments of driftwood left upon the shore
To hoard in the memory for old times' sake.



HOLIDAY TOUCHES

continued from page 95

All pictured on pages 94–95

GET THE DRIFT
Crocheted snowflakes from Simplicity pattern #5180. Photographed at The Toy Haus.

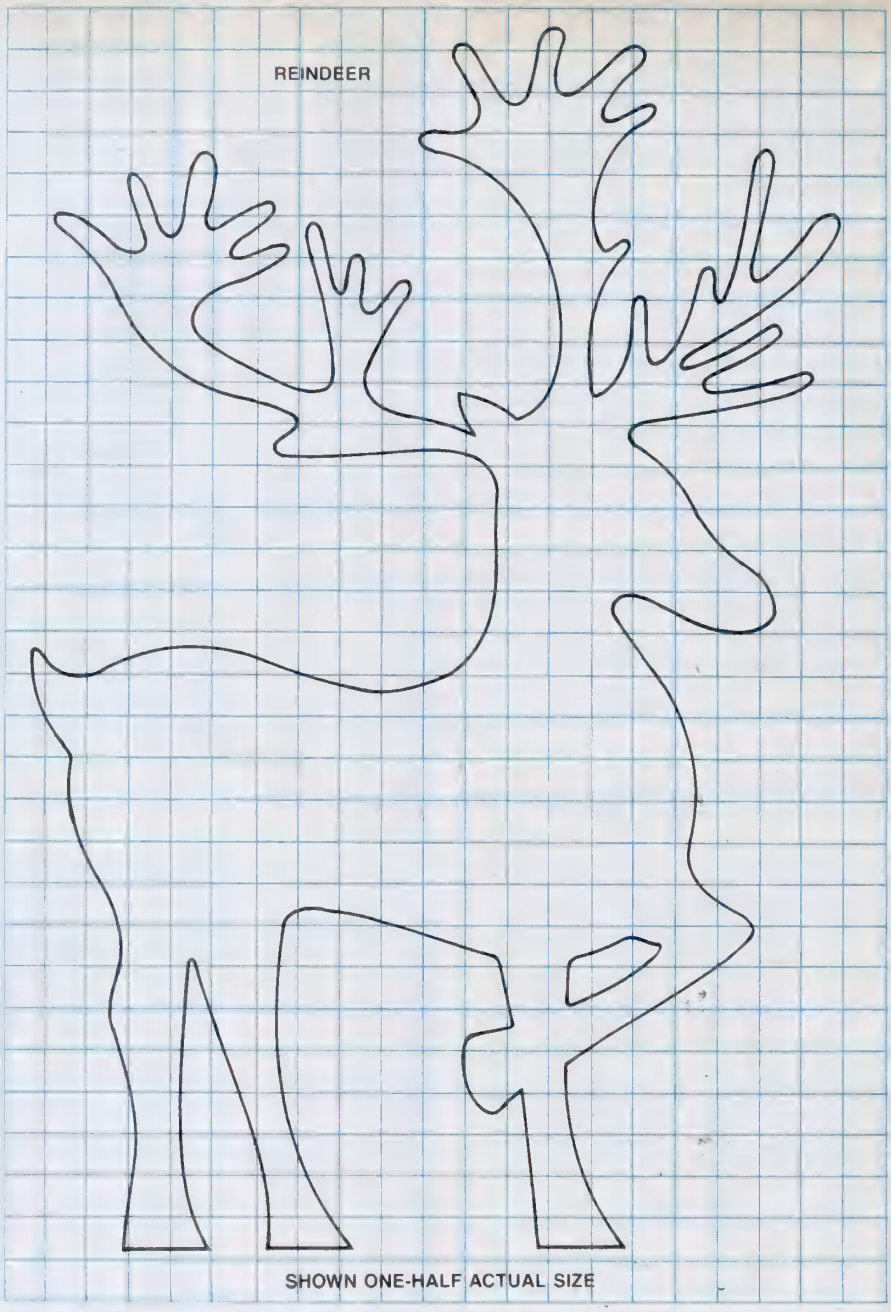
PLANT A CANDLE
Clay pots by Bennington Potters Inc., 324 County St., Bennington, Vt. 05201.

HOUSING PROJECT—Designed by James Kenneth Boleach
MATERIALS: White illustration board, ruler, pencil, black marking pen, #1 X-acto knife with #11 blades, stencil paper (available in art stores), masking tape, newspaper, acrylic paint in red, green and dark brown, three paper plates, three stencil brushes, paper or material on which to apply stencil.
To enlarge design (see page 110): On white illustration board rule off a 6"x8" or larger oblong and rule off same number of squares as on pattern. Duplicate in large squares on board the lines from corresponding squares of pattern. Trace over lines with black marking pen. Use this design to cut stencils. To complete stencil design, you will need one stencil of house and tree and one with doors, windows and chimney. Cut two pieces of stencil paper large enough to cover design with 1½"-2" margin all around. Tape stencil paper over design and with X-acto knife and sharp blade cut out portions of design. Cut second stencil. Store stencils flat. Protect work surface with newspaper. Make sure that surface to be stenciled is flat and wrinkle-free. Squeeze small amount of each color acrylic paint onto separate clean paper plates. Position tree and house stencil, taping at sides. Mask out tree with strips of stencil paper taped over stencil. Dip clean, dry stencil brush into paint; remove excess paint by tapping brush on clean portion of plate. Working with fairly dry brush, apply paint through opening in stencil with dabbing motion, working around outer edges first, then filling in center.

Remove masking strips, and with fresh brush, stencil tree. Carefully lift stencil straight up, and let dry. Position second stencil with door centered, lower edge along bottom of house and lower edge of chimney touching top of roof. Apply dark brown paint through openings in stencil. If applying stencil design to fabric, make sure that material is free of any starch or sizing by washing. Acrylic paint on fabric is washable but not dry-cleanable.

FOLD TO HOLD
MATERIALS: Hallmark Reverse-a-Wrap, ruler, pencil, scissors.
Measure and cut a 9½" square and a 2½"x12" strip of Reverse-a-Wrap for each basket. Fold long sides of strip in to meet at center, then fold strip in half lengthwise for handle. Fold square in half diagonally. Open and fold in half diagonally in other direction. Open, turn over and fold in half crosswise, creasing side to side. Open, fold in half crosswise in other direction and crease. With fold at bottom, grasp bottom corners and push in and up, folding along diagonal lines to make tulip shape. Flatten into diamond. Fold top halves of diamonds down at front and back. Fold points back up ¼ way. Center one end of handle beneath fold-up point, then fold point and handle up ¼ way twice to meet top center fold. Repeat on other side of basket with other end of handle. Fold sides in to meet at center. Fold bottom up to meet basket rim. Crease folds well, then unfold. Refold sides in along creases between front and back layers of basket. Insert fingers under fold of rim of basket beneath handles and pull outward. Shape square bottom of basket. Fold remaining two sides inward, even with rim, then down inside, to fit bottom of basket. Fill.

Wooden bobbin candleholders in varying heights imported from England by Michael Burmon, Inc. Available in gift shops.



WHITE HOUSE NEEDLEPOINT
pictured on page 78

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APPLES AFIRE
Candles in apples available in card and gift shops. Salad plate by Wilton Armetale.

PICK-A-PUFF—Designed by Leslie Linsley
MATERIALS: 1 yd. muslin (enough for 18 ornaments), stencil paper, 2 stencil brushes, red and green acrylic paint, mat knife, scissors, polyester fiberfill, needle, thread, red embroidery floss, 2 sheets typewriter bond.
Measure and cut two 8" squares of typewriter bond. Fold one square into quarters, then into quarters again, creasing folds well. Open to quarter-size square and fold diagonally. With center point of triangle in right hand, long side of triangle away from you, cut in from open side along fold line, clipping off point. From same point on edge, cut diagonally across to fold line at other side to cut a lozenge shape. Open out star. Trace outline on 8" square of bond, cut out and use as pattern to draw stars on muslin.
Refold star into lozenge shape. Measure in ¼" from two open sides, and draw a line. Along each folded edge, cut half hearts—a small one about ½" from center, a larger one about ¼" from first. Open flat, and trace outline of star shape and hearts on stencil paper. Cut out stencil with mat knife. Cut out muslin stars. Position stencil and color in hearts, small ones green, larger ones red. Allow to dry.
Place two star shapes together face to face. Stitch together, ¼" in from edge, curving corners at points and leaving an opening for turning and stuffing. Trim seam allowance, turn right side out and stuff, using a pencil to push filling into points of star. Stitch opening closed. Attach a loop of red embroidery floss for hanging.

GLAD TIDINGS TABLE
China, "Homecoming" by Gorham; flatware, "Tristan" Design Studio stainless by Gorham. Gift card by Hallmark.

SWEET NOSTALGIA—Designed by Zuelia Ann Hurt
MATERIALS: Green Styrofoam wreath base—14" to 16" dia., 12 dried teasels, two ounces dried corn shucks, dried baby's breath or German statice, dyed statice in purple, rose and yellow, 16 stems of dried yarrow, approx. 110 stems of deep burgundy baby mums, 8 florist's picks with wire, box of U-shaped florist's pins, green florist's tape, wire cutters, 12 stem wires about 10" long, awl, kitchen shears, knife, white craft glue.
Trim teasel stems to ½". Insert wire stem up into teasel stem, using awl to enlarge opening if necessary. Wrap teasel stem and wire stem with florist's tape. Hand-cut petals 2½"–3" long from dried portions of corn shucks. Shape petals ¾"-¾" wide at tip, tapering to ⅜" at base. Pull petal between thumb and sharp edge of knife blade to curl. Dip base of petal in glue and insert into teasel between thorns, in rows around blossom, with petal curving upward. Insert second row, with petals positioned between those of first row. Continue to add petals until flower is finished. Place in tall glass until all flowers have been made and glue has dried. Place wreath form on newspaper. Make full, small clusters of baby's breath or German statice. Attach one at a time around outer edge (thickness) of wreath with florist's pins. Overlap clusters and angle all in same direction to cover form completely. Trim stems of dried statice to 2½". Cover surface of wreath, alternating statice with bunches of baby's breath. Attach in fan-shaped overlapping rows to cover entire thickness of wreath at same time as surface. Trim narrow stems to about 4"-5". Insert 4 evenly spaced around wreath, with blossom head above other flowers covering wreath. Insert other stems of yarrow next to each to form four triangular clusters. Trim wire stems of corn shuck blossoms to 7"-8". Insert triangular groups of three—one long, two shorter—to outside edge of wreath. Bend stem of tallest flower upward and shorter stems at different angles. Add a fourth stem of yarrow to each group at outside edge of wreath, beneath blossom. Insert slim tapers into wreath, in groups of three, between blossoms. End



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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



The Cookie Book '81

At the Journal, we believe a Christmas without cookies is like a world without love. And so, with pride, we're offering a host of sweet holiday treats—old favorites and new twists on tradition—to make together, to munch, to give away by the tinfuls. Some are pure and simple recipes that children can pitch in and make. Others are the first choices of America's top cookbook authors. All, we hope, will inspire you to have your merriest, cookiest Christmas ever.

Favorite Cookies from Your Favorite Cooks

One Dough, Eight Delicious Ways

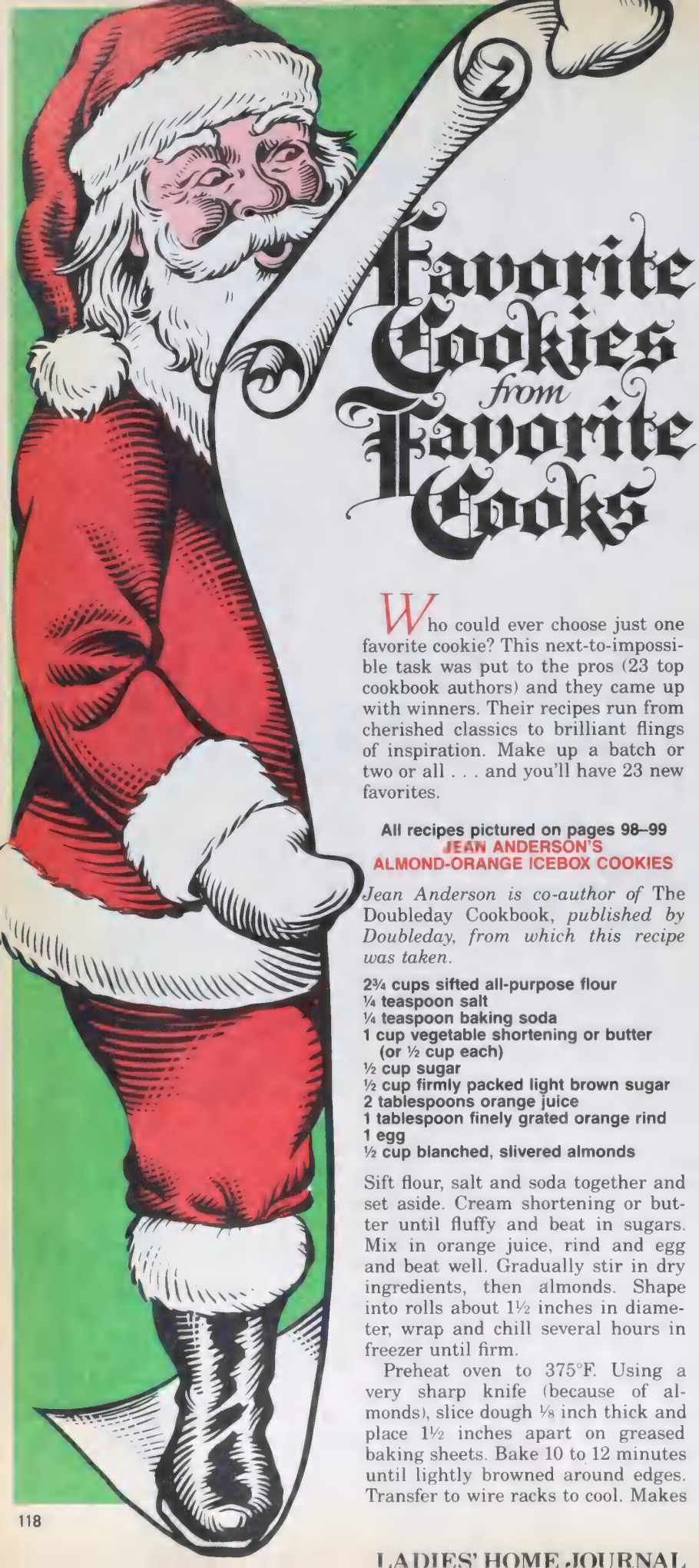
America's Perfect Chocolate Chip

Best Brownies

Cookies the Kids Can Make

The Decorative Cookie

Cabarga



Favorite Cookies from Favorite Cooks

Who could ever choose just one favorite cookie? This next-to-impossible task was put to the pros (23 top cookbook authors) and they came up with winners. Their recipes run from cherished classics to brilliant flings of inspiration. Make up a batch or two or all . . . and you'll have 23 new favorites.

All recipes pictured on pages 98–99

JEAN ANDERSON'S ALMOND-ORANGE ICEBOX COOKIES

Jean Anderson is co-author of The Doubleday Cookbook, *published by Doubleday, from which this recipe was taken.*

2¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon baking soda
1 cup vegetable shortening or butter (or ½ cup each)
½ cup sugar
½ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon finely grated orange rind
1 egg
½ cup blanched, slivered almonds

Sift flour, salt and soda together and set aside. Cream shortening or butter until fluffy and beat in sugars. Mix in orange juice, rind and egg and beat well. Gradually stir in dry ingredients, then almonds. Shape into rolls about 1½ inches in diameter, wrap and chill several hours in freezer until firm.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Using a very sharp knife (because of almonds), slice dough ⅛ inch thick and place 1½ inches apart on greased baking sheets. Bake 10 to 12 minutes until lightly browned around edges. Transfer to wire racks to cool. Makes about 6 dozen, about 60 calories each.

Ed. Note: Placing dough in freezer and using an electric knife to slice helps prevent cookies from losing their shape.

JAMES BEARD'S CORNMEAL BUTTER WAFERS

From James Beard's latest book, The New James Beard, *published by Alfred A. Knopf.*

1 cup unsalted butter, softened
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
1½ cups all-purpose flour
1 cup yellow cornmeal

Combine butter and sugar and beat until light and well blended. Add egg yolks and mix well, then stir in lemon peel, flour and cornmeal, blending thoroughly. Cover and chill the dough until firm. It may then be rolled into a long cylinder and cut into ¼-inch rounds, or rolled out ¼ inch thick and cut into different shapes. Place on ungreased cookie sheets and bake in preheated 350°F. oven 10 to 12 minutes. Makes about 3 to 4 dozen, about 100 calories per 3 dozen, 75 calories per 4 dozen.

ELEANOR BRENNER'S LACE COOKIES

From fashion designer Eleanor Brenner's Gourmet Cooking Without Salt, *published by Doubleday.*

1 cup finely chopped walnuts
½ cup unsalted butter, softened
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons milk
Filling
1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate chips
1½ tablespoons unsalted butter
1½ tablespoons milk

Preheat oven to 325°F. Line 4 cookie sheets with heavy-duty foil. Heat walnuts, butter, sugar, flour and milk in small heavy saucepan over medium heat, stirring constantly until butter is melted and ingredients are totally blended.

Drip level half-teaspoonfuls of mixture onto foil, 3 inches apart. Bake 12 to 15 minutes or until light golden brown. Cool thoroughly (approximately 15 minutes) on foil, then peel cookies from foil. (These cookies are very delicate and must be sufficiently cooled to permit easy removal from foil.) Cool on tray or rack at least another 10 minutes before filling, if desired. Makes about 4 dozen single lace cookies, about 40 calories each, or 2 dozen chocolate-filled "sandwich" lace cookies, about 125 calories each.

Filling: Melt all ingredients in double boiler over hot, not boiling, water. Stir constantly until smooth.

MARIAN BURROS'S MOLASSES BUTTER-RUM BALLS

Marian Burros' latest book is Keep It Simple, 30 Minute Meals From Scratch, *published by William Morrow.*

1 cup butter, softened
¼ cup unsulphured molasses
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
2 cups all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup finely chopped pecans or walnuts
2½ teaspoons dark rum or 1½ teaspoons rum flavoring
Confectioners' sugar

Cream butter with molasses and sugar. Sift flour with salt; stir in nuts. Combine mixtures and blend thoroughly. Blend in rum. Shape dough into small balls, about the size of a large grape. Place on ungreased cookie sheets and bake in preheated 350°F. oven 15 to 18 minutes. Roll in confectioners' sugar while still warm (makes a glaze). Makes about 6 dozen, about 50 calories each.

JANE BUTEL'S BIZCOCHITOS

This recipe is from Jane Butel's Tex-Mex Cookbook, *published by Harmony Books.*

6 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 pound butter or lard, softened (lard is traditional and makes more tender cookies)
1¾ cups sugar
2 teaspoons anise seed
2 eggs
About ¼ cup brandy
1 tablespoon ground cinnamon

Preheat oven to 350°F. Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Cream butter or lard with 1½ cups sugar and anise seed by hand or with mixer at medium speed. Beat eggs until light and fluffy; add to creamed mixture. Add flour mixture and brandy and mix until blended. Use only enough brandy to form a stiff dough. Knead dough lightly and pat or roll to ¼-inch thickness. Cut into fancy shapes. (The fleur-de-lis shape is traditional for these cookies.) Dust tops of cookies with a combination of remaining ¼ cup sugar and cinnamon. Bake 10 minutes or until very lightly browned. Makes about 5 dozen, about 130 calories each.



JOHN CLANCY'S WALNUT BALLS

Restaurateur John Clancy is the author of The John Clancy Baking Book: Key Lessons in Baking, *from which this recipe is taken.*

1 cup unsalted butter, melted and cooled to room temperature
3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2¼ cups all-purpose flour
½ cup finely ground walnuts
Additional confectioners' sugar for rolling (about ½ cup)

In large mixing bowl combine butter, confectioners' sugar, baking powder and salt and stir with large spoon. Sift in flour about ½ cup at a time, beating well after each addition; then stir in ground nuts.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Pat about 1 tablespoon of dough at a time into 1-inch diameter balls and place on cookie sheet about 1 inch apart. Bake 12 to 15 minutes until very lightly colored. Cool on rack, then roll in confectioners' sugar. Makes about 3 to 4 dozen, about 55 calories each.

ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER COLCHIE'S SPICY CUT-OUTS

From Elizabeth Schneider Colchie's forthcoming book, Ready When You Are: Company Food That's a Fête Accomplie, *to be published next spring by Crown.*

Dough
3 cups all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 teaspoons coriander
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon mace
¼ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup plus 2 tablespoons unsalted butter, softened
½ cup dark brown sugar
¼ cup molasses
½ cup granulated sugar
1 egg
Milk
Icing
1 egg white
Approximately 1½ cups confectioners' sugar
Pinch salt
⅛ teaspoon anise or lemon extract

Sift together flour, baking powder, baking soda, salt and spices into bowl. In smaller bowl of mixer beat butter until light. Gradually beat in brown sugar, first squeezing it through your fingers to remove any lumps. Beat in molasses and granulated sugar. Add egg and beat well. Gradually add half the flour mixture on lowest speed. Stir in remaining with wooden spoon. Form dough into a block, wrap in plastic wrap and refrigerate 1 to 2 days.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Cut off ⅓ of dough; refrigerate remaining. Place on large sheet of well-floured wax paper. Sprinkle dough with flour, place another sheet of wax paper on top, then roll out to form a thin sheet about 9x12 inches. Remove paper and cut dough into circles using a 2½-inch round or fancy shaped cookie cutter (not too elaborate; dough is soft). Re-roll scraps, cut more cookies and place all on a non-stick or greased baking sheet. Using a soft brush, brush each cookie with milk. Bake in center of oven about 8 to 10 minutes, or until edges are lightly browned. Cool completely on rack. Repeat twice with remaining dough, using about half for each sheet. When all cookies are thoroughly cooled, pack them airtight.

Icing: (Don't ice the cookies over a day in advance.) Combine egg white, confectioners' sugar, salt and flavoring in smallest bowl of mixer. Beat on high speed for several minutes, or

"My little friend has some great Crisco tips to help with your holiday baking." Loretta Lynn



until icing is thick and forms soft peaks. If necessary, add confectioners' sugar or drops of water to achieve proper piping consistency.

Put half the icing into small pastry tube. (Cover remaining icing with wet paper towel to prevent drying out.) Pipe half the cookies. Refill tube (at this point you can lightly color remaining icing if you like two-colored cookies) and decorate remaining cookies. Let cookies dry completely before arranging on platters (or leave overnight). Makes about 6 dozen, about 65 calories each.

CAROL CUTLER'S SOUR CREAM CRISS-CROSSES

Carol Cutler is the author of The Six Minute Soufflé and Other Culinary Delights, *published by Clarkson A. Potter.*

1 cup butter, softened
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs
1 cup sour cream
3½ cups all-purpose flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups strawberry preserves
¼ pound ground walnuts

Cream butter and sugar well; add one whole egg and two yolks, reserving whites. Beat in sour cream. Combine 3 cups of flour, baking powder and salt in sifter and gradually sift into creamed mixture, stirring after each addition. Spoon about ⅔ of dough into large jelly-roll pan about 13x18x1-inches. Using long-bladed spatula spread evenly, forming a layer of dough about ¼ inch thick. Spread preserves over dough and sprinkle with half the ground nuts. Leave out at room temperature. Stir remaining ½ cup flour into remaining dough. Cover tightly and chill at least 1 hour. Roll out half the reserved dough to 8x6-inch rectangle (keep remaining refrigerated) and cut into ¼-inch-wide strips.* Lay strips diagonally over preserves, leaving about 1½ inches between strips. Brush with reserved, slightly beaten egg whites. Arrange another layer of strips in criss-cross fashion and brush with egg whites. Sprinkle on remaining nuts. Bake until light golden brown, about 30-35 minutes. Cool and cut into squares. Makes about 4½ dozen, about 125 calories each.

**Ed. Note:* If you have trouble making strips: Using floured rolling pin, roll out dough on cookie sheet to 8x6-inch rectangle. Freeze for 10 minutes. If dough becomes soft while you are working with it, return to freezer to firm.

JULIE DANNENBAUM'S SPICY NUT MERINGUES

This recipe is from Julie Dannenbaum's Fast & Fresh, *published by Harper & Row.*

2 tablespoons butter
2 egg whites
Pinch of cream of tartar
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
1½ cups ground blanched almonds

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 cookie sheets with butter, even if they are nonstick.

In bowl combine egg whites and cream of tartar and beat until foamy. Combine sugar and cinnamon. Gradually add to egg whites, beating until stiff peaks form. Fold in ground almonds. Drop by level tablespoons about 2 inches apart onto prepared cookie sheets. Cookies spread and flatten during baking, so make sure they are spaced well apart. Bake 10 minutes or until pale beige. Makes about 3 dozen, about 55 calories each.

BARBARA GIBBONS'S RAISIN CHEWIES

From Lean Cuisine, *by Barbara Gibbons, published by Publications International, Ltd.*

½ cup diet margarine
⅓ cup firmly packed brown sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
1 egg (or 2 egg whites)
1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon or apple pie spice
½ cup dark seedless raisins

Combine margarine, brown sugar, vanilla and egg with electric mixer. Stir flour, baking soda, salt and cinnamon together; add to margarine mixture. Stir in raisins and mix well.

Drop by level teaspoonfuls on nonstick cookie sheets. Bake in preheated 375°F. oven 8 minutes, or until golden brown. Cool. Makes about 4 dozen, about 30 calories each.

BERT GREENE'S BUTTERMILK BROWNIES

Bert Greene's latest book, Honest American Fare, *was published by Contemporary Books.*

2 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
½ cup unsalted butter
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 eggs
1¼ cups sugar
½ cup all-purpose flour, sifted
3 tablespoons buttermilk
½ cup walnuts, chopped

Preheat oven to 350°F. Melt chocolate with butter in top of double boiler over hot water. Stir in vanilla. Cool slightly.



Beat eggs with sugar in large bowl until light and lemon colored. Slowly beat in chocolate mixture. Add flour, 2 tablespoons at a time. Stir in buttermilk and walnuts. Pour into buttered 8-inch square cake pan. Bake until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean, about 25 to 30 minutes. Center should be slightly cakey. Cool in pan on wire rack; cut into squares. Makes about 20, about 145 calories each.

MARCELLA HAZAN'S FAVE DEI MORTI (ALL SOULS' DAY COOKIES)

From Marcella Hazan's More Classic Italian Cooking, *published by Alfred A. Knopf.*

½ pound (about 1½ cups) shelled almonds
2 rounded tablespoons pignoli (pine nuts)
½ cup flour, plus additional flour for dusting cookie sheet
⅓ cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter, softened, plus butter for greasing cookie sheet
Grated peel of ½ lemon
1 tablespoon grappa, marc or other grape brandy
1 egg

Drop almonds into boiling water. Remove after 15 seconds, draining well. Put into damp cloth towel and rub vigorously. This should skin most of them. If any are left with skin still on, squeeze them out of the skin with your fingers. Pat almonds thoroughly dry with towels, then chop together with pine nuts. Do not chop too fine; the pieces should be about as large as a grain of rice.

Preheat oven to 275°F. Combine chopped nuts in mixing bowl with flour, sugar, butter, lemon peel, brandy and egg. Mix thoroughly and knead for a few minutes with your hands. At first the batter will be dry and brittle, but as you knead, it becomes more elastic.

Grease cookie sheet and dust lightly with flour, tapping to shake off excess. Moisten hands with water. Pull off a piece of batter about the size of a cherry tomato and roll it between your palms, flattening it slightly. Place on cookie sheet. Repeat with remaining dough, leaving about 2 inches between pieces, until all is used. Keep hands moistened and rinse them clean as they become sticky. Place cookie sheet on uppermost rack of oven. After 20 minutes, raise temperature to 300°F. Bake another 10 minutes, then remove and cool. Makes about 2½ dozen, about 80 calories each.

When cooled, these will keep a long time in a metal container. Nice served with chocolate ice cream.

Ed. note: You can eliminate first step of boiling and skinning almonds by using blanched almonds.

NIKA HAZELTON'S BROWN CAKES

Nika Hazelton is author of American Home Cooking, *published by The Viking Press.*

1⅓ cups dark corn syrup
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 cup butter
4 cups all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
3½ tablespoons water
¼ cup finely chopped candied orange peel
Grated peel of 2 lemons
½ pound blanched almonds, finely ground
½ teaspoon almond extract
Whole blanched almond halves

Heat syrup and add sugar, cinnamon, ginger and cloves; stir until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat. In large bowl cut butter into flour until it resembles fine meal. Dissolve baking soda in water. Stir syrup and soda mixture into flour mixture. Mix thoroughly. Add orange and lemon peels, ground almonds and almond extract. Knead dough with hands until smooth. Let stand, covered, at room temperature 2 days.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour 2 cookie sheets. Working with about ¼ of the dough at a time, roll out about ¼ inch thick on lightly floured working surface. Cut into rounds with a 2½-inch round cutter or small glass. Place on cookie sheets. Place a blanched almond half in the center of each cookie. Bake 8 to 10 minutes. Cool 3 minutes on cookie sheets, then remove with spatula and cool completely on wire racks. Makes about 7 dozen, about 85 calories each.

MAIDA HEATTER'S CHOCOLATE SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

From Maida Heatter's Book of Great Chocolate Desserts, *published by Alfred A. Knopf.*

1 cup unsalted butter, softened (see Ed. note)
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup confectioners' sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup strained unsweetened cocoa powder (preferably Dutch process)

Cream butter in large mixer bowl. Add vanilla, sugar and salt and beat to mix. On low speed add flour and cocoa, scraping bowl with rubber spatula and beating only until mixture holds together.

If dough is not perfectly smooth, place on smooth work surface and knead briefly with heel of hand.

Form dough into a ball and flatten slightly. Flour a rolling pin and a pastry cloth, rubbing flour in well. Place dough on cloth and turn over to flour both sides. With floured rolling pin (re-flour as necessary) roll dough ½ inch thick (no thinner). It is important to make it the same thickness all over.

Use plain round cookie cutter 1½ inches in diameter. Before cutting each cookie, dip cutter in flour and tap to shake off excess. Cut cookies as close to each other as possible. Place cookies 1 inch apart on ungreased cookie sheets. Press together leftover scraps, re-flour cloth lightly if necessary and re-roll dough.

With tines of four-pronged fork, pierce each cookie three times in a vertical row in the middle, piercing all the way through the cookie each time.

Preheat oven to 300°F. Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until cookies are firm to the touch, reversing cookie sheets top to bottom and front to back once during baking to insure even baking. Watch these carefully—they can burn and become bitter before you know it unless you check them often. If you bake only one sheet, bake on higher rack. (One sheet will bake in less time.) With wide metal spatula transfer cookies to racks to cool. Makes about 6 dozen, about 40 calories each.

Tip #1 Bake ahead for the holidays. To reheat frozen baked cookies, place unwrapped on a cookie sheet. Heat for 2-3 minutes at 350° to restore crispness.



Ed. note: To use a processor, fit with steel blade and place dry ingredients in work bowl. Cut cold butter (don't soften) into ½-inch slices over dry ingredients. Add vanilla. Cover and process until ingredients hold together.

MABLE HOFFMAN'S ACORN COOKIES

From Mable Hoffman's Chocolate Cookery, *published by H. P. Books.*

1 cup butter, softened
¾ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2¾ cups all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate chips
Finely chopped pecans (about 1 cup)

Preheat oven to 350°F. In medium bowl cream butter, brown sugar and vanilla. Stir in flour and baking powder. Shape rounded teaspoonfuls of dough into balls. Pinch to a rounded point at one end to resemble an acorn. Place on ungreased cookie sheets either upright (rounded point up) or lying on one side. Bake about 18 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Cool. Melt semisweet chocolate over hot, not boiling, water. Dip pointed end of each cooled cookie first into chocolate, then into chopped nuts. Makes about 4 dozen, about 105 calories each.

EDNA LEWIS'S SPRITZ

Edna Lewis is the author of The Taste of Country Living, *published by Alfred A. Knopf.*

1 cup unsalted butter, softened
½ cup superfine granulated sugar
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
½ teaspoon almond extract
1¾ cups all-purpose flour

Cream butter until satiny and light in color. Add sugar gradually and mix until mixture is light and creamy. Add egg yolk and mix until smooth and light. Add extracts; mix well. Then add flour in large spoonfuls until well blended. Spoon dough into cookie press; attach desired tip. Form cookies in desired shapes onto ungreased cookie sheets. Set cookie sheets in a cool place for a few hours or overnight. This helps them keep their shape; if baked immediately, they tend to flatten out.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Bake 10 to 12 minutes, until lightly browned. Cool a few minutes (3 to 4), then carefully remove with a very thin spatula, placing on rack to finish cooling. If spritz remain too long on hot cookie sheet, they will harden and break when you try to remove them. If this happens, just set them back into oven a few minutes. When cookies have cooled, store in a dry wax paper-lined tin and cover tightly. Makes 7 dozen, about 35 calories each.



PERLA MEYERS'S VIENNESE CRESCENTS

Perla Meyers's most recent book is From Market to Kitchen, *published by Harper & Row.*

1½ cups confectioners' sugar
Scrapings of a 3-inch piece of vanilla bean
¼ cup plus 1 teaspoon sugar
1¾ cups finely ground blanched almonds
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 cup cold unsalted butter, cut into small pieces

Combine confectioners' sugar with vanilla bean scrapings. Let stand 24 hours.

In container of food processor combine sugar and ground almonds; blend thoroughly. Add flour and blend. Add cold butter and blend with quick on-and-off movements until mixture almost forms a ball. Remove from processor bowl and form into a ball. Wrap in wax paper and chill overnight.

Form teaspoonfuls of dough into small balls and shape into crescents. Preheat oven to 350°F. Place crescents on cookie sheet and bake 10 to 15 minutes or until bottoms are lightly browned. Remove from oven and cool. Dip each cookie into vanilla sugar. Transfer to large cookie jar and cover tightly. Store 3 to 4 days before serving. Makes about 4 dozen, about 95 calories each.

MAURICE MOORE-BETTY'S NANCY'S COOKIES

Maurice Moore-Betty's latest cookbook is Cook It Now, Serve It Later, *published by Bobbs-Merrill.*

Base
½ cup butter, softened
1 cup all-purpose flour
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
Topping
½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
½ cup grated coconut
1 cup finely chopped pecans
About 2 teaspoons granulated sugar

Base: Preheat oven to 350°F. Cream butter, flour and brown sugar together until crumbly. Pat out into 12x8-inch glass baking dish and bake 20 minutes. Cool 5 minutes.

Topping: Mix brown sugar, eggs, flour and coconut. Fold in pecans. Pour over baked layer in baking dish, bake 20 more minutes. Sprinkle with granulated sugar immediately after removing from the oven. Cut into squares while still warm. Cool completely in pan on wire rack. Store in airtight container. Makes about 3 dozen cookies, about 110 calories each.

BARBARA MYERS'S RUSSIAN STRIPS

This recipe is from Barbara Myers's Christmas Cookies and Candies, *published by Rawson, Wade.*

1 cup butter, softened
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs, separated
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups all-purpose flour
¼ pound whole almonds, ground
Red and green colored sugars
Tiny multicolored candies

Cream butter with sugar until light. Add egg yolks and vanilla; beat until fluffy. Gradually add flour and almonds, a little at a time, mixing with spoon at first, then kneading well with your hands. Divide dough into thirds. If dough is too soft for rolling, chill until firm enough. Roll out each portion on lightly floured board slightly less than ¼ inch thick. Cut into 3x1-inch strips, using sharp knife or pastry wheel. Place 1 inch apart on ungreased cookie sheets. Brush strips with slightly beaten egg whites. Sprinkle each with red or green sugar or with candies (just down the centers). Bake in preheated 350°F. oven until golden, about 15 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen, about 75 calories each.

ELISABETH LAMBERT ORTIZ'S BRIDE'S COOKIES

From Elisabeth Lambert Ortiz's The Complete Book of Mexican Cooking, *published by M. Evans and Company.*

2 cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
Pinch salt
1 cup pecans, finely chopped
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup butter, softened
Additional confectioners' sugar for dusting cookies

Mix flour, sugar, salt and nuts together in large bowl. Stir in vanilla. Work butter into mixture until it forms a ball. Shape dough into 24 patties. Place on cookie sheet and bake in preheated 350°F. oven 25 to 30 minutes or until delicately browned. Remove to wire racks, cool slightly, then dust thickly with con-

America's Perfect Chocolate Chip

Born in America, baked in America, chocolate chip cookies rate high on everyone's best-loved list. Here, our classic version, delectably rich with melting morsels, plus five fantastic variations.

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

2¼ cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
½ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup shortening
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 tablespoons water
2 eggs
1 cup chopped nuts
1 package (12 oz.) semisweet chocolate chips (2 cups)

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets; set aside. In small bowl combine flour, baking soda and salt. In mixer bowl cream sugars, butter or margarine, shortening, vanilla and water until fluffy, scraping bowl occasionally. Beat in eggs. Add flour mixture. Stir in nuts and chocolate chips. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto cookie sheets. Bake 10 to 12 minutes. Makes about 5½ dozen, about 100 calories each.

VARIATIONS

Coconut Chocolate Chip: Substitute 1 cup flaked coconut for 1 cup nuts. Makes about 6 dozen, about 85 calories each.

Crunchy Chocolate Chip: Omit 1 cup chopped nuts and substitute 1 cup Grape Nut cereal. Makes about 6½ dozen, about 75 calories each.

Krispy Chocolate Chip: Omit 1 cup nuts and substitute 2 cups whole wheat flake or toasted rice cereal. Makes about 6½ dozen, about 75 calories each.

Southern Chocolate Chip: Omit vanilla extract and water; add 3 tablespoons bourbon and use chopped pecans as nuts. Makes about 5½ dozen, about 100 calories each.

Spicy Chocolate Chip: Add 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground cloves and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg with dry ingredients. Makes about 5½ dozen, about 100 calories each.

fectioners' sugar. Makes about 2 dozen, about 155 calories each.

JACQUES PEPIN'S TUILES À L'ORANGE

French chef Jacques Pepin is author of La Technique and La Methode, *published by Times Books.*

½ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon vanilla extract
2 egg whites
⅓ cup all-purpose flour
¼ cup butter, melted
½ cup slivered, blanched almonds
Grated peel of ½ orange

Grease and flour 3 cookie sheets; set aside. Combine sugar, vanilla and egg whites in bowl; beat with whisk for 1 minute or until foamy. Add remaining ingredients, mixing well.

Preheat oven to 400°F. Drop batter from teaspoon about 3 inches apart onto prepared sheets, leaving enough space to allow for spreading. Bake 5 to 6 minutes or until edges are browned. While still hot, remove from cookie sheets and place over a rolling pin so each takes the shape of a curved roof tile. Cool on rolling pin long enough to maintain curved shape when cold. Makes about 2 dozen, about 55 calories each.

Ed. note: To store, place cookies on empty paper towel or wax paper tube so they will retain shape.

ANN SERANNE'S ROSETTES

Ann Seranne's The Complete Book of Egg Cookery *will be published by Mereweather Press this spring.*

2 eggs
1 cup milk
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons sugar
Pinch salt
1 pint salad oil for cooking
About ¾ cup confectioners' sugar

Beat eggs with milk. Gradually stir in flour, sugar and salt until well blended. Chill at least 1 hour. When ready to cook, heat oil in electric deep-fat fryer, or a deep small saucepan in which a deep-fat thermometer is inserted, to 370°F. Dip a well-seasoned rosette iron into oil, drain on absorbent paper and dip into batter, up to but not over edge of iron. Lower iron into oil and fry 1½ minutes, until rosette is golden brown. Using a fork, if necessary, slip fried cookie from iron onto absorbent paper to drain. Heat iron again in hot oil and repeat until all batter is used. Makes about 4 dozen, about 40 calories each.

To serve: Pyramid rosettes on a lace doily-covered plate and sprinkle generously with confectioners' sugar.

To store: Store any leftover rosettes in tightly closed container where they will keep fresh for weeks. They are best crisped and reheated for a few minutes in a 200°F. oven.

MICHELE URVATER'S HAZELNUT CHOCOLATE ROUNDS

From Michele Urvater's newest book, Cookies and Candies for Christmas, *published by Irena Chalmers Cookbooks Inc.*

¾ cup plus 2 tablespoons butter, softened
½ cup sugar
1 cup toasted, finely ground hazelnuts
2 cups all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup semisweet chocolate chips, melted and cooled

Beat butter and sugar until light and creamy. Add hazelnuts. Sift together flour and salt; beat into butter mixture. Add melted chocolate. Chill dough at least 2 hours.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 cookie sheets. With lightly floured hands break off teaspoonfuls of dough and shape into balls. Roll into 4-inch ropes and pinch ends of ropes together to form small circles. Place on cookie sheets. Bake 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on rack and store in airtight container, preferably in refrigerator. Makes about 4 dozen, about 75 calories each.

Ed. note: Nuts may be ground in food processor. Add 2 tablespoons sugar to prevent nuts from turning into butter. Then reduce amount of sugar in recipe by 2 tablespoons.

Tip #2

Completely fill each cookie sheet. If a few cookies are left over, bake in a cake or pie pan.





Cookies the

Cookies that are child's play—fun for young chefs to make or bake, perhaps to wrap up and give away to friends or relations. Creating these tasty home made goodies is a simple, joyous task (under your watchful eye) that's bound to become one of your family's favorite Christmas memories.

KOOKIE BRITTLE

½ cup shortening
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup sugar
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate chips
1 cup chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease a 15½x10½x1-inch jelly-roll pan.

In large mixer bowl with mixer at medium speed, cream shortening and butter or margarine. Add salt and vanilla. Beat in sugar until light and fluffy, scraping bowl occasionally. Add flour and continue mixing until well combined. Stir in chocolate and pecans. Pat dough into prepared pan. Bake 25 minutes or until light brown at edges. Cool in pan on wire rack, then break into pieces. Makes about 5 dozen, about 65 calories per one-inch piece.

BUTTERSCOTCH PEANUT CHEWS

A nutritious no-bake cookie that is a breeze to make.

1 can (14 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
3 packages (6 oz. each) butterscotch flavored chips
4 cups bite-size shredded wheat cereal
1 cup chopped salted peanuts

In top of double boiler combine condensed milk and butterscotch. Cook over hot, not boiling, water until mixture is thick and smooth, about 15 minutes. Stir occasionally. Meanwhile, in large bowl combine cereal and peanuts. Pour butterscotch mixture over cereal mixture and toss until well coated. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto wax paper-lined cookie sheets. Chill 2 hours or until firm. Remove and store in covered container in refrigerator. Makes 5 dozen, about 90 calories each.

CHOCOLATE LOVES

Bound to please chocolate lovers.

½ cup shortening
2 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups sugar
½ cup milk
1 cup walnuts, chopped
1 cup flaked coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups toasted oat cereal

In heavy 2-quart saucepan melt shortening and chocolate; add sugar and milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until sugar is dissolved and thoroughly blended. Remove from heat and stir in nuts, coconut and vanilla. Fold in cereal. Cool mixture to medium-warm. Roll teaspoonfuls of mixture into balls. Place on wax paper-lined cookie sheets. Chill until firm. Makes about 4 dozen, about 75 calories each.

COOKIE LOLLIPOPS

1 package (17 oz.) refrigerated slice-and-bake sugar cookies
10 to 12 wooden sticks
3 cups confectioners' sugar
4 to 5 tablespoons milk
Tubes (5 oz. each) of decorating icing (choice of pink, green, red, yellow, blue)
Red and green gumdrops

Preheat oven to 375°F. Divide dough in half. Roll out one half on lightly floured surface to ¼-inch thickness (keep remaining dough refrigerated). With 3-inch round cookie cutter, cut out rounds. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Slip wooden sticks into edge of dough, inserting about 1½ inches into cookie. Repeat with remaining dough, rerolling scraps. Bake 12 to 14 minutes until golden brown. Cool 5 minutes on cookie sheet; then cool completely on wire racks. Meanwhile, in small bowl, stir confectioners' sugar and milk until smooth. Frost one side of cooled cookies. Decorate each "lollipop" as desired with icing or gumdrops. Makes 10 to 12, about 185 calories each.

SCOTCHIES

½ cup shortening
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 cups firmly packed light brown sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2½ cups all-purpose flour
2½ teaspoons baking soda
Dash salt
½ cup chopped walnuts

In mixer bowl with mixer at medium speed cream shortening and butter or margarine, sugar, eggs and vanilla. Beat until light and fluffy. Mix in flour, baking soda and salt. Stir in nuts. Cover; refrigerate ½ hour.

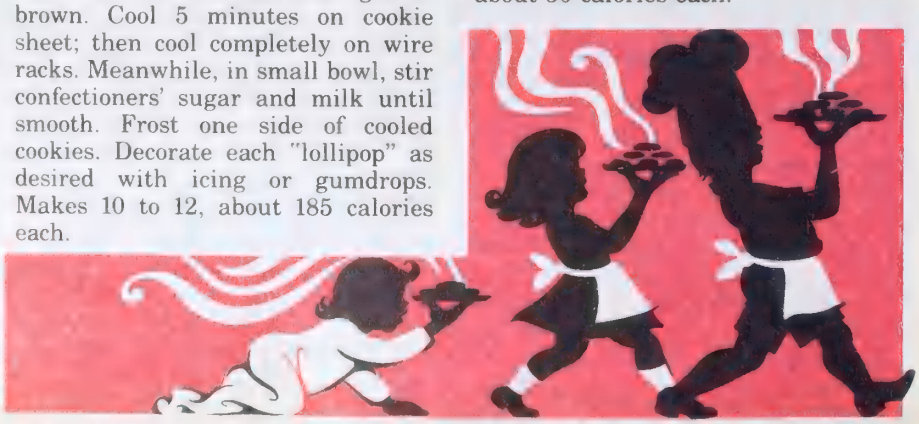
Divide dough in half. On sheet of wax paper shape each half into a log about 1½ inches wide and 7 inches long. Wrap; chill at least 4 hours.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Slice dough into ¼-inch slices. Place about 2 inches apart on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake 10 to 12 minutes or until evenly browned. Cool on wire rack. Makes about 8 dozen, about 55 calories each.

SUGARPLUMS

1 package (15 oz.) seedless raisins
1 package (11 oz.) dried mixed fruit
1 package (8 oz.) dried figs or pitted prunes
1½ cups chopped walnuts
Sugar

Chop raisins, mixed fruit, figs or prunes and walnuts in food grinder, using coarse blade. Mix thoroughly. Shape mixture into 1-inch balls; roll in sugar. Place on wax paper and let dry at room temperature 4 hours or overnight. Store tightly covered. If desired, roll in additional sugar just before serving. Makes about 6 dozen, about 50 calories each.





Kids Can Make

GUMDROP DROPS

Gumdrops and tasty oatmeal.

½ cup shortening
½ cup granulated sugar
½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup quick-cooking oats, uncooked
½ cup chopped, fruit-flavored gumdrops

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. In mixer bowl with mixer at medium speed cream shortening and sugars. Beat in egg and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add flour, baking powder and salt and continue mixing until well combined. Stir in oats and gumdrops.

Drop batter by rounded teaspoonfuls onto cookie sheets about 2 inches apart. Bake 12 to 14 minutes. Cool on wire racks. Makes about 3½ dozen, about 65 calories each.

TURTLES

Kids will love these tasty little turtles.

½ cup shortening
½ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
1 egg
1 egg, separated
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
1½ cups all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups pecan halves, sliced lengthwise
¼ cup semisweet chocolate chips

In large mixer bowl cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg, egg yolk and vanilla; continue beating until well mixed. Stir in flour, soda and salt and continue mixing until well combined. Cover and refrigerate until chilled.

Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Preheat oven to 350°F. Beat remaining egg white in bowl. Roll dough into 1-inch balls; dip in egg white. For each turtle press 5 pecan pieces into dough to resemble head and legs. Bake 10 to 12 minutes. Immediately after removing cookies from oven, place 2 or 3 chocolate chips on each. Remove to wire racks to cool. While cookie is still warm, spread chocolate on each cookie until smooth. Makes 3 dozen, about 110 calories each.

ROLY-POLY GINGERBREAD MEN

Clever idea—gingerbread men from a mix. Handle carefully because they tend to be fragile.

1 package (14 oz.) gingerbread mix
4 to 5 tablespoons water
1 tube (0.68 oz.) white decorating gel

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. In medium bowl stir mix and enough water to hold dough together. Divide in half; roll each half into a ball. Place one ball on floured surface and roll out to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut out dough with a gingerbread man cookie cutter. With spatula carefully place cookies, at least one inch apart, on cookie sheets. Reroll scraps and repeat with remaining dough. Bake 10 to 12 minutes. Cool 1 minute on sheet before removing to wire rack. Cool and decorate. Makes 12 to 14, about 140 calories per 12, 110 per 14, uniced.

CARROT CRUNCHIES

Carrots and raisins help make these cookies nutritious as well as tasty.

2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup shortening
1 cup light brown sugar
⅓ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup finely shredded carrots (about 2 small)
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. In bowl combine first 6 ingredients; set aside. In large mixer bowl with mixer at medium speed cream shortening, sugar, milk and vanilla. Beat in eggs until light and fluffy. Add flour mixture. Stir in remaining ingredients. Drop batter by teaspoonfuls onto cookie sheets. Bake 10 minutes. Remove from sheets, cool completely on wire rack. Makes about 4½ dozen, about 75 calories each.

CHOCOLATE-PEANUT MUNCHIES

2 cups confectioners' sugar
1¼ cups chunky-style peanut butter
¼ cup shortening
Dash salt
2 cups toasted rice cereal
1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate chips

In medium bowl with mixer at medium speed cream sugar, peanut butter, shortening and salt until well mixed; stir in cereal.

Melt chocolate pieces in double boiler over hot, not boiling, water. Remove from heat.

Roll peanut butter mixture into 1-inch balls. Dip each in chocolate, covering half the ball. Refrigerate until chocolate becomes firm. Cover; store in refrigerator. Makes about 3½ dozen, about 110 calories each.

Tip #3

Use light or shiny cookie sheets. Dark color cookie sheets often make cookies too brown.



HOUSE MOUSE COOKIES

Mold these no-bake cookies into animal shapes and have fun decorating them.

1 cup finely crushed vanilla wafers
1 cup confectioners' sugar
1 cup finely chopped toasted almonds
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
2 to 3 tablespoons milk

In medium bowl stir all ingredients until well combined. Roll into 1-inch balls, or form into animal shapes and decorate accordingly. Use your imagination.

We made a mouse, using cut-up gumdrops for the eyes, raisins for the ears and licorice for the tail and whiskers. We suggest having some of the following items on hand: raisins, slivered almonds, string licorice (red or black), gumdrops, marshmallows, cinnamon candies.

Makes about 22 animals, about 80 calories each, before decorating.

ST. NICK'S TRICK

Only two ingredients—refrigerated slice-and-bake cookies and candy bars—in this kid-pleasing concoction.

1 package (16 oz.) refrigerated oatmeal slice-and-bake cookies
2 bars (1.91 oz. each) chocolate-covered caramel-nougat candy

Preheat oven to 350°F. Slice refrigerated cookie dough into ¼-inch-thick slices. Cut each candy bar into 10 equal slices. Place half the cookie slices 2 inches apart on 2 ungreased cookie sheets. Put a slice of candy on each. Top with remaining cookie slices. Press edges together with fingers, carefully sealing all edges of cookie. Bake 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool slightly on cookie sheets until firm. Remove to wire rack to cool completely. Makes about 20, about 120 calories each.

BANANA GRANOLA COOKIES

½ cup shortening
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 egg
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup mashed bananas (2 to 3 ripe bananas)
1½ cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup granola



Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease 2 cookie sheets; set aside.

In large bowl with mixer at medium speed cream shortening and sugar. Add egg, vanilla and bananas and beat until well blended. Add flour, cinnamon, baking soda and salt; mix just until blended. Stir in granola. Drop by tablespoonfuls about 2 inches apart onto cookie sheets. Bake 12 minutes. Cool on wire rack. Makes about 4 dozen.

STIR-ME-NOTS

½ cup shortening, melted
1½ cups graham cracker crumbs
1 cup shredded coconut
1 package (12 oz.) semisweet chocolate chips
1 can (14 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
1 cup chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 350°F. Pour shortening into 13x9-inch glass baking dish. Evenly sprinkle on graham cracker crumbs, then coconut. Sprinkle on chocolate (don't nibble too many of them). Pour condensed milk over all. Top with nuts. *DO NOT STIR*. Bake 35 to 40 minutes. Cool completely. Cut into 32 pieces, 165 calories each.

BEAR PAWS

Pastry
1 cup all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons shortening
2-3 tablespoons ice water
Flour
3 tablespoons raspberry preserves
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease a large cookie sheet; set aside.

Pastry: In medium bowl combine flour, sugar and salt. With pastry blender or two knives used scissor-fashion cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle in ice water, one tablespoon at a time, tossing with fork after each addition until pastry is just moist enough to hold together. Form pastry into ball.

Lightly sprinkle work surface with flour. Flatten pastry and sprinkle lightly with flour. With rolling pin gently roll into a 10-inch square. Cut into 2½-inch squares. Spoon ½ teaspoon preserves onto center of each. Dip finger in egg white and rub on edges of squares. Fold top over preserves and press edges to seal. Place on baking sheet. On each cookie make four ½-inch cuts on long seamed edge of pastry and pull apart gently to open paw. Brush top of each with egg white. Combine sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle on top. Bake about 10 to 12 minutes or until golden brown. Cool on wire rack. Makes 16, about 75 calories each.



One Quick Dough 8 Delicious Ways

It takes just one sugar dough to make these eight amazing cookies. You'll begin with the basics of the baking world—sugar, flour, eggs, butter and baking powder. Then roll, press, cut or pat into shapes. By adding flavorings or fillings, you'll end up with a surprising range of variations—from black and white pinwheels to walnut bars.

BASIC COOKIE DOUGH

Use as a base for all eight cookies.

½ cup shortening
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2½ cups all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon salt

In large bowl with mixer at medium speed cream shortening, butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs and vanilla extract until well mixed. Add flour, baking powder and salt and continue beating at low speed until well mixed, scraping bowl occasionally. Wrap and refrigerate until well chilled, about 3 hours or overnight.

SPRITZ COOKIES

Here's a chance to use your cookie press.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough

Preheat oven to 350°F. Lightly grease 2 large cookie sheets; set aside. Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed. (Do not refrigerate.) Attach desired tip to cookie press. Place ¼ of the dough at a time in cookie press. Press dough onto cookie sheet. Bake 10 to 12 minutes or until edges are lightly browned. Remove and cool on wire racks. Repeat with remaining dough. Makes about 6 dozen, about 50 calories each.

VIENNESE BATONS

Serve with ice cream or sherbet.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
4 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate, melted
¾ cup chopped nuts

Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Divide dough into 8 pieces. Roll each piece (keep remaining refrigerated) on lightly floured surface into a rope ½ inch wide. Cut into 2-inch pieces. Place on cookie sheet 1 inch apart. Bake 12 to 15 minutes until lightly browned. Cool on wire rack. Repeat with remaining dough.

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Dip one end of cookie into chocolate, then into nuts. Place on wax paper to harden. Makes about 6 dozen, about 65 calories each.

PINWHEEL COOKIES

An attractive addition to your cookie repertoire.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
2 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate, melted and cooled

Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed but stir in orange peel with vanilla. Do not refrigerate. Cut dough in half. Stir chocolate into one half until well blended. Wrap and chill both doughs about 2 hours.

On sheets of wax paper, roll out vanilla dough into a 14x6-inch rectangle; set aside. On another sheet of wax paper, roll out chocolate dough into the same size rectangle. Invert chocolate dough onto vanilla dough and peel off top wax paper. Lightly press doughs together. Roll jelly-roll fashion from 14-inch side, peeling off wax paper as you roll. Wrap and chill until firm.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Cut dough into ¼-inch slices. Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool on wire racks. Makes about 5 dozen cookies, about 65 calories each one.

WALNUT BARS

A tasty, nutty bar cookie.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
Topping
2 eggs
1 cup packed light brown sugar
1 cup chopped walnuts
⅓ cup flaked coconut
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease two 8-inch square pans. Cut dough in half. Pat each half into a prepared pan. Bake 15 minutes or until light brown around the edges.

Topping: Meanwhile, in small mixer bowl with mixer at medium speed beat eggs and sugar 2 minutes, scraping bowl occasionally. Add remaining ingredients and beat until well mixed. Pour half (1 cup) the mixture over each pan of partially baked dough. Return to oven and continue baking 15 more minutes or until set. Cool. Cut into bars. Makes 64 two-inch bars, about 85 calories each.

DATE-RAISIN ROLL

Dates and raisins add flavor and nutrition to this recipe.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
Date-Raisin Filling
1 package (8 oz.) chopped dates
½ cup seedless raisins
½ cup sugar
½ cup water
¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup chopped walnuts
1 egg white, lightly beaten
1 tablespoon sugar

Prepare Basic Cookie dough as directed.

Filling: In small saucepan heat first 5 ingredients to boiling; stir and cook 5 minutes, until thickened. Stir in nuts; cool.

Divide dough in half (keep remaining refrigerated). On wax paper roll one half into 14x6-inch rectangle, ¼ inch thick. Place half the date-raisin filling down center of dough lengthwise.

Using wax paper, carefully fold sides of dough up and over filling. Pinch edges of dough to seal. Wrap and chill. Repeat with remaining dough and filling.

Preheat oven to 350°F. With dough seam side down, brush top with egg white. Sprinkle each roll with 1½ teaspoons sugar. Cut into ¾-inch slices. Place on lightly greased cookie sheet, sugared side up. Bake 10 to 12 minutes until slices are lightly browned. Makes about 3 dozen, about 155 calories each slice.

MALTED MILK BALL COOKIES

A favorite with the youngsters.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
60 to 70 malted milk balls (one 6-8 oz. pkg.)
2 cups flaked coconut

Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. For each cookie, in your hands roll 1 teaspoon dough around malted milk ball until smooth. Roll in coconut. Place on cookie sheet. Repeat with remaining dough, candy and coconut. Bake 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool on wire racks. Makes 5 dozen, about 75 calories each.

CHRISTMAS STARS

Use favorite cookie cutters for these.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
¼ cup sliced almonds
1 jar (6 oz.) candied cherries, halved

Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed; refrigerate.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Divide dough in half. On lightly floured surface roll out half ⅛ inch thick (keep remaining refrigerated). Cut out dough with star-shaped cookie cutter; place on ungreased cookie sheet. Garnish with almonds and cherries.

Tip #4

To send cookies out-of-town, wrap, put into a large container and cushion with popcorn.



Bake 10 minutes or until lightly browned around edges. Cool on wire racks. Repeat with remaining dough, rerolling scraps. Makes about 7 dozen, about 55 calories each.

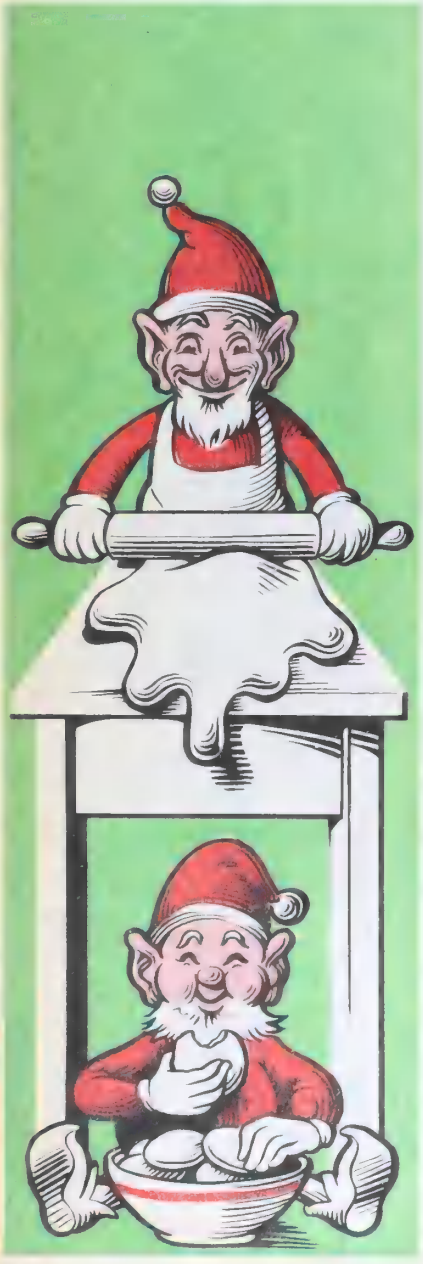
NUTTY THUMBPRINT COOKIES

Fill with your favorite jam or jelly.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
2 egg whites, lightly beaten
1½ cups chopped walnuts or pecans
About ½ cup jam or jelly

Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Roll dough into 1-inch balls. Dip in egg whites, then roll in nuts. Place on cookie sheets. Bake 10 minutes. Remove from oven. With end of wooden spoon, make a depression in center of each cookie. Fill with jam. Return to oven, continue baking for 5 minutes. Cool on wire racks. Makes about 4 dozen, about 95 calories each.





Best Brownies

Rich, gooey, fudgey, yummy squares of goodness. Make batches of these scrumptious treats—and watch them disappear by the plateful. To satisfy even the most ardent sweet tooth, try our absolutely perfect brownie (chewy, not cloying; patched with pecans), along with seven other brownie dreams, from creamy cheesecake to golden blond.

SPECTATOR BROWNIES

Vanilla batter
2 packages (3 oz. each) cream cheese, softened
2 tablespoons butter or margarine, softened
1 egg
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Chocolate batter
½ cup all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
6 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
½ cup butter or margarine
2 eggs
½ cup sugar

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour a 9-inch square baking pan; set aside.

Vanilla batter: In small mixer bowl combine cream cheese and butter or margarine. Beat in egg. Gradually add sugar, flour and vanilla; beat until well mixed, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Set aside.

Chocolate batter: In medium bowl combine flour, baking soda and salt; set aside. Melt chocolate and butter or margarine over low heat, stirring occasionally; set aside. In large mixer bowl beat eggs until foamy. Gradually add sugar, beating until light and fluffy. Beat in chocolate mixture. Stir in dry ingredients just until blended.

Pour about half the chocolate batter into pan. With small spatula carefully spread vanilla batter on top. Drop remaining chocolate batter by tablespoonfuls on top of vanilla batter. With a knife or rubber spatula, swirl just until mixtures are marbled. Bake 30 to 35 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Do not overbake. Cool in pan on wire rack. Makes 16 squares, about 230 calories each.

THE QUINTESSENTIAL BROWNIE

4 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
½ cup butter or margarine
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour an 8-inch square baking pan; set aside.

Melt chocolate and butter or margarine over low heat, stirring occasionally; set aside. In large mixer bowl beat eggs until foamy. Gradually add sugar, beating just until combined, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Gradually add chocolate and vanilla. Stir in flour and salt just until blended. Fold in pecans. Spread in prepared pan. Bake 20 to 25 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out barely clean. Do not overbake. Cool completely in pan on wire rack. Makes 16 squares, about 220 calories each.

SWEET TOOTH BROWNIES

1¼ cups all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon baking soda
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
⅔ cup sugar
1 cup chocolate-flavored syrup
⅓ cup salad oil
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
¾ cup chopped nuts
Topping
1 cup miniature marshmallows
½ cup semisweet chocolate chips



Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour a 9-inch square baking pan; set aside.

In small bowl combine flour, baking soda and salt; set aside. In large mixer bowl beat eggs until foamy. Gradually add sugar, beating until light and fluffy, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Stir in chocolate syrup, salad oil and vanilla. Add dry ingredients and stir just until blended. Fold in nuts. Spread in prepared pan. Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out barely clean. Do not overbake.

Remove from oven and immediately sprinkle marshmallows and chocolate chips on top. Return to oven; bake 2 minutes more until chocolate begins to soften. Remove from oven and with back of spoon or small spatula swirl topping slightly. Let cool completely in pan on wire rack. Makes 16 squares, about 240 calories each.

PISTACHIO FUDGE BROWNIES

4 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
¾ cup granulated sugar
⅔ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
⅓ cup light corn syrup
3 eggs
¾ teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt

Glaze

2 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup blanched, finely chopped pistachio nuts

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease and flour 9-inch square baking pan; set aside.

Melt chocolate over hot, not boiling, water; set aside. In mixer bowl cream butter or margarine and sugars until light and fluffy; add corn syrup. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla and melted chocolate, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Stir in flour and salt just until blended. Spread in prepared pan. Bake 30 to 45 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out barely clean. Do not overbake. Cool completely in pan on wire rack before glazing.

Glaze: Melt chocolate and butter or margarine over hot, not boiling, water, stirring occasionally until smooth and melted. Remove from heat; immediately pour over top of brownies, spreading evenly with spatula. Cool 10 minutes. Sprinkle on nuts. Let glaze set completely before serving. Makes 16 squares, about 230 calories each.

COCOA CAKE BROWNIES

An unusual baking powder version that gives a cake-like texture.

⅔ cup all-purpose flour
⅓ cup unsweetened cocoa
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
½ cup granulated sugar
½ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
¾ cup chopped nuts

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and lightly flour an 8-inch square baking pan; set aside.

In medium bowl combine first 4 ingredients; set aside. In large mixer bowl cream butter or margarine and sugars until light and fluffy, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Add eggs and vanilla; continue beating until light and fluffy. Stir in dry ingredients just until blended. Fold in ½ cup nuts.

Spread batter in prepared 8-inch square pan; sprinkle remaining ¼ cup nuts on top.

Bake 30 to 35 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center of cake comes out barely clean. Be careful not to overbake.

Cool completely in pan on wire rack. Makes 16 squares, about 170 calories each.

Tip #5

Store crisp cookies loosely covered. Store soft cookies in a tightly covered container...like an empty Crisco can!



BUTTERFUDGE DELIGHTS

Brownies
- 2 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract
- ⅛ teaspoon almond extract
- ½ cup all-purpose flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Filling
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1½ cups confectioners' sugar
- 2 or 3 tablespoons heavy cream or milk
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Glaze
- 2 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- 16 shelled whole almonds

Brownies: Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour a 9-inch square baking pan; set aside.

Melt chocolate and butter or margarine together over low heat; set aside. In large mixer bowl beat eggs until foamy. Gradually add sugar, beating until light and fluffy, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Gradually add melted chocolate mixture, vanilla and almond extracts until just combined. Stir in flour and salt just until blended. Spread in prepared pan. Bake 30 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out barely clean. Do not overbake. Cool in pan on wire rack for 1 hour.

Filling: In small saucepan melt butter or margarine until it bubbles and turns medium brown; remove from heat. In small mixer bowl combine melted butter and confectioners' sugar; beat until smooth. Gradually add cream or milk and vanilla and continue beating until smooth and creamy. Spread filling over brownies. Refrigerate 1 hour or until firm. Top with glaze.

Glaze: Melt chocolate and butter or margarine over hot, not boiling, water. Remove from heat and spread evenly over filling. Place almonds 2 inches apart on top. Refrigerate 1 hour until glaze is somewhat firm. Cut into 16 squares. Refrigerate 1 to 2 hours or until serving time. Makes 16 squares, about 250 calories each.

BLONDIES

- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate chips

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour an 8-inch square baking pan; set aside.

In small saucepan melt butter or margarine over low heat; remove from heat. Add sugar; stir until smooth and dissolved. Transfer mixture to large mixer bowl and beat 1 minute. Add egg and vanilla; continue beating until light and fluffy, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Stir in flour and salt just until blended. Fold in chocolate chips. Spread in prepared pan. Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out barely clean. Do not overbake. Cool completely in pan on wire rack. Makes 16 squares, about 170 calories each.

SERENDIPITOUS BROWNIES

- 3 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1¼ cups sugar
- ¾ cup all-purpose flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour an 8-inch square baking pan; set aside.

Melt chocolate and butter or margarine over low heat, stirring occasionally; set aside. In large mixer bowl beat eggs until foamy. Gradually add sugar; beat until light and fluffy, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Beat in chocolate until just combined. Stir in flour, salt and vanilla just until blended. Spread in prepared pan. Bake 30 to 35 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out barely clean. Do not overbake. Cool completely in pan on wire rack. Makes 16 squares, about 165 calories each.

VARIATIONS:

Nut: Fold ¾ cup chopped pecans or walnuts into batter. About 200 calories each.

Bran: Reduce flour to ½ cup and add ⅓ cup bran flakes to dry ingredients. About 160 calories each.

Dates: Fold ⅔ cup chopped, pitted dates into batter. About 185 calories each.

Double Chocolate: Fold ½ cup semisweet chocolate chips into batter. About 195 calories each.

Mocha Brandy: Reduce sugar to 1 cup. Add 2½ tablespoons coffee liqueur along with vanilla extract. About 175 calories each.

Spice: Reduce vanilla extract to ½ teaspoon. Add ½ teaspoon grated orange peel and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon with dry ingredients. About 165 calories each.

Ed. Note: The best method for storing brownies (provided you have any left over or want to make a double batch) is to freeze them. Cut completely cooled brownies into squares and wrap individually in plastic wrap or foil; freeze up to 1 month.





The Decorative Cookie

Part of the joy of making holiday cookies is making fun shapes and festive designs. Start with a fairly firm dough from a mix or made from scratch. Overly fragile, too buttery or just plain crumbly cookies are very hard to work with.

A Good Basic Cookie Recipe

1½ cups butter or margarine, softened
1 cup sugar
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons grated lemon peel
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
½ teaspoon salt
5½ cups all-purpose flour
About ½ cup water

In large mixer bowl with mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg yolk, lemon peel, vanilla and salt. At low speed gradually add flour until well blended. Add water a few drops at a time until dough does not stick to side of bowl. Do not use more water than necessary. Wrap and chill dough until firm, about 3 hours.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Cut dough in half; roll out one half on lightly floured surface ⅛ inch thick. Cut out dough with your choice of cutter. Place on cookie sheets. Bake 12 to 15 minutes or until lightly browned around the edges. Cool on wire racks. Repeat with remaining dough, rerolling scraps. Decorate (see below).

Shape-Up Time: Christmas trees, bells, dashing reindeer and stars are obvious choices. Don't forget snowmen, angels, elves, holly leaves and wreaths. Or candy canes and choo-choo trains. Begin rolling out dough and cutting with store-bought cookie cutters (about 50¢ each, in a myriad of shapes) . . . or fashion your own patterns.

Easy Pattern-Making: With tracing paper, copy any pleasing, clearly outlined shape. Look for designs in magazines, on Christmas cards or conjure up your own. Transfer tracing to heavy cardboard; cut out. Trace pattern again onto wax paper; cut and glue to cardboard pattern. Place pattern, wax paper-side down, on dough. Cut around pattern with sharp knife. Tip: To save your pattern, store in plastic sandwich bag. If you plan to hang the cookies on your Christmas tree, be sure to poke hole with a toothpick at the top of each cookie for string loop. Now, you're ready to bake.

Flights-of-Fancy Decorating: This is the step kids love best. Make up batches of colorful icing and work freehand or follow a design plan. Make sure cookies have cooled to room temperature before decorating.

SIMPLE DECORATIVE ICING

3 egg whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 package (16 oz.) confectioners' sugar
Assorted food colors

In large mixer bowl with mixer at high speed, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until frothy. Add sugar and continue beating 5 to 7 minutes until smooth and thick or until a knife drawn through icing leaves a clean-cut path. Place in container with tightly fitting lid until ready to use. Can be kept up to 2 weeks in refrigerator. Makes about 3 cups. Once you begin working with icing, be sure to keep covered with damp cloth to keep from drying and crusting on top. Using small bowls, mix small portions of icing with assorted food colors. Mix until desired color is reached (see color chart below).

To pipe: Use pastry bag with small writing tip or use wax paper cone.

To paint: Mix icing until desired tint is achieved. Add a few drops of water until thin enough to paint on easily. Use small, clean brush. Be sure to wash thoroughly in water after each color use or use new brushes.

To get vivid colors we suggest liquid or paste colors from Wilton Enterprises (available in department and specialty stores).

COLOR CHART

	Number of Drops Required Per 1 Tb. Icing			
Color	Red	Yellow	Green	Blue
Orange	1	3	—	—
Lavender	1	—	—	2
Purple	3	—	—	1
Olive Green	—	—	3	2
Chartreuse	—	12	1	—
Lime Green	—	6	1	—
Turquoise	—	—	1	3
Bright Red	7	1	—	—

Little Cookie Tips

1. Brush cookies before baking with a beaten egg white or, for a glossy shine, an egg yolk beaten with water.
2. To cut or chop candied cherries, gumdrops or jelly beans, dip scissors in hot water.
3. Make sure cookie cutter edges are sharp, without any snags or rough spots. If cutter sticks to the dough, dip it in flour.
4. Practice makes perfect. Learning pressure control of your pastry bag can be fun. Start with simple dots; hold bag straight up and squeeze with steady pressure. Stop by breaking away to the right. Go in a circular sweep for rosettes. For lettering, hold bag nearly parallel to cookie, glide with even pressure.

Tip #6

Would you like to try some of Loretta's Crisco recipes?

Send your name and address to Loretta Lynn Crisco Recipes, P.O. Box 54, Maple Plains, Minn. 55348. She'll send you some of her favorite recipes by return mail. Offer expires 6/30/82.



Merry Christmas from Loretta Lynn and Crisco.



TWENTY SPECIAL WAYS

continued from page 97

bring along more cash or credit cards than you actually need.

6. *Brew a spicy holiday grog.* Hot Christmas toddies are among the tastiest—and most fragrant—of the season's beverages. Here is a toasty concoction, courtesy of Ruelles Restaurant in New York City. *Ruelles Grog:* 1 bottle red wine, 2–3 cinnamon sticks, a dash of nutmeg, 1 Tbs. sugar, 1 cup brandy. Simmer all ingredients for ½ hour. Serve piping hot.

7. *Plan an intimate fireside picnic.* Reserve one holiday night for a cozy "just the two of you" supper in front of a fire. After the children are in bed, spread a blanket and arrange an assortment of cold meats, cheeses, fruits and fresh bread. Add a bottle of red wine . . . and celebrate! (Christmas is *not* for children only!)

8. *Don't be the victim of a Christmas con.* Never give a sizable amount of cash to a volunteer. Instead, write out a check payable directly to the charity. Also, *check your charity's reputation.* The National Information Bureau publishes a monthly review of 300 to 400 charitable organizations. For a free copy send a postcard to: Wise Giving Guide, National Information Bureau, 419 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016.

9. *Make a Christmas photomontage.* Take a trip back in time with old photographs of your family at past holiday celebrations. Arrange them in a store-bought frame. Hang every year or give as a gift to a favorite godparent.

10. *Buy a tiny tree for the tots.* Small children will be thrilled to have their very own tree. Let them choose a baby tree around two feet high. Then set up a tot-style tree-trimming workshop. Making their own simple Christmas ornaments will keep them happy for hours, and the memories will last for years. For safety's sake, the tots' tree should not be trimmed with electric lights or tinsel.

11. *Read a Christmas classic aloud.* Why not set aside an evening for a group reading of one of the season's literary classics? Small children will love the original "A Visit From St. Nicholas," by Clement Clarke Moore, or "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer," by Robert L. May. And, of course, there is the origin of Christmas itself: the birth of Jesus as told in the Bible (Luke 2:1-20).

12. *Count on plenty of Christmas lights.* Ever wish there were a magic formula for figuring out how many lights should go on a Christmas tree? Try multiplying the height of the tree by its width, then multiply that figure by 3. For example, for a 6-foot-high, 3-foot-wide tree, you would need approximately 54 standard-size lights.

13. *Start a door-decorating contest.* Invite your local newspaper to spread the word, judge the contest and photograph the winners. Then organize a neighborhood-wide open house to view the results. (See our door decorations, page 93.)

14. *Treat a friend to a Merry Christmas morn.* Solve the problem of what to serve during the gift-opening bustle by packing a cloth-lined basket with your own coffee cake, as well as country sausage and a special blend of coffee or tea.

15. *Eat, drink—and* still *be merry.* Herewith, a few tried-and-sometimes-true tricks to avoid morning-after misery. To ward off alcohol-induced queasiness, have some yogurt, milk or a hard-cooked egg before drinking. Stay away from salty treats, such as peanuts and potato chips, which tend to make you thirsty. Also, go lightly on pickled herring, red wine, sour cream and chocolate, all of which contain tyramine, a substance that can cause headaches. Finally, down two aspirin before bed—or try a glass of warm, soothing milk as a post-party palliative.

16. *Start an heirloom ornament collection for a child.* Give one special ornament each year. By the time the child is grown, he or she has a priceless collection of Christmas memories.

17. *Give a gift to each dinner guest.* Small presents wrapped in shiny paper make lovely decorations for the Christmas dinner table. Choose modestly priced, appropriate items. For example, you might give a cat-loving aunt a batch of catnip for her favorite feline or your teen-age daughter a diary for recording her secret thoughts.

18. *Don't be caught empty-handed.* Ever fear that a friend will drop by unexpectedly with a Christmas present—and you'll have nothing to give in return? Why not stash away several small gifts that you've bought and wrapped ahead of time? Or, if you prepare an annual gift "from the house," put away a few extras for that someone *not* on your list.

19. *Offer to swap baby-sitting for shopping time.* Mothers often have a hard time finding time to Christmas shop. You might arrange to sit with a neighbor's brood for an afternoon or evening while she shops and have her do the same for you. Or take a friend's children shopping with you. You'll have given a priceless gift of your time.

20. *Celebrate the season's end.* Lighten end-of-season chores in your home by having a Twelfth Night celebration this year on January 6. Serve a warming supper and get to work putting away the family treasures. **End**

SCHOOL VACATION

continued from page 81

"When you live with a man you have to get along with his roommates, too. You have to like them because you're all on top of each other."

"He doesn't have any roommates," Kate said. "I just like to be independent."

"How come all these soybeans make so little of this gunk?" Janny asked.

"That's the way it is," Liz said.

"Are you sure it's a lot cheaper to make it? It's a lot of trouble."

"It's good—you'll love it."

"I have had three tragic romances since September," Janny said.

"Tragic for whom?" Liz asked.

"That's a good question."

"We're thinking of going to Europe this summer," Liz said to Kate. "Do you want to go?"

"This summer?" It wasn't even Christmas yet and they were making plans for next summer. Kate could hardly imagine summer, it was so far away. "Is it expensive?"

"Not the way we're going to do it."

"Let me think about it."

"Okay." Liz busied herself efficiently with stirring and straining.

Neither of them had said: *Bring Robbie.* Kate realized they didn't think her romance would last that long. She herself had kept from thinking about it. She thought how much she would really like to go to Europe with her two lifelong friends, the places and adventures they would share. She couldn't bring Robbie if they didn't each bring a man because she'd always have to be with Robbie and it wouldn't be the same. She thought guiltily how being in love made you so *committed;* you couldn't go off with other people for a long period of time because you missed the person you loved, and knowing he missed you made you feel like a rat. Maybe she could go to Europe with Robbie next summer, just the two of them. They could meet Liz and Janny somewhere for a week or so. She'd see how things went.

The first part of Christmas vacation passed very pleasantly for Kate—there were parties almost every night, and sometimes just a few friends got together for dinner or to go roller-skating or dancing. Even though her mother had a lot of studying to do, she had managed to decorate the house as she always did with fragrant pine branches and wreaths, and there was a big tree Kate and Belinda and their mother decorated together with all the old ornaments they'd had ever since they could remember, which her mother saved carefully every year for the next Christmas. Kate's favorite was the tiny winged horse *(continued)*

her father had bought her when she was little. He'd told her its name was Pegasus, and it was legendary. Each Christmas after he'd left, the little winged-horse decoration had made her sad, but now she felt nothing but a resigned nostalgia. She knew that somewhere deep below there was real hurt, but she refused to feel it anymore.

She had spoken to her father on the telephone, and he had insisted that she come to stay with him and Norine for a few days. Norine, his 23-year-old wife, whom Kate called Chlorine behind her back, who embarrassed Kate because she was too young and sexy in a trite-looking way to be married to her father.

"I could just come for the day, Dad."

"Don't just come for the day. Come for the weekend. What are fathers for?"

I'll tell you what they're for, Kate thought.

"Besides," he went on, "you have to try our new hot tub."

"I'm not taking my clothes off," Kate said.

"We won't. Bring a bikini. And your running shoes. We'll run and you'll feel terrific."

"Okay," she said, trying not to sound ungracious. She wanted to see him, she missed him, but she couldn't stand to see him with Chlorine. But she'd just have to get used to it, the way she'd gotten used to everything else.

"I have a blind date this weekend," her mother told her. "Actually I met him once—I was introduced to him at Marie's party last month. I know it's going to be a disaster, but Marie says he's the best bachelor in California."

"I.e.: breathing," Kate said. Her mother laughed. "You're going to wear makeup, I hope."

"Of course. I always wear lipstick."

"Lipstick isn't makeup," Kate said. "You have to do your eyes too, and wear blusher. I'll teach you."

"All right," surprisingly compliant. Kate realized her mother was beginning to notice there was a whole new life out there waiting for her. She wanted her mother to have a good time and be popular. She shouldn't have to be alone.

As she put eye makeup on her mother in front of the mirror, demonstrating what she should and shouldn't do, Kate felt as if she were the sophisticated grown-up and her mother the child. It was a nice feeling and made her feel closer than usual.

"I haven't told you much about Robbie," Kate said.

"Tell me."

"Well, he's really a very sweet person. I don't think he could ever do anything to hurt anybody. He's gentle and considerate . . . kind of quiet . . . very sensitive. He loves me a lot. And he is so good-looking you can't believe it."

"He sounds too good to be true," her mother said. "How old is he?"

"Same as I am."

"Maybe I should go out with eighteen-year-olds."

"You could. Some of them like older women. Dad never had any trouble going out with young girls."

"Some of them like older men," her mother said gently. She peered at herself in the mirror. "I don't look too bad with this stuff on."

"You look terrific! And Mom . . . have a little haircut. Just get that old permanent trimmed off. Your hair will look a lot shinier."

Her mother laughed. "Okay, okay. When you come back from your father's you can give me a report about the best *ex*-bachelor in California, and I'll tell you about my adventure."

"How come that guy you're going to go out with is still a bachelor?" Kate asked suspiciously.

"He's divorced."

"Well, just be careful."

"Yes, dear."

She left her mother still laughing and went to her room to pack. What was so funny about a little daughterly concern? Her mother had led a pretty sheltered life.

Her father's house was in commuting distance of her mother's, but it seemed to be in a different world. He had two acres of land, trees, a hot tub, a Jacuzzi—and privacy. On the upper floor he had a sun deck where in summer you could sunbathe nude. He greeted her in his running clothes, his hair damp with fashionable sweat, his tanned skin as brown as a coconut. She was sure he used a sunlamp in the winter.

"Kate! You brought the sun!" He hugged her. He did not smell of fashionable sweat; he smelled of men's cologne. "Norine! Kate's here!"

"You look good, Dad," Kate said.

"I'm up to five miles a day," he said proudly. "Every day, even in the rain." He patted his stomach. "Coming down. Fifty sit-ups every morning."

Chlorine came walking languidly out of the house, wearing a string bikini and a cowboy hat. Her long, sun-streaked blond hair hung down to her large breasts, a thick hank of hair on each side as if she had carefully separated it in the middle. She had a pretty, starlet kind of face, black-dyed eyelashes and the body of a *Playboy* centerfold. She gave Kate a sisterly sort of hug. Kate preferred not to think of it as a stepmotherly hug.

"Hurry up and put your bathing suit on," Chlorine said.

The guest room was cool and dim, the shutters closed against the sun. There was the splash of bright flowered cotton fabric against white wicker, and a blooming poinsettia plant on the dresser. A pile of new magazines lay neatly on the night table next to the bed. There was a poinsettia plant in the bathroom too, and a cake of expensive-looking soap. The room was immaculate; so had the house seemed as Kate walked through it. He's found someone else to take care of him, she thought; just like the one he traded in, only younger.

She put on her bikini and went outside, where they were waiting. They sat in the hot tub and drank iced tea with fresh mint in it. They sat in the Jacuzzi and drank cold white wine. Her father asked her about college and Kate told him what he wanted to hear: that he had absolutely nothing to worry about.

After a while they had lunch under a tree: chicken salad with walnuts in it, the way Kate's mother used to make it. It was Kate's favorite salad, but she could only swallow a few bites. He's even got the same recipes, she thought.

"I thought you ate chicken," her father said.

"I do. It's just that I'm full."

Kate helped Chlorine take the dishes back to the kitchen. Her father, as in the olden days, didn't move a muscle to help. He's found himself another love slave, Kate thought in wonder. How does he do it?

"Still thinking of getting a job, Norine?" Kate asked by way of conversation.

"No, I don't think so. Maybe later."

"Don't you get bored just cleaning and cooking?"

Chlorine shrugged. "I go to the gym every day. I have to take care of my wardrobe. I get my manicure and pedicure and bikini wax. It takes me a whole day just to wash my hair. I do my gardening—those plants all over the house, I grow them myself. I'm busy all the time."

After lunch Chlorine went to her room to take a nap, leaving Kate and her father alone together.

"Want to take a run?" he asked eagerly.

"I'm kind of tired."

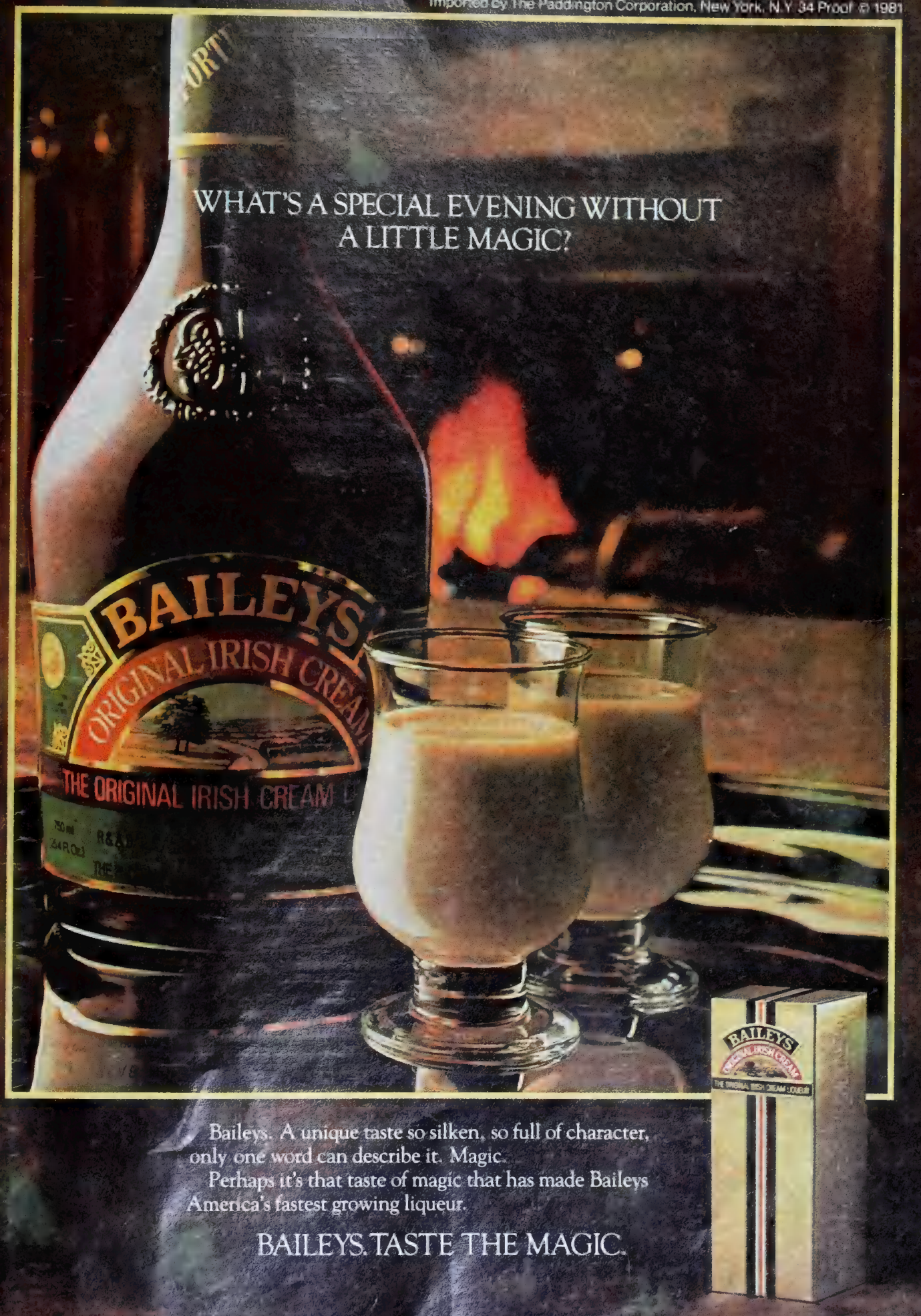
"Okay. We'll just sit here and talk." He opened another bottle of cold white wine. "You're not too full for a little more wine, are you?"

She shook her head. Might as well get smashed.

They sipped their wine in silence. "Kate," he said finally, "I want to tell you why men get divorced."

She didn't say anything. She wasn't sure she wanted to know, after wondering all this time, *(continued)*

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because she was afraid of what he might say. Whatever he said would be about him and her mother, and there were places in their lives where she did not want to walk.

"A man and a girl are dating," he went on, "and she's very seductive, very unattainable. She's sexy. He falls in love. Then they get married, have children, and suddenly she's living the marriage script her parents taught her. She thinks a home has to be a safe, boring place where the children can grow up. She *wants* it to be boring. She's not sexy anymore. She can't help it; it's the way she was brought up. The home has to be a haven for the children. The man wants more. He leaves."

"Chlorine is boring!" Kate burst out.

"Norine? What makes you think she's boring?"

"She's a dumb cow," Kate said. "You think she's sexy because she has big boobs and she's young."

"No," he said. "I think she's sexy because she thinks *I'm* sexy."

Kate felt embarrassed. She didn't want to know about her father's sex life. She wondered if part of what he said was right. At least *he* thought it was right, and he knew his side of it.

"I just hope you two don't have any kids," she said. "I'd hate to see them spoil your lives."

"Kate . . . it wasn't you and Belinda. Don't you understand? It was the way women of a certain generation were brought up."

"It's your generation, too. You were just afraid to get middle-aged."

"I thought you were sophisticated enough to understand," he said. "It's going to be different this time, with Norine and me." He smiled. "She's pregnant. You see, I don't have anything against a family."

"You two are going to have a *baby?*"

"In June. A little Gemini."

Her hand was shaking as she filled her glass with wine. She drank it down. "Well," she said, trying to sound pleasant because he looked so proud and pleased. "I guess I'll have a little sister or brother."

She knew now he was gone for good.

Long before she was Kate's mother, Meg Porter had grown up as a perfect child of the Fifties. She fervently believed every movie she'd ever seen, and when life did not turn out like the movies she never questioned the movies; she thought something was wrong with life. She was a cheerleader in college, and also an honors student. She was a mischief-maker who never did anything really bad, so she didn't get in trouble. People thought she was cute. Her friends used to say: "I have to get married before all the good ones are taken." Surrounded by the "good ones," popular and secure, Meg waited for her own special Mr. Right. She knew when he came along she'd know it immediately, just like in the movies.

Mr. Right was Alan Finch. She found his name romantic and English. He was a veteran, a former lieutenant. They were always lieutenants in the movies. He even looked like an actor; the nice one who got the girl at the end. He was four years older than she was and seemed experienced and sophisticated. She met him on a blind date in senior year, and after that first date neither of them went out with anyone else.

They were married right after she graduated, and moved to San Francisco because Alan had always wanted to live there. It didn't frighten her to leave her family and friends. It made her feel grown-up. Alan would be her family and friends now—her very best friend, and they would live happily ever after.

They got a little apartment in Berkeley, *(continued)*

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NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

SCHOOL VACATION
continued

which they painted themselves, and after they had Kate and Belinda they moved across the bay and bought their house. Meg learned how to be a gourmet cook and how to take care of plants; she tended the children and the cats and dog; they bought furniture, books, records, quilts, rugs, antique toys, a car. Every time she and Alan acquired something together she felt it was another brick in the good wall that was going to keep them safe and secure forever. The thing that made their little world complete was the children. Kate and Belinda were bright and beautiful and fun. Meg worked hard to make their home a haven for Alan to return to every evening after a dangerous day out in the market, gambling with other people's money, making his conquests. She was happy to live through him. His glories were hers, too. She pictured the two of them growing old together.

When he told her they had already grown old together she was shocked. What did he want her to be that she wasn't? She begged him to tell her what he wanted, and he answered that he had been cheating. She was willing to forgive him. They had been married 15 years and had a whole life they'd built together; cheating wasn't enough to tear that down. He said he was bored, sad, disappointed. He acted as if it were her fault. She didn't understand. She had never been bored. How could he be sad and disappointed when he had everything they'd dreamed about when they were engaged and planning their future?

He tossed her and the children away as if they were biodegradable.

After a while Meg got over her anger and bitterness. She decided Alan was crazy. She had her two wonderful daughters, and they were her best friends. She loved them fiercely. They made her laugh. They were so vulnerable under their coolness that she wanted to stand like a Valkyrie and protect them, but she knew she couldn't. The best thing she could do for them and for herself was to have a new life of her own.

She went out on blind dates. They were the former "good ones," now on their second or third go-round, but they didn't look so good anymore. She wondered why they didn't treat her the way men had in college.

When Kate went to spend the weekend before Christmas at her father's, Meg Finch had her last date. She had met him briefly at a party the month before, where her hostess recommended him as "the best bachelor in California."

The first thing he said to her was that he was dismayed she had cut her hair. He said he had preferred it curly; it was sexy, like body hair. She thought of jumping out of his car, but he was driving fast, down a residential street that was far away from any transportation, and it was raining. He took her to a bar called Fantasy: wall-to-wall mirrors, blue, red and green lights reflecting off them, a young man in a full-length mink coat leaning languidly against a white piano. Her date asked her about her life. At least that was familiar.

Meg told him about law school, how frightened she had been at first because she thought everyone else would be so young, and how happy she was to find quite a few women her age in her class. She told him how she admired those other women for starting all over again, for fulfilling old dreams or daring to reach for a new one.

He said he bet none of them had ever had an orgasm.

She felt like crying, running away, or screaming at him. But she did none of those things: She blushed. She was back in the time tunnel to the girl she had been when she was dating at college—passive, agreeable. Then the colored lights in the bar swirled around and a floor show started. It was a vulgar and ugly kind of sex show. Meg walked out and took a taxi home.

After the weekend Meg told Kate about her date. They both laughed over the telling of the story, now safely in the past, but underneath Meg was angry. She announced that had been her last date, and she meant it. From now on she would only go out with friends. If a man wanted to see her it would have to be on her own turf, at dinner in her own home with her daughters. She wanted normalcy, not sparring and humiliation.

Meg was planning to cook a big Christmas dinner—that was comforting. She had invited friends and told the girls to ask their friends, too. Not everybody had a family that made a big fuss over holidays. Kate had brought Christmas presents for herself and Belinda from their father, and the girls insisted on opening them right away. The presents looked as though Norine had picked them. Kate had received sexy lingerie: a satin teddy and a nightgown and peignoir. Belinda had been given a plaid flannel bathrobe. They were both disappointed. But since each of them loved the other's gift, they traded happily. Their father never gave them the right thing; it was as if he didn't know them at all.

And then Kate broke the news. Alan was about to become a father again. Meg knew Kate and Belinda were only pretending they didn't care; as for herself, she was numb. The man who had walked out on her six years before was a stranger now. They would always be tied together by their children, but he no longer had the power to break her heart. Men remarried and started new families; he wasn't the first. She wasn't even really surprised. She only wished that instead of just telling Kate he had picked up the phone to tell her too, like a friend.

But that was another of her romantic fantasies that one by one were being replaced by reality. Long ago she had dreamed that she and Alan would be best friends. Now she knew they would never be friends at all.

She decided she wouldn't let it matter. She was still a romantic. The world was askew, but she would always have dreams. She would have her own life now, on her own terms, and she would make it work. **End**

MODERN CHRISTMAS CAROL

continued from page 75

Now, the bridge was a reminder that *there was no escape.*

She looked down at the murky winter water. This bridge was so high that anyone who jumped would be killed, they said, or so badly injured that he would drown. Laura knew that over the years a lot of people had jumped. Rid of the world and the world rid of them. Fools and cowards. Good luck to them.

Her parents' house behind the tall, bare elms looked the same as it had for nearly 200 years. Its historic charm was an excuse for her father to let it gently dilapidate, thought Laura. Some of the black shutters hung crookedly. Window frames needed painting and so did the front fence, which had lost a few pickets. Her father's traditional blinking blue Christmas lights were already flashing on the evergreens—for Laura?—and at the end of the driveway, the cars were parked at random, in the haphazard way of this family.

Walking toward the back door, she remembered that she had not called to confirm that she would come *home for the holidays.* The stupid, tinselly tune was still in her head. Of course she'd spend Christmas at home, she thought bitterly. Her mother must have known that when she turned those old screws. "Your father will be so disappointed . . . ."

In the kitchen, Alice, Laura's sister-in-law, was feeding her baby as neatly and efficiently as she did everything else. She greeted Laura warmly. But Laura felt the familiar gray depression spread over her. "How are you?" she asked dully.

"Good." Alice's voice went up cheerfully to compensate. "I like your suit."

"You've seen it before."

"Don't forget we haven't seen you for ages."

The conversation stopped, and Tommy, Alice's six-year-old son, pulled at his aunt's jacket. "What did you bring me for Christmas?

"Nothing."

Tommy laughed, knowing that could not be true. But Laura was serious. "Didn't we agree, Alice, last year when everybody overdid it, that this year we'd skip presents and give money to charity instead?"

"Well, that will have to be for next year," Alice said easily. "Look in there."

Beyond the alcove into the living room, a vast Christmas tree, hung with all the old ornaments from Laura's childhood, was already surrounded by dozens of brightly ribboned packages.

"Mom made all her presents," the little boy announced proudly.

Laura grimaced.

Perfect Alice, wife of her successful, demanding older brother, did absolutely everything right. She took care of two small children and a baby and a house *and* made all her own Christmas presents as well. It was unbearable to Laura. Why did Alice always make her feel inferior?

Her father loped in and hugged her. Laura stiffened. Smiling hopefully, he asked too soon, "How's David?"

"I haven't talked to him."

"When are you going to resolve this?"

Laura bristled. "It's *not* resolvable."

Her father's face was vulnerable with disappointment. "I've always been so fond of David."

"So have I." Laura's forced laugh came out with a harsh break in it. "We're just not good together."

"Too bad. He seems an easy sort to get along with."

"And I'm not?" snapped Laura. Terrified of criticism, Laura criticized herself before someone else could. "But I've grown up at least. David hasn't. *Charming (continued)*



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child. Everybody loves him. Well, I'm tired of carrying him, making all the decisions. If he can't change, I'm not going to get swallowed up again in all the frustration and—oh, hell, why make me talk about it the minute I get here?"

"It's important." Alice put on her social concern face, the one Laura imagined she used for battered women.

"Why? Because I've failed again?"

The knot inside Laura was growing with each moment. Everything annoyed her . . . "Why can't we have dinner?" she asked her mother. She knew her sister, Beth, was putting her six-month-old daughter to bed, and resented the way the whole family was supposed to revolve around that baby. "Couldn't Beth manage to have the baby in bed by dinner time?"

"Don't start picking, Laura dear. It's Christmas. Relax." Her mother always wanted everybody to be happy.

"Yeah, Christmas," Laura groaned. A moratorium on fights, a truce that usually turned sour in the aftermath.

"Don't you get sick of having us all here?" she asked. "You and Dad could go on a cruise and wear funny hats. Why knock yourself out to do this?"

Her mother looked round, shocked. "We've always been together. We're *family*."

The only person who sometimes agreed with Laura was Beth's husband, Mark. He seemed like a misfit, too. He was short and homely, and often drank too much.

Now, in the dining room, Mark poured himself another drink and brought one for her. "Laura?" he said.

"All right. One way to get through Christmas."

Her brother, Peter, an advertising executive, arrived late. Tall and fair, like all the family, he was fed and fussed over. After dinner, he tilted his head and looked sideways at Laura. "I saw David the other day."

"So?"

"He brought in some interesting drawings. We may be able to use him." Peter's voice was casual, but his eyes watched Laura.

Irritated, she fired back, "He doesn't have the stamina for that. He only works when he feels like it."

"He's got talent," Peter said, and turned to talk to Alice.

When David was working, he crouched on a high stool at a sloping table, the brown hairs on the back of his neck golden under the strong light, the rest of his hair falling forward. Laura had to kneel down and come up under his arm to see his face with the sweet, serious mouth, which would lift at once for her, his hair pushed back, his work quickly abandoned.

That evening, the family sang old songs with Peter at the piano.

"Do you remember the year when you and Beth were five or six?" Her mother bent to touch Laura, sitting on the floor a little apart from the rest of the family. "I made ballet skirts for you, and you danced in the snow?" Tears started in her eyes.

My mother laughs and cries too easily, Laura thought. *She's too emotional*. She frowned, remembering the dazzling sun on the snow, and the skirt that made her beautiful. "What happens to all that?" she whispered.

"*Gone, alas.*" Peter began the wistful notes of "The Kerry Dance." "*O for one of those hours of gladness, Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon.*"

For a moment, they all sang in the pine-fragrant room. Laura felt close to them, could almost reach them. Then it was gone, and she had nothing to do with that child who danced in the long white skirt, nothing to do with this family. She stood up.

"Stay, Laura."

"I have a sore throat." She left.

She went up to her old attic bedroom. From below, she heard the singing again.



". . . O the ring of the piper's tune!
O for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our you-ou-outh, too soon."

Beyond the faded rosebud curtains, the bare fingers of an elm tree tapped softly at the glass.

The next day—Christmas Eve—grew steadily worse.

Pancakes and homemade sausages for breakfast. Ho, ho, ho. Clam chowder and Portuguese bread for lunch (traditional). Huge roast for dinner. Tomorrow's giant turkey thawing out threateningly.

At night, the family always went to the carol service at the village church. But when the young baby-sitter arrived, distributing "Merry Christmases" and carrying a red bow for the family dog, Laura said, "You don't need her. I'm not going to church."

"Why not?" asked her father.

Laura shrugged and poured herself a drink. "Stay anyway," Alice said to the girl. "You can watch television."

When four children came to the picket fence to sing "Away in a Manger," the baby-sitter ran downstairs and opened the front door. Laura told the girl to send the children away, but she asked, "Do we have money for them?" *(continued)*

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MODERN CHRISTMAS CAROL
continued

Laura put her hands in her pockets. "Sorry." She did not go to get her purse, but flopped onto the sofa, hating the sitter, the carolers, her family and everything about Christmas.

The family came back boisterous, singing through the village in a cold, flat moonlight that was brighter than the streetlamps.

"You should have been there, Laura. The music was lovely and people were so warm and happy . . . What's the matter?" Laura's mother saw that her daughter was angry.

"It's so hypocritical. Most of you only go to church twice a year—Christmas and Easter—just for sentiment. What's that got to do with religion?"

Laura's anger grew. Scowling, she watched Alice filling up the stockings and Peter tying the red bow on Tommy's new bike. Her nerves strung tight, she felt she would explode.

As often before, the full-scale battle flared up over something quite small, and raged destructively. It started when Mark discovered that a red wagon was still in pieces and lacked a vital part. He swore angrily. Beth chided him, and Laura turned on her sister: "Don't be so smug. What are you trying to do to this poor guy?"

Beth, holding her baby tightly, retorted, "I'm doing better than you. You left David. You never even tried."

Laura's voice rose to a scream. "What do you know about marriage? You're all babies and baking. I bet Mark comes second. Tell her, Mark."

Peter grabbed her arm. "Stop it. Why do you always have to spoil everything?" He glared at her.

"Peter, don't. She's upset. I'm going to get your father." Her mother's face was anguished.

"Leave him out of it," Laura said. "He likes to stay away from trouble."

"So do we all." Alice's voice was smooth. "Calm down, Laura. It's all right. We're your family. We love you."

"You don't."

"You don't do much to make yourself lovable," Peter added, as Laura screamed and ran from the room.

Upstairs, she threw things into her suitcase, pulled on her coat, then stumbled downstairs and out the door.

Damn them, their cars are parked all over the place. Backing out, she scraped something, wrenched the wheel around and dimly saw a face at the window as she drove away.

Through with them. Through with them all. Driving too fast through the village, she thought that she would never come back.

And they were through with her. That's it, then. No family now. No marriage. Truly alone. Locked up in solitary with this abominable self she carried around like a deformity.

Scarcely knowing how she got there, Laura was out on the highway, breathing with difficulty. She pushed down on the accelerator, and watched the blur of bright lights passing. *I could turn the wheel*, she thought. *Send the car through the metal railing, into the woods, into a tree . . .* Suddenly the image of crashing the car was so strong, the noise and feel of the impact so real, the picture so vivid that it was almost a letdown to find herself driving tamely along the road.

I have nothing. I am nothing. I hate them. I've made them hate me. I'm no use to David or anyone. Everybody would be better off if I were dead.

Beyond her, the bridge loomed, its girders beckoning. She drove slowly across, then pulled over onto a patch of sandy grass and stopped the engine.

She opened the door of the car and quickly stepped out into the icy air. The wind stung her as she ran back onto the bridge. She swallowed, feeling the rawness in her throat and, just before the highest point, stopped and leaned over the rail. A broken path of cold moonlight lay on the restless canal waters. She watched, mesmerized, thinking of the churning iciness, imagining it swallowing her . . . taking her away forever in peace, away from herself, away from pain.

Gripping the rail, she leaned on it and swung her legs across. As her weight went over, she realized, *It's true. I'm doing it.* And then she knew with sadness, *I don't want to be dead. I don't want it to end this way.*

One hand slipped from the cable and she clutched with the other for a moment—for an eternity—clawing for the cable with the other hand, her body swinging over the water.

"Don't do it!" The shout above her was as compelling as the strong hands that grabbed for her and pulled her roughly back over the rail. Her legs buckled. She clutched at the man's jacket, and he pushed her into his car and drove over the bridge.



On the bridge over the Cape Cod Canal, Monica Dickens, author of this story, welcomes the addition of a new suicide barrier with Frank Ciccone of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

Then, huddled in the corner of the front seat, cold and afraid, her eyes tightly shut, she began to shake violently. "Where are we going?" Her voice was a hoarse whisper.

"Got to get you off the bridge before the police come."

Still breathing with difficulty, numb and dizzy, she whispered, "I almost died. Why didn't I die?"

"Because I came by."

She looked at her rescuer. He was a rough-looking man in a green work shirt with "Bob" sewn on his pocket. He was solid and stocky, with short, curly hair touched with gray. His hands were worn, the nails dirty.

"Why you?" She asked. "Why were *you* there?"

His voice was matter-of-fact. "I clean up at a restaurant the other side of the bridge. I was going home for some sleep before I go to work at the hospital tomorrow." He looked at his watch. "Today . . . Christmas Day."

They drove silently. A few moments later, he turned into an all-night diner. "Come on, let's get you warm." He guided her inside.

Bob and Laura sat at opposite sides of a chipped plastic booth. "Please look at me," he urged. But she couldn't look at him. She was still shivering, still sick and terrified—and ashamed.

"Go ahead and cry," he said.

"I can't. I don't cry. Never. I scream and rage, but I feel dead inside."

"But you're not dead," he said quietly. "You're very much alive." He smiled at her and touched her hand. She looked up across at him. "Is it so bad," he asked, "to be alive?"

They talked for hours. At first hesitantly, with many silences; then later, more warmly, although Laura's bitterness and depression were still there, as they had been for years.

"You're lucky to work on Christmas Day," she said. "My family does it all wrong. Compulsive buying. They try to buy love from each other. They cook and bake for days."

"So do most people."

"Do you have a family that carries on like this?"

"Not anymore." He started to say something, then paused. "Well, there are some things you lose. Some you manage to keep."

"I've lost everything." He waited for her to go on. "I fail at everything I do. I can't even kill myself."

"Maybe you didn't really want to."

She looked away. "I wanted to get out of it all. Isn't that the same?"

"Out of what?"

"The mess. My family . . . my husband," her voice broke. "He isn't the man I thought I could make him."

"He won't change, huh?"

"He doesn't want to." *(continued)*



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MODERN CHRISTMAS CAROL
continued

"Most people don't, I find," he said mildly. "I don't think you can change people. The only thing you can change is your response to them."

"Change myself, you mean?" She wasn't sure she understood. Was it the same old lecture?

"Why should you change yourself?" he asked.

"Maybe I should."

He shook his head. "No. You're okay." His blunt sincerity was making her feel relaxed and easy. Laura leaned back in the corner of the booth and said, "You have to sleep. We should go." She was exhausted.

Leaving Laura's car to be fetched later, he drove her home. She took him into the kitchen, where Alice and Beth were sitting in dressing gowns, with babies in their laps. Alice looked tired, softer without her makeup, and when she saw Laura, she greeted her warmly. "You're okay? We were worried about you. Oh! I *am* glad you came back!"

Beth twice started to say something. Then she blinked awkwardly and said, "I'm sorry."

"What for?" Laura remained standing at the door, next to Bob.

"I don't know. It's enough for one of us to say we're sorry, isn't it? Do you realize we never have?"

Laura came to the table and bent to lay her cheek against Beth's soft hair. She looked at Bob, leaning comfortably against a counter. He nodded. *Yes*, she thought, *there is love here. I haven't seen it, but maybe I haven't been looking.*

Tommy appeared in his pajamas, clutching his stocking. "When can we have the tree presents?" he shouted.

"All he can think of," Laura grumbled automatically. She wanted to tell Bob, "See? I haven't changed," but her mother came into the kitchen to welcome her back. "Will you have some coffee with us?" she asked Bob.

"Got to work, but thanks." Bob smiled at Laura, and left.

When the telephone rang, her mother answered in surprise, "David, hello. Yes. Thank you. Same to you . . . Wait a minute." She put her hand over the mouthpiece and asked anxiously, "What shall I tell him? Must I say you won't speak to him?"

Laura hesitated a moment. Then she stood up and slowly crossed the room to the telephone on the wall.

"David, how—how are you?"

"Okay. How are you, Laura?"

"I'm . . . I'm alive," she started to tell him, and began to cry. **End**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

This modern Christmas Carol *by Monica Dickens is a true story, although the names have been changed to protect the privacy of the family involved.*

The power of a Good Samaritan to help and heal is well-known to Monica Dickens. She founded the first American branch of the Samaritans, a 24-hour hotline for people who are lonely, depressed and considering suicide. "We are doing what any ordinary person can do to help—giving ourselves and our time," says the 66-year-old novelist, who strongly believes in "befriending people and sharing someone else's pain."

The author of 32 books, Monica Dickens is married to an American and has lived in the United States for 30 years. She is now director of the Cape Cod branch of the Samaritans, one of seven such hotlines in New England. The largest is in Boston and can be reached by calling (617) 247-0220.



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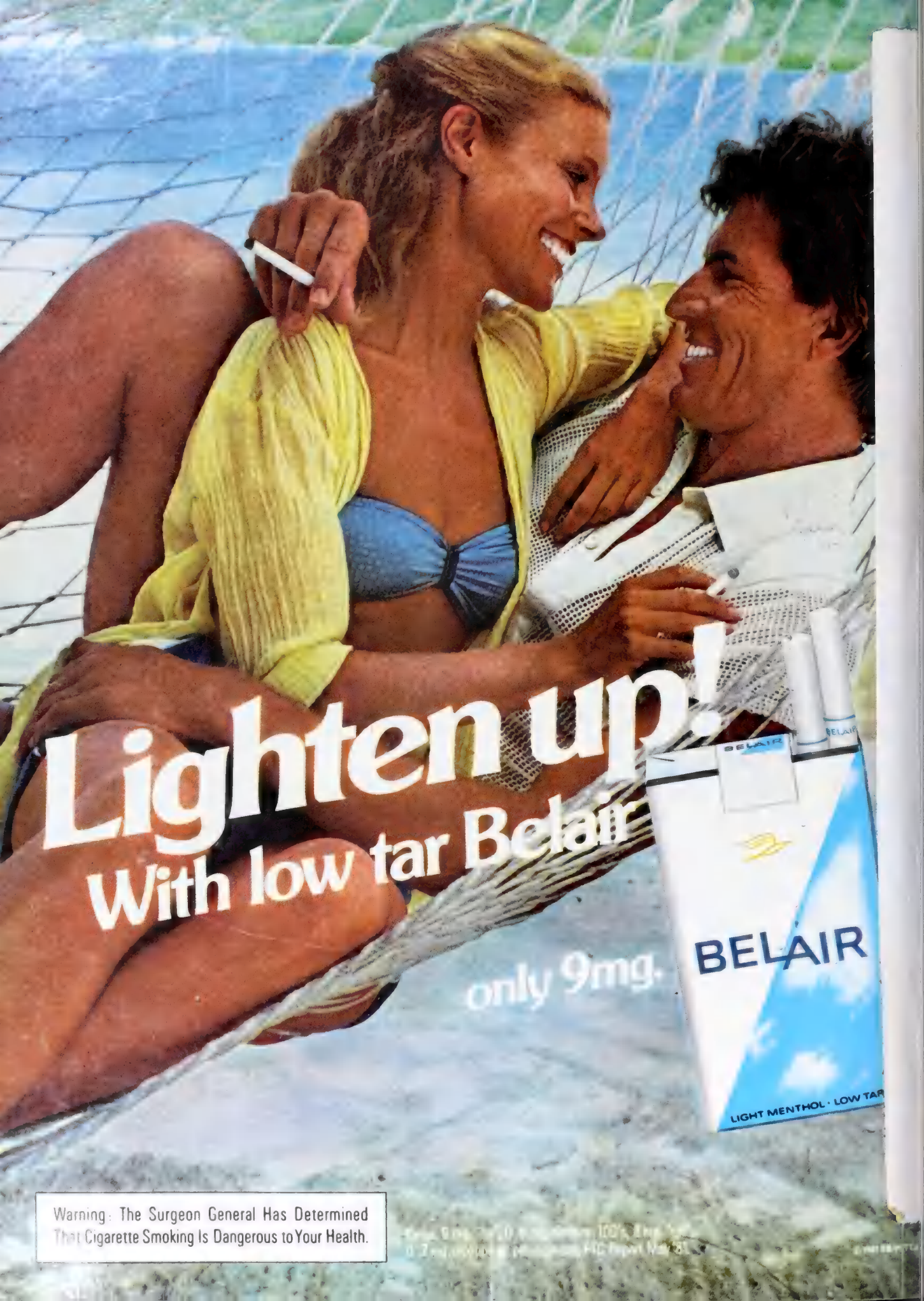
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